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MUSIC LIBRARY

THE
MUSICAL WORLD.

VOL. XLIII.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET.

1865.

Mus 18.24* 1936

Harvard College Library

Mar. 15, 1921

Namberg Fellowship fund

LONDON

HENDERSON, RAIT, AND FENTON, GENERAL PRINTERS

23. BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTHEL.
By OTTO JAHN.*

It has, for some time past, become a custom among us to publish editions of the complete works of popular authors; friends and admirers have taken steps to collect and arrange the scattered works of deceased writers, and even some living ones have themselves been induced by the favor of the public to collect their own works. Recently, complete editions have grown to be a decided matter of fashion, and long rows of the complete works of German classics, of very varied classicity, fill the book shelves. It is no longer an unheard-of occurrence for authors, at the outset of their literary career, to think of a collective edition of their yet unwritten books, and to publish annually three or four volumes of their complete works. It is, however, satisfactory that, in this manner, the gross amount of our literature is perfectly kept up, and rendered accessible for the enjoyment of readers, and the studies of investigators, and though, in too many cases, the practicability of such collections is based more upon a love for collecting and a pleasure in perfect sets, than on any sterling interest in the literary productions themselves, we must not find fault with the fact, for in this case, as in all matters where an important result can be attained only by the participation of the masses, we may be very well satisfied when the taste and sympathy of the public are in anywise directed to what is right and good. In what each individual conceives the common aim to consist; to what an extent he takes part inwardly in the general movement; and what lasting gain he is able to derive from suchlike efforts, are questions we may confidently leave every one to decide for himself. As a rule, however, people in Germany are far from entertaining the opinion that the public are bound to prove their interest in literature not alone by reading, but also by purchasing; that they are under certain obligations to the author with whose productions they would not like to dispense; that they only discharge those obligations by rendering him materially free and independent to pursue his labors in art; and that, by so doing, they also are working, according to a natural law, in the cause of literature, the prosperity of which is acknowledged by every one as the ornament and pride of the nation. While in England and France a man who is in easy circumstances and makes any pretension to education regards himself as bound in honor by that very pretension to set aside a reasonable sum in his household expenditure for literature and art, in the corresponding classes of society among ourselves, to buy books is still regarded as a most superfluous piece of luxury. The majority of the purchasing public is, consequently, composed of those who cannot well do without books as the implements of their profession, and such persons form neither the largest nor the most affluent section of the reading public.

The position of the public with respect to the music-publishing trade is essentially different to its position towards the book-selling trade. Music is purchased beyond comparison most extensively by those who themselves play and sing, and consists, therefore, only of such as come within the sphere of their powers of execution and of their tastes. Thus the regular market depends upon the majority of half-educated amateurs, whose taste is influenced in the course it takes principally by the music master, or the performance of virtuosi. The wants of Vocal Associations and Concert-giving Societies are of a different kind. Very limited, on the other hand, is the number of thoroughly educated musicians, who purchase music with independent judgment and serious interest, in order, for pleasure or for instruction, to gain a comprehensive view or a connected knowledge of their art, either in certain special branches or on a more extended scale. Professional musicians have not always the education or the wish, and frequently not the leisure, for pursuing studies of this description. In most instances, the necessary means are wanting. Even at the present day, it is but seldom that music is made the object of really scientific, and more especially historical research, demanding a comprehensive apparatus, and consequently there is an almost total want of great collections, commenced and continued on a definite plan. With the exception of the great libraries of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, there is, probably, scarcely a library in Germany that recognises

and fosters music as a subject entitled to a separate department of its own; even the Conservatoires and similar institutions appear not yet to have experienced the necessity of musical collections calculated for something more than the mere passing requirements of the moment. The system of supporting public libraries, a system of such moment in the case of literary enterprises of more than ordinary extent, is so seldom available for the music-trade that it can scarcely be regarded as an element to be taken into consideration. The music-trade is, therefore, immeasurably more dependent than the book-trade upon the wants of the day and all its caprices, and this affinity with the fashions explains many a peculiar phenomenon, such, for instance, as the decoration of the title-pages, to which we may generally apply the words of that modest critic who said: "It may not be in good taste, but still it is an ornament;" the custom, so unfavorable to historical research, and even to mere curiosity, of omitting the year of publication; and much more of a similar description, giving a volume of the look of a book of fashions. Though certainly arising in the first place from the fact that, on account of its having to be engraved, music costs more to print, in proportion to the average sale, than books cost, the high price of music is connected with the above considerations. It results from the constitution of the public that large editions constitute rare exceptions in the music-trade, and that those works that do not go off at all or in only small numbers bear a larger proportion to those which find a sale than is the case in the book-trade. A popular work has, therefore, to make up for the losses occasioned by a number of works which have not proved successful, and it need not be remarked that works which are good in a business sense are not always so in an artistic one. A practical publisher can, for this reason, easily sell at low prices, as he pays the author nothing, and prints only what his experience tells him has a large sale, without his being obliged to purchase that experience by ventures which do not cover the expense of production. The high price is connected, likewise, with the exorbitantly heavy discount usually allowed to the retail houses, but it also results, at least partially, from the peculiar position occupied by the public of musical amateurs. As an almost general rule, the music-masters undertake to be the agents between the music-publishers and the purchasing public; the allowance which they claim has gradually become, in their eyes, a well-earned right, or, at least, an item of revenue they cannot conveniently spare, and which they possess sufficient influence to maintain. With such deductions, we can very well understand that the shop-price must be fixed very high.

Though we may assume that what is printed in the way of books rightly represents, on the whole, the state of scientific and artistic production in literature, we cannot assert this, to anything like the same extent, of music. Until the last third of the eighteenth century, in Germany as in Italy, an overwhelming majority of compositions were circulated only in manuscript copies, that is, in every respect, in a highly unsatisfactory manner. It is certainly sometimes happened that, in order to ensure greater publicity for them, composers etched their own works, as, for instance, we know that Bach and Telemann did. At that epoch, therefore, mere casual circumstances exercised the greatest possible influence in determining which compositions should become extensively known, and which be hoarded up for, and rendered accessible only to a subsequent generation. Thus the most uncertain standard for forming a just appreciation of any master is that furnished by his printed compositions: we have no right to assume either that the works of the best masters, or the best works of such masters, were made public by means of the printing-press. A striking instance of this is furnished by Johann Sebastian Bach, of whom only very little was published during his lifetime. Even that little included not his great masterpieces, but merely the instrumental compositions, for which, at any rate, a considerably extensive public of pianists and organ-players was to be expected. It was not till after the revival of the *Matthäuspasion*, by Zelter and Mendelssohn, that Bach's vocal compositions began to be snatched from oblivion, and for years and years to come the Bach Society may go on publishing unprinted works, not one of which is without its peculiar significance. Of such a master as Haase, who, for more than a generation, reigned supreme on the stage of Germany and Italy, only detached compositions have been made known by means of the press—in short, it is an exception when the labors of a cele-

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

brated composer are to be estimated by his printed works. In London, on the contrary, most of Handel's grand compositions were immediately printed, and in Paris it was even the rule for opera to be engraved on being performed, a fact to be explained by the grand scale on which things are done in both those cities. The system, it is true, has, since then, been completely changed, and, at the present time, it is more especially the music-publishers of Germany who keep in view the high mission of permanently preserving great works of lasting value. But though, now-a-days, nearly all the works of any importance written by the principal masters, masters who exercise a determining influence, are printed, and thus preserved for the enjoyment and study of future generations, such works constitute only an extremely small portion of the mass of music brought into the market. Nor does this music, in the majority of instances, at all represent those superior, sterling composers, men with high and noble aspirations, who only under especially favorable circumstances succeed in seeing printed what they have created in true devotion to art; it represents only the caprice that changes with the hour, and the defective education of amateurs, who will never be at a loss for complaisant pens. Hence we may assert that, on the whole, the labors of the composers of our time, even though the history of art may never or only imperfectly become acquainted with them, are more serious and more important than the mass of printed works would lead us to expect—a fact which cannot, in any way, be declared of literature.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

In May last, we offered some observations on the propriety and usefulness of Mr. Gladstone's proposed grant of 500*l.* to the Royal Academy of Music. On that occasion we took rather general ground, endeavouring to urge some of the reasons which justify entire music as an art to public support, and at the same time briefly bringing forward the considerations which point to the Royal Academy of Music in particular as the most fitting recipient of Government aid. We discussed the advantages which an institution of this kind is capable of securing to musical art; and in a slight sketch of the constitution and system of the Royal Academy, we supported its claims to be considered as doing real work in the cause of both general and special musical education. Late in July, the grant was passed by a moderate majority, after a brief little debate, in which few of the members concerned seemed to know much of the subject under discussion, and which called forth, in particular, a considerable display of ignorance from Mr. Bernal Osborne, the chief opponent of the vote.

The arguments brought forward against the grant, such as they were, consisted almost exclusively of ignorant sneers at music, and musical amateurs in general, and of certain random assertions as to the incapacity and inefficiency of the Academy itself as far as any beneficial effect upon musical art is concerned. The first of these positions is essentially that which one expects from persons who have no natural appreciation of the art themselves, and who at the same time have not the modesty to feel and to regret the defect. A man is a curious phenomenon who, in the face of a hundred facts and arguments which show how important and how universally acknowledged as a desirable element in our civilization, the study of music has become, can talk such nonsense as the following:—"If any Government encouragement," said Mr. Augustus Smith, "were to be given to any particular science, he thought it would be most usefully given to a *School of Cookery*, as there was no country in the world in which the proverb, 'Providence sends food and the devil cooks,' was more verified than in England." Mr. Bernal Osborne thought, too, that "if they had a vote for music, why not for dancing?" The study of music has, therefore, no answer with any one who will give himself the trouble to think for a moment, or to look round him and see what is the status which music happily now enjoys in England. But the assertion that the Academy is itself unworthy to receive encouragement and support is a more formidable objection. Mr. Bernal Osborne "challenged the Chancellor of the Exchequer to produce any person eminent either in vocal or instrumental music, whom the Academy has handed down, or who has nothing but an attempt on the part of a few amateurs to indulge their taste at the expense of the public." This, it would be doubtless a most pertinent argument against wasting the public money upon an institution which a long course of years has proved to be of no practical value. But how, upon examination, stand the actual facts of the case? Why, absolutely and completely at variance with Mr. Bernal Osborne's

statement, which he must have made as a mere random shot, not having looked into the matter himself, and relying upon a similar amount of ignorance in others. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Gladstone was not himself sufficiently posted in the facts which would have enabled him upon the spot to meet the challenge, and, to give, as he might safely have done, a complete and unqualified denial to the charge of notorious inefficiency thus brought against the Academy.

So far, indeed, from its being the case that no eminent musician can be numbered among the former pupils of the Academy, it is perhaps not too much to say that the majority of the best vocal and instrumental performers of the present time have received instruction at the hands of the institution. At the risk of being tedious, we will give a few names, which in the eyes of any one who knows anything of the musical world will be a complete answer to the whole objection. Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, A. Sullivan, C. Lucas, J. Hullah, W. H. Holmes, Dr. Wyld, Dr. Steggall, J. F. Barnett, Miss Banks, Madame Jassano, Miss Birch, Madame Anna Bachy, Miss Boly, Madame Lablache, Miss Kate Loder, Miss Mesent, Miss Van Noorden, Miss Palmer, Madame Weiss, Miss Edith Wynne, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Chipp, Cheshire, Gratiau Cooke, Cousins, Doyle, D. Godfrey, F. Godfrey, C. Godfrey (the bandmasters respectively of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scotch Fusilier Guards), C. Harper, T. Harper, Howell, Richardson (Rutis), Swift, Harold Thomas, E. W. Thomas, J. Thomas (harp), Aylward, R. Pettit, Walsingham, these names, and many others of considerable reputation, occur in the list of the old pupils of the Academy, and will be at once recognised by those interested in music as comprising almost the majority of English musicians who have attained to any celebrity. What, then, becomes of the assertion that no one eminent musician has been trained by the Academy? It simply breaks down, and will surely never be advanced again upon future occasions, when, as we hope, the names of the pupils of the Academy similar to that of last Session will be discussed. Mr. Bernal Osborne will probably have learnt a lesson about making incautious statements as to facts which he cannot have fairly investigated. We believe him also, by the way, to have been guilty of another inaccuracy, in asserting that until now "not a sixpence of the public money had been voted for the Academy." If we recollect rightly, the Academy was founded by Charter Act in 1800, and the first grant of money to the Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey was granted to it by King William IV. So that, in fact, it is not a private society, a mere collection of amateurs; it is not an effete and inefficient institution which has never produced any pupil of reputation; but, in spite of struggles and pecuniary difficulties, notwithstanding all the internal drawbacks to success to which a society of musicians is proverbially subject, it would almost seem to have been a very nursery of English musicians.

We have been led to make these remarks in justice to a wrongfully-abused institution because our attention was directed to the present condition and working of the Academy by a concert very recently given by the pupils of the establishment. It is not pretended that, at the present moment, the Academy can show any unusual amount of talent or proficiency among its pupils, nor did the arrangement of the programme of this exhibition of their efforts, having been used to make it specially effective. Some of the most distinguished pupils were absent, and enough of the programme was entrusted to the manifestly less gifted students to prove that there was no attempt to put forward the best first possible upon the occasion. We heard, however, quite enough to convince us that the institution is really doing good work in the interests of musical art, and that the system of programme for educational and it presents are a valuable and practical kind. It is unnecessary to go into the details of a performance which it would be unfair to criticise by the same standard that would be applied to artists actually before the public. Nor, it must be recollected, are the majority of the pupils intended for concert performers. Many of them who may not have the requisite combination of faculties to produce great results in this way may yet be valuable to the world as teachers, and there are, at the present time, a large demand. And this, as we pointed out before, is even of greater importance, and more distinctly requires an organized system, than the instruction of the few rarely-gifted natives who, in any case, would be almost sure to force their way into public notice, or to get a musical education from private sources. So that all that one could hope to find would be a general excellence between system and attention on the part of the teachers, with here and there the development of some remarkable talent. This expectation was certainly realized on the occasion referred to. As perhaps might have been anticipated from the age of the performers, the solo singing was the weakest part of the performance; but it is only fair to add that this was owing in a great measure to much of the programme being entrusted to students whose principal attention is directed to the cultivation of instrumental

music, and who only take up singing in accordance with a judicious rule which compels every lady to learn it as a second study. Most of the pupils at present in the Academy who propose eventually to become public singers are as yet very young, but among them are one or two ladies of remarkable promise. Miss Bauermeister, Miss Brougham, and Miss Claudwick, will all, as we have seen at present, develop into clever artists; and, of the gentlemen, we have no doubt that Mr. Hamilton will be hereafter heard of as a bass singer of considerable merit. Of the instrumental portion of the performance we can speak very highly. Two young pianists of very decided ability played concerted music in a highly musicianlike style; the one, Miss Williams, undertaking a portion of Professor Bennett's charming waltz for pianoforte and strings; instruments, which was written when the student at the Academy, while Miss Cronin gave two movements of Hummel's quintet. Of one work which formed an important feature in the programme too much in praise can scarcely be said—a manuscript string quartet by Mr. Hall, now a student in the Academy, and the son of an old pupil, which is as good as any novelty of the kind we have heard for a long time. Mr. Hall evidently writes with great freedom, and seems thoroughly to understand the capabilities and peculiarities of his instruments; and his work has further the great charm, which one misses so often now-a-days, of extreme clearness. If the Academy had only this young gentleman to point to, he would be sufficient to show that its labors are not in vain. The quartet and the other string compositions were exceedingly well played by young artists who, like so many who have preceded them, will doubtless in time become valuable members of our leading orchestras. Several other new compositions of less pretension, and of more or less merit, the work of present students, helped to swell a too lengthy programme.

In mentioning, however, the pupils of the Academy, it would not be fair to omit the name of one who on this occasion was unfortunately absent. Miss Agnes Zimmermann, although yet barely seventeen, is already known as a composer and pianist of most remarkable talents. She has already, shortly after her birth, performed several times in public in this country, and there has been but one opinion as to the successful career which she has before her. She has lately paid a visit to Germany, where her talents have been most warmly acknowledged, and in particular her performances, both alone and in conjunction with Herr Joachim, have won for her such admiration at the Court of Hanover that she has been specially invited by the King to appear there again very shortly. Miss Zimmermann, although German by birth, has, we believe, received the whole of her musical education at the Royal Academy, having come to England when she was four years old. We may also add, for the credit of the Academy, that Miss R. Henderson, a pupil who has only just left it, and Miss Emily Pitt, who is still a pupil, have been lately performing very successfully in Mr. Macfarren's Opera di Camera the *Soldier's Legacy*, at the Gallery of Illustration.

Much might be said on the general question of the desirability of applying a small grant of the public money to the support of an art which has been strangely neglected in this respect when compared with its sister arts, but which is surely as worthy as they to receive encouragement. Our object, however, has been to examine briefly the claims which the institution in Teutonic Street has upon the public sympathy; and to put our readers in possession of a few facts of which the gentlemen concerned in the debate of July last seem to have been strangely ignorant. These facts are highly favorable to the reputation of the Academy; and this makes us hope, in the interests of music, that the small assistance granted last Session with somewhat of a bad grace will on a future occasion be freely and cheerfully given.

ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 756.)

Though Joseph's taste was so decidedly for the Italian Opera Buffa, yet occasionally a serious opera was put upon the stage, and sung by the *buffa* artists. (I do not see why Holmes (Mozart, p. 50, Amer. Ed.) should use this language, in speaking of events in the winter of 1767-8: "There were no other singers at that time in Vienna; and will it be believed that with such a set they even attempted Gluck's *Alceste*?" Shall a person of wit and humor never be serious? Should Gluck's *Alceste* go unsung because the singers so rarely performed in *Opera Seria*?) Herr von Gamara had prepared a serious text, "*Delimita e Dulcis*," with choruses and dances, which, only after repeated entreaties, Salieri at last consented to compose. He had little hope that it would succeed; and, though it was his only opera in the year 1776, and therefore not hastily written, his presentment as to its fate was correct. And yet there were so many good things in it that Mosel is of opinion its fate was determined by the ridiculous accidents which

occurred during the first performance. The first scene is a rural amphitheatre, in which a crowd of peasants has assembled to see a wrestling match of shepherds. After the final rehearsal was over, the scene painter had the happy idea of painting into the turreted terraces and among the trees a great number of figures, which added greatly to the scenic effect. After the games were over and the victors crowned, the crowd was to disperse, leaving the head of the commune—whatever his title, Alcald, Burgomaster, Mayor, first Selectman or Squire—with his two daughters, alone. The great man has an secret to impart to them, and begins:

"O der stam soll, o flichte." (Now we are alone, daughters).

As he recited these words, and the audience saw the crowd of faces looking out from tree and bush, a laugh began, which increased finally to a roar, as the singers looked in all directions in vain to make out the joke, they being too near the scenery to make out the figures. In the second act Daliso, Delmita's lover, comes upon the stage armed, with the visor of his helmet down, to fight the monster to whom she is to be sacrificed by the laws of the land. As she frightened flies, he exclaims: "*Non fuggir, non temer, son' io Daliso*" (Fly not, fear not, I am Daliso), and has at the same moment to raise the visor, and show her his face. But "the fates, the sisters three, and such odd branches of learning," were in a merry mood that evening, and determined that the helmet should not open. So the more Daliso tried to raise the visor, the faster it seemed to hang, and the louder the audience laughed. This was the joke of Act II. Daliso kills the monster, and the final scene shows Athens in the distance illuminated. The audience heard one of the singers recite: "*Vedete come allo splendor di mille faci e mille festeggia l'Atene*." (See how with the splendor of thousands and thousands of Athens rejoice)—but all was dark.

The signal had been given too late to the workmen, and not until the scene was ended and the curtain was descending did Athens blaze out amid the light of the "mille faci" and the uproarious laughter of the audience. In short there seems to have been no such lamentable comedy and tragical mirth at Athens since the days of Quince, Snug, and Bottom. Gamara and Salieri's opera *seria* had proved an *opera buffa*, and at the close the company laughed as heartily as the audience.

The first attempt by Joseph to build up the German stage and its failure has been before mentioned; a new attempt under the influence of Sonnenfels, in 1770, had succeeded, and at the period to which we have now arrived, 1776, the Court Theatre in Vienna surpassed all others in Germany in the excellence of its performances of German spoken dramas, as it had at one time surpassed the world in its Italian operas. Found as the Emperor was of his *opera buffa*, he now formed the magnanimous project of building a real German Opera. One management after another had broken down; the French company was dismissed; in 1774, Noverre, the ballet master, had to give place to the cheaper Angiolini; the receipts sank, and at the end of 1775, or early in 1776, the two court theatres came upon the hands of the Emperor. Hence, none of those "vested rights," which hinder progress in England in all directions, stood now in Joseph's way. The lower Austrian provincial government gave all the world notice that the Kärnthner Theatre was made free to any foreign troop which would undertake it at its own risk; and by an imperial order of February 17, 1776, the Burg Theatre was given up to the Germans, and received the title "Hof und National Theater"—Court and National Theatre. Let a correspondent of the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* (Vol. xxiv, 253) add what is necessary to our understanding of the theatrical revolution headed by the Emperor of Germany, at the time the lawyer Adams, the printer Franklin, the merchant Hancock, the physician Warren, the farmer Putnam, the planter Washington, the shoemaker Sherman, and their compatriots and fellow lawyers, merchants, &c., were heaving, across the water, a revolution of quite another sort.

Joseph now had the German drama performed four times a week; the prices were fixed at 3 gulden for the first and second boxes; 6 at partre, 1 gulden; 24 partre, 20 Kreuzers; third row, 20 Kr., and for the fourth row 7 Kr. (It is near enough the exact rate if we reckon the gulden at half a dollar, with 60 Kr. to the gulden; the new Kreuzers are 100 to the gulden, 48 cents.) At first, the new stage—like every thing which Joseph projected—found much opposition; but the daily presence and active sympathy of the Emperor by degrees filled the house; the success which was achieved was owing, also, certainly in part, to the fact that all the German pieces were good and generally

Muttonian.

excellent. The permission to use the Kärrnthnerhose, [which had been recently rebuilt, after taking fire at a performance of Glink's Ballet *Don Juan*, and burning down,] was, after a failure or two by others, availed of by an Italian opera troop, formed in part of the members of that which had just been dismissed. This troop played at its own risk, was good and diligent, and therefore soon gained the privilege of playing the off-days, also in the Burg theatre. This company had 7 men and 6 women, solo singers; among the latter Mlle. Cavalieri. In the Kärrnthnerhose house, alternately with the Italian opera, Wäser's large troop, from Prussia, tried its powers in the German drama and opera and in ballet; but the company was about equally bad in all three and soon fell to pieces. "As in every thing else, so also in theatrical matters, it was a favorite idea of Joseph at that time—much as he personally enjoyed the off-days, also opera, to show himself a German Emperor—to favor in a special manner everything that was German—to have, as far as it was in any way possible, all in the German language and in German style. [If England could have had English kings after the revolution of 1688, with taste enough to encourage Purcell and his school, what might not have grown up out of the most beautiful English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh schools of melody—the most beautiful, to my taste, in the world.]

"This idea of Joseph's, his wide and varied knowledge, his great and quick activity, and his passion for the theatre and music (for both, it is well known, he possessed uncommon talents, insight and skill) very soon effected much, which in one way and another proved of beneficial influence, and might have been more so, had his will been always so obeyed as it certainly ought to have been. For instance, in 1777, at his command and with his personal assistance, a plan was wrought out for the foundation of a school for the theatre after the establishment and selection of a dramatic library; and both, soon and to a certain extent, actually put in operation. It was advertised that every poet, who contributed a piece, which could be and really should be acted, should receive the entire proceeds of the third night as his due. Joseph soon after had a formal code of laws for the members of theatrical companies drawn up, which had been utterly wanting hitherto, and to which the theatrical companies subscribed as a model.

"Towards the end of the year (1777) the Emperor at last made the experiment of founding an original German Opera, for which the pieces should neither be translations nor adaptations of the music. He himself chose for the first trial a little work by Umlauf [viola player in the orchestra]—which had but four vocal parts [roles] and a chorus—called *Die Breckpfeifen*. The entire company [in its present infancy] consisted but of Mlle. Pasta, the Italian soprano, and Herr Bupprecht, and Hr. Fuchs—the two men having until now never told the state. Umlauf was made music director and Henry Müller, a man of fine taste and tact, manager. Joseph amused himself with the preparations and rehearsals; and the new and modest enterprise—which was at first made a topic of jest and ridicule, and which gave its first public performance on Feb. 17, 1778—gained great and soon general applause.

Joseph thereupon increased the company with three new solo singers, two men and one woman, and the result was, that during this year thirteen new pieces of greater or less extent were produced and the German opera established."

"The 'revolution' of course relieved Salieri from most if not all his operative labors, at least for the time. After the failure of *Delimita e Dittico*, he composed an oratorio, *La Passione di Gesù Christo*, text by Metastasio, for a Pension Institution of the Vienna Musicians, which gained him great credit with the musically cultivated, and which, the poet once said in presence of the Emperor, was the most expressive music ever set to his poem. The overture was intended by the composer (*poe dicit*) to express the repentance and despair of Peter, and is one of Salieri's best.

(To be continued.)

* In Focke's *Musikalische-Kritische Bibliothek*, Vol. II., 392, this first performance is thus reported:—

Vienna, February, 1778. Finally on the 17th inst., the first German opera, *Die Breckpfeifen*—so impatiently expected—was produced. It surpassed the expectations of the public. The music and decorations were truly excellent. Mlle. Cavalieri, who formerly sang in the Italian opera buffa here, distinguished herself in singing several difficult and highly ornamented airs, and also by her much improved acting. Madame Stierle also received great applause. After the piece was ended and the curtain down, the audience demanded again the appearance of the performers. Thereupon all four came forward, and Mlle. Cavalieri delivered a very beautiful little speech of thanks to the spectators. His Majesty the Emperor is trying all means to bring these operettas into the mode and has the best subjects sought out. At present, all the solo parts are doubly filled, so that there shall be no interruption caused by the interruption of this or that singer. Our famous actor, Hr. Müller, has the duty of instructing in action; Hr. Umlauf singing, &c., &c.,

Mr. Ap'Mutton has seen the Christmas Pantomimes—at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Her Majesty's, the Princess's, Astley's, the Surrey, the Victoria, Sadler's Wells, the Grecian, the Britannia, the Standard, the Greenwich; the burlesques—at the Olympic, the Haymarket, the St. James's, the Strand, the New Royalty; the tragedies—at the Lyceum, the Adelphi; the holiday fetes—at the Crystal Palace. At all these places he was accompanied by his amiable spouse, Mrs. Ap'Mutton, his full grown daughter, Miss Fleecy Ap'Mutton, and his promising sons, Masters Saddle, Rib and Scrag Ap'Mutton. Such an uninterrupted series of excitements has almost done him (Ap'Mutton) up, and it is with great difficulty he is able to put thus much down. He must, this current, on that account, be chary of speech. To be brief, then, here is a Christmas quatrain, composed by Mr. Pontifex Fouracros, and inscribed to the editor of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,

"Who is not rated A one at Lloyd's," (old rhyme), but who may perhaps, on perusing same, get nearer the mark, or at any rate further from zero:—

To the Editor of Lloyd's.
The mighty King Senacherib
Of any man could crack a rib,
Except it were Jehoshaphat,
Because that general was so fat.

PONTIFEX FOURACROS.

Here (to be briefer) follows a letter addressed (Mr. Ap'M. is at a twist to guess why) to Dr. Shoo:—

To Dr. Taylor Shoo.

Sir,—I can find you plenty of men whose relaxation is found in the translated writings of Plato, in the soul-moving music of Mozart,—men who criticize, in a manner which must sometimes make your ear tingle, the masterpieces of Ap'Mutton and Disbly Peters, who laugh at the nightly clasp of the "Bellows-draught," and who long, but are content to wait for, the time when they shall be acknowledged by their fellow refined men as equals,—for the time when a workman may be a gentleman as freely as any "gentleman" now has the privilege of being a snob. But these men are precisely the ones who make us sit for a term, for, if the time were taken up by club meetings and committee nights, and resolutions and amendments, there would be no opportunities for self culture, and, in the attempt to grasp a flickering shadow, they feel that they would be losing what proves to be a delightful and abiding reality. I am, Sir, respectfully,

New Year's Day

JOB WITHERS.

Then (to be briefest) five letters on one subject, which Mr. Ap'M. takes leave (being impregnated thereto by a thirst for fair play) to "impinge" in a group:—

SACKERBAUT v. ROASTREEK.

No. 1.

Sir,—Dartle Old is as "right as a trivet," and having consequently three feet, is as great a natural curiosity as the one-legged dancer. All the soloists in the band who can play, ought to play, each in turn, oughtn't they? If they can't play, they should be replaced by those who can play, shouldn't they? Am I an idiot?—Yours,

Gwynn Ap'Mutton, Esq.

ROBBIE.

No. 2.

Sir,—I have no wish to appear in print; but having read D. Old's letter with some interest, I should like to add my testimony to his. For the last two years I have been a very frequent visitor to the Crystal Palace. During that time I have only heard Mr. Wells (haunted) play once, and then he was loudly applauded and warmly recalled—a compliment Mr. Pape has never (in my presence) obtained. So far as the shoe and euphonium are so rare, that neither Mr. Crozier nor Mr. Phawey can shine to advantage, as each performer seems making his *début* and facing the audience for the first time, while Mr. Pape, in consequence of being constantly brought forward, has acquired that self-possession which practice alone can give. When German conductors are paid by English people, the least they can do is to bring forward English artists.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

To Owens Ap'Mutton, Esq.

THOMAS EBARCOW.

No. 3.

Sir,—Let Dartle Old behold how very wicked he is to feel indignant at the state of affairs in the Crystal Palace Concert Room. He ought to be deeply grateful to Mr. Manns for even allowing Englishmen to say anything. Point out to him how great an advantage they enjoy in being permitted to take a part in such uncharitably compositions as

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MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, 1865.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. LEWIS STRACK, L. RIES, H. WASS and Pages Beethoven.

SONG, "Vadri carles"—Miss LORNA PTRY Mozart.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE—Mr. BERTWICK Adolphus Adam.

FANTASIA, in C minor, for Piano-forte alone—Herr PAGES Mozart.

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Piano-forte and Viola—MM. PAGES and STRACK Beethoven.

SONG, "La blondina in gondoletta"—Miss LORNA PTRY Paer.

SONG, "The Nightingale"—Mr. BERTWICK Henry Smart.

QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 2, for Piano-forte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello—MM. PAGES, STRACK, H. WASS and PAGES Mendelssohn.

Conductor - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave earlier before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Piano-forte and stringed instruments, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

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* * The Index and Title Page of Volume 42 of THE MUSICAL WORLD
will be issued in an early number.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR—I trust you have had a merry Christmas. As for myself, ever
since the 24th of December last—just fancy December last!
"Last year," in fact—I have lived almost exclusively in an atmo-
sphere strongly replete of wax-tapers, the mild wax-tapers being
those stuck upon the "lot" of "Weihnachts-Bäume" or Christmas
Trees, which, to indulge in a mild pun, as I may, perhaps, be per-
mitted to do at this festive season, it has been my lot to witness.
These trees are, I believe, tiny fir. If so, I may justly assert that,
what with the Yule rejoicings and the severe weather lately, firs
have been as plentiful in-bosom as furs have cut. This, per-
adventure, you will stigmatise as a fir-fetich, or a fur-fetich,
quaint. No matter. It is a merry one, and why should you for-

get the old maxim: "*Dulce est desipere in loco*"? If it is "dulce"
in "loco," why not in the MUSICAL WORLD?

Having thus playfully alluded to, and disposed of, Christmas,
permit me to wish you and all your Readers a Happy New Year.
If one of your and their chiefest sources of delight, of your and
their principal springs of delectation, emanates from and bubbles
up in—as of course it does—the perusal of my letters, that
source, I promise you, shall continue to emanate, that spring to go
on bubbling up as regularly as ever; nay, perhaps more regu-
larly during the present year. Having set your and their minds
at ease for a twelvemonth at least, I will now change the subject
and say a little about music—a course the more advisable, per-
adventure, because I know that, in the opinion of certain weak-
minded of your subscribers, music, and not topics which have
nothing at all to do with that art, ought to form the staple of my
letters and of your periodical! Benighted beings!

You may remember that, sometime ago, I gave you a glowing,
though perfectly unexaggerated, account of the triumphs achieved
by Herr Dr. Gunz, from the Royal Operahouse, Hanover. You
may, furthermore, remember that the triumphs in question were
interrupted by the recall, per telegram, to Hanover, of Herr Gunz
—I drop the "Dr." as superfluous, cumbersome, and, to English
ears, unsuited to a singer. Herr Gunz, however, promised to
come back, and opining, probably, that large profits and quick
returns are, as a rule, to be found in conjunction, he soon did come
back. But alas! for those who depend upon the breath of public
favor! "Bien fou qui s'y fie," as Francis I. more ungallantly said
of him who trusted the fair sex. People are not quite so enthu-
siastic as they were about Herr Gunz. He appeared as Tamino in
Die Zauberflöte; Nadori, in *Jesonda*; and Forestan, in *Fidelio*;
but I have not heard that he has been engaged by the Manage-
ment. Surely Herr von Bismarck has lost a glorious opportunity
of uniting politics with pleasure. By ordering the Management
to offer Herr Gunz an engagement at the Royal Operahouse here
on fabulous terms, he would have induced that gentleman to break
his engagement, which has still some years to run, at the Royal
Operahouse, Hanover. The Management of the latter establish-
ment would have demanded the artist's extradition. This would
have been refused. The people of Hanover, who, like the people
of all little states, appear to set a higher value upon comparatively
little things than upon great ones, who cling, for instance, with
more tenacity to the possession of a singer than to the preservation
of constitutional rights, would have given utterance, by means of
the press, to sentiments far from characterised by the tenderest
love, or the deepest respect, for Prussia. That power might very
well have declared itself insulted, and at once march an army
into Hanover to exact satisfaction for the insult. This would have
been a most expeditious fashion of annihilating that gorian knot
—the annexation of the Kingdom of Hanover—about which
Prussia has been fumbling so long. Alas! Herr von Bismarck has
unaccountably allowed the opportunity to escape him!

But my immense experience in all the ressource, or, as Disraeli
has it, the "dolours" of statescraft, is leading me somewhat from
the more immediate subject of my lucubrations. Suppose, there-
fore, I return to my "mutton," i.e., in a proverbial sense,
Herr Gunz. His reception was exceedingly cordial, but the public
did not so besavor him with praise as they did on the former
occasion. They still declared their conviction that he is a fine
artist, but they no longer went the length of saying there is no
one like him, and that he is absolutely without fault or blemish.
On the contrary, they discovered that his acting at times wants
intensity, and, *horrible dictu*, that his voice already bears traces
of fatigue. I quite agree with them in both particulars. The want
of intensity may, however, be remedied. If the artist's own intel-

ligence or feeling does not suggest how this is to be done, some experienced old stager might, for a consideration, be prevailed upon to coach the too frigid tenor. But let Herr Gunz beware of too much fatigue. The fact is that, in common with most, if not all, of the popular German operatic singers at the present day, Herr Gunz does not allow himself sufficient repose. If he knows he shall be out of the bills of his own theatre for a week or so, he obtains leave of absence; takes a place by rail; and, presto, is in the capital of some other Kingdom of Fatherland, for German Kingdoms, not being generally quite so extensive as one of the Southern States of America, do not require a long time to traverse. This is a very pernicious system, as Herr Gunz will find to his cost, if he still persists in it. Really I am, now and then, almost inclined to believe that operatic singers never heard there are literary compositions called fables, or that, if they have heard so, they are not aware the characteristic of a fable is that it contains a moral. Good gracious! How is it possible Herr Gunz, or many others just like him, could continue pelting away, as though for dear life, from place to place, and singing nearly without cessation, except to eat, drink, and sleep, if he had ever perused the "Goose with the Golden Eggs."

Après de better. The consideration of voices that are not what they "used to be"—to adopt the ungrammatical and by no means witty form of speech patronised by the late Mr. Wright of the Adelphi—conducts me most naturally to the reappearance, in Gluck's *Orpheus*, of Madame Jachmann, formerly Madlle. Johanna Wagner. Verily, Madame Jachmann much resembles the plant borage, which there is no rooting out of a garden if it has once got there. It strikes me that nothing can drive Madame Jachmann from the Royal Operahouse. Her admirers admit that her vocal resources are not overwhelming, but justify her reappearance at the above establishment by what they are pleased to designate the grandeur of her conception and the beauty of her acting. This is all very well, but, to be logical, they should carry the principle a little further. At what would they then arrive? At the conclusion that with the utmost grandeur of conception, and very beautiful acting, no voice at all is requisite in an operatic artist. I think this is a tolerably fair instance of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

You perceive that, though our programmes may not have displayed much excellence since I wrote, we have, at any rate, had no cause to complain of want of variety. This quality has been, moreover, not without a dash of sensation, as on the evening when Signor Severini made his first—and last—appearance, as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. I grant that the gentleman's voice was not strong enough for the house; that his nervousness was excessive; and that his plan of singing, partly in German and partly in Italian, was sought but conducive to clearness. Still not one of these facts constituted, in my humble opinion, a reason for insulting him. Yet the audience, not, mark you, an audience of Englishmen, from whom, of course, nothing better can be expected, at least, not if any credence is to be attached to thousands and thousands of accusations which emanate from German presses—but an audience of Berliners, of Prussians, who, we cannot doubt—for they are continually asserting it themselves, especially since the Danish war—were the first nation on the face of the globe in civilisation and refinement as in courage and every other ennobling quality; yet the audience, I repeat, did needlessly and cruelly insult Signor Severini. And they insulted him in this wise: After the second act, there was a loud call for Mallice, Lucca (Leonore), and for Herr Betz (the Count di Luna). Suddenly a voice from the gallery or upper boxes, I cannot say which, shouted out the name of Herr Woworsky. The signal was taken up and the cry both pertinaciously and uproariously persisted in, until a gentleman in a dress-coat made his appearance and said

that Signor Severini begged the audience would excuse him from continuing the part, which, added the gentleman in the dress-coat, Herr Woworsky would finish. This announcement was received with unanimous applause from the high-minded spectators, who indulged in quite an ovation on the appearance of Herr Woworsky, *le bien-déclaré*. I am inclined to think that when this little ebullition of patriotic enthusiasm, or suppose we say, just for a change, boorish rudeness, becomes known abroad, foreign singers will give Berlin a wide berth.

Another "sensation," fortunately of a more creditable even though milder nature, was the first performance here of the new grand four-act opera, *Der Stern von Turan*, the words by Herr Ernst Wichert, the music by Herr Richard Wüerst, who resides in this capital. If I were requested to confine myself to simple facts, I should say merely that the composer and the leading performers were loudly and frequently called for; that the curtain fell amidst exhilarating, and, doubtless, genuine applause; and that the opera has been duly repeated. As, however, you will naturally desire to know what I think of the work, I will add a few remarks. No one can accuse me of injustice for saying that the book is not first-rate. Paul Heyne's poem: *Die Brüder*, which has served as the groundwork of it, is elegant and interesting, but truth compels me to state that the adaptor has not preserved much of the interest of the original though I am free to confess his version is not deficient in elegance. Herr Wichert has got a deal more to learn ament the *chapeau* of a piece, before he is likely to reap a very abundant harvest of laurels from the stage. However, with time, his constructive powers may improve. I hope such will be the case. Meanwhile, I beg to offer him the following hint, which is very much at his service: To tell the audience, as a rule, in any given scene, what is about to take place in the scene following, is not generally considered the best method of keeping them in a state of breathless suspense. Indeed, some critics have declared it to be attended with the very opposite result. With regard to the music—well, with regard to the music, I do not consider it any very great shakes. It is not an improvement upon the composer's former opera of *Vineta*. In the first place, Herr Wüerst was rather trammelled by the defective construction of his *libretto*, and, in the next, he does not possess much power. He has a pretty lyrical talent and that is about all. I dare say my friend Dr. H— of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* will attribute my words to prejudice. I promise that I will frankly and unhesitatingly admit they do spring from that amiable source, but on one condition: That Herr Wüerst's opera is ever heard beyond the borders of Germany.

The other works performed at the Royal Operahouse have been Auber's *Maçon*; Oberon; Czaar and Zimmermann; Don Juan (in which Mad. Harriers-Wippen made her re-appearance, after a rather protracted absence, rendered necessary by an interesting event, of an especially family nature); *Fernand Cortez*, and *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, besides the second act of Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien*, and other entertainments of a warlike nature got up expressly for the delectation, and in honor, of the Regiments of Guards just recently returned from the Danish campaign, and covered, as every German paper never tires of informing us, with glory.

In the way of concerts—but no! What I have to tell you in the way of concerts, I will reserve till next time. To-day, after again wishing all the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD and Yourself a Happy New Year—*Omnia OBIS Musica lectoribus Toque ipso, Anno Incipiente, vale jussu*—I will add, not because, after what I have said, it is on the present occasion absolutely necessary or not slightly superfluous, but because I like to conclude with my usual signature,

VALE.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Your correspondent, "Occasional," whose letter appeared last week in the "Muttoniana" column, evidently possesses an extraordinary amount of sagacity. He is also an original researcher and thinker. To discover that Signor Naudin, M. Gueymard, Signor Delle-Sedie, Madame De Lagrange, Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Mlle. Marie Batte are among "the most celebrated singers of the day" proves that "Occasional" must have dived deeper into the mines of knowledge, must have ears more sensitive and acute, and be blessed with taste and judgment keener and more subtle than nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand. If "Occasional" were installed director of an Italian Opera and had to engage the above "most celebrated singers of the day" for his principals, I fear that in a very short time he would have to close his theatre. I do not, nevertheless, believe that "Occasional" would change his opinion even when he found that the "most celebrated singers of the day" had failed to attract, because I have always remarked that obstinacy was closely allied to ignorance and presumption; but I believe he would feel ashamed to trouble you or your readers any further with impotent and ill-written lucubrations, and for this reason I sincerely wish that "Occasional" were compelled to take a theatre for Italian Opera in London with "the most celebrated singers of the day" for his company. I do not quarrel with "Occasional" for having an opinion of his own, nor for giving expression to his opinion—it is the prerogative even of the most foolish to think for themselves and give their thoughts free utterance—but I do find fault that he has charged me with false statements, and made me say what never could have entered my thoughts. "Occasional" asserts that I am "perpetually sneering at Messrs. Fraschini, Naudin, Nicolini, Gueymard, Tiberini, Carrión, Mongini and Co." I declare on the honor of a Shoot (of the Shoots of Salop) that I never expressed an opinion about Nicolini, Niemann, or Carrión, and, as for Co, I do not know whether it is a man or a woman, and certainly never heard the name mentioned. Madame, or Mlle., or Signor Co, for aught I know, may be the most accomplished prima donna, contralto, tenor, barytone, or bass in existence. I only contend I never heard his or her name, and, as a matter of course, never wrote it down in my letters to you. Indeed, I have made enquiries as to whether there exists in any part of the continent a celebrated singer called Co, but nobody seems to have heard the name. All I can say about it is, that it is a most unfortunate appellation, and were it my name, and I a "celebrated singer," I should certainly add a syllable or two to it for the sake of euphony. Moreover, I do not remember at all having alluded to Tiberini, and as for Mongini, I am one of his greatest admirers, and, as you know, have never ceased recommending him to the directors of the Italian Operas in London, and to the directors of the Italian Opera here as having one of the most magnificent tenor voices ever heard—so that the accusations of "Occasional" are entirely without foundation. But, indeed, "Occasional" does not deserve to be treated with common gravity. He who expresses his conviction that "Madame Carvalho is equally good as Mlle. Fatti," that "Mario is simply *merveilleux*," that "Tanberik has only three notes left" (name them, Mr. "Occasional"), that "Patti can sing but cannot touch the heart," and that "Titiens *would* touch the heart if he could but sing," is not entitled to serious consideration, and most assuredly should have been left unnoticed by me but for his letter having gained importance from appearing in the dignified column of Mr. Ap'Mutton.

Le Capitaine Henriot, after the usual postponements and disappointments inevitable in a Parisian theatre, was at last produced at the Opéra-Comique on Thursday last, the 29th ult., not Monday week, the 26th, as I had expected. The success of the new opera was assured beforehand. M. Gevaert, the composer, had already recommended himself to Parisian tastes by some very agreeable music written to several pieces, best known of which are *Georgette*, *Le Billet de Marguerite*, *Les Lamentations de Saint-Emile*, *Quentin Durward* and *Château Trompette*. Moreover, M. V. Sardon, reputed the best librettist of modern France after Eugene Scribe, collaborated with M. Gustave Vaez, was said to have made a book of intense novelty and interest out of historical, or legendary, circumstances connected with that very used-up character, Henry IV. Of the story of *Le Capitaine*

Henriot I am not anxious to supply you with full particulars for two reasons—First, it has puzzled me so much to make it out on the stage I do not think I could convey a clear idea of my own impressions; Secondly, the plot is so complicated and involved that, however lucidly unfolded in the telling, most likely, it would be misunderstood. Henry IV. of France, like Charles the Second of England, has furnished grounds for a number of dramas, most of which, if indeed not all, have been transferred to the English boards, from the play of *Henri Quatre*, in which Macready made one of his earliest "hits," and *La Jéaneuse de Henry IV.*, which gave to your stage the popular comediotta of Charles the Second. It will be enough for the readers of the *Musical World* to know that the Capitaine Henriot is Henry King of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth of France, who at the well-known siege of Paris after the death of Henry the Third, gains admission to the city in disguise, meets a lady with whom he commences an intrigue, invites himself to sup with her the same night, keeps his appointment, is nearly ruined through his gallantry, and only saved by another person being mistaken for his Majesty. The piece in reality is a comedy of intrigue and would tell infinitely better without the music. Indeed it would be utterly incomprehensible in the representation without the aid of the book. The ending is not satisfactory. Captain Henriot being the hero and Madame Valentine de Rieulles, the young and beautiful widow, the heroine, we naturally look forward to their happy union. As, however, the Captain turns out to be the King of Navarre and as the fair widow does not sink in despair at the discovery, we may suppose that King and widow settle the matter in a manner most agreeable to themselves, wherein the French Police have no right to interfere, and with which French morality has no cause to take offence. M. Gevaert's music would be greatly improved by the infusion of a little melody. It has what may be called tune, or phraseology, and is carefully and cleverly written. Of inspiration there is not a spark. And yet the success of the opera was never a moment in doubt. The audience applauded a number of pieces successively, and there were the usual first-night recalls. That which pleased me most in the opera, and in all probability will attract most attention, is the "Air de la Charité," sung by M. Condere in the character of Capitaine Henriot, M. Condere, by the way, acts the part of the King-Captain inimitably and sings the music with great point and skill if not with any especial power or beauty of voice. The other parts are sustained by MM. Léon Achard, Crosti, Pouchard and Prilleux, Madame Galli-Marie, Mlles. Belia and Collas.

M. Fétis a few days since invited a large company of musicians and connoisseurs to the saloons of M. Pleyel to hear two new quartets and a new sextour of his own composition. M. Fétis is a wonderful man. At eighty-two years of age he writes abstruse musical works, continues his *Universal Biography of Musicians*, does not flinch from the severe tasks imposed on him as President of the Conservatory of Brussels, and undertakes to superintend the rehearsals and production of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* at the Grand Opera of Paris. Perhaps had M. Fétis devoted his time uninterceptedly to his literary labors the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, instead of being a monument of haste and imperfection, might have proved a trustworthy book of reference. As it is, no one now consults M. Fétis's Biography in any important case. And of what value are M. Fétis's compositions? Of less value even than his *Universelle Biographie des Musiciens*. M. Fétis, bestowing all his care and attention on his work, might have become a good lexicographer and a correct chronicler of events. No exertion of his talent, nor fortuitous combination of circumstances, could have made him a composer.

In consequence of the Festival of the first day of the new year falling on last Sunday, there was no Popular Court of Classical Music.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, Jan. 4, 1865.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Musick* was performed at St. George's Hall on Boxing night, and there was a very numerous attendance. The principal singers were Miss Carrodus, Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Graham, and Mr. T. J. Hughes; Mr. Armstrong officiating as conductor. Miss Carrodus, sister to the well-known violinist, made her first appearance in Liverpool on this occasion. She was a pleasing, but not very powerful voice, and sings well in tune. The solos in theatorio were fairly given, and the choruses carefully sung.—*Liverpool Mercury*, Dec. 27.

ARABELLA GODDARD AT WINCHESTER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We mid-Hampshire folk have at last been allowed the same privilege so greatly esteemed on the coast—the privilege of hearing Arabella Goddard, in music she affects the most, and in the interpretation of which she has no superior. I, as an humble though enthusiastic amateur, cannot hope to vie with the eloquent apostrophes of which my cousin-german, Coventry Fish, has given so many examples to your readers; but, though less fluent of pen, I, perhaps, appreciate as deeply. At any rate I admire talent and reverence genius as much as any one who can pretend to neither; and the performances of the young and singularly accomplished lady who visited our city on the evening of the 13th ult. inspired me not only with the highest respect for herself, but, if possible, with a greater love for true music than I had felt before. The concert (organised by Mr. Conduit) took place in the St. John's Rooms. It was a genuine Arabella Goddard "Recital." Madame Arabella began the programme herself, with the *Andante* and variations from Woelfl's sonata, called *Ne Plus Ultra*, which I understood and enjoyed all the more from having just read the account of its composer (by Mr. J. W. Davison) affixed to the Messrs. Boosey's edition of the work. How those little fairy hands could grasp the passages in the variation with octaves—dashed off, too, with a velocity as astonishing as the mechanical neatness and rhythmic accentuation were infallible—was to me a perfect riddle. I was sadly disappointed not to hear the opening movement, with the double notes, which, I have been told, is, under Madame Arabella's touch, a marvel. But better part than none at all. The next piece—J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, No. 3, Book 1, of the famous "48" (golden number!)—I had heard from the same unerring fingers, some years gone by, in London. That I listened to them again with rapt attention will easily be credited. I could have listened a dozen times over without fatigue, the limpid clearness of the music being paralleled in limpid clearness of the execution. Of Handel's *Suite* in E major, with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," I need tell you nothing. Enough that the variations were encores and repeated.

The second part began with the grandest and most impassioned reading of Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* I can remember, although (to take your readers into confidence) it is now some "forty year" since I first heard it, and I have heard it at least fifty times since, performed by pianists more or less "distinguished." Of this unequalled work, this fiery ebullition of genius inspired and uncontrollable, I cannot find language to express my thorough admiration, and have only to thank the charming pianist for having, to my mind, expressed so fully every one of its burning, passionate thoughts. All hail Beethoven!—mightiest of the Kings of Harmony!

In the next piece, Mendelssohn's melodious and fanciful *Andante con Variazioni* in D, for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 17 (composed at Berlin, in 1828, for his brother, Paul)—Madame Arabella was joined by Mr. W. H. Aylward, one of our best violoncellists. The execution on either side was irreproachable, and loud were the plaudits at the end. The last piece was the *fantasia* on airs from *Mireille*, which Mr. Lindsay Sloper composed expressly for Madame Arabella, which is a delightful *fantasia* in all respects, a *fantasia* with real fantasy to vindicate its title, and which was played à mercurille and enchanted the whole audience. All the young lady-amateurs (who can attempt such music) will now be practising *Mireille*—thanks to the lady who stands sponsor for it, and so gracefully recommends it by her own most graceful interpretation.

Some recent music, extremely well sung by Miss Leila Aylward—including M. Gounod's pretty *Berence* (accompanied by her brother, on the violoncello); a song by Mr. Silas; Dumas's canzonet, "Gentle Hope" (which should oftener be heard); and Signer Ardit's *valse*, "La Stella," agreeably varied the programme. The accompanist at the piano was Mr. W. H. Aylward, evidently more than one sense an excellent musician.

Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley was at the "Recital." That Arabella Goddard may soon again visit Winchester, is (though he habitually resides at Southampton), the earnest wish of her respectful admirer,

LEICESTER FISH.

Winchester—The House and Tear—Jan. 1.

THE LONDON CHORAL UNION, under the conductors of Mr. C. G. Verinder, lately gave a complimentary benefit concert to Mr. W. H. Adams, the accompanist of the Society, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. Benedict's *Undine* (principal vocalists, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer Lisle, Mr. T. E. Gwynne, and Mr. Lewis Thomas), the *piece de resistance* of the evening, was excellently sung by the principals. The chorus were occasionally rather too prominent, and should be reminded that quality of tone is of more consequence than loudness. Continued practice will no doubt subdue this tendency to demonstration, which it behoves their clever conductor to look to as he has many valuable voices under his hat. Mr. Adams and Mr. Van Noorden with two of their lady pupils played the accompaniment on two pianos. Previous to and after the *cantata* there was a miscellaneous selection. The artists were Madame D'Este Finlayson, Miss Eliza Hughes, Mr. H. Van Noorden, Mr. W. H. Adams, &c., &c. Madame D'Este Finlayson, of Mr. Gilmann Reed's *Opera di Comers*, was very successful on her *debut* as a concert singer, and in a song by M. Schondorf, "When the quiet moon is beaming," was warmly applauded. Madame Finlayson also sang the solo part in Bishop's "Daughter of Error" with much effect. Miss Eliza Hughes acquired herself greatly to the satisfaction of the audience in songs by Mr. Charles Salaman and Mr. P. Van Noorden, as well as in a duet by Mr. G. A. Macfarren "O sweet summer morning," with the same artist. Miss Palmer Lisle, Mr. W. H. Adams, besides accompanying the vocal music, played a solo and a duet for two pianos with Mr. Van Noorden like an accomplished artist. We have no time to enumerate all the pieces in the programme so must content ourselves with naming a part-song "Wake up sweet melody" by Mr. Verinder, and the One Hundred and twenty-first Psalm, set for solo voice and chorus by a Danish composer, M. Hansen, the solo part being cleverly sung by Miss Banks.

WANDSWORTH.—Mrs. John Macfarren, on Tuesday last, the 2nd inst., gave a performance of pianoforte and vocal music for the benefit of the St. Barnabas Schools, which took place, very appropriately, in the School-rooms, adapted for the occasion to the purposes of a concert-room. The programme, comprising a felicitous admixture of the refined and the popular element, received every advantage from an irreproachable execution; and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing, close to their own homes, so attractive an entertainment. Thus, a very crowded assembly was the result, who exhibited their appreciation and relish by cordial and off-repeated applause.

MEMBERS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE BAND.—(SATURDAY CONCERT).—N.B.—The names to which a * is prefixed are those of the ordinary daily band.—First Violins—*Wedemeyer (leader), *Watson, *Viereck, *H. Mann, *Reynolds, *Schmidt, Collins, Zerlin, Kreutzer, Burnett and Vogel; Second Violins—*Cheney, *Collins, sen., *Sharpe, *Thom, *Newham, *Heunen, *Lewden and *Frewin; *Klar, *Schelling, *Van Hamme, *Ward, H. *Weld, *Thompson, *Schreurs, *Violoncello—*H. Read (solo), *Quinton, *Trust, *Petit and *Daubert; *Double Basses—*Biehl, *Prokatsky, *Fettenborn, *Weikel, *Waud and A. Collins; *Clarinet—*Lap (solo) and G. Webb; *Obos—*Crozier (solo) and *Pissel; *Bassoon—*Hutchins (solo) and *Peeckau; *Flutes—*A. Wells (solo) and *Meyer; *Horn—*Eckhoff, *Krievell, *Krievell, *Tilly; *Trumpets and *Finglers—*Gomis-san and *O'Neill; *Euphonium—*Hasey; *Solo Cornet—*Wilmore; *Tenor Trombones—*H. Island, *Tull and Stock; *Drums—*Thompson; *Leader—*Augusto Mann; *Librarian—*Tutton; *Poter—*Robinson.

MR. CLEWLOW gave his second reading, this season, to the patients of Bethlehem Hospital. The selection (entirely from the works of Charles Dickens) was appropriate to the time of year, and embraced the Christmas carol, the Christmas festivities at Dingley Dell, and the no less famous at Lamb Street, Botoh, on the occasion of Mr. Bob Sawyer's party; all of which were received with the warmest applause and the heartiest laughter.

PROFESSOR STERNDALE BENNETT leaves London this day for Leipzig, being engaged to conduct his Philharmonic Symphony in G minor, at one of the next Gewandhaus Concerts.

THE HELL ROTAL INSTITUTION has engaged Mr. Charles Salaman (for the first time) to deliver a series of three lectures in the second week of February. The subjects chosen are "Italian Opera," "English Opera," and "German Opera."

MIDDLE TIETJENS has returned to London from Hamburg.

CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Exec. Com. on the 3rd inst., Viscount Ranelagh in the chair, James Gordon, Esq., the chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company (proposed by Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P.), seconded by Captain Jervis, M.P.), was unanimously elected a member of the Executive Committee.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The last of Mr. Aguilar's series of recitals of pianoforte music for the present season took place on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—

Sonata in F, Allegro and Adagio; Christiana (a dramatic and romantic piece); Aguilar; Fantasia in C minor—J. S. Bach; The Rivulet—Mendelssohn; Prelude and Fugue in G—J. S. Bach; Le Desir (Transcription)—Aguilar; Bolero—Aguilar; Sonata in A flat—Beethoven; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Wanderstuden, No. 2—Heller; Fantasia on Faust—Aguilar; Ours to him—Heller; Last Look (Romance), and March—Aguilar.

Mr. Aguilar was assisted by his pupil, Miss Weldon, whose good taste was shown by her selecting for performance Mozart's Sonata in F, and pieces by Bach and Mendelssohn, all of which she played well. The rooms were fashionably attended.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER'S OPERETTA, *The Royal Beauties*, played so frequently and with so much success at the Crystal Palace, is about to be produced at Treumann's Karl Theatre, Vienna.

CUORNOSS.—Mr. George Russell's annual concert was attended by all rank and fashion of the neighbourhood. Mr. Russell's vocal performance was an excellent fair fare. His assistants were Miss Banks, Miss Whylock, and Mr. W. H. Cummings (vocalists), and Mr. George Russell, Herr Ludwig Strauss and M. Pague (instrumentalists). Mr. Russell, who invariably selects compositions by the great masters for performance, played, in conjunction with Herr Strauss and M. Pague, Beethoven's grand Trio in C minor, and with Herr Strauss the "Kreutzer" Sonata, by the same composer. Mr. Russell also played two solos—sung by Stephen Heller from the *Viola Blues*; and the other by Herr Krüger; and on being encircled in the latter he played Stephen Heller's *Reverie* in D flat. In two songs—"A Lament," sung by Miss Whylock, and "Meetings and Partings," sung by Mr. Cummings—Mr. Russell proved he could compose as well as play. Both songs were well sung and warmly applauded. Herr Strauss and M. Pague played solos—the former, Erard's *Oello* fantaisie, and the latter his own *Fantasia Rigoleto*. Mr. Russell accompanied the beautiful duet from his *Kreutzer*, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps," sung by Miss Banks and Mr. Cummings. The concert gave general satisfaction.

HELFANT.—At the last concert of the Amatecronic Society the performers were Miss Kate Allen Croft, Herr Elsner and Master Willie Pape. Miss Croft sang Ruschka's "Bel raggio," which for so young a vocalist she sang through with great ease and with a fine voice. Master Pape was as usual very well played. Master Willie Pape was received with great favor. The *Northern Whip*, writing of him at this concert, says:—

"Master Willie Pape, the young American pianist, was engaged for this concert. This accomplished boy, who is now fourteen, displays powers not only wonderful for his age, but remarkable for any age. He is not only a pianist, but also a thorough and consistent tenor, and even a violinist, and apart from his years altogether. His facility and dexterity of execution, and his command over himself and his instrument, are already such as to warrant the highest anticipations of what he may one day be; and not less wonderful is his memory, which carries him through the longest and most involved *sonata* without a flaw or hesitation. He played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, and an arrangement of airs from *Lurici*, by Prudent. The funeral march in Beethoven's Sonata was played with power, and even majesty; yet it was impossible not to feel that Beethoven was being played, not interpreted. Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," which was given as an encore, was played less well than Thalberg himself would have played it."

Mr. Hamilton Clarke was the new conductor, and proved himself equal to the task. The society played a clever overture, the composition of Mr. Clark. Miss Croft sang a *romance*, and Herr Elsner played a violoncello solo of his own composition. The other performances were Mendelssohn's overture to *St. George*, Beethoven's *Symphony*, and several other compositions. The concert, however, was much too long, owing to the numerous encores.

BARCELONA.—A new opera (writes a Barcelona journal) from the pen of the excellent and eminent *chef-d'orchestre*, the *Maestro* Botteini, entitled *Marion Delorme*, has just been represented at the Lyceum Theatre with complete success. Not only has the composer proved Mendelssohn's overture to *St. George*, Beethoven's *Symphony*, and several other compositions. The concert, however, was much too long, owing to the numerous encores.

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DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault are performing at the Theatre Royal in the new piece *Arrah na Pogue*, with great success. The scenery and dresses are extremely splendid. It is eminently satisfactory to learn that the Dublin International Exhibition, for 1865, undertaken by Mr. Frisheim, acted solely by patriotic motives, will fully realize the hopes of its promoters. The preparatory arrangements are in a forward condition, and the promises of support from home contributors ensure the success of the Exhibition. One special feature of this Exhibition, not attempted on any former occasion, will be an international display of musical instruments. A large hall, specially designed for concerts, and capable of seating 5,000 persons, has been devoted to this purpose. In the instruments of all nations will be collected, and daily performances will take place during the continuance of the Exhibition. Exhibitors will therefore have the advantage, not only of showing their works, but also of having them tested under most favorable circumstances, and music as an art will be added to the other attractions of the Exhibition.

HAMBURG.—(From a Correspondent.)—With a repetition of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Madlle. Thietjens concluded, on Friday, the 16th Decr, her series of performances in the Stadttheater, where she made her first appearance, as Norma, on the 15th Nov., and on the twelve following evenings, sustained the parts of Valentine, Laceria, Donna Anna, Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), and four times that of the musical drama of Desdemona, recently, engrossed a fourth of her performances, and properly so. For just as the work, the more intimately we become acquainted with it, displays more clearly and magnificently its inexhaustible significance, so has Madlle. Thietjens a performance to slow which strikes us as the more excellent the more familiar we are with it. In the first place, she possesses a voice expressing, as though without any effort, dignity of mind, and a woman's heroically brave disposition. Then, on hearing such and such touching evidence of expression, quaking forth immediately from the heart itself, who could even for a single moment, in the first act, that love of this description will succor in effecting the task of deliverance? Beethoven measured the parts in *Fidelio* by his own greatness. Above all, he calculated upon his performers possessing a truthfulness of conviction such as is exhibited in the words of Madlle. Thietjens when she has to face the greatest danger in all her career. In the midst of the glowing flow of the musical drama, he descended to simple everyday dialogue: "Ja es gibt eine Voessung!" How bold is this thought—the proper expression of which the composer has entrusted to personal inspiration on the part of the singer—when it is given with the traditional dash of stage phraseology, but to what a manifestation of her most fervent belief does Madlle. Thietjens elevate it! The interest both of the acting and the music culminates in the conflict with Pizarro, where *Fidelio* is destined to endure for hours. Her husband's words, "I will not surrender," all-earbush words: "First kill his wife!" The truthfulness of profound sensation is peculiarly catching. The spectator listens, in breathless but pleasing anxiety, to the moving scene as though to some ideal reality. His fancy plunges, with blissful dread, into the abyss, before which not alone the audience, but the heroism of the action, stands so secure, that the same desired solution must always be brought about. But when the trumpet signal is heard, sounding for Leonora and Florestan like the summons of an angel, but for Pizarro like the Last Trump, a tear starts forth to our relief. If this tear does not well up into the eye, it at least finds it way meltingly into the heart. Would it be possible artistically to surpass the made in which the composer has rendered with notes the effect the author has portrayed in the halful attempts of the Governor? Certainly not! But Beethoven craves us upon it in "unutterable joy."

The audience profited to the interval after the Dungen Sea, and—after the triumphal hymn in honor of woman—by the fall of the curtain, to indulge in a family party with Madlle. Thietjens. We will not attempt to calculate the recalls in one single outburst of applause containing some minutes, or the nosegays and wreath of flowers which fell from all sides, upon the stage; nor will we offer any remark upon the repeated "flourishes" in the orchestra, which, by the way, have gradually become an abuse introduced on every possible occasion. But if the admiring attachment of the audience, and under any circumstances, be expressed with vivid truth, the marks of interest manifested towards Madlle. Thietjens, on her taking leave last Friday, constituted the most general, warm, and sincere tribute of homage, we ever saw offered on any occasion of the sort.

In return for her co-operation in Handel's *Messiah*, Madlle. Thietjens has been presented by Herr Hays, a member of the Senate, and Dr. Petersen, as representing the Committee of the St. Nicholas Church, with a splendid silver flower-vase, bearing an inscription commemorative of "the 16th December," Madlle. Thietjens has since left Hamburg for London. She returns next year to fulfil a fresh engagement in her native town. The following address has been published by her in the papers:—"It is impossible for me to leave my native city, without returning my profound thanks to the general public as well as to my own friends and acquaintances for the numerous marks of kindness and hospitality which they have so liberally evinced towards me, and for making them all a hearty farewell. I remain, etc."

THEODORE THIEGENS.

Hamburg, 17th December, 1864.

GLASGOW.—The singers at the Twelfth Saturday Evening Concert, which took place on Christmas Eve, were Miss Julia Elton, Miss Edward, Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Harry Clifton. The musical treat of the evening was Miss Julia Elton, who made so favorable an impression on her first appearance at these concerts, and on this occasion she fully sustained the opinion we then formed of her capabilities. In Randege's "Ben et ridicule" she elicited an encore, in obedience to which she repeated the last verse. In another style, not less satisfactory, was her singing of Hume's song, "Afton Water," which was replete with genuine expression.

TO ZAMIEL'S OWL, ESQ.

SEN.—A large meeting of the Birds was held at Nest 183. The Raven in the chair.

THE CHAIRMAN, in the course of his opening speech, alluded to the closing of the Commission of Inquiry on the Mayoralty, and other matters of public interest; and concluded by introducing the Lark, who had a communication to make on a subject which he was eminently qualified to discuss. (Loud chirruping.)

THE LARK.—We promised the public that we should give them early and accurate information relating to various interests in town. At our last meeting, we took cognizance of certain circumstances in connection with the Bowling Club. The report of the meeting dropped like a bombshell amongst the parties concerned; and testimony was universally borne to the extraordinary intimate knowledge we possessed of their affairs. As to who the Birds are, it is amusing to see the ludicrous attempts that are made to identify us. This evening, I would respectfully direct your attention to a Musical Society in town, which has been long established, and which has conferred most important benefits on the community. It has long been before the public as a most useful organisation for promoting the study of, and appreciation for, vocal and instrumental music of a high order. Through its exertions, the inhabitants of Belfast have had frequent opportunities of admiring the great sacred oratorios, in which the grandeur and sublimity of the music are commensurate with the immortal interest of the themes. The Classical Harmonists may reflect upon the fourteen years of their Society's existence with legitimate pride. A musical taste has been, during that period, developed, which has amongst other things, contributed to the erection of a noble and capacious building, which is an honour to the province whose name it bears. A change has taken place in the conductors of the 'Classical Harmonists' Society, and yet it has dared to live! There are people who are shocked at such irrational contumacy. Was it not plainly intimated to these incorrigible Harmonists that they should perish? There was, however, a measure of mercy reserved. For a select few, gentle-blooded renascences were graciously provided for in a Foot Union. I should be sorry to see that Society become the mere setting to some self-coveted diamond or brilliant. It has other functions to fulfil of a more important character. Its influence is not ephemeral; its movements are not migratory; it is of us, and belongs to us; and it shall survive the evanescent celebrity of clever professionals. (Loud chirruping.) It is not their place to insult public feeling by issuing pompous manifestoes (absurdly suggestive of imperial decrees), in which propositions are ostentatiously made for the amelioration of the "masses." The unpleasant circumstance to which I have alluded forms an inconsiderable incident in the successful career of this valuable Society. It does not require the patronage of excellent organists, or respectable teachers of music. I rather congratulate the members on their divergence from behaviour but little calculated to conciliate. The respect and courtesy which the members are now experiencing from their conductor fully account for the increased vitality which the Society is at present enjoying, and I anticipate a larger amount of popular support than it has hitherto received. (Loud and prolonged chirruping.)

THE CUCKOO begged to differ from his friend, the Lark. The Society, he thought, had been more prosperous during the last two or three seasons than previously. At the same time, he admitted there were dissensions in their councils. The Monday Evening Concerts he regarded as a perfect success. The attendance almost exceeded the accommodation; and the evident interest taken by those present in the proceedings was most gratifying.

THE GOLDFINCH begged to remind the Cuckoo that there was a time when those performances were not so well attended. He thought that a large portion of the success spoken of could be justly ascribed to the variety given them by the addition of vocal music.

Yours Truly,

DANIEL SPARROWBROOK

The Finchery, Conarigside, December 26.

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THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY'S CONCERTS.—The

SECOND CONCERT, will take place THIS EVENING, Saturday, Jan. 14, at Eight o'clock, and continue every Saturday until March. Artists.—Miss Louise Fyfe, Madame Knickerdoff, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle. Liebart, Madame Elvira Debrana, Madame Salvo-Dobry, Madame Arabella Goshard, Madame Alice Mangold, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ernst Paue, Mr. John F. Barrett, Mons. Salomon, Herr Jansa, Herr Pulitzier, Mr. Doyle, Mons. Paque, Mr. George Collins and Signor Faza. Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets at Mitchell's Library; Keith, Prowse and Co., 45 Cheapside; and the principal Music Warehouses.

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REASON, 1865. THE FIRST TRIAL OF NEW ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, February 15th, at Eight o'clock. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELOS. Entry dress unnecessary. Members will be required to produce their tickets for 1865. N.B.—The Orchestral Score of Works registered for trial, must be forwarded to the Honorary Secretary for the instruction of the Spinnell, on or before the 14th inst., addressed to the Society's Rooms, 17, Edward Street, Portman Square, W. Works which have been performed or publicly rehearsed, are not eligible.

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MR. EMILE BERGER will play his two new Solos,

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MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," composed by Henry Smart, at Mr. Wilkinson's Benefit, at the Gallery of Illustration, Saturday Evening, January 21; and at the Glee and Madrigal Union Concert, at Windsor, January 24.

MADLE GEORGI AND MADLE CONSTANCE

GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. J. STEPMAN will sing RICHARDT's popular

Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. Thomas Ward's Concert, Golden Town, THIS EVENING, Jan. 14.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "ALICE, WHERE

ARE THOU," by Ascher, at City Hall, Glasgow, THIS EVENING, Jan. 14; Aberdeen, Jan. 21.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honor to announce to his

Friends and Pupils that he has removed to 3 Percy Street, Bedford Square, where communications for lessons, engagements, &c. are requested to be addressed, as well as to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street.

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MINGS, and MR. RALPH WILKINSON will sing Signor Randegger's Popular Trio, "I NATHAN," (The Mariners.) at Mr. R. Wilkinson's Benefit, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, Saturday Evening, January 21.

MADLE LIEBHART will sing the New Rondo, "LA

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTTEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 1.)

After what has been said, it will easily be understood that there is immeasurably more hesitation among composers than among literary men in bringing out editions of their complete works. The purely material question of space is a question of no slight weight. Notes require a large-sized page, and only very few of the persons who cultivate music are prepared for a long series of folios; yet it would scarcely be possible to do without such a series, for most of the great composers were very prolific, and volumes multiply rapidly in cases where scores are concerned. Scores are, generally, a stumbling-block. Among amateurs, there are not too many so thoroughly educated as to be able to derive pleasure from them—nay, it is said that there are even learned musicians who have no liking and no aptitude for availing themselves of scores—and yet they will always constitute the principal stock of masters of importance, and accommodating arrangements of them be only partially available. This is another proof of the great dissimilarity inherent to the very varied interests of the musical public, the different sections of which do not all derive equal satisfaction from such collections; this, it is true, holds good in literature as well. There is no doubt that whoever now-a-days reads Lessing earnestly, will like not only *Nathan* and *Minna von Barnhelm*, but draw, with as much pleasure, recreation and strength from the *Dramaturgy*, the *Antiquarian Letters*, and the writings on *Theology* and *Freemasonry*; all this, however, is quite different with Herder. If, in the case of Schiller, poems and dramas sufficiently compensate those readers who take no delight in the philosophical works, it becomes a matter of doubt whether the comprehensiveness and variety of Goethe did not prove impediments to his achieving similar popularity, and whether a division of his works into various categories would not be attended with a highly advantageous result. Far greater and practically important is the diversity exhibited by most leading composers. Certainly, were the collected—we can scarcely say—works of Hüntner, Ch. Voss and Oesten, published, we should not have to complain of versatility, but this is not so with the masters who have proved their greatness by the greatness of what they did; the church, the stage, the music of the concert-room and that of the house, presented each of them with tasks of the most varied kinds, and not interesting equally the same public, which was frequently the smaller in proportion as the publication of the works was more expensive.

There is another circumstance no less beset with difficulties. Among the reading public, there has sprung up almost universally an historical interest, vividly displayed in studying the development of literature generally, as well as, more especially, the gradual progress made by particular authors; youthful essays; first plans; fresh versions; and, in a word, things which do not so much afford absolute enjoyment as promote a more intimate knowledge of the process of mental productivity and labor, excite even in large circles an active interest, which, like all historical investigation and knowledge, demands, of necessity, to be extended and perfected. It is true that an historical interest of this description has, for some time, reigned in musical circles likewise, but it is infinitely rarer in the latter than in literary circles. Little interest of this description, however, is evinced not only by the listening public, who demand from music, if not a mere means of passing their time, at any rate, no more than an immediate sensation, as well as by amateurs who sing and play themselves, and the great mass of whom are equally limited both in their wishes and powers, but, as a rule, even by musicians. The fact of entering upon a system of historical treatise presupposes not merely a certain amount of acquirements, but, also, the deliberate intention of viewing a work of art in another light than that of mere enjoyment, and, further, the capability of disregarding, at least partially, customary forms, without, in either case, weakening one's susceptibility for what is really musical and artistic—demands not easily satisfied, especially in this department of art. If, therefore, any great

consideration were paid to this historical interest in publishing a collection of the works of even eminent composers, such a collection would be scarcely possible. An edition of Gluck's collected works—to say nothing of Haase, Graun, and others—is something hardly conceivable, however interesting and important it might be to follow up the development of a man of a reforming mind in the compositions written at various periods of his life, and from works composed at different times and for different purposes, to decide his position with relation to the manifold demands of his day and of his vocation; at present, those works of Gluck which are known, and which generally serve as the foundation for the notion people form of him, belong to one class only. If Gluck's labors, confined, as they were, nearly exclusively to opera, be surrounded with difficulties, such difficulties would be rather increased in the case of other masters by the latter's versatility. Joseph Haydn's popularity reposes upon the works of the last twenty years of his long life; we are acquainted more especially with the Haydn after Mozart; the struggling Haydn, the Haydn who froed and built up instrumental music, is as good as forgotten, if we leave out of consideration a number of his Quartets; what he did in the way of sacred music is imperfectly known, and what he produced as an operatic composer has never been known at all. But if we succeeded in collecting the 119 Symphonies which he himself noted down in an autographic list "of compositions which, for the nonce, he remembered having composed from his eighteenth to his twenty-third year inclusive;" the 163 pieces, for the Viola di Bordone, Prince Nicholas Esterházy's favorite instrument, the innumerable Camassins, Divertissements, Nocturnes, Scherzandi, Fantasia, Concertos, Sonatas, &c., for a greater or less number of instruments, 18 Italian Operas, with several German ones, and, finally, his various compositions for the Church, who would ever deem it possible to find a public of purchasers for such a collection? However great the circulation attained by numerous works of his of nearly every kind; however wide-spread and profound their influence; and however general their popularity, even at the present day, were anyone to think of collecting, in one edition, all the 686 works contained in Köchel's model catalogue, a number of amateurs and collectors might be found to purchase it, but scarcely a public. Nor is Mozart's case different. However fine and important may be, also, a considerable number of the works of Mozart, works hitherto either not made known at all, or mutilated and disfigured; however great and just the interest which most of them excite, in so far as they exhibit the development of his powers, and, at the same time, the nature of the musical productions of the period, it is, beyond a doubt, principally the historical interest which finds satisfaction in the many operatic, sacred, and instrumental compositions of the Vienna period, and this is not the sort of interest felt by the musical public at large.

There is, consequently, not much to be reported about editions of the collected works of celebrated composers. Such an edition of Haase's Operas was to have been published at the expense of the Elector of Saxony, but at the bombardment of Dresden, in 1760, the whole of the manuscript, which was quite ready for the press, was burnt. At the suggestion, and with the assistance of Duke Charles of Württemberg, a *Recueil des opéra composés par Nicolas Jomelli à la cour du sérénissime duc de Württemberg*,* was commenced, but was not carried out beyond the first volume, which contained the *Olimpiade*.† Greater progress was made by the collective edition of Handel's works, begun by Arnold, at the instance of George III., in 1786. Thirty-six volumes appeared, but this edition, like the rest, was never completed.

These enterprises would hardly have been commenced, but for the prospect of princely munificence being exerted in their favour. When, after his death, the publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel announced an edition of Mozart's works, they had not the slightest intention of publishing all of them; the *Œuvres complètes* really comprised only those pianoforte and vocal compositions which interested the majority of the musical public; the Pianoforte Concertos formed a series of their own, while the sacred and the operatic

* I transcribe the title exactly as I find it given by Otto Jahn. Whether the defective orthography is attributable to that gentleman, or exists in the book to which he refers, I cannot say.—J. V. B.

† Sic in the *Gravobol*.

‡ Sic in the *Gravobol*.

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

music, again, appeared apart, without any importance being attached to completeness or uniformity in the various publications. This collection was quickly followed up by an edition, carried out in the same spirit, of the collected works of Haydn, and these green and red volumes, which attained such a circulation as had previously never been known, exerted upon musical progress in Germany an almost incalculable influence. The reason is, that they made this capital of German house-music common property; they afforded healthy nourishment to the practice of music which was penetrating more and more among all classes of the people; they became the ever stable foundation of musical education; and contributed most materially to create a community of musical feeling. By their resemblance to *Andeutungen* or *Christentumskunst*, a resemblance they shared with many *Geistes*, which followed them, of Dom, Scarlatti, Clementi, etc., they certainly exerted a deeper and more permanent influence upon the age in which they appeared than could then have been exerted by collective editions, properly so called, and carried out in an historic-philological spirit.

The idea of issuing an edition of Handel's works, really based upon completeness and authenticity, was conceived by a Society of musical amateurs in England. From 1844 to 1853, they published fourteen volumes got up with all the English splendour, but, since then, the undertaking has come to a standstill, apparently for ever.

The fundamental notion of this Society was taken up in Germany, first by the Bach Society, which was founded in 1850, a hundred years after Bach's death, and announced as its object the publication of a complete critical edition of all the works written by Joh. Seb. Bach, as a monument to so great a composer. Entering into detail with regard to the mode in which their project was to be executed, they said: "All such of Bach's works as, by certain tradition and critical investigation, can be proved to emanate from him, will be admitted into this edition. In every instance, the original manuscript, or the printed copy sanctioned by the composer himself, will, if possible, be taken as a guide, and, if not, the best available resources, for giving the public the work in its current form, as authenticated by critically tested tradition. Nothing like arbitrariness in altering, omitting, or adding, will be permitted." Eight years afterwards, the Bach Society was followed by the German Handel Society, which, founded on a similar plan, and governed by similar principles, has undertaken to publish the collected works of Handel. By the admirable manner in which they have been got up—at the establishment of Breitkopf and Härtel—and by the critical care, greater than that ever previously known in any instance of the kind, which has been bestowed upon them, to ensure a trustworthy and correct text, a stately series of volumes, regularly issued up to the present date by both Societies, proves in what a serious and lofty spirit the undertakings are conducted, and justifies the hope that the persons concerned will steadily go on with them to completion.

(To be continued.)

ANTWERP.—The concert given recently in the great Hall of Harmony by the Royal Harmonic Society attracted a very large crowd, and was full of interest. Two artists new to the Antwerp public made their appearance, Mlle. Anna Veusten, a contralto singer and laureat of the Royal Conservatory of Brussels, and M. Hermann Sternberg, a young violinist, pupil of M. Vieuxtemps. Both were eminently successful. Madame Veusten sang the grand air of *Arlace* from *Semiramide*, "Eccomi adin in Babilonia," and evidenced great capabilities and high training. Her reception was most flattering. M. Sternberg was a pupil of the Brussels Conservatory, and belonged to the violin-class under M. Léonard. He also received instructions from De Beriot, and at present has submitted himself entirely to the counsel and teaching of the great Belgian violinist, M. Vieuxtemps. M. Sternberg performed a concerto by Vieuxtemps, and a fantasia on airs from *Traviata*, and displayed extraordinary powers of execution. He created a great effect in both pieces. Everybody who heard him play prophesied for him a brilliant career. It is said that M. Hermann Sternberg is coming to London with his master, M. Vieuxtemps.

Mlle. LIEBHART has left London on a tour through the provinces with Madame Fiorentini, Mr. Levy, Signor Aulonetti and Signor Bottesini. Their first concert was to take place at Croydon on Wednesday evening.

MANCHESTER.

(From an Edgely Correspondent.)

Handel's *Samson* was given at Mr. Charles's Hall's eleven-thirtieth concert in Free Trade Hall. The principal vocalists were Madame Pareja, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss. The land and chorus numbered 300 performers. In *Samson*, Handel's creative genius shines clear and brilliant. The oratorio takes a place beside the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt* on the golden scroll, where those grand masterpieces are enrolled. To describe the innumerable beauties which teem from every page of the inspired work requires a writer possessing a kindly genius to that of the great master Handel. From the poetic conception of *Samson Agonistes*, written by the great scholar and sublime poet, Milton, is formed the libretto of *Samson*, to which Handel united imperishable music. He illustrates the unbounded joy of the idolatrous Philistines in the lively strain of the overture in the opening chorus "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound," and in a song of praise to Dagon, "Ye men of Gaza, hither bring." A jovial feeling, too, characterises the Philistines throughout the oratorio; their last expression of joy is in the chorus "Glorious and undaunted our foe." After this their joy changes to a scene of horror and confusion, by *Samson* pulling their temple upon them, burying them amidst the ruins. The symphony and chorus, "Hear us, our God," represents the falling of the building in the distance as pile upon pile falls down like distant thunders, with these sounds initiated by the groans of the dying as they helplessly struggle to free themselves from this horrible calamity, their dying breaths become more feeble, they yield, they die, and all remains silent. In this chorus Handel created a scene which only music can illustrate. In *Samson* there is music that paints the sympathetic feelings of the Israelites towards their fallen champion, *Samson*. They proclaim Jehovah's Omnipotence, finally triumphing with a most sublime effect over the merry strains of the Philistines in praise of Dagon, in that grand colossal chorus "Fixed in his everlasting rest." Truly Handel is the grand master of sacred music; to his genius all others must bow. His giant mind conceived the sublimest subject with a truthfulness that penetrates our souls and waxes our thoughts beyond the skies. Every chorus in this sublime work inherits a beauty of its own. The multiplicity of his ideas are indeed wonderful. Charles Hall's wielded the conductor's baton with his usual ability. The land and chorus gained the greatest share of the honours of the evening.

Mad. Pareja sang with spirit and true feeling; she pleased the ear but did not touch the heart. Her voice is not of the Handelian order. Mrs. Brooke proved herself a singer of no ordinary ability. The indulgence of the audience was solicited by Mr. Hall's on behalf of his friend "Mr. Reeves, who was suffering from cold." The great tenor, however, did his utmost and gave a very satisfactory reading of the music he had to sing; he omitted the great air "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" with this exception, he performed his part most ably. Sims Reeves sings the tenor songs of *Samson* as only Sims Reeves can. Nature has endowed him with the voice, and his love for the divine art of music has enabled him to school his talents and to fully develop them. In fact, he has passed triumphantly through this most exacting ordeal, an ordeal that every true artist has to pass through before he can take a position amongst the highest order of artists. Mr. Reeves now stands pre-eminently above criticism; forsooth, he is the very fountain from whence criticism begins to flow. He is the great Handelian singer of his time: he is the one, the only one now before the public capable of giving a correct reading of the great tenor airs of Handel's oratorios. He has identified himself with those grand conceptions, and for the time it takes him to perform them he is living music, in proof of this, witness his profound and pathetic expression of "Total eclipse," or the invigorating warmth of feeling he infuses in the soul stirring "Go, baffled coward, go," or his poetical delivery of the cantabile air "Thus when the sun." He declaims the recitatives as though he embodied the soul of *Samson's* with his own; his conception of the character is a masterpiece of vocal art. Mr. Weiss is an excellent artist, he elicited enthusiastic applause by his singing of "Honor and arms," but his greatest triumph was in the air "How willing my paternal love." His voice is suited to this style of music, and Handel might have written this air specially for him.

The land played the dead march, the one from *Saul*, with a tenderness that made our heads droop as though we were laboring with sorrow.

Warren Street, Edgely.

T. B. B.

Mr. SANTLEY.—The Barcelona journals are loud in the praise of our English larynx—Santley, whose success in the part of the "Enfermeur" (*Traviata*) has been quite extraordinary. The *Avenencia Catalana* says, "our intelligent public has again overwhelmed the English artist with applause, and we offer Santley our cordial congratulations."

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SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE—Mr. RAYNICK Adolphus Adam.
FANTASIA, in C minor, for Piano-forte—Herr PAGES Mozart.

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Piano-forte and Violin—
MM. PAGES and STRAUSS Beethoven.
SONG, "La biondina in greenletta"—Miss LOUISA PIERCE Faer.
SONG, "The Nightingale"—Mr. RAYNICK Henry Smart.
QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 2, for Piano-forte, Violin, Viola and
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be reported in *THE MUSICAL WORLD*.

DEATH.

On the 7th inst., at 41, Torrione Avenue, Camden Road Villas, in
her 114th year, after two days' illness, JEMIMA, the dearly-beloved wife
of Mr. LEWIS THOMAS.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

THE interest felt in the Crystal Palace Concerts by no means
diminishes as they advance deeper and deeper into the
winter. On the contrary, the variety and excellence of the pro-
grammes being systematically kept up, there is nearly always
something new, or at least unfamiliar, as there is invariably some-
thing good, to look forward to. The Saturday visitors to the
Crystal Palace, moreover, get the advantage of a whole week's
experience, and the "cream" of the pieces upon which Herr
Auguste Manns has been exercising his thoroughly disciplined
orchestra. Nothing is introduced in the Saturday programmes
that has not previously been tested and proved at the daily
practices. By no other means could so admirable an "ensemble"
as that to which the public are now accustomed be obtained.

Since your last allusion to the musical doings of the Sydenham
Philharmonic—or Sydenham Gewandhaus, whichever name fits
best—many things worth notice have occurred. At the eighth

concert we had the prelude to Mozart's *Figaro*—of all comic
operatic overtures the raciest and best; Beethoven's Symphony in F
(No. 8)—the Turkish intermezzo in which obtains the lion's share
of applause, although its vigorous first *allegro*, its stately *minuetto*,
with a *trio* as playfully tuneful as its companion is stately, and its
wonderful *finale*, in which the original genius of Beethoven stands
fully revealed, merit at least equal honor; the splendid fragment
(*finale*) of Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* (sola by Madame Rudersdorf)—
which brought into request the services of the newly formed
chorus; and the March and Pageant music from the first act of
M. Gounod's opera, *La Reine de Saba*. In addition to the fore-
going, a spirited performance of Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante*
in B minor, (with orchestral accompaniments) by Herr Danreuther,
afforded a treat to amateurs of the pianoforte. This *capriccio*,
written the same year as the first concerto, was introduced by
Mendelssohn himself (in 1832.) at a concert given by the late Mr.
Mori; so that it was both finished and played for the first time in
England. At the ninth concert, besides a remarkably fine per-
formance of Beethoven's great *Leonora* overture (No. 3,) there
were two features of special interest—a symphony by Haydn,
which has in all probability, not been played in England for half
a century past, and an overture by Sterndale Bennett. Haydn's
Symphony in G minor—or rather its first *allegro* and slow move-
ment—must surely have been mentally present to Mozart while
composing a far greater symphony in the same key. It is worth
recalling that the only piece of German music Nicolo Antonio
Zingarelli (composer of the once celebrated opera of *Romeo e
Giulietta*, with which Napoleon I. was so pleased) would allow to
be played at the Royal Musical College of Santo Sebastiano,
in Naples, of which he was the principal director—was the first
movement of this very symphony. Mozart was not tolerated by
the bigoted Italian master; and as for Beethoven Zingarelli
would have said of his music something very like what another
great Italian composer said about the quartets which Mozart
dedicated to Haydn—"Si può far di più per stonare gli pro-
fessori!" Can more be done to put the players out of tune?
And yet, three quarters of a century later, the music of Haydn,
Mozart and Beethoven is as universally and deservedly familiar as
that of Sarti (Cherubini's master) and Zingarelli is universally
and undeservedly forgotten. Sterndale Bennett's delicious overture,
The Wood-Nymphs, worthy companion to *The Naiads*
but the clock strikes, and I must desist until to-morrow. It will
then be too late for your this week's issue. Perhaps you will allow
me a hearing in your next. I have yet a good deal to say.

LAVENDER PITT.

(To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.)

SIR,—I wish to call attention to the very great value which
more descriptions of original MSS. of works by the great
composers can have for the collector of historical and biographical
materials. Especially is this the case with Handel, who carefully
dated his MSS.—an example followed, though not always, by Beet-
hoven. How it was with Haydn I do not know. But, besides the
value of a manuscript in a critical revision of a work for publi-
cation, there are often points about it, even if undated, which may
render the description of it certainly worth putting upon record in
some periodical publication. There must be many of Haydn's
MSS. scattered about in England; why not have descriptions of
them put into the possession of the public through the medium of
your press? Personally, I am at present more interested in
Beethoven's MSS., and would heartily thank any person who
would aid in making known what there is from his pen in England,
and whether any peculiarities are presented worthy of note. As
specimens of such descriptions, and to show what interest such

MSS. may have, I copy from my notes the following, in relation to two MSS. kindly offered me for inspection by Herr Johann Nepomock Kafka, a leader and composer of this city. I translate the remarks of Beethoven on the MSS., as the original German would have few charms for your readers.

The first of these MSS. has, in Beethoven's own hand, the following title,—in which it will be noticed the first word wants a letter or two:—

"Gran Sonata, Op. 28, 1801 da L. v. Beethoven."

51 pages, ob. 4to. In the *rondo* in two cases a new page is sewed over the original, and very different music written. The corrections and alterations in the first movement are very numerous—in the *andante* and *scherzo* comparatively few—the principal ones in the latter being an erasure of seven bars in the *scherzo*, and of eight in the *trio*. The *rondo* again is much cut up.

On the blank page after the close of the sonata, Beethoven has written part of a canon (?) to the words, "Hof dich der Teufel," after which is a short piece for two voices and chorus, in which the violinist Schuppanzigh is called an "ass," a "scamp," a "swine-stomach," &c., and the chorus sing "We all agree to this, thou art the greatest ass! O scamp! He, he, haw."

Herr Kafka is of opinion that this was written upon occasion of some quarrel. On the other hand, I put it with the broad jests of that day, which were not wholly unknown in other cities than Vienna, as the anecdotes of artists, actors, dramatists, &c., abundantly show.

The second of these MSS. is the "Waldstein Sonata," Op. 53. You, no doubt, remember what Ries says of this—"The Sonata in C Major (Op. 53), dedicated to his first patron, Count Waldstein, had originally a long *andante*. A friend of Beethoven pronounced this sonata to be too long, which brought him a volley of abuse in return; upon quietly weighing the matter, however, my master convinced himself of the truth of this assertion. He then published the grand *Andante* in F major $\frac{3}{4}$ time separately, and afterwards composed the highly interesting introduction to the *rondo*, such as it now stands." See now how the MS. confirms Ries, as appears from my notes.

This MS. has no title other than "Sonata Grande," in very small letters, and is without date. 32 leaves, ob. 4to. On the margin of the first page of the *allegro* is written in Beethoven's own hand, "N.B.—Where Ped. stands all the dampers are to be raised, both bass and discant. O signifies that they are allowed to fall again." The first movement fills thirteen leaves, and has few corrections for Beethoven. Then follow 312 pages of "Introduzione" *adagio*, of which half a page has been crossed out. This is in a totally different ink. Half a leaf is sewed to the lower half of the fourth page of this "Introduzione," and contains the beginning of the *rondo*, and thenceforth the ink is the same as that of the first movement. On the last page Beethoven has written, "For those to whom the shake—where the theme and the shake occur together—is too difficult, the passage may be made easier thus—



or, according to their powers, double this, as—



Of these sixes, two will be struck to each quarter note in the bass. Besides, it is of no consequence if this trill loses somewhat of its usual rapidity."

Such short notices of MSS. possess for the historian a value of which most readers have little conception. A. M. T.
Vienna.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It having been given out in some of the musical journals that, in order to secure without interruption the continuous performances of the *Africaine*, the parts have been learned *en double*—in order to avoid any disappointment from the indisposition, real or supposititious, of the singers—the *Gazette des Etrangers* assures its readers that the statement is entirely without foundation, and points to one of the express stipulations of Meyerbeer regarding the representation of his opera to show its futility. The clause alluded to is as follows:—"Not one of the principal rôles which have been assigned to Mlle. Marie Sax, Mlle. Naudin and Faure, can be sung by any other artist until after the *fiftieth* representation." Such a proviso must have been made with little consideration by the great composer. The production of the *Africaine* in fact now depends *in toto* on the state of health of Mlle. Sax, M. Naudin, or M. Faure, and a slight catarrh, or an inflamed optic in any one of the three singers would keep back for any number of months an opera which the whole world is anxious to hear. And how in the meanwhile should the soprano, tenor, or barytone be incapacitated?—how, if death overtook one or other of the three?—for the grim tyrant has no remorse for singers, however renowned, and treats them like ordinary mortals. Surely the place of Mlle. Sax, M. Naudin, or M. Faure could be supplied on a pinch even in Paris; and surely M. Fétis and the friends of the great composer, however deeply their reverence for his last behests, would not think themselves bound to the letter of his command, but would rather, feeling that his chief desire was that the *Africaine* should be performed as completely as possible, carry it out in the spirit. However, it is gratifying to know that the three chosen artists are in excellent health, and that Mlle. Sax and M. Naudin have gone into severe training under the excellent guidance of M. Duprez. The rehearsals of the *Africaine* go on swimmingly. There are two daily—one for the music, and one for the scenery and *mise-en-scène*, which, as I told you, are of a most complicated kind. The last two acts will be put in rehearsal immediately, and the orchestral rehearsals will commence in a week or ten days. Apropos of the *Africaine* the *Minstrel* states that M. Perrin has entered into an arrangement with Mr. Frederick Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, whereby that gentleman has given to him the privilege of bringing out, in London, Meyerbeer's opera, *immediately after* its production in Paris, with the assistance of three of the original singers (*créateurs*), Mlle. Sax, M. Naudin and M. Faure. In return Mr. Gye graciously consents to M. Perrin the three artists for a month or six weeks, to date from the "epoch" of their engagement at the Royal Italian Opera. With deference to M. le *Minstrel*, I perceive here a direct contradiction. If M. Perrin allows Mr. Gye to bring out the *Africaine* in London immediately after its first performance in Paris, and with the same three principal singers, either the French director contemplates giving a few representations only at starting, or Mlle. Sax, M. Naudin and M. Faure will have to perform alternate nights in Paris and London—unless, indeed, they "possess ubiquity," like Sir Boyle Roche's birds, and play in both places at once. Moreover, if Mr. Gye has granted to M. Perrin a month or six weeks furlough for Mlle. Sax, M. Naudin and M. Faure expressly to play in the *Africaine*, and that the *Africaine* is to be brought out in London with the same soprano, tenor and barytone, how can the representation in London take place immediately after the opera is produced in Paris? Besides I have heard for the first time that Mr. Gye had engaged Mlle. Sax for his theatre. I do not give much credit to this rumour, although in general the *Minstrel* is worthy of reliance, and I am the more inclined to doubt the *bruit* since nothing whatsoever is said about it in the *Gazette Musicale*, which is in a position to know everything connected with the *Africaine*, as M. Brantius, the proprietor of that journal, is not only publisher of the music and owner of the copyright, but was one of Meyerbeer's executors. The *Minstrel* of the *Gazette Musicale* on any impor-

tant a subject forbids me to put any faith in the statement of the *Ménestrel*.—The Opera is not, as was asserted, about to give performances every night. The subject was taken into consideration last year, but never seriously discussed. Such a course of proceeding, in my opinion, would directly undermine the great national establishment and would prove fatal to its prestige. But there is no fear. The Opera of Paris will not follow the un-wise example held out to it by the English lyric theatres, and which, I am sorry to see, the directors of our Italian Operas seem but too desirous to copy—if I may draw a conclusion from the five performances given weekly at both theatres, not to speak of the extra nights at Her Majesty's Theatre at the end of the season. Italian opera has long lost its exclusiveness in London and is becoming more and more of a popular amusement. Perhaps this is all for the best; still one does not like to see what should be a high-class entertainment made too common. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson are exerting themselves to the uttermost to pull down Italian Opera from its former pride of place.

Talking of Italian Opera reminds me that Mlle. Adolina Patti has been indisposed, and that the success of *Linda di Chamouni* had to be stopt in mid career. The "darling of the Italians," however, I am happy to inform you, has re-appeared in her new part, and has more than confirmed the impression she made at first. In fact, the *habitués* of the Salle Ventadour are beginning to think they have heard Donizetti's opera for the first time, so much absolute interest has the performance of the new Linda invested it. I am sorry to say that Mlle. Patti is about to leave Paris for Madrid, and know not how M. Bagier means to fill up the chasm to be left by her absence. Gounod's *Faust* is in active preparation at the Madrid Opera for Mlle. Patti and Signor Mario. A new soprano, of whom great things are anticipated, is to appear before the end of the season in *Don Pasquale*. She is, I am told, a "Spaniard born in Paris," if you can make that out. Her name—or, more properly, her Italian name—is *Biarrotte* de Brigni. But why bring her out in one of Mlle. Patti's most striking performances? That is what I cannot understand.

The programme of the first Subscription Concert of the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire was as follows:—Symphony in A—Beethoven; Fragment from *Armide*—Glück; Overture to *Die Isles Fingal*—Mendelssohn; Scene and Chorus from *Idomeneo*—Mozart; Symphony, No. 21 ("De la Reine")—Haydn.

The programme of the third Popular Concert of Classical Music, second series, which took place on Sunday, comprised—Overture to *Stranescu*—Meyerbeer; Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven; Adagio from quintet for stringed instruments—Mozart; Concerto in C major for pianoforte—Beethoven; Overture to *Oberon*—Weber. M. Theodore Ritter played the pianoforte part in the concerto.

Paris, Jan. 11.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Mlle. EDELSBERG.—Mr. Gye has concluded an engagement with Mlle. Edelsberg, the contralto, of Munich.

EGGAM.—The Institute rooms were too small to admit all who were desirous of attending the concert given last week. Nearly 100 were unable to obtain tickets. The vocalists were Miss Florence de Courcy (greatly applauded in Henry Stuart's new song, "Hark the bells are ringing"), Miss Palmer Lisle, Messrs. Dyson, De Lacy, De Lacy, Jun. &c.

Mr. Fentum was the pianist, and his performance of Madame Oury's *fandango* on *Il Barbiere* was much admired. There were several encores, and the audience, aristocratic and numerous, were evidently well satisfied.

Mrs. JOSE MACFARREN, assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson, gave an Evening at the Pianoforte on Thursday, the 5th inst., in the Lecture Rooms, Wellington Street, Islington, under the auspices of the Islington Literary Society, one of the oldest and best regulated institutions of its class in the kingdom. The varied and well-chosen programme gave full scope to Mrs. John Macfarren for the display of her mastery of the key-board; and she delighted no less by her impressive rendering of the intricacies of Bach and the subtleties of Beethoven than by her brilliant execution of the bravura effects of Hummel, Thalberg, Brissac, &c. Miss Robertine Henderson pleased greatly in the vocal pieces and gave an impassioned delivery of the *air* from *Le Normand* of *Pygmalion*, in which Cherubino is made to pour forth the glowing feelings with which his bosom is fraught. Both ladies were warmly received throughout the performance; and at the conclusion of each part Mrs. John Macfarren was called upon to acknowledge the loud and prolonged applause with which she was greeted. The room was crowded.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Herr Carl Goffrie, the well-known violinist, began a series of eight concerts of chamber-music, on Saturday evening, at Willis's Rooms. The names of the other members of the Society are not put forth,—but Herr Goffrie being director, good entertainments may be relied upon; and by good is here meant *classical*. If all the future concerts are as attractive as the first, and as well attended, neither the patrons of the Beethoven Society, nor the members of the Beethoven Society, will have any cause to complain. The programme was rich and varied, beginning and ending with a quartet by Beethoven. The first quartet was that in C minor, (No. 4, Op. 18) the second the one in F major, No. 1 of the three inscribed to Prince Rasumowsky. Both quartets were admirably played, M. Sainon (who is not heard often enough in this kind of music for so masterly a proficient) taking the first violin, Herr Pollitzer the second, Mr. Doyle the viola, and Signor Pozzo the violoncello. There was also a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mendelssohn's No. 1 (D minor)—played in brilliant style by Mr. J. F. Barnett, M. Sainon, and Signor Pozzo; besides a pianoforte solo—a graceful romance entitled *Return of Spring*, composed and performed by Mr. J. F. Barnett, who was forced to return and play again—selecting for his second performance a *caprice brillante*, also his own. To conclude, Madame Sainon-Dolly sang Gounod's "Le Vallon," Beethoven's "In questa tonica oscura," and (in atonement for Miss Louisa Pyne's inability to fulfil her engagement) H. Smart's "Lady of the Lea," all in her happiest manner. The last being encored, the accomplished songstress sang the ballad of "Maggie's Secret." The accompanist was Herr Wilhelm Ganz. The second concert takes place this evening.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Every musical amateur will be pleased to hear that those admirable entertainments re-commence on Monday, under the direction, as usual, of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—An English version, by Mr. John Oxenford, of M. Maillart's opera, *Lara*, brought out last spring at the Opera Comique in Paris, and still running a successful career, will be produced on Monday week.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—It is reported, we know not on what authority, that the only works to be produced this season at the Royal English Opera, are the operettas of Messrs. Frederick Clay, and Frank Mori, and Mr. C. L. Kenney's English adaptation of M. Gounod's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.

A NEW THEATRE.—On dit that several wealthy and aristocratic patrons of the drama and friends of Mr. E. A. Sothern intend building that gentleman a new theatre in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, Mr. Henderson of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, to be the managing director.

SIGNOR A. BETTINI and MADAME TAFELBERG BETTINI are at the Opera at Warsaw, and have met with immense success in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Trovatore*, &c. The engagement of these talented artists lasts till the end of April, when they return to London to fulfil their engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre.

SR. GEORGE'S RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—The fourth annual regimental concert took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. The professionals were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Louisa Vining, Miss Palmer and Mr. Sims Reeves, vocalists; and Mr. Brimley Richards, Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Mr. G. A. Osborne (pianoforte), and Mr. W. Westerman (flute), instrumentalists. The band of the corps, conducted by Mr. Haydn Millars, played sundry popular pieces, some of the members sang a glea, and Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay—one of the most accomplished amateur cornet players of the day—at the request of several members of the regiment, performed a solo on the cornet à piston, written expressly for him by Mr. J. Richardson, and also took the solos in a waltz of his own composition, called "La Fleur d'amour," executed by St. George's band. In both pieces the Honorable Colonel was furiously applauded and enthusiastically encored in the first. Nearly every thing was encored, and the professionals seemed to exert themselves with more than ordinary goodwill to honor the occasion and the regiment. Miss Louisa Pyne sang thrice, Mr. Sims Reeves twice, Miss Palmer ditto, Madame Louisa Vining twice, Mr. Lewis picked up a familiar piece, with more or less effect. Mr. Brimley Richards played two of his own solos on the pianoforte, and Mr. G. A. Osborne and Herr W. Ganz performed the new duet for two pianofortes on *Faust*, composed by the former gentleman. The concert was an unbroken series of triumphs, and everybody went home tranced.

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI is now at Stuttgart, where her concert^s have been as successful as in every other town in Germany she visited. SIGNOR BEVONIANI leaves London this day with Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Enquist, Mlle. Dorsani, M. Jourdain, Signor Bossi and Signor Patil, as conductor of their tour through the provinces.

LEIPSIC.—The annual Christmas Eve *Messiah* performance by the above Society was on Saturday last attended by the usual success, and we understand the committee will realize a handsome profit. The performance was the best ever given by the Society,—both land and chorus being superior to former years. The principal singers were Mlle. Weiss, Miss Helena Walker, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Inkersell, and Mr. Weiss; the band was led by Mr. Haddock; Mr. Dodds was chorus master; Mr. Howling (in the absence, from severe domestic affliction of Mr. S. Reay, of Bury) officiated at the organ; and Dr. Spark conducted.

WIDSON.—Last week the *Messiah* was given by the Choir of the Holy Trinity at St. Mark's School, with the adjunct of pictorial illustration. The pictures were magnified by the oxy-hydrogen lantern under the management of Mr. Blythe. The Rev. Mr. Hawtreay made some appropriate remarks on the pictures, as illustrating the subject of the oratorio. The singers were Miss Sophia Kellner (from the Royal Academy of Music), Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Blythe and Mr. Peach. The choruses were well sung. The accompaniments were played on two pianofortes and an harmonium by Mr. F. Burgis, Miss Kellner and Mr. B. Smith.

BAVARIAN OUTRAGE ON AN EMINENT MUSICIAN.—"R. B. L.," the musical critic of the *Reader*, in the last number of that paper speaks of 1864 as "the year in which we have buried the greatest of living composers." It appears therefore that, although buried, the great musician in question is still living. Why not dig him up at once? There are not so many of the race that we can afford to leave one gasping in a chilly vault while nobodies try to write operas. This is a matter to be looked to, and there would be refreshing novelty in a coroner's inquest which resulted in a verdict of "Found alive—and kicking." Besides we want to know who took the unpardonable liberty of burying him alive. Where are the police?—*Morning Star*.

MILAN.—The correspondent of one of the musical journals of Paris thus writes *apropos* of the opening of the Scala Theatre at Milan on the first of January:—"Yesterday evening *Norma* was performed at the Scala—success complete! La Galetti was simply sublime. I never heard, or saw, Malibran, to whom many seated near me last night compared her, but so other artist ever produced such an effect on my poor musical organisation. Madame Galetti made your hair stand on end, she made you weep! She is the Ruler of song! and what song! what method! what art! Plaudits unanimous and spontaneous greeted the singer at each phrase, almost each note! I hear that the director of the Italiens at Paris has engaged Madame Galetti for next winter. What a magnificent addition to the *troupe* of the Italian Opera, and I doubt not that the incomparable artist will have even a greater success than she has had here at Milan, where the audiences are much more severe, and, so to speak, more *Lombardian* in their tastes than in the French capital. Signor Panconi, who played the part of Pollio, caught some inspiration from the grand artist and, although his voice is no longer fresh, his enthusiasm seemed to awaken new powers within him, and to make him sing better than ever he did before. Mlle. Coulson in the part of Adalgisa and Signor Medina in that of Oroveso were both excellent, and the band and chorus being both admirable the completeness of the execution may be readily understood. The applause was deafening and prolonged, and, after the great trio in the first act, was indescribable. I expressed an opinion to a grey-headed old *militaire* seated by me that I had never witnessed anything so extraordinary. 'Mio Signore,' he replied, 'on this very stage I saw Malibran make her first appearance in *Norma*, and her success was so prodigious that on the fall of the curtain she was recalled *forty-seven times*, and when she refused to come on the *forty-eighth time* the audience became so infuriated that the military had to be called in and the riot act read before the theatre could be cleared.' Whereupon the old *militaire* offered me a pinch of snuff which I accepted."

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VOL. 4.—No. 3.

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Elvira Böhmer, Madame Vainé, Mlle. Madama Arabella Goldard, Madame, Alice
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Rozzoni, Graziana, Bantley, Benwick, Clampf, Flaminista, Arabella Gossard,
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Hoyce, Mr. Ernest Davis, Mr. Canning, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Simeon
Hoyce. Tickets, 2s., 3s., and 10s. 6d., are now ready. An early application is
necessary.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN will play
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GRAND CONCERT of the Series will take place at Drury-lane Theatre,
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tor" (second act); ANTONIO (second time on any stage). Miss ELLY ROUSSEAU,
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MINOS, and MR. RALPH WILKINSON will sing Signor Randegger's
Popular Trio, "I NATHANIEL" (The Mariners) at Mr. R. Wilkinson's Benefit, at
the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, this (Saturday) Evening, January 21.

MLLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's ad-
mired Cradle Song "Peacefully Slumber," at Cheltenham, January 25,
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MR. EMILE BERGER will play his two new Solos,
"DUSTY MELO," and "SILVER RHYTHM," at Myddleton Hall, Feb. 3.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "HARK!"

THE BELLS ARE RINGING, composed by Henry Smart, at Mr. Wilkinson's
benefit, at the Gallery of Illustration, THIRTY-SIX o'clock, Evening, January 21; and
at the Glee and Matrimonial Union Concert, at Windsor, January 24.

MADLLE. GEORGI and MADLLE. CONSTANCE

GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal
Theatre, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN
DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. J. G. PATEY will Sing FORMER'S "Lied," "IN
SUNSHINE VALS," and MENDELSSOHN'S "I'M A ROSEMA," at Torquay, Jan.
23rd; Barnetbury, Jan. 26th; Derris, Jan. 26th; and Stroud, Jan. 26th.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing "I'm a Soldier," and "In Shilburn Vale," &c. at the Institute, Deptford, on the 23rd; at Dartford, the 30th; and Woolwich, 10th of February. For terms for Concerts, Solirens, Teaching, &c. apply at his residence, 16, High Street, Cavendish Square. N.B.—References permitted to pupils.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honor to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he has removed to 2 Percy Street, Bedford Square, where communications for lessons, engagements, &c. are requested to be addressed, as well as to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 344 Regent Street.

MIDDLE LIEBHART will sing the New Rondo, "La Piana Dai Mio Girante," composed expressly for her by Signor Davison, at Chesham, January 24; Liverpool, January 25; Armagh, February 1; and Dublin, February 3.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his Popular Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "Waverley," at Mr. Williams's Benefit, at the Gallery of Illustration, THIS EVENING, Jan. 21; and at the Beaumont Institute, Jan. 31.

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- 71 Favourite Airs from the Messiah, for the Piano-forte.
- 72 Twelve Songs by Verdi and Puccini.
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- 75 Eighteen of Moore's Irish Melodies.
- 76 Ten Songs, by Schubert. English and German Words.
- 77 Twelve Popular Duets for Soprano and Contralto Voices.
- 78 Beethoven's Sonatas. Edited by Charles Hallé (No. 13).
- 79 Six Piano-forte Pieces, by Wallace.
- 80 Nine Piano-forte Pieces, by Brislcy Richards.
- 81 Fifty Values, by C. D'Albert, Strauss, &c.
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- 84 Twelve Songs, by Handel.
- 85 Twelve Sacred Songs, by Popular Composers.
- 86 Ten Songs, by Mozart, with Italian and English Words.
- 87 Ten Songs, by Wallace.
- 88 Ten Songs, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.
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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTSEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 20.)

Bach and Handel possess, indisputably, an especial right to have their collected works preserved, in all their purity and authenticity, and rendered universally acceptable for all times, since, owing to the spirit in which they were conceived, and the art with which they were carried out, those works are essentially monumental. They not only afford remarkable testimony of what great and beautiful things eminent individuals were, at a given period, capable of producing, but they lay claim to an absolute value, which—indeed, independent of the age that gave them birth as well as of the age that is now intent upon republishing and enjoying them—forms an inalienable quality of the loftiest creations of human art. Different as the two masters are, and astounding as is the rich fertility of their productive powers in various ways, we shall find scarcely a single work that does not, by its novelty and originality, excite an independent interest of some kind or other; display the composer in a new light; or generally unfold the very essence of art, and present us with perfection itself. The lofty and great spirit which pervades all these works, and, seriously and vigorously, admonishes the hearer to soar into the ideal regions of genuine art, will secure for them a lasting and profound influence on all those for whom music is a real inward necessity, while that no artist, be he a master or a disciple, has ever exhausted the study of Bach and Handel, is a fact which must not be questioned even by the admirers of "surmounted points of view."

Of late years, zealous and gratifying efforts have been made, by public performances of every description, and by naturalising them in the narrower circle of household music, to render the vocal and instrumental compositions of Bach and Handel accessible and known to everyone—to promote, in every way, the comprehension, and, with it, the true enjoyment of them. That composers, who in their works, bestowed so little thought upon dilettanti, should present no slight difficulties to a public consisting essentially of dilettanti may easily be supposed. Many and many a requisite for the complete comprehension and enjoyment of their works will have to be acquired by artificial means, for however much the two were raised above their age, in that age were both the base and the point of departure for their ideas. It will not, therefore, be invariably possible to avoid going back to these, if we would attain perfect comprehension of conception and form, though, on account of the composers' universal significance and grandeur, this may be achieved without any very great exertion or difficult preparations, supposing always the existence of real musical talent and a serious feeling for art. The publications of the Bach and Handel Societies are the more effective in thus popularising their composers, from the fact that both Societies are either the first to publish the greater portion of their immortal works at all, or at any rate, the first to give them to the world correct and undistorted, as the composers wrote them. People are only beginning to learn what a treasure there was here, now that the treasure is being dug up for them, and many generations will have plenty to do in employing it best for the true development of art. The organisation of the two Societies prove, however, that neither Bach nor Handel is yet sufficiently popular to enable the Societies, in their publications, to reckon upon the general mass of the musical public, and it was, therefore, necessary to consult the taste of artists, amateurs, and collectors. As we are all aware, every member of the Societies pays a certain annual subscription, and the sum total of such subscriptions is expended in publishing. Of the works which the Societies are thus placed in a position to print every year, each member receives a copy. In all this, there is nothing like publishing speculation; no regard is paid to the public outside the Societies; and the partial acquisition of one or more volumes is not permitted. It was only by keeping strictly in view the principal object, namely, to publish the collected works in a critically correct form, and to secure the possession and enjoyment of them for future generations, that the purpose of the Societies could be carried out at all. To the zeal of artists and the activity of trade we may confidently leave the task of coining the bars of precious

metal here presented us; of satisfying, by editions of detached portions, pianoforte arrangements, and separate parts, the wants of individuals; and of propagating and introducing to the public piecemeal what it is not so easy to circulate as a whole; indeed, not a little has been effected in this way already. It is a royal palace which the Bach and Handel Societies have undertaken; the carvers will have plenty to do in the conveyance of materials.

From what we have said, our readers will perceive it is quite another thing when the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel announce an edition of all Beethoven's collected works as a business speculation, which, without anything like extraordinary support or favour, and despite immense competition, appeals entirely to the wants and sympathies of the great mass of the musical public, whom it promises worthily to satisfy. Just let the reader recollect that Beethoven's works are already in the hands of the public—those still unprinted would not incline the scale much; that the compositions which command the attention of the masses circulate everywhere in numerous editions, contenting both just and immoderate expectations; and that now there appears a collective edition comprising everything, great and small works, popular and forgotten, thankful and unthankful ones, edited in conformity with the strictest requirements of scientific criticism; splendidly got up; and sent forth under conditions presupposing and rendering possible a wide-spread co-operation on the part of the musical public. There is one fact which, above all others, is proved by this, namely, that, at the present day, Beethoven enlists the sympathies of the entire musical public far more than all other composers, and, on that account, rules the musical market. It may, perhaps, be difficult to obtain exact and reliable statistical returns of the sale and circulation of musical productions, but one thing is certain beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that is: no composer, either classical or fashionable, can be, in the most remote degree, compared with Beethoven, as far as regards the continuous and extraordinarily increasing sale of his works. It is, indeed, even asserted that if the entire number of Beethoven's compositions which pass through the hands of the music-trade in any one year were placed in one scale and all other musical works published in the same year were laid in the other, the scales might, possibly, tremble, but that Beethoven alone would balance all the rest. As may be supposed, it is the compositions and arrangements for pianoforte which produce this result, for some of them are circulated in incredible numbers; that this sovereign sway, however, exerted over the musical public of all classes and creeds is no transient and fashionable caprice of dilettanteism, but a gratifying proof how deeply and how generally a feeling for, and an interest in, genuine and lofty art are already spread among us, in a fact to which testimony is borne by the new collective edition. For a great artist to enjoy such universal respect, and for his works to exercise so immediate and vivid an influence that a collective edition undertaken with care and earnestness, and, in every way, thoroughly and worthily carried out, shall be joyfully received and supported by the public, is, certainly, a remarkable and unusually pleasing phenomenon. The difficulties besetting on all sides an enterprise of this kind are so great and varied, that it is only the general and continuous co-operation of the public which can supply the courage and power to overcome them and complete the work.

(To be continued.)

COLOGNE.—The forty-second Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will take place at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, when the following works will be performed: *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; two parts from the *Crucifixion*, Haydn; a Symphony by Beethoven; and the finale from Schumann's *Faust* Music.

LENSBURG.—A new Polish operetta, *The Pages of Queen Marie*, by Duniecki, has been successfully produced. The libretto is founded upon the merry life of the Pages at the court of Sileski, and the tricks played upon the French favorites of the Queen.

CARLSRUHE.—The following works among others were selected for performance at the first two concerts given by the Cecilia Association. At the first—Beethoven's Quartet, No. 8, played by Herren Fechtelheck, Mittermayr, Hartnagel, and Segesser; the 3rd Psalm, "Consolator tili," for soprano solo and chorus, by Mozart; the Second Part, *Die letzten Dinge*, by Spohr; two choruses from F. Schubert's *Room-madness*. At the second—Quartet in E flat major, Mozart; "Die heilige Nacht," for contralto solo and double chorus, Niels W. Gade; and the Forty-Second Psalm, by Mendelssohn.

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grünsöten*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first Monday Popular Concert is now looked forward to with quite as much interest as the first "Philharmonic"—and by a public in number fourfold, while in musical enthusiasm at least equal. The seventh season began on Monday, with an excellent programme, and an audience both anxious and able to enjoy it—an audience, too, which filled every part of St. James's Hall, whether the more aristocratic seats in area and balconies, or those shilling places, above, below, and at the back of the orchestra, to see which crowded with eager amateurs, the majority of whom, for such convenience, would most probably be unable to attend. Is a peculiar gratification to all who believe that the spread of a taste for good music among the masses is a thing to be desired. The selection was as below:—

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74—sings...	Beethoven.
Song for Christmas Eve...	Ad. L. Be. Adam.
Song—"Vedrai carino"...	Mozart.
Fantasia in C minor—piano-forte alone...	Mozart.

PART II.

Sonata, in E flat, Op. 19, No. 3—piano-forte and violin...	Beethoven.
Song—"The Nightingale"...	Henry Smart.
Song—"La filadelfia in gondole"...	Youn.
Quartet, in B minor, Op. 3—piano-forte and strings...	Mendelssohn.

This was the 157th performance since the Monday Popular Concerts were established (Feb. 14, 1859)—the mere statement of which fact is quite enough to show that genuine art never achieved a more legitimate triumph. One of its secrets of this extraordinary success is the obstinate persistence with which the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, has adhered to the policy exhibited, six years ago, in his first prospectus, and in his last thus briefly alluded to:—

"The almost inexhaustible mine of wealth contained in the works of the great masters renders the task of selection comparatively easy, and, while dispensing with the necessity of anything like experiment, admits of the element of change being continually had recourse to, for the purpose of varying the attractions and enhancing the intrinsic value of the programmes. Until the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts the quintets, quartets, trios, duos, and solo sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., the dances and fugues of Handel, J. S. Bach, Schumann, and others were only the property of a small minority of the musical public, and as it was with the profound intention of making the better music of recognised masters, ancient and modern, familiar to the multitude of amateurs in this country, the instrumental department of the programmes will continue to draw its materials almost exclusively from them. No piece need be included more than once in the same series, unless by express desire of a majority of the habitual frequenters."

Experiment, indeed, in an institution professedly established on such principles is not only unnecessary, but undesirable. As well put new pictures from unacknowledged, old hands in a national gallery devoted to accepted masterpieces. It will be time enough to venture on fresh ground when the parody of the Monday Popular Concerts have become familiarized with the greatest existing models. There is not a single work by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn which deserves to be forgotten, not one which, therefore, ought not to be made generally known. Of course, this profession of opinion does not include mere fugacities, but such things alone as have been produced *en amore* and with a view to after fame. And even when the compositions of the masters to whose names Mr. Chappell gives especial prominence are exhausted (and how long will it take to exhaust them?) there are others, only less worthy of consideration to fall back upon—such, for example, those of Cherubini, Clementi, Dussek, Hummel, Weber, Schumann, &c., all honest laborers in the field of art, all men peculiarly gifted. The elements of musical education are here ample, and the interpolation of works by musicians who may have almost as much to learn as many among the non-exhibiting audience would be superfluously intrusive. Should another Mendelssohn spring up he would speedily make way. True genius has a secret which enables it to proclaim itself in spite of obstacles and extort recognition even from the most sceptical.

Had Beethoven dreamed that his most thoughtful and abstruse compositions could ever, by any chance, be appreciated and heartily enjoyed by such vast audiences as are accustomed to assemble in St. James's Hall, it might have stimulated him to invent music expressly for such occasions. He would scarcely, however, have done better; inasmuch as, while writing for an imaginary aristocratic circle, at the Court of some Emperor or Prince, he unconsciously produced works that, if properly interpreted, must make their way as straight to the hearts of the untutored multitude as of the privileged and instructed few. Elaborate in many respects, and deep in all, the Tenth Quartet is, nevertheless, one of these. Many parts of the first movement may be *exclusively* to the uninitiated; but what car attend to harmony can possibly be insensible to the expressive beauty of the *adagio*, the playfulness, tinged with melancholy, of the *scherzo*, or the winning

simplicity of the melodious theme upon which are constructed the variations of the *fugato*? The performance of this remarkable composition—which has now been brought forward on no less than five occasions—was unexceptionably good. In the same quartet the leading violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, made his *debut* at the Monday Popular Concert, as far back as 1859; and for him, on that account no doubt, it was wisely again selected. Herr Straus is a player of the first class, and enters thoroughly into the spirit of Beethoven's music. The quartet was throughout artfully read and executed; but it was more particularly in the *adagio* that the tone, mechanism, and phrasing of the German violinist excited admiration. His coadjutors were Herr Louis Ries, "*il violino secondo*," at the Monday Popular Concerts from the beginning; Mr. H. Webb, who gave the second variation in the *fugato*—one of the loveliest phrases in the whole, and adapted with singular felicity to the mellow tones of the viola—with an unobtrusive expression most harmoniously in keeping; and M. Paque, the experienced Belgian violoncellist, who has so often proved an acceptable substitute for Signor Piatti, and who, in the animated trio of the *scherzo*, came out "like a giant refreshed." The quartet afforded unequivocal delight, and every movement was applauded with fervour. This was the only piece for unaccompanied stringed instruments in the programme, in all the other instrumental displays the piano-forte took conspicuous. The pianist, Herr Ernst Pauer, was fully equal to the task. At the end of the first part—as may be seen also—he played Mozart's imaginative *fantasia* in C minor, written in 1785, and generally associated with the magnificent sonata in the same key—which, however, has really nothing in common with it, having been produced a year earlier. What Herr Otto Jahn—whose criticism is by far the least valuable part of his otherwise invaluable biography—says on the subject simply amounts to the fact that Mozart pulled the two pieces together, just as he, and others after him, may have pulled a set of quartets in a single volume. The sonata, the fountain from which Beethoven drew his earliest inspiration, is a model of symmetrical form; the *fantasia* has no more regularity of form than an impromptu.

In the second of the three sonatas for piano-forte and violin (Op. 12) which Beethoven composed in 1799 (seven years after he had settled in Vienna), and dedicated to his master in dramatic composition, the much abused Antonio Salieri—from whom Ullrichsch himself, though finding everybody jealous of his hero, will not believe that Mozart really took poison—Herr Pauer was joined by Herr Straus. It was a vigorous performance, and pleased just as such young, fresh, healthy, genuine music, in competent hands, must always please. The players were called back at the end, amid loud and unanimous applause. Not less successful was the quartet in B minor, for piano and stringed instruments—that extraordinary achievement of Mendelssohn's boyhood, the piano-forte part of which, even now, the most expert executants find difficult. This was given by the utmost spirit by MM. Pauer, Straus, H. Webb, and Paque, and, though the last piece in the programme, received the warmest favor as the first. The *scherzo*—a marvel in its way, and the earliest of a series of entirely original and individual movements that alone would have immortalized their composer—was perhaps the most effective part. Nevertheless, Herr Straus's playing in the *adagio*—which Mendelssohn (severe self-critic as he eminently was) pronounced, in a letter to his father, "much too cloying,"—won marked and deserved approval.

The vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Renwick. That the accomplished English songstress should have been compelled to repeat "*Vedrai carino*," will surprise no one who has ever heard her sing it. On the other hand, Pauer's somewhat *recoco* variations on the old Venetian air, "*La rondina in gondole*," were, of course, mere child's play to the artist who has won so many laurels as Auler's Catarina. Mr. Renwick sang Adolphe Adam's "*Cantique de Noël*"—done into English (under the name of "Song for Christmas eve") with unusual felicity, by Mr. C. L. Kenney, and Mr. Henry Smart's genial and charming song, "*The Nightingale*." The accompanist at the piano-forte was Mr. Benedict, who could hardly accompany to such perfection were he not a practised musician as well as a practised pianist.

At the 158th concert (on Monday next) Mr. Charles Hallé is to play the sonata dedicated by Beethoven to Count Waldstein, and Mr. Lazarus to take the principal part in Mozart's famous quartet in A major, for clarinet and stringed instruments. The quartet is then the quartet in E flat (Op. 12), the one which contains the quaint and delicate "*trio*." One of Hummel's agreeable and brilliant trios will terminate the concert.

MASTER WILLIE PAER, who is making a most successful tour in the provinces, has received an invitation through his patroness, the Countess Cowley, to play before the Emperor and Empress of the French at the Tuilleries, next month.

Muttonina.

Mr. Ap'Mutton was awoke, early on Sunday morning, by Mrs. Ap'Mutton's violently ejaculating the words, "Good gracious!" Upon asking the reason of the ejaculation—with a conjugal tenderness more than usually gushing—his (Ap'M.) attention was called by Mrs. Ap'M. to an article in *The Reader* (7th Jan. 1865) headed "Musical Prospects," and setting forth as follows:—

"The year in which we have buried the greatest of living composers has consolidated the fame of a musician who, &c., &c., &c."

What—which—who was buried alive? Surely not Mr. Ap'M.'s dear old friend, Meyerbeer! And yet Meyerbeer, when alive, was (with one exception) the greatest of living composers. If this really was so, it must be seen to—and that promptly. *Cela ne servait pas à encourager pour les autres*—and especially for Mr. Ap'M. (the one exception). Fancy Mr. Ap'M. being buried alive! The very idea of it gives him a *capriccio*. If such be our "musical prospects"—Mr. Ap'M. inwardly vociferated—"the sooner we give up composing the better." This was the inward soliloquy of Mr. Ap'M., whose gift it is to be individuated from ordinary thinkers.

It is also Mr. Ap'M.'s indult to decide questions relating to the grievances of sedulous and hardworking organists; and for that reason, in the legitimate exercise of his indult, he inserts the forthcoming:—

WHOSE IS THE ORGAN?

Sra.—Some time ago, I was appointed organist at ——— Church, by the wardens. At certain periods of the year the climate was very changeable, and the organ, not being of the best description, was rather troublesome, and difficult to keep in order. The key having been mislaid, or lost, by my predecessor, and finding that several persons were in the habit of making (ab)use of it during the week, for their private gratification and amusement, I had a fresh lock put on, the key of which I kept. Soon after this the clergyman met me, and requested the key of the organ for his lady and friends who chose to amuse themselves on it. Of course his reverence applied without delay to the wardens, to see whether I had the power to take such a step. The wardens, without hesitation confirmed my decision, adding that the clergyman had no control over the instrument, beyond the *reto*, as to who should play during the hours of divine service. Will you give me your opinion on the matter?

I maintain that the organ is the property of the wardens, and that the organist (being a professional man put in charge by the wardens) has the right to refuse the use of his instrument to any one, during the time it is not used for service. Some of my friends think I was right, and others think the contrary, and it is the fact of being thus situated that prompts me to ask your opinion as to the legality of the step I took. Yours truly, PORPORA.

Mr. Ap'Mutton cannot but think that "Porpora" was thoroughly justified in the course he took. Nevertheless, he (Ap'M.) would have looked more tenderly at the appeal had the appellant subsigned himself Tritto. Tritto (as Ap'M. well knows, having tested them in both departments), though a lesser contrapuntist, was a bigger organist than Porpora.

Ajax Telemon would be obliged if the Editor of *Muttonina* would inform him in what year died Gluck, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven (respectively). Ajax Telemon encloses a preciput.

Jan. 12.

Mr. Ap'M. (in acknowledging the preciput) informs Ajax Telemon (if not Ajax Telemon) that Gluck died in 1787, Mozart in 1791, Haydn in 1809, and Beethoven in 1827 (respectively). He (Ap'M.) knew them all. He (Ap'M.) was also at the siege of Troy, and also in the Woolen Horse, and also would be glad to make the acquaintance of Ajax Telemon, having been close to his illustrious progenitor when he (Ajax) defied the lightning.

But here is graver matter—a shot, indeed, at Shoot!—

A "SHOOT" WITH "OCCASIONAL."

Sra.—I come forward as the champion to some extent of your correspondent "Occasional." I think with the gallicised-salopian, Shoot,

that "he is an original researcher and thinker." I am not sufficiently versed in the matter to go with "Occasional" the entire length of his observations as regards the singers to whom he alludes. I am ignorant of the comparative magnitudes of the lesser musical stars. But my principal reason for taking up the cudgels is to land the manliness with which "Occasional" states his opinions, and to welcome the appearance in musical periodical of so refreshing a circumstance as him. I wish popular judgment being boldly and fearlessly expressed. Whether right or wrong, let the readers of the *Musical World* decide. Never mind whether or not it be called "an ill-written and impotent incubation." Perhaps they will say that it is not "impotent," not "ill-written," not a "incubation" at all. The last they very likely will. "Occasional" may, nevertheless, have followers; and in the broad future of the case he puts I beg entirely to agree with him. I wish my name enrolled on the list of nankies, if such we be, and if necessary, must expose myself to the shafts of Shoot and his very bad jokes. To imagine that he does not understand what your correspondent means by "Mongini and Co.," is to believe the *Musical World* is represented at Paris by a very obtuse contributor. To think that he does, argues a small ease of the humorous, and a very dull idea of a wit. You are to lose his services by a bid from the *Punch* office. I say with "Occasional," it does not follow because Blario could delight an audience a generation back, that you must therefore swear by him now. That is no satisfaction to present-day hearers, and, for my own part, I would as soon listen to Harrison. Grid, too, remained before the public almost long enough to dim the brilliancy of her reputation—certainly long enough to cause her hearers the reverse of pleasure. Take the case of Jenny Lind herself—perhaps the most accomplished singer of modern times. In her last performances, even she sang with the consciousness of having to sustain the impression first made upon the public by her unrivalled singing. It stands to reason age must tell. Therefore, I say, don't rave about singers as now charming because once they moved you. Don't oppose new performers and raise old because the latter have a reputation and the former have not, and because the fashionable world is with you in the one case and against you in the other. Having convictions, let us be not afraid to state them. And if you will insert this epistle, Mr. Editor, you will at least support free trade in opinion, while "Occasional" not being left quite friendless, may, if he is not afraid of Shoot, take courage again to address you when this is on him. Of your Paris Correspondent it may be said—

"O, he is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

Am, Sir, your obedient servant,
P.B.—I enclose my name for your satisfaction.

A. IMPROMPTU.

Mr. Ap'M. will immediately apprise Mr. Shoot, who will immediately surprise Mr. A. Impromptu, with a shoot-impromptu. If hurt accrues, he (Ap'M.) will be sorry but without emollient. Shoot hits hard.

Mr. Ap'M. has received yet further four letters, in re Pope which, being impugned thereto by a sense of natural justice, he (Ap'M.) appends without comment.

No. 1.

Sra.—Your new correspondent Dartle Old is doubtless mighty proud of seeing himself in a publication so widely spread, and in matters musical so influential, as the *Musical World*. Having made so successful a debut, he shall probably have some more remarks from him concerning English soloists in the Crystal Palace band, who, he is right in saying, have very seldom an opportunity of exhibiting their proficiency on their respective instruments; indeed, their more favoured brother on the clarinet well nigh monopolises the solos. Old Dartle boldly asks why such performers as Mr. Wells, Mr. Corrier, and Mr. Phaeze should rarely or never be brought forward at the Crystal Palace as soloists, when they all are well known, and well appreciated in the musical profession. The question deserves an answer, which I think may easily and instantly be given—at the Crystal Palace, as elsewhere, *fascism* reigns supreme. The able conductor is a German, and his first clarinet is also a German, so that the former is naturally anxious to secure for the latter the best position in the band; but his preference for his countrymen should not be so glaringly exhibited in the *English People's Palace*, where, if any more native talent should be encouraged. I am, Sir, yours, ROBERT HAWTAY GULF.

No. 2.

Sra.—In the last number of the *Musical World*, you have inserted or allowed to be inserted, several anonymous letters condemnatory of Mr. Mann's German predilections in the arrangement of the instrumental performances at the Crystal Palace, to the prejudice of the English portion of his orchestra. Now, Sir, with your own pen, as a journalist I do not wish to interfere, but why stab in the dark. No more anonymous effusions. Name! Sir, Name! I am, Sir, yours obediently, FREDERICK THOMAS QUINTON.

No. 3.

Sra.—When inserting those brilliant replies to Dattle Old's merry letters, you were probably unaware how great a grievance lies at the bottom of them. It is to be regretted that so serious a subject as *enigmas* was not brought before your readers in a less facetious manner, for the charge brought against Herr Manns is neither unfounded nor exaggerated. Reference to the daily programmes will prove its genuineness. Yours respectfully,

C. STEWART.

No. 4.

Sra.—In obedience to Sharpus Little's suggestions, I beg to offer a most sincere apology for wanting to hear English artists in the English People's Palace. While listening to Spurgeone last Sunday, I learnt to catch at everything and everybody from a religious point of view; hence, I now feel how very grateful I ought to be to Herr Manns for preserving my countrymen from that tendency to self-esteem which solo playing might induce. I assure you I am looking forward with positive rapture to the programme which his happy frame of mind will naturally induce him to select for next Monday; it will include two solos—one on the clarinet, the other on the flageolet. By the way, ought not a performance on the flageolet to be called a *so-high* instead of a *so-low*? Feeling myself rapidly "falling from grace," I had better conclude.

DATTLE OLD.

P.S.—In his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," written in 1708, Pope (not Pape) tells us that, at the voice of Music, "listening Envy drops her snakes." Mr. Ap.M. is requested to offer an opinion as to whether Pope (not Pape) would so have expressed himself had he lived in 1865, for it strikes some people that in these days Envy has grown stronger and never does drop her snakes, which, moreover, seldom seem so much on the "qui vive" as when they are listening to Music's voice, especially when uttered by a solo performer. Perhaps Mr. Ap.M. will kindly inform his friends and the public to what curious combination of circumstances the glorious absence of Envy in Pope (not Pape's) day was owing. There is a rumor abroad to the effect that Dr. Wind is distantly related to the "Blattus" mentioned in the 12th chapter of the *Acts*; let this be determined.

N.B.—Your able correspondent A. G. P., whose letters on "The Harp" have been read with some interest, may probably find matter for meditation in the subjoined riddle, exemplifying, as it does, the estimation in which the French hold that instrument. If, however, you think it calculated to hurt his feelings, shock his prejudices, or frustrate his intentions, of course you will withhold it. *Qu'est ce qui est pire qu'un harpe? — Deux harpes!*

D. O.

Dr. Wind, who is at present having a blow on the Exurine, in the smack which he purchased from Mr. Ap.Mutton, will no doubt answer for himself, so soon as a fair breeze shall have wafted him back to Albion. Mr. Ap.M. stands in sore need of him (Wind), being still suffering under the *capriccio* induced by the thoughts of vivumation, and still in a state of quasi-connoissance from the injury to his (Ap.M.'s) splentis, which makes bolding the pen a grater than a recreation. With respect to Dattle Old's "riddle," Mr. Ap.M. remembers once asking his late intimate friend, Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvador Cherubini, whose master Giuseppe Sarti, he (Ap.M.) met frequently at the rooms of his (Ap.M.'s) late very intimate friend, Johann Chrysotheme Wolfgang Theophilus Amade Mozart (in Vienna), "what could possibly be worse than a flute?"—to which he (Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvador Cherubini) replied, in French—"Deux flutes." Whereat he (Ap.M.) smiled. Moreover, Pantagruel, who was impuginated to communicate speedily his thoughts about the Idlen And (III), which he (Pantagruel) was to have seen expressly, has failed to redeem his pledge; and this he (Ap.M.) is at a pinch to understand.

The following, received by last post, before hurrying to press, is in some sort a consolation.

If you will permit me to be familiar—My dear Ap.Mutton—I went this week to a Province Theatre, situated at Birkenhead, a rising and flourishing town on the banks of the Mersey. I was gratified by, or with the performances; they were admirable in all respects, and the house is clean and comfortable. But (if you will again allow me to be familiar) my dear Ap.Mutton, imagine my astonishment, and permit me to add my delight, when, in the midst of the pantomime, I did not mean promiscuously, but at a previously ordained moment, Miss Augusta, who had been called on to sing (in the expression figuratively and dazzled my eyes, and ravished my ears with acting and singing that I had never dared to hope for in a Provincial theatre. But why may I ask is this young artist who has had a Parisian pre-fetional education, and is emphatically lively and accomplished, permitted to remain in the country? Have we that

overwhelming amount of talent in London that we can afford to waste on the desert air of the Provinces a singer who is a musician and an actress? You remember (if you will again allow me to be familiar), my dear Ap.Mutton, Miss Augusta Thomson at those delightful concerts which were given by a Russian Prince at St. James's Hall. She succeeded then, why then should she not succeed now? I pause for a reply, and remain yours truly and (to be respectfully) respectfully,

PAUL MOIST.

Mr. Paul Moist will not long pause for a reply, if the managers of the English Opera Company (Limited) know what they are about. At the same time, a writer in the *Saturday Review* says the country is not provinces, provinces being tracts held in conquest; and that we must not say metropolis, because that is Greek, but capital, which, being Latin, is Greek to Mr. Ap.Mutton; to whom, nevertheless, Renatus Descartes once said (wagishly), "Nullum corpus existit de facto," to which he (Ap.M.) retorted (sylogistically); "Nullum de facto existens est corpus;" to which rejoined (pertly) Descartes, "Ego sum, existens de facto;" to which replied (cappingly) Ap.M., "Ergo—Ergo NOS SUM CORPUS;" by which Descartes was doubled, and never after could tolerate the logic Ap.Mutton chaps.

But for the present Mr. Ap.M. takes leave of his flock, being hoiden, by a bifurcated pledge to Napoleon III. and Pio IX., to look after the affairs of education (Ap.M.) will rather see to it at Rome. During his absence his quarters will be inhabited, and his duties fulfilled by Dr. Shoe, or Dr. Wind, as the turn may be.

Guskin Jp.Mutton.

King and Beard, Jan. 13.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since conclusion the following came (as Dr. Shoe would say) "to foot."

TO OWAIN AP.MUTTON, Esq.

Sra.—The Abbot of St. Gall was not only a *gourmet* and a *gourmand* but also a *dilettante*; in consideration of this latter vice you may perhaps be induced to take a little notice of him. He was passionately fond of music, and nothing afforded him more gratification after his evening repast than to listen to his psalmodists chanting (*Missa per se*), "Et ecce cadit deus." *Salmus deus*! the impressive (but by some considered too dramatic for psalmody) "Certe," and other favorites from the Psalter.

As you are well aware, Pantagruel often was a guest at the Abbey. On these occasions Nicolai, the cellarer, was frequently asked up to the refectory to sing some of his Bacchical ditties. Pantagruel generally suggested his being sent for, and would himself carry out his own suggestion by diving down into the vaults, selecting from the Nicetas the neck and bringing him up gently to the board. He would then bid his Nicolai "puke a heptachord."

C. Kenni says it was at one of these sittings that Pantagruel made that egregious blunder about the word *cherry* in Polyphemus's song, "O, ruddier than the cherry." For my part I don't believe Pantagruel ever made such a blunder—he might have intended a joke, but the question suggests itself: was our "cherry" at the period we allude to known by this name?—and supposing it was, was the pronunciation of the English words by Nicolai (a Frenchman perfect? . . . however, we will suppose that he did make that unfortunate *lapus linguae* C. Kenni mentions); I say that he is to be excused if you take into consideration the following facts:—The cellarer's imperfect pronunciation—the natural supposition that a cellarer would sing a Bacchical song alluding to wine, and above all, this well-ascertained fact that he was during the whole of the delivery kept his eyes on two diagens—the one containing what we now term *cherry*, and the other burgundy. I say that it was an excusable mistake, and believe that many more learned men would have thought as he (if he did) that the cellarer was singing a panegyric on the superior excellence of burgundy to *cherry*. D. Huan on the other hand, says, and I am inclined to place more reliance on his version, that Pantagruel was curiously misled at "his" Nicolai as he pronounced in his song the word "cherry," and said slyly and very knowingly "Oh! ha! Cheri! (not *cherry*), and poked the abbot under the ribs. He furthermore adds a foot-note explaining that Cheri was a very pretty milk-maid, only sixteen years of age, blond, and pink as a *cherry*, and who used to come to the abbot every Friday to confess, &c. &c. However, now I think of it, you must know all this, and you will perhaps let me know the correct version of the matter, or may be to tell you an adventure that happened to the abbot one day, and which

* Blunders and Blundersuses, No. xi, p. 782 (1821).

† See Ap.Mutton's "Wine, its influence on Choreopsis passes," &c. iii.

‡ Punic Wars, chap. xxxiii (1645).

may be new to your readers. If you find it too long you can publish it apart from this as it is complete by itself. Bye the bye, I want a precept—where do you get them?

I have the honor to be, Sir, yours, &c., &c. HENRY.
The Cackling Goose—Jan. 12th 1865.

On certain topics Mr. Ap'M. has quinquennial doubts—or rather, perhaps, doubts quinquennially. Dr. Flack, who writes a volume upon adipose humors, once told him (Ap'M.), that, with a particular bolus, he could have unpeopled Kiddminster. Nevertheless, he (Flack) demanded no precept. Nevertheless, Mr. Ap'M. will hand over the Abbot of St. Gall to Dr. Taylor Shoe, to deal with, pending his (Ap'M.'s) sojourn with the army of evacuation (at Rome).

Q. P. M.

DEATH OF JAMES WALLACK.

Every playgoer in England will hear with regret that Mr. James Wallack, the popular actor, died recently at New York. The news of this event has been brought by the American mail. Mr. Wallack's theatrical career dates from a past era of the stage. He had attained to ripe old age of 73; but, until a recent period, he betrayed no signs of natural decay; and, in spite of the lameness caused by a fracture of his leg on the stage of the Princess's Theatre many years ago, he preserved an elasticity of gait and buoyancy of manner which had distinguished him in his representation of the gay mercurial heroes of melodrama and comedy. His first efforts lacked indication of the mainly gaily and energetic dash of the style which he acquired by long practice of his art. Perhaps his first unqualified success was in the character of Massoulié, in *The Brigand*. In this part James Wallack had opportunities of assuming a certain devil-may-care deportment, with sentimental touches here and there, which became him eminently; and, though not a professed singer, he delighted his audience so much by the delivery of the romance, "Gentle Zetella," with its guitar accompaniment, that the song became quite the rage. From that time Wallack rapidly rose to the highest favor as a melodramatic actor; and he even aspired to the higher interpretations of Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, Cassio in *Othello*, and Petruccio in *The Taming of the Shrew*—even soaring to Othello and Iago occasionally—while his Don Felix in *The Wonder* was only inferior to that of Charles Kemble. Having found great favor with American audiences during a Transatlantic tour, Wallack finally built and opened a theatre in New York, which he called by his own name, and which he rendered popular chiefly by the exercise of his own talents. The decay of his powers later prevented his appearing on the stage, and the management of the theatre was devolved upon his son. The deceased actor was personally esteemed by his many friends and acquaintances as a man of a kindly heart and many social qualities.

THE LATE MISS MASSON.

MR. EDITOR,—I looked anxiously in this day's *Musical World* for some mention of one whose recent death has left a sad blank among our female professors of music. As the *Athenæum* has most eloquently spoken of her talents and virtues, I venture to forward that notice for your columns:—

"There are many besides musicians amongst us who will receive with concern the news of the decease of a most estimable and accomplished member of the profession—Miss Masson. As a singer, this lady was never rated as high by our great public as she desired to be; because her voice, which was a mezzo soprano, had no remarkable power nor charm. But it had been thoroughly trained, largely under the example and influence of Madame Pasta; and its owner's reading of music, intelligence, expression and finish, were thoroughly appreciated by all those select connoisseurs who value style and understanding beyond greater natural powers than hers turned to poor account. As a professor Miss Masson was widely and deservedly in request. Apart from her profession, she was at once conscientious, energetic and refined, and had, withal, that rare originality of character which will make her long remembered and missed. In brief, she was a good artist—in part because she was a good woman and a gentlewoman."

In addition to the above I deem it my duty as one of the Royal Society of Female Musicians to state that Miss Masson was the founder of that valuable institution and its honorary treasurer to the period of her lamented death. Her energetic mind and feeling heart contributed largely to the success it has attained to the present time. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANN S. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

81, Brunswick Place, City Road.—Jan. 14, 1865.

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT,* BY JOSEPH GODDARD.

The basis of this work is the demonstration of the essential relation existing between certain forms of musical effect and certain characters of sentiment. In it I have endeavored to trace the development of the one from the other, and to unfold that principle in the laws of human demonstrativeness, which regulates the adaptation of the form of musical effect to its animating sentiment. I have thus been led to attempt to define the true moral basis of the principal musical styles as they are exemplified by leading composers. In this general demonstration, in an examination of the idiosyncrasies of certain great authors, and in the various æsthetic and philosophical theories which underlie the above work assumes to afford some practical criterion applying to the spirit of musical art; to supply a means of critical admeasurement for music, not simply as an effect, but as a moral conception.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state, that at present there are no generally recognised principles for the regulation of composition, except those applying to form, and pure musical effect. The adaptation of the form of music to the sentiment which inspires it; the selection of a character of sentiment appropriate for musical expression, where a particular form of composition is desired to be carried out,—are at present entirely left to intuition on the part of composers. And although in some cases intuition may suffice to effect this perfect propriety in composition, it can be shown even in cases of great masters, that it is not an all-sufficient guide. In fact, the want on the part of attention to, or knowledge of, the laws of sentiment, which belongs to both the selection and confirmation of the moral basis of their music, is the cause of much deficiency in works of an abstract form, and of much that is ineffective in works partaking of the dramatic character. The many *symphonies* and *sonatas*, by great musicians, which, though skilful and original works, and calculated to please throughout, are not felt as important conceptions, and have not a depth or seriousness of interest commensurate with their dimensions and the ambitiousness of their design—which thus are not unequivocally successful works of art; and the number of oratorios and operas, also by great composers, which, through containing an ill-selected or ill-prepared subject, are at the same time both imperfect and unwieldy works of art, though great efforts of genius,—is certainly evidence, that much invaluable labor has been carelessly directed, and is, consequently, a great waste of energy.

One practical question which, above all others, tends to raise is:—whether this waste of art-energy could not be avoided, and the energy directed to its due effect, through deeper knowledge of the general principles which regulate art-manifestation, and by the attention of composers directing itself more particularly to the laws and phenomena of the world of thought and feeling, which is the first source and sustainer of all art? Such truths and principles as in the above work, I have endeavored to unfold, are to the composer what the dramatic art is to the poet,—they tend to aid him to throw his art-energy as regards both quality and quantity, upon the right circumstances; thus that energy is, simultaneously, economised and displayed. J. G.

BARCELONA.—(From a Correspondent).—This is January the 6th, the great 8th day here, the last day before the Carnival. The shops are closed and all Barcelona out of doors rejoicing under almost a July sun. People from all parts of the world are here, and the troops at the great Italian theatre is composed of singers and players apparently from every habitable corner of the globe. By the way, talking of various nations reminds me of a recent bit of scandal, which may be worth your hearing. The husband of Mdlle. Dory, a Russian, struck a Spaniard in the face with his hand, a few days since, openly in the theatre. The Spaniard, I believe, is a much bigger man, but in connection with one of the journals. The sensation created is immense, and it is expected that a duel will be the consequence. You will smile when I tell you that the interview of a young English contralto, Mdlle. E. Giurgi, depend upon that duel. Should Mdlle. Dory leave all the leading contralto parts fall, as a matter of course, to Mdlle. E. Giurgi. Mdlle. Constance Giurgi, the soprano, has much less chance than her sister, as it would take half a dozen duels to get rid of all the "first ladies." The *impresario* of the Barcelona Opera is an amiable man, but is entirely in the hands of the principal singers. With respect to the current doings at the theatre there is little to report. The *Traviata* and the *Traviata* have been given, and Mr. Santley has had an immense success both in the Count di Luna and the elder Germont. The ballet of *Emeralda* has been performed, and the grand *Bal Masqué* takes place to-night. They announce the *Prophète*, *Lucia di Lamermoor*, the *Ballo in Maschera*, and Bottesini's new opera—all of which may be given, *mais cela dépend*.

* Those of the public who would encourage the publication of this new work, may do so by becoming subscribers. For particulars see advertisement.

Biography. Whatever Wegeler says is, with the exception of some few pardonable errors, perfectly and historically true. But it is, as a rule, with Rie's anecdotes as with those of the Chevalier Ignaz von Seyfried, which are contained in the appendix to a work of his, *Beethoven Studien*, published in 1832, and which were, a short time since, proved, by a practised hand, to be utterly worthless. Both these writers narrate, it is true, from their own experience, but they are at the same time giving us their reminiscences of a period since which nearly a generation has passed, and over which, moreover, a gloom appears only too often cast by personal feeling.

Much valuable information concerning Beethoven's youth is contained, also, in the memoirs which, under the name of the *Friedrich'sche Handschrift* is preserved in the Berlin Library. These memoirs were drawn up for the purpose of a biography, which, immediately after Beethoven's death, was undertaken by a society consisting of friends of his, but which a multitude of obstacles caused to miscarry. They are founded upon communications of Beethoven and persons who enjoyed his intimate friendship, and we shall find the facts they contain confirmed elsewhere as perfectly correct.

Finally, the best work in a historical sense which exists concerning Beethoven, a work with which everyone is tolerably acquainted, Antio Schindler's *Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven*, which, as far back as 1860, reached its third, or, more properly speaking, second edition, is of the greatest possible value as an authority, but, as far as the Master's youth is concerned, gives us very little more than Wegeler's *Notizen* in the summer of last year I once again met this most meritorious historiographer of Beethoven. I had been previously well acquainted with him. Whoever could have beheld the sincere friendliness with which the strange old gentleman, with his unimpaired exterior, received me in his house, and how he treated me, though I intended to graze in the kitchen garden he had so carefully cultivated—whenever could have beheld the unwearied attention with which, for days together, he went through, corrected, and completed, piece by piece, the materials I had gathered—the disinterested readiness with which he read or showed me a great deal in Beethoven's papers, and the terse, eloquent proofs of emotion, which the lively recollection of his deceased great friend and of better days called forth in the old and lonely man, over whose head those days had long since passed—whenever, finally, could have heard the animated and encouraging greeting with which he took leave of me, the young biographer, who was preparing for my task not without deep anxiety, and how he loudly bade me be of good courage—whenever had experienced all this as I did, would also, as I do, willingly forget all the rudeness and all the wrong of which the somewhat obstinate and imperious old gentleman, who had accustomed himself to regard the knowledge of Beethoven's life and deeds as his own domain, may have been guilty, though mostly when irritated into such a course, against so many. Nay, such a person would not fail to pay a certain degree of respect to the fidelity with which the only one of Beethoven's friends who was not to be scared away constituted himself, after Beethoven's death, his invariably devoted servant, willingly accepting all kinds of neglect and many a slight in order to continue serving his great lord and master. It is such a man's fidelity as this which also deserves a crown!

At present he is dead, this true squire of the Master's! He died too soon, far too soon, for me, and for everyone who cares aught for an accurate knowledge of Beethoven. With him there sank into the grave a rich store of reminiscences, of which neither he himself knew how to profit fully nor anyone else to secure. His work, however—though the want of plastic power and high mental cultivation on the part of the author prevents it from possessing the value of an actual picture of Beethoven's life—will, especially in the later portions of our biography, prove not merely a perfect mine of wealth in the shape of knowledge of Beethoven's actions, but will be, also, for every future biographer a kind of standard of rectification for Beethoven's character, of the real nature of which, though he was only able to unfold it piecemeal in his work, Schindler appears to have possessed an incurably deeper presentment than any of his successors.

Of the way in which I myself have understood my task, how I have conceived Beethoven, and how I have divided his career, it is not for me to speak here. It must be explained by the book itself, especially as the reasons influencing me are given either in the body of the work or in the remarks. In placing the great Master of Music in the centre of the history of his own time, and not simply in the centre of art, I am only continuing the attempts of all my predecessors, each of whom felt, more or less, that the intellectual efforts of the age were united in this artist's individuality, and that the social and political life especially of that grand period found so strong an echo in Beethoven that he must be regarded as one of the principal supporters of the most productive ideas of the present century. Therefore do I hope that both the body of my book and the appendix to it, will not be considered as an important authority for the history of music alone.

If I can by any means succeed in mastering the extraordinarily extensive mass of literature connected with the subject, I think I shall be able to complete the following volume, "*Beethoven's Manuscripts, 1795 bis 1814*," also during the current year. This will be followed first by "*Beethoven's letzte Jahre, 1815-27*," and, finally, by "*Beethoven's Werke*."

It still remains for me to express my warmest thanks to all those gentlemen who have assisted me in my labors. If, instead of naming them all, I mention here merely Dr. Hamlick; Dr. von Sonnleithner; Dr. Standhartner; Dr. Welen; Dr. C. von Wurzbach, with his very valuable *Beethoven Collection*; Herren Fr. Espag in Berlin; H. M. Schlechter in Augsburg; and J. J. Maier of this town, I must, at the same time, confess that, without the assistance of the many remaining, I should scarcely have collected such a rich store of materials, as that with which I trust, in the following volumes of my work, to delight all the friends of our Master. Should I, however, have, moreover, succeeded in imparting to my narrative something both of that high earnestness and of that heart-rejoicing humour which, on the one hand, caused Beethoven himself to be an object of such deep reverence, and, on the other, so often enabled those around him to look over the instances of unevenness in his behaviour—if, in other words, this first part of Beethoven's life should give a clear idea of that peculiar greatness which elevates this artist, in his character as well as in his creations, above his contemporaries, and places him side by side with the greatest men of any age, the object of my labors will be attained, and many an hour of severe exertion amply rewarded.

L. NOEL.

Munich, the 10th March, 1864.

By this time the second volume—*Beethoven's Manuscripts (Beethoven's Manuscripts)*—should have appeared. Both that and the third—*Beethoven's letzte Jahre (Beethoven's Last Years)*—will be looked for with interest by the musical world, in England as well as in Germany. It is further to be hoped that the fourth and last volume—*Beethoven's Werke (Beethoven's Works)*—may sustain the authority of the rest, by a very different tone of criticism from that of Professor A. B. Marx, in his extremely windy *aperçu* of the "*Schaffen*."

OTTO BEARD.

SIR,—There are certain clauses in all great communities whose true position it is extremely difficult to define. A hard-working, conscientious man is often compelled to wear a shadowy crown; and though the responsibilities of official authority are freely thrown upon him, the real exercise of power, which could alone enable him to discharge his duty effectually, is denied. To rebel is to be deposed; and so, for the sake of (in many cases) a most pitiful emolument, the straw sceptre is held, till beaten and twisted out of all shape by the very rude attacks of conceit, arrogance and what is perhaps worse—ignorance. This kind of check-mated king has no better representative than that under-estimated musical drudge called an organist,—the rural variety in particular. Generally speaking, this unfortunate individual has three friends from whom he fervently prays to be saved. They are his respected incumbent with "a knowledge of music"; the pastor's better-half in this vale of tears, who has drunk deeper at the tuneful spring; and the illustrious amateur of the neighbourhood, with a "fine ear." How frequently this same "ear" may be metaphorically lengthened into one of asinine dimensions, that man is able to say who has suffered acutely from the perplexing suggestions of the gifted creature above mentioned. The musical department is, in this way, presided over by a kind of Cerberus, whose three mouths bark at the same time, and by no means in the true interests of that branch of musical art they so noisily advocate. I do not presume to say this undesirable triple alliance against the prerogatives of organists is universally in force, but I do submit the case is not so uncommon as it should be. As for churchwardens,—those town and village magnates are generally too much engrossed in their legitimate pursuits to join the horns who worry the poor drone. Indeed, it frequently happens that the parish churchwarden is the organist's best friend, especially where the settlement is in a continual ferment of excitement from the con-

licts between the clergy and laymen. As in these days of free opinion, the antagonism spoken of is far from rare, there is greater chance for the claims of organists to be recognized, and a forbearance to be shown towards them, which is justly due to any competent men, anxious only to do their duty. The world abounds in worthy persons who, morally speaking, suffer a martyrdom from corns themselves, and, ignoring the existence of sensitiveness in others, inflict the most cruel pangs with a smiling and plausible impertinence, supposed to be the very essence of politeness, but as far removed from it as we are from the Antipodes. The chief clerical dignitary, with counsel which commonly sounds like an order, does not always speak upon his own convictions; in fact, does not always think conscientiously he can do so, not having that acquaintance with the art which would give him any decided feelings on the subject. This fact is no gain whatever to the organist, he having to hear embodied in his spiritual superior's remarks, the collective wisdom of many estimable, though somewhat opinionated, ladies who congregate at ghostly tea parties, and take a too fond interest in the school children. The organist must listen in silence, and even endeavour to practically apply the ideas emanating from the talented conclave; but he may not send a polite message beseeching them to work out their own missions, and leave him in peace. Now, in an opposite case, the incumbent does possess this valuable freedom of speech and action. If the organist dared to act as spokesman for a society of amateur theologians, and pointed out any doctrine overlooked by their resident shepherd, at the same time significantly requesting him to "look to it," the good man would have the privilege of treating the interference as a gross impertinence; or, at all events, would be allowed to argue. No such enviable fate is the organist's who must (knowing what his wretched place is worth) shrug his shoulders, and hope for better days. Both are nominally at the head of departments, though the poor organist is oftentimes at the foot of his, and a kind of human door-mat made to receive the muddy ideas of numerous persecutors. Surely no one can assert organists, as a rule, to be in the enjoyment of any social status worth mentioning; and we must admit, they are about as cordially regarded as that gorgeous monument of plush, white cotton stockings, and pumps, called a beadle. Another important fact cannot be denied. It is that organists, as a body, are shamefully underpaid; many a one in remote districts deriving less benefit from the church establishment than the replendent functionary previously alluded to does in a better locality. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is a very solemn truth, of which organists seem, at last, to be partially convinced. Upon certain signs of awakened activity recently shown among them, I hope to address you, and your attention may, I am confident, be claimed in all questions relating to the honor and dignity of the musical profession.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

OCTAVIAN STOP.

THE general meeting of the members of the Cologne Conservatory—we are informed by the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—took place at the end of last month. The following facts from the report furnished by the Committee will no doubt prove generally interesting. The school, which, as is well-known, does not undertake to bring up any one for a special branch of the profession, but, besides instructing every pupil in his own particular line of study, offers him, and indeed insists upon his availing himself of, the opportunity of obtaining a general musical education, has, for a period of nearly fifteen years, during which it has been established, seen the number of its pupils almost invariably on the increase, and may look back with pride upon the results of its teaching. Not only do former students of the Institution co-

operate with honour on the stage and in the concert-room, as members of the orchestra and as teachers, but a large number of leaders' places has been filled by them, and some have issued as victors from the *Concours* in Paris, and the *Mozarteum* at Frankfurt. From their posts at the Cologne Conservatory, some of the Professors, too, have raised themselves into the most honourable positions as *Capellmeister*; for instance, Reincke, in Leipzig; Rheinthal, in Bremen; and Franck, in Berne. Very recently, a mark of honourable recognition was paid the Conservatory in Meyerbeer's will. That distinguished man having founded a "Meyerbeer's Exhibition" at the Academy of Arts in Berlin, left directions that only pupils of the Berlin Institute of Music and of the Cologne Conservatory be allowed to compete for it. Just, too, as generally, so also with regard more especially to the city, the labours of the Conservatory may be described as completely satisfactory. Cologne has to thank principally the Conservatory for the rank she occupies, at present, in musical matters, because the fact of first-rate musicians being attracted from other parts of the country, and working as colleagues with the local artists materially improved her position. The Conservatory, moreover—seconded, certainly, by a few large-minded men—has presented the Gürzenich Hall with its finishing ornament, in the shape of a magnificent organ. How great is the work accomplished at the Conservatory is most clearly apparent from the fact that, in the last two periods of six months, its professors gave about 5,800 lessons, comprising 2376 on the piano, and 1232 on stringed instruments. Under all these circumstances, it is to be hoped that the General Meeting will be considered as justified when it expressed the wish that the City and its inhabitants, who have already behaved so meritoriously towards the Conservatory, should, for the future, continue to bestow, and in a still higher degree, than before, their patronage and support in favor of an Institution, the maintenance of which is as honourable as it is profitable to Cologne, but which can be kept up by material assistance alone.

The present teachers are Ferdinand Hiller, Town *Capellmeister*, Knight of the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, and of the Royal Bavarian Maximilian Order, *Pour le Mérite*, Director of the Institution—Composition; Herren Böhme—singing and elocution; Brennung—piano and playing from score; Derckum—the theory of harmony; Hompech—piano; Hülle—piano; Japha—violin; Von Königslöw—violin, and concerted playing in quartet or orchestra; Schmitt—Violoncello; Seiss—piano; Weber—Musical-Director, Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle—organ; Dr. Weyden—German literature, and Italian language.

Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged for one of the concerts, especially to sing English ballads, as proposed by Mr. Downes at the annual meeting.

PENZANCE CHORAL SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was performed by the members of the above society on Tuesday, January 10th. The proceeds amounted to nearly a hundred pounds. Mr. John H. Nunn (associate, Royal Academy of Music) conducted. When it is stated that the solo singers, members of the choir and orchestra, number 130, are residents of the town, Mr. Nunn has reason to be proud of such a society.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Faust*, with Miss Anna Hiles as Marguerite, was added to the attractions of the pantomime on Monday. The other characters in M. Gounod's opera were sustained by Miss Cotterell, Madame Burrington, Messrs. Swift, Forbes, H. Corri, and Marchesi. The most active preparations are being made for the production of *Lara*, an opera by M. Aimé Maillart, produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, nine months since. *Lara* will have especial interest for the English public, as it is founded on Lord Byron's poems of *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *Don Juan*. The English translation is by Mr. John Oxenford. Mr. Harrison, it is hoped, will play the principal character, and the cast thus embrace the entire strength of the company.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The reprise of Ernani has not proved a great attraction at the Italiens. Why it has been reprised I cannot make out. As the music of Elvira is not much in Madame De Lagrange's way and the histrionic requirements of the character entirely out of her sphere, I may suppose that Verdi's opera was reproduced for Signor Franchini, whose Ernani is said to be, and undoubtedly is, one of his most striking achievements. Perhaps M. Bagier considered that the part of Carlo would be the fittest to entrust his new barytone with, remembering that all sorts of artists with various voices* had essayed the performance without failure, and that a good voice was its essential requisite. The new barytone, M. Verger, has certainly that requisite, and sings still better, viz., knowing how to sing. He is an Italian, although French named, and his father, I hear, was a tenor of repute somewhere in Italy. His reputation, however, stopped short at the other side of the Alps. M. Verger is very young, not more than two-and-twenty, and there is plenty of time at there is great room for improvement. His reception was very flattering, and the audience, taken with his youth, were inclined to make every allowance. He was encored in the graceful and melodious *cantabile* in the second act, "Vieni meco"—one of the gems of the opera—and had his share in the encore awarded, as per custom invariably, to the finale of the third act, "O sommo Carlo," in which Signor Verdi evidences a dramatic power and feeling beyond all other Italian composers but One, and which certainly first served to prove him an original creator. Signor Verdi has never surpassed that finale, nor has he always risen to the same height, even in his strongest endeavours. Madame De Lagrange has left Paris for Madrid, and Madame Penco in a few weeks will leave Madrid for Paris. Madame De Lagrange is a great favorite in the Spanish capital, and Madame Penco is a still greater favorite in the French capital. Madame De Lagrange will make her *rentrée* in Madrid as Fides in the *Prophète*, with Signor Mario as Jean de Leyden. *En attendant* Madame Penco's arrival, Mdlle. Adeline Patti will remain some time longer here—good news for the visitors to the Salle Ventador, and another lift to the success of *Linda*, which, no doubt, has induced M. Bagier to retain Mdlle Patti at the Italiens, although all Spain, *Faust* and Mario are anxiously awaiting her at Madrid. Madame Talvo-Bedogni, the contralto, who made her debut some months ago at the Opéra without making any great stir, is engaged, and will shortly make her appearance, having had assigned to her the repertory of Mdlle. Barbara Marchisio. There is now some hope for real Italian opera buffo. Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*—which your readers may remember as having been produced by the Opera Bufo Company at St. James's Theatre some eight or ten years ago—is positively in rehearsal, and the characters distributed among Mdlles. de Brigni and Vestri, Signors Brignoli, Scasole and Agnesi. Happily the success of Ricci's merry piece may conduce to the revival of some of Rossini's earlier operas, which are the best of all operas buffo. The *Puritani* is in preparation, ostensibly for the purpose of giving M. Verger a second chance in Riccardo, a part which no barytone, however eminent, ever clothed in grace except the original representative, Tamburini. M. Verger will have to tread softly. He will find himself on far more dangerous ground in Bellini's Riccardo than in Verdi's Carlo. So much for the Italiens.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique Mozart's *Enchanted Flute*—*Zauberflöte*—*Il Flauto Magico*—or, as it has been baptized in Gallic, *La Flûte Enchantée*—is in active rehearsal, and will be produced with, as M. Carvalho assures everybody, extraordinary effect. What may be accomplished by means of the *mise-en-scène*, scenery, decorations, appointments, costumes, machinery, and lights, electric, bode, and other, I cannot say; but from the disposition of the characters I am enabled to indulge in a shrewd guess as to how the music will be executed. The following will be the cast:—The Queen of Night—Mdlle. Nilsson; Pamina—Madame Nicolan-Carvalho; Papagena—Madame Ugalde; Papamino—M. Michot; Papageorg—M. Troy; the High Priest, Zarastro—M. Depassio; and the three fairies—Mdlles. Albrecht, Estagel and Daran. The first representation of Prince Poniatowski's new opera, *L'Aventurier*, is expected to take place the latter end of this month.

* Am I right in asserting that Albani performed the part of Carlo at the Royal Italian Opera, and Signor Gardoni at Her Majesty's Theatre?

On Monday week a miscellaneous performance for the benefit of the Artists' Fund took place at the Opéra-Comique. The selection comprised *Le Curieux*, from the Gymnase; the air of *Galathée*, sung by Madame Cabel; the rondo finale from the *Sonnambula*, and the air of the Rose from *Martha*, given by Madame Freszolini; *Chansonnettes*, sung by M. Lévassor; violin fantasia on *Faust*, played by M. Sarraute; a *pas de trois* from *Diavolina*, danced by Madame Villiers, Mdlle. Fiore and M. Coralli; &c., &c. The attendance was large, and a good sum was realized.

The first concert of the "Société de Saint Cecilia," reconstituted under the direction of M. Wekerlin, was given on Saturday, the 7th instant. The programme was divided into two parts, one devoted to ancient the other to modern composers. In the former were given works, or fragments, by Saint Columban, Olivier Basselin, Orlando Lasso, Sebastian Bach, Carissimi, Lullu, Rameau, &c.; in the latter, compositions by MM. Hignard, Saint-Saëns, Wagner and Wekerlin. The ancients were more indebted to M. Wekerlin than the moderns. I was unable to attend, but a friend of mine told me that some Englishmen who were present expressed their conviction that the conductor was playing off a joke on his auditory when he set forth in his programme that the verses to the "Chanson de Nez" were written by Oliver Basselin, poet and musician, who lived in the fifteenth century, said verses being a modern translation of the English ballad "Jolly Nose," written by the late Herbert Rodwell, introduced into his drama of *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi, and warbled by Mr. Paul Bedford. Here is the first stanza of the French chanson—let the reader judge for himself.

Beau nez dont les rubis ont coûté mainte pipe
D'un vin blanc et clair,
Et dardé la couleur richement tapie
Du rouge et violet;
Gros nez! qui te regarde à travers une grande verre,
Te trouve encor plus beau!
Tu ne rassembles point au nez de quelque bête
Qui ne boit que de l'eau! . . .

It is more than probable that Mr. Rodwell had read the French chanson and adapted it into the vernacular; so that M. Wekerlin's joke was no joke at all.

At the fourth Popular Concert of Classical Music, given on Sunday last, the following selection was provided:—

Symphony in E flat—Mozart; Adagio from Septuor—Beethoven; Symphony in A major—Mendelssohn; Andante—Haydn; Overture to *Guillaume Tell*—Rossini.

Paris, Jan. 11.

MONTAQUE SHOOT.

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MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Carnival has commenced, but, for Milan and its theatres, as yet has not been a very great success. The season at La Scala commenced on the 25th ult. with Petrella's latest opera, *La Contessa D'Amalfi*, which met with a cold reception, inasmuch as this work (though not without merit) is not altogether suitable for a grand theatre like La Scala. In fact, to appreciate its merits it would be necessary to hear it in a smaller theatre. I am not inclined to think that it will ever create a *furor* in Italy, as it has also within the last few days met with the same cold reception at Florence. Here it is supported by Mdlle. Lotti, Mdlle. Colson, Signors Carrion, Bartolini, and Modini. The audience accorded to each of these artists a hearty welcome, but after the third act the opera was hissed, and they have since produced *Norma* with Madame Galetti as the Druidess, Mdlle. Colson as Adalgisa, and Signor Pancani as Pollione, and this has created an undeniable success, Madame Galetti and Signor Pancani being both admirable. The ballet, *Fil e Fio*, is not a success, although it is placed upon the stage with all the splendour to which we are accustomed at the Scala. The principal dancers, Mdlles. Zina and Francesca, made a *faux* on the first night. You must know that the audience at La Scala are very cold to new comers, and at first are not liberal of their applause, and this fact has been the cause of the *faux* of La Zina, as, on the first night, when she found that she did not receive the welcome to which she had probably been accustomed in Paris, she became rude in her demeanour towards the audience, the natural consequence of which was that

she was hissed in a most unmistakable manner, and after the second evening was only too glad to take her leave. She has been replaced by La Nini. The theatre has not been so well attended as usual, which may be accounted for the following reason:—This year instead of a charge of three francs admission to the pit, it is five francs on the first night of every opera and ballet, a proceeding which has caused considerable discontent; but, with the vast expenses of the theatre (notwithstanding the Government grant) it is almost impossible to admit the public for a smaller sum. M. Gounod's *Faust* is in active rehearsal, and will be produced immediately with the following cast:—Margherita, Mdle. Pozzoni (a pupil of the *Conservatoire*, who will make her debut in this opera); Faust, Signor Anastasi; Valentine, Signor Bartolini; and Mephistopheles, Signor Saccomanno. At the Carcano they have given Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, but with little success; also Donizetti's *Linda*, with Signor Varese, the original representative of Antonio, as the buffo or Marchese. Rossini's *Mose in Egitto* is in rehearsal at the Radeogonda. After a few performances of Peri's opera, *Vittore Pisani*, the theatre closed, and has not since been opened. At the Re, Italian comedy; at the Fossati drama, and at the Stadler: sensation drama; at the Cannobbiana, a dramatic and ballet company; so that the Milanese are not without amusement. AUGUS.

Borgo di Porte Venezia, Milano, Jan. 10.

(From another Correspondent).

Mr. John Morgan, the young English tenor, made his debut at the theatre here with decided success. His first appearance was in Verdi's *Traviata* as Alfredo Germont, and on the first night was eminently successful, receiving a call before the curtain after the romance, "Di miei bollenti spiriti," and after the finale to the second act. Mr. Morgan was called three times during the evening, and on the following night the success was even greater. The tenor, indeed, went on getting better and better, and at the sixth performance he was not only recalled after the romance, but was compelled to repeat the tenor solo in the finale to the second act—that energetic *morceau* where Alfredo throws a purse at the feet of Violetta. The music here should go on; if it is stopped the illusion of the scene is entirely lost. But all this seemed to have no weight with the audience, and although the artist endeavoured to proceed with the finale, it was useless, and Mr. Morgan was compelled to repeat the *morceau*, and at the end of the act was called for three times.

Mr. Morgan's success was well merited. He has a charming voice—the best quality of tenor voices, indeed—and sings with taste and expression. Of course he has a great deal to learn, but I think this great deal can be learned with patience, care, and determination. CYNRALE.

VIENNA.—Herr Wachtel has, at length, resolved to carry out the intention he has entertained for some time past of withdrawing from the Imperial Operahouse. At an audience granted him by Prince Auersperg, the Independent General, he definitively tendered his resignation, the reason assigned by him being that it was impossible for him properly to fulfil his professional duties under the present management. It is not yet certain what he intends to do, whether to accept a permanent position at some other theatre, or to fill up his time with a series of short engagements. Another artist, Madlle. Wildauer, also, has quitted the Imperial Operahouse. This establishment is not doing very brilliant business, and is not at all popular for the nonce. The operatic public complain loudly and bitterly that no novelties are produced, and that the works performed are miserably sung, miserably acted, and miserably put upon the stage, despite the fact that the company boasts of some of the leading talent of Germany, and that there are three persons engaged for every line of business. With the end of 1864, six months of the season expired without having given birth to a single novelty, or even so much as a good revival. It is said, however, here and there, that, before the close of the season, which has yet three months to run, an opera by Thomas Lohse and Meyerbeer's *Diogenes* are to be brought out. But, as a rule, the assertion is greeted with incredulous sneers. Only a very few optimists, of the Candide school, attach any faith to it. Madame Murka, who has recently been engaged as *bravura* singer, made her re-appearance on the 7th inst., as the heroine in

Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, and was most flatteringly received by the majority of those present. There is no doubt that, on the whole, she has produced a very favorable impression. It remains to be seen how long her popularity will last. By the way, there will soon be no want of other new faces to keep Madlle. Murka in countenance, supposing she required it, which she does not. The old chorus is to be discharged and a new one engaged in its place. This is a step which should, by rights, have been taken long ago. The voices of some of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the present chorus have long been horribly plaintive. *Que voulez-vous?* Voices will not last for ever, as long as larynxes continue to wear out. There is no dearth of good voices. Among them may be mentioned the Quartet-*Soirée* of Herr Laub, and those of his *quasi* rival, Herr Hellmesberger. The programme of the former gentleman's fifth concert comprised Spohr's Sextet in C major for two Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos; Beethoven's A major Sonata, for Violoncello and Pianoforte, performed by Herren Schlesinger and Epstein; and Haydn's Quartet in B flat major, No. 64. The bill of fare for Herr Hellmesberger's fifth *Soirée* presented amateurs with the following delicacies: Schubert's A minor Quartet; a new "Suite" for Pianoforte and Violin, written by Herr Goldmark, and played by Madlle. Bettelheim and Herr Hellmesberger; and Beethoven's Quartet in C sharp minor. The "Suite" is not destitute of merit, but competent judges assert that the latter is not present in sufficient force or quantity ever to render the work very popular with the admirers of classical chamber music. Besides the above *Soirées*, we have had a Philharmonic Concert; a concert given by Herr Derfler, a pianist; and another by Herr Pfeffer, who treated his audience exclusively to compositions of his own, namely: a Stringed Quartet; Six Songs; and a Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte. It was a lucky thing for the audience that Herr Pfeffer possesses talent. He was assisted by Herr Hellmesberger in the instrumental pieces. The vocalists were Mesdames Bettelheim, Alexander, and Herr Walter. —Herr Johann Straus, director of the Imperial Court Ball, has recently received from the Shah of Persia the cross of officer of the Order of the Sun.—The latest Court Guide (published by authority) contains the names of seven "chamber-virtuosi," namely: Thalberg, Leopold von Meyer; Bazzini; Willners; Servais; Alexander Dreychock; and Ferdinand Laub; of three "chamber-virtuosos," namely: Madame Schumann, Elisabeth von Eichthal, and Rosa Kastner; of ten Imperial "chamber artists," namely: Poggi, Moriani, Badiali, Fraschini, Debassini, Carrión, Bettini, Giuglini, Beck, and Everardi; and of twelve "lady chamber-singers" ("Kammersängerinnen"), namely: Medama Pasta, Tachuardi, Persiani, Bulzer-Dingelstedt, Unger-Sabatier, Hasselt-Barth, Tadolini, Angri, Lind-Goldschmidt, Medori, Brambilla-Marulli, Charton-Demeur, Dustmann-Meyer, and Madlle. Désirée Artôt. The last-named lady was appointed only a very short time since—a fortnight or so.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Mr. Goffrie's second chamber concert took place at Will's Rooms on Saturday night, and was quite as interesting as his first. The quartets—this time not both by Beethoven—were Mendelssohn's in A minor and Beethoven's in C major ("Rasumovsky" No. 3.) The players, as before, were MM. Saluton (who in his delivery of the Rasumovsky quartets could hardly be excelled), Pollitzer, Doyle and Paque. The trio was the "D major" of Beethoven (Op. 70), played by Mr. W. G. Cousins, MM. Sain and Paque. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Fontanier—the lady selecting "La Biondina in Gondola," with Paque's variations, "Vedrai carino," and the "Jewel song" in *Faust*; the gentleman an air by Spohr and the "Tambour major" by Ambrose Thomas. The accompanist was Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Such excellent programmes can hardly fail to lead Mr. Goffrie to the goal of his aspirations—success.

CHILZEA.—A concert was given at the Vestry Hall, on the 16th inst., in aid of St. Mary's Orphanage. The singers were Miss Palmer, Madame Helen Percy, and Mr. F. Penna, vocalists; Messrs. Lazarus, Deichmann, Lidell, and J. H. Sheppard, instrumentalists. The concert was well attended, and appeared to give great satisfaction. Madame Helen Percy was encored in "Kathleen Mavourneen," and Mr. Lazarus, and Herr Deichmann in their respective solos for clarinet and violin. Herr W. Ganz conducted.

MUSICAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

(From "The Queen," Jan. 14th.)

The case of Handley, the celebrated cornet-piston player and band-master, as regards his claim on the Royal Society of Musicians, has given rise to some discussion. Admitting that this admirable institution is exceedingly well managed, it is a matter of regret that the board of management, seeing that Handley had been a subscriber to the funds for a quarter of a century, did not take the liberal view as regards his full allowance as a married man. It was not wise to make a criminal court of a charitable council, and call in the honorary solicitors and counsel to establish a charge of larceny against Mr. Handley, inasmuch as the fact of the second marriage was beyond a doubt, and the death of the first husband was, at all events, a fair presumption. The general question of the conduct of our charitable institutions must sooner or later, however, whatever may be the real merits of the Handley dispute, occupy the attention of the Legislature. It is quite monstrous, considering the innumerable charities with which this capital abounds, to hear both in public and in private that somehow or other there are such fearful instances of utter destitution finding to relief from our boasted societies. It might be presumed that no vocalist, instrumentalist, composer, or even librettist ought to be in want and misery when we look at the richly endowed institutions, provident as well as benevolent, now existing. We have the Royal Society of Musicians instituted in 1738; the Choral Fund in 1791; the Society of British and Foreign Musicians in 1822; the Choir Benevolent Fund in 1851; the Royal Society of Female Musicians in 1838; the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society; but, as in the dramatic profession, there are by far too many of these societies. The actors have their Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Society, and Association, the Royal General Theatre, the Royal Dramatic College, &c.; but, despite these various institutions in aid of musicians and actors, ask amateurs if there be not individuals of both professions whose cases, by some legal objection or other, come not within the category of relief. We can answer for an actor and also a singer of some repute, left starving in their homes because they had not "qualified" themselves to receive the aid of the rich societies, the managers of which yearly appeal to the public for contributions to the society for subscriptions. Mr. Gladstone's attack on the charities was based on truths, and sooner or later it will be found necessary to legislate with a strong hand in order to secure for the unfortunate their just due—we say "just due" advisedly, for many of the so-called charities are really nothing but provident institutions, on which the recipients of relief, as it is termed, are only receiving the legal return for their investment in periodic days.

It is only by an Act of Parliament that the societies can be blended. Take the illustration of the Royal Society of Female Musicians. Why is this not embodied with the Royal Society of Musicians? We have before us a kind of half-yearly balance-sheet of the former, and we find that the society holds the amount, invested with the Commissioners of the National Debt, of £5,211, 13s. 7d., and in the Reduced Three per Cent. of £2,254, the half-yearly dividend on the former, 8½%, is £41; ditto on the latter, 3½%, is £8; that the subscriptions were £437, 7s. 10d.; and what will be thought is the amount paid to claimants?—35s.!!! To say which the cost of the management is more than double! It may be pleaded that it is no fault of the institution there are not more recipients—that the relief being confined to members only, has not been demanded by female musicians. A little extension of the bye-laws of the Royal Society of Musicians would include every case in the other society; but it is worse than a farce to appeal annually by a public concert, at which artists are asked to afford their gratuitous services to an institution which is already too rich.

In these societies, whether provident or otherwise, it is of course but right to draw the line between the claims of the regular contributors and of those persons who come under this category. The distinction could be easily marked, but it is not wise to this end to exclude every one who should be declared from assistance because they have not been admitted members. The effect of the stringent rules and regulations is, that there are persons in the receipt of really large incomes who have not the slightest pretext to ask for this aid, and committees of management surround the applications for relief with such legal intricacies, that the most undesigning succeed. Bye-laws, indeed, in many instances, are like spider-webs; they serve only to trip up the unwary and direct the really honest and trustworthy are defeated by the complicated machinery. The concentration of charities into a code must be the eventual work of the Legislature. Let the managers in the meanwhile be cautious of coming before the public with disputes with their claimants on nice legal points; to err on the side of benevolence will be forgiven by the public, who prefer that a dozen impostures should be successful rather than that one case of hardship should occur.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S FESTIVAL CONCERTS.

(From "The Morning Herald" and "Standard.")

Three performances of vocal and instrumental music on a large scale were given at Drury-lane Theatre, at intervals of a fortnight, by Mr. Howard Glover some time before the Christmas holidays. These performances attracted an unusual share of public attention, not merely on account of their monster size, but in consequence of their superior excellence. A complete and efficient orchestral force, a first-rate chorus, the most eminent singers and players of the day—all were engaged. Moreover, something in the way of novelty has almost always been provided at his concerts by Mr. Glover, who, to his other accomplishments, adds that, in an eminent degree, of being an enterprising and liberal caterer for the public. It was, we believe, at one of the three concerts alluded to that Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was performed with pictorial and dramatic illustrations, which caused a great sensation. This sensation was not lost sight of by Mr. Glover, who, remembering, too, the impression created at Dusseldorf in 1833 by the representation of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* with scenic illustrations and tableaux vivants, without dramatic action, determined a second time to try the effect of the performance of a sacred composition—not intended to be sustained by external and visible adjuncts—with scenery, dresses, and poses. Accordingly at the fourth concert of the series—given on Monday week—the London Choral Union sang four of the grandest choruses from *Israel in Egypt*; viz., "And the people of Israel mourned," "He sent a thick darkness," "He gave them hailstones," and "But as for his people;" and the music was supplemented and aided by pictorial illustrations from the pencil of Mr. W. Beverley. The choruses were not allowed to indulge in action or motion, but they were placed in appropriate poses, and the effect was a complete and by no means unimpressive one. Following the example set by Mr. Glover—we may expect to see one of the great oratorios placed on the stage in its entirety as the extracts from *Israel* were given at Drury Lane. What delighted and moved Mendelssohn at Dusseldorf would be likely to astonish and enchant thousands of amateurs and connoisseurs. The selection from *Israel*, we need hardly say, proved the special feature of the concert. Another interesting incident of the evening was the appearance on the stage of Miss Solenne. Mr. Glover's gifted and clever pupil, of whose talents we have spoken on more than one occasion in terms of no measured praise. Miss Solenne has one of the finest contralto voices that can now be heard, and she sings with a thorough knowledge of the art of vocalisation. Few young singers, indeed, can boast of the same amount of musical acquirement, an acquirement without which no one can ever become a great artist. Miss Solenne is a young lady of married life, but that she had studied acting everybody must have felt who saw her on Monday, and that she possesses the true dramatic instinct no one could doubt for a moment. The character selected by the young aspirant for her preparatory stage essay is, to our thinking, an unusually difficult one, being no other than Azucena in the *Trovatore*, a part which many have attempted, and in which very few have succeeded. The second act only was given, but this involved nearly all the best music of the old play, as our readers cannot fail to remember. Without entering into particulars we may say that a more remarkable debut, as a dramatic singer, than that of Miss Emily Solenne on Monday at Drury Lane, we cannot recall. The young lady pleased and surprised all who heard and saw her. The duet with Manrico (Mr. Swift), "Ma nell' alma dell' ingrato," was unanimously redemanded, and Miss Solenne was summoned before the footlights with great enthusiasm twice at the conclusion.

Of the retaining performances it is not necessary to speak. We may, however, state that the land performer Mr. Howard Glover's brilliant and characteristic overture to *Ruy Blas* and the "Prelude" and "Witches' Dance" from his illustrious cantata *Tam O'Shanter*; that Miss Fannie Sebrle (paid, we believe, of Mr. Glover), a young pianist, her second appearance in public, exhibited decided talent in Handel's "Harmonium Blacksmith"; that Miss Louisa Pym, Miss Susan Galton, Miss Lina Mariacelle, Miss Liebhart, Miss Fanny Armytage, &c., sang; and that Miss de Beauvoisin (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello), played solos respectively.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "IL DON GIOVANNI."—Several journals, writes the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris, "have made mention of the recent discovery of the archives of the theatre of the Opera at Prague. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was represented for the first time, in 1767—of the original score of this *chef d'œuvre*, in four volumes of music written in Mozart's own handwriting, and add that the manuscript has been purchased for 2000 florins by the Imperial Museum of Vienna. If this be true, Mozart must have written the score twice over, for all the world supposes that Madame Viardot is in possession of an authenticated score of *Don Giovanni*, which she preserves with religious care, and for which she paid a large sum." Why not compare the two copies?

WILLIE PAPE AT PENZANCE.

Our poetical contemporary, the *Western Morning News*, writes thus poetically of little Willie Pape:—

"Master Willie Pape has again visited Penzance, under the patronage of Mayor Basse, the clergy, and a long list of ladies and gentlemen, secured by Mr. Richard White. Master Pape also had engagements at St. Just, Marazion, and other towns. His 'memoriter' recitals from the great masters fully sustained his former reputation. Excepting that refinement of feeling and sympathy which perhaps age and experience alone can impart, it seems almost impossible for more to be accomplished in the way of handling his instrument. He is thoroughly Thälbergian in taste and execution, and whatever can be done he has sufficient pluck to undertake. Whether he has real genius, and will develop into a true musical composer, time only can reveal. But he has certainly, at this early age, conquered many difficulties which the majority of professional men never attempt. What he requires now is cultivation, development, directed study, instruction in the broad, sound principles on which music is based: not elementary melody or its accompaniment, the analysis of ordinary harmonies (although a revision of these for the hundredth time energizes and invigorates the mind wonderfully), nor even the still higher study of ornamentation and elaboration which beautify and entrance; but a thorough and devoted study of the sublime conceptions and ideas, often simple as sublime, on which the noble works of the old masters are constructed—the noble thoughts and imaginings, which were a theme in themselves, that possessed the bold spirits of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, and which have thrilled the hearts of all civilized peoples and shall continue to sway them to the end of time. If the springs of life are not unsealed (supposing them to exist within his breast)—if a genuine soul do not beam forth from thought, and heart, and life—he will be a mere mechanist. But we hope that he has higher aims and nobler aspirations: that while he is learning, ever learning, he will resolve by patient toil and self-discipline to be a man, an original artist—always ready to top off redundancies as well as to enlarge his mental grasp by every means within his reach."

The *memoriter* recitals could hardly have been apostrophized in a more elaborately rhetorical strain.

STOCKPORT.

(From an Edgely Correspondent.)

Opening of a new organ at St. Matthew's Church, Edgely, by Mr. W. T. Best of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The organ was built by Mr. E. Wadsworth of Manchester; the following is a description of its power. The great organ consists of two full rows of keys, with a compass from CC to F, and independent pedal organ from CCC to F, and the following stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.		No. of Pipes.	Length.
Bourdon (wood), CC to F	...	54	16 ft.
Open Diapason (metal), CC to F	...	54	8 "
Rohr Gedacht (wood), CC to F	...	54	8 "
Dulciana (metal), CC to F	...	42	8 "
Principal (metal), CC to F	...	54	4 "
Lieblich Flöte (metal), CC to F	...	54	4 "
Twelfth (metal), CC to F	...	54	3 "
Fifteenth (metal), CC to F	...	54	2 "
Mixture (metal), CC to F	...	216	4 ris.
Trumpet (metal), CC to F	...	54	8 ft.
Total number of pipes,	...	609	

SWELL ORGAN.		No. of Pipes.	Length.
Lieblich Gedacht (wood), CC to F	...	54	16 ft.
Spitz Flöte (metal), CC to F	...	54	8 "
Flöte Amabile (wood), CC to F	...	54	8 "
Genashorn (metal), CC to F	...	54	4 "
Fifteenth (metal), CC to F	...	54	2 "
Mixture (metal), CC to F	...	108	2 ris.
Coroppean (metal), CC to F	...	54	8 ft.
Hautboy (metal), CC to F	...	54	8 "
Total number of pipes,	...	486	

Pedal Organ, CC to E, 29 notes. 1. Open Diapason (wood), CCC to E, 29 pipes, 16 feet. 2. Principal (wood), E to E, 12 pipes, 8 feet. Also six accessory stops.

The "scheme" of the organ was drawn out by Captain Wilkinson, of Stockport, who superintended its construction.

From the pipes of this very excellent organ Mr. Best sent out an ocean of sound—a sea, whereon sailed the ship named Imagination, commanded by Captain Fancy, who steered us over the heaving billows. The tide rolled onward with majestic grandeur and ebbed in the distance, whispering notes of silvery tenderness, leaving an echo of beauty behind. Anon, the tide rolled backwards, wave followed wave,

dancing to the rhythm of their charming ripples, swelling and increasing the tone of their melodious voices. The surges lapped and foam in loud and pealing notes as they burst against the side of our good ship and scatter a golden cloud of harmonious spray upon us, which fills our souls with wonder and admiration. We cannot think while we float over this exquisite main; we can only feel and enjoy unutterable pleasure. Forgive me! I fear I am becoming tedious. I conclude by saying that Mr. Best played his very best, and brought this interesting ceremony to a glorious conclusion with one of Father Bach's immortal fugues. Mr. Best's compositions for the church service are indeed excellent. The organ will cost upwards of £400, which sum is almost raised. T. B. B.

MISS KUNE has been passing the Christmas vacation in Paris.

Mr. Frederick Clay's new one act opera will be produced at the Royal English Opera on Wednesday.

THE TITENS party appear at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall this day (Saturday).

HEAR OESTERICH, the harpist, has left London to fulfil engagements at Weimar, Dresden, Leipzig, &c., &c.

W. VINCENT WALLACE.—We are happy to inform our readers that this eminent composer, who had been recently suffering from a severe attack of nervous asthma and for whom the greatest fears were at one time entertained, is now considerably better, and, it is to be hoped, is on the road to convalescence.

THE EDINBURGH THEATRE ROYAL was burnt to the ground, on Friday afternoon, the 13th inst. This is the second time within less than ten years that a conflagration has deprived "Auld Reekie" of one of its chief places of amusement. The manager, Mr. Wyndham, was in London at the time.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Spohr's oratorio *The Last Judgment* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* were performed last night. The principal singers in the former were Madame Lemmens-Scherrington, Madame Sainton Dolby, Messrs W. Cummings and Faley; in the latter, Madame Lemmens, Mr. Sidney Smith and Mr. W. Cummings. Mr. Sims Reeves had been engaged to sing in the *Hymn of Praise*, but met with a severe accident to one of his eyes on Thursday, which necessitated his keeping his room and will prevent his appearing in public for some days. A printed certificate from Mr. Reeves' medical attendant, explaining the circumstance, was distributed in the Hall.

ROTTERDAM.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller conducted a recent concert of the "Erdutro music," at which an overture, a chorus, and some songs from his pen were performed. He played, moreover, a Concerto by Mozart, and two solo-pieces of his own.

VIENNA.—The company at the Italian Opera has been completed. The principal artists are Mesdames Galetti, Lotti and Volpini, Mdls. Desirée-Artot, Signors Mongini, Graziani and Gindotti (tenors) Everardi and Pandolfini (barytones), Angiolini and Miled (saxes), and Fioravanti (buffo). Mdls. Tietjens is also talked of.

MR. J. F. BARNETT gave a *Soirée Musicale* at his residence on Tuesday evening. The rooms were crowded. Mr. Barnett played Beethoven's trio in B flat with Herr Pollitzer and Signor Fazio, for violin and violoncello; Mendelssohn's trio in D minor with the same artists; and Liszt's fantasia on Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The vocalists were Madame Weiss, Miss Louisa Stone, Miss Barnett, Mrs. J. Currie, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Weiss. An "Ave Maria," set as a quartet, by Mr. J. F. Barnett, sung by Madame Weiss, Miss Barnett, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Weiss, and an aria from an unpublished oratorio by Mr. J. F. Barnett, sung by Mrs. J. Currie, were greatly admired.

MR. WHIFFEN's benefit, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, took place last Saturday evening. There was an excellent attendance, and the performances went off with eclat. The operetta was Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *The Soldier's Legacy*, and Mr. Offenbach's *The Merry Cook* in both Mr. Whiffen played his original characters. He has greatly improved, both as actor and singer (more especially the former), since his debut in *Opera di Camera*. With time and care Mr. Whiffen may become a valuable addition to the Lyric Stage. Miss Robertson Henderson is fast becoming one of the best singing actresses on the stage.

THE CIVIL SERVICE MUSICAL SOCIETY was formally constituted on Thursday week at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms. Mr. F. Clay was in the chair. A body of rules prepared by the Provisional Committee was adopted. The society will have, it is understood, a professional conductor. (Mr. Alfred Mellon has, we believe, been offered the post.) Its council is to consist of fifteen members, elected by a general committee, the latter body being formed of representatives from the several departments of the Civil Service.—*Reader*.

MEXICO.—During the past year, two hundred and forty performances were given at the Royal Court and National Theatre, and sixty at the Royal Resident-theatre. At a hundred and twenty-six, operas were executed. At one, there was a concert. Two operas were novelties: *Sonstagsfeier* and *Der fliegende Holländer*. Dr. Nohl has presented the King with a copy of his last book, *Mozart's Briefe*, and the King, in return, has presented Dr. Nohl with the sum of 500 florins.

WEIMAR.—From January 1st, 1864, to January 1st, 1865, the following operas were performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre: *Le Maçon* and *Fra Diavolo*, Auber; *Béatrice et Bénédict*, Berlioz; *Fidelio* (twice), Beethoven; *La Dame Blanche* (twice), Boileddieu; *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; *La Fille du Régiment* (twice), Donizetti; *Mariha* and *Stradella* (twice), Flotow; *Faust*, Gounod; *La Juive*, Halévy; *Tempo*, Herold; *Die Katakomben*, Ferdinand Hiller; *Die Sängers Fluch* (twice), Langert; *Czaar und Zimmermann*, Lortzing; *Robert le Diable* (three times), *Le Prophète*, and *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Juan*, Mozart; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (twice), Offenbach; *Die Statue* (three times), Reyer; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* (twice), Rossini; *Il Trovatore* (twice) and *Hernani*, Verdi; *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Rusni*, *Der fliegende Holländer* (three times), and *Lohengrin* (twice), Wagner; and *Der Freischütz*, Carl M. von Weber. In addition to these performances, there were five concerts at which the following works were executed: *Haralden Idyll*, symphony by Hector Berlioz; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Symphony in C minor, and Symphony in A major; and *Columbus*, a musical Sea-Picture, by J. J. Abert. The operatic novelties were Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*; Reyer's *Statue*; and Langert's *Sängers Fluch*.

HAMBURG.—The new opera of *Lerley* is to be produced very shortly, at the Stadttheater. The *mise-en-scène*, according to report, will be exceedingly brilliant.

AMSTERDAM.—Herr Joachim played here lately at the concert of the "Felix Meritis," where he excited the utmost enthusiasm.—Herr Bank has resigned his position as director of the Cecilia Association and been succeeded by Herr Verhulst.

THE HAGUE.—The day before yesterday (the 26th ult.), we had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated composer, Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, among us, and of hearing, at the second Diligentia Concert, a performance, under his own direction, of one of his newest compositions, an "Aubade" for Orchestra, in five movements, Op. 108. Every movement was received with the most lively approbation, while the composer and admirable conductor was greeted with enthusiastic ovations. Moreover, he delighted a most attentive and eager audience by his classical rendering of Beethoven's C minor concerto, and some charming *Salonstücke* for pianoforte alone.—Extract from private Letter.

BRUSSELS.—*L'Île des Amours*, a ballet, is creating a *furor*. The subject is taken from the *Lusiad* of Camoëns.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"Songs for Mothers and Children," by CARL DRECHMAW.

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VOL. 43—No. 4.

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MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN will play

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GRAND CONCERT of the Series will take place at Drury-lane Theatre, Monday morning, January 28, on which occasion the entertainment will include dramatic as well as musical performance by the first artists of the day. —*Il Trovatore* (second act): Azucena (second time on any stage), Miss Emily Koldewy, Lord Undermy Married and I love You; supported by Mr. BOTTREY, Mr. BECKWITH, and the members of the Haymarket company. With a Grand Miscellaneous Concert. Vocalists—Mr. Sime KERRY and M.M. LAWRENCE-SHERRINGTON (by kind permission of the Opera Company, Limited), Miss EMILY KOLDWEY (jointly of Mr. Howard Glover), Miss FAYNE, Miss RAYNE, Mr. and Madame VANCE, Mr. ALBERT LAWRENCE, and Mr. G. FENNER (by kind permission). Mr. HONEY (by kind permission), Mr. BARTLEY, and Madame RUDERSDORF. Solo Violin, M. BARRY; pianoforte, Miss MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN. With Mr. LEONARD WALKER, Mr. BLOPER, and Mr. BENJAMIN HOWARD. Conductors—Mr. HERBERT, Mr. W. GAZE, Mr. EMILY BEAVER, and Mr. HOWARD GLOVER. Playhouse prices. Tickets and places to be had at the box-office; and of Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, 11, Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

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Mlle. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's ad-

miral Cralle Song "Peacefully Slumber," at Cheltenham, THIS DAY January 28, and throughout her Provincial Tour.

MADLE GEORGI and MADLE. CONSTANCE

GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will Sing "I'm a

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HERR LEHMEYER has the honor to announce to his

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MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing the New Rondo, "La

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MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON will Sing "The Liquid Gem," at Stoke Newington, on the 30th instant; at Alderston, Feb. 4th; and at Dundee, Feb. 1th. Composed by W. T. WASHINGTON. Price 2s. 6d.

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MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Dumfries, THIS DAY, Saturday, Jan. 28.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE, at West Drayton, on Tuesday, February 7.

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BEUTHOLD & HÄRTZ.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 29.)

II.

Beethoven had an idea, on various occasions, of publishing a collective edition of his works himself. In the year 1816, a proposal was made him, by the firm of Hoffmeister in Leipzig, to bring out an edition of all his pianoforte compositions, but nothing came of it. No better result followed his negotiations with Steiner and Co., of Vienna, who wished to take his collected works, and bind him to make over exclusively to them, for a certain stipulated tariff of remuneration, all that he might subsequently write. But Beethoven never abandoned his purpose. In the year 1820, he still entertained it, as is proved by the Note-Books, and in the summer of 1822 he wrote to the music-publisher, Peters, of Leipzig, after placing at his disposal several unpublished compositions: "More than all this have I at heart the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive; I have, it is true, had many proposals made me, but there were difficulties scarcely to be removed by me, and which I neither would or could fulfil. In two years, nay, possibly in one year, or in a year and a half, I would, with the requisite assistance, manage, or entirely edit, the publication of the work, and furnish a new composition of each kind, for instance, a new book of Variations in the Variations, a new book of Sonatas in the Sonatas, and so on, for every kind in which I have ever done anything, a new book, and for all this together, I demand ten thousand florins, sterling coin." It is not quite clear whether, in this instance, anything more than a collection of the pianoforte compositions was intended, but the idea of a more extensive undertaking was entertained by Matthias Artaria. It appears from the negotiations carried on between him and Beethoven towards the end of the year 1823, that he desired to begin with the publication of the works for pianoforte alone; these were to be followed by the compositions with accompaniment, a volume of about thirty sheets to appear every month, and all the overtures to be in score; nothing is mentioned about Symphonies or vocal music. As Beethoven did not close with this project, an old and tried friend, Andreas Streicher, addressed him, in the September of the following year, a fresh proposition. "I have frequently reflected on your position," he writes, "and especially how and in what way you might derive greater advantages from your extraordinary talent. I now take the liberty of submitting this to you, and, actuated by genuine good feeling, beg that you will subject to serious consideration what you read here." The first proposal relates to regular subscription concerts, to be got up in the winter by Beethoven. "The second thing I propose, which it depends entirely on you to carry out, and which, if carried out, must bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin, or 25,000 florins Viennese—is an edition of all your works, like the edition got up by Mozart, Haydn, and Clementi, of theirs. This edition would be announced half a year in advance throughout Europe, and announced, too, as to be published by subscription, or far prepayment, and, according to the number of persons paying beforehand, an agreement concluded with the publisher who offered the most advantageous terms. If in your announcement you mention, 1: that you intend to alter here and there, and arrange for the instruments now in use, all the pianoforte compositions written previously to the introduction of pianofortes of 5½ octaves, and, if, 2: you add to the pianoforte things some few unpublished works, this edition ought to be regarded as a completely fresh and newly composed work, and would have to be purchased even by those possessing your earlier works. The affair cannot possibly occasion so much trouble for you not to be able to undertake it. It is a duty you owe yourself, your Nephew, for whom you can then more easily do something, and posterity.—Receive what has been said as the sentiments of a friend, who has known you for quite six-and-thirty years, and whom nothing would so much delight as to see you free from anxiety." Like all other advice, this friendly counsel was prevented by Beethoven's want of resolution in practical matters from being carried into execution, though the project of a

collective edition was always cherished, being made, in the year 1826, the subject of verbal negotiation with Schlesinger of Berlin, during his visit to Vienna, and afterwards of written negotiation with Schott of Mayence, but, as usual, without any result.

We need scarcely regret this want of practical results, for an edition, as perfect and dependable as that now offered us, would then have been hardly possible. No one would have had the courage to publish in score all the vocal compositions, headed by *Fidelio*; the great instrumental works; and the Concertos. It seems as though the unusual success achieved by the performances of the A major Symphony and of the *Battle Symphony* in 1813 and 1814, first caused it to appear practicable at once to publish symphonies in score, for at that time they used to be lithographed in a rather modest form. The subsequent compositions of the same kind were also immediately published in score, but the scores of by far the majority of the earlier Symphonies, Overtures, and Quartets, now to be found on the desk of every student in a Conservatory, were printed by degrees, and most of them not till after Beethoven's decease; the score of *Fidelio* was first printed, with a French translation, in Paris, and then, but not till long afterwards, by Simrock in Bonn.

The fact of Beethoven's taking an active share in the publication would have been attended by incalculable advantages in various important respects, and many difficulties, at present not to be solved, would never have existed as such, but there is cause for fearing that it would have been followed also by a considerable drawback for Beethoven had a notion of lengthening certain parts of his compositions. We have already mentioned one species of alterations. A considerable number of the earlier pianoforte works are written for instruments of only five octaves, and we cannot help perceiving that, in many instances, this limited compass fettered the efforts of the composer. We can plainly see that in cases where a melody or passage is repeated in a position where the instrument is not high enough to reproduce it perfectly, changes have been necessitated by merely material obstacles. Many of the cases are so clear and simple that any judicious player can now himself make the transposition which is undoubtedly required. But in other places it is at least uncertain whether, in addition to the limited compass of the instrument, there were not other and inward motives which brought about the change, while, lastly, there is no deficiency of passages where the alteration, even when occasioned by material necessity, has called forth some new beauty, or lent the whole a peculiar charm, which no one would now like to relinquish. A thorough revision of the earlier pianoforte compositions, so that the equality of parallel passages, such as some persons have really desired, should be strictly preserved according to the standard of the extended compass of the instruments, can not, at present, be introduced into any edition; it is left to every player or teacher to decide what he thinks he must do to carry out Beethoven's intentions. To Beethoven himself the right of authentic interpretation would certainly have belonged; such a course of revision undertaken by him would have cut the ground from under that poetry which pins its faith to mere literal fidelity, as well as from under the capricious love of alteration, and would, therefore, have been a valuable, even supposing that a beauty had, here and there, been sacrificed to consistency.

But it is not to be supposed that, if he had again gone through his earlier compositions, Beethoven would have limited himself to such harmless alterations, or that he would always have made no others. It is well-known that, in after years, he was not at all contented with many of them; he allowed that they were marked by "a certain amount of talent and good intention," but he grew angry if anyone praised them. When, in the year 1814, he again took up his opera *Fidelio*, he wrote to Treitschke, the dramatic author: "But the whole operatic business is of the most wearisome description in the world, for I am dissatisfied with most of it, and there is scarcely a piece in which I should not have been obliged, here and there, to patch my present dissatisfaction with some sort of satisfaction." It is fair to assume that the pianoforte compositions would not have met with very different treatment, and the discrepancy between the conception and the realisation would, no doubt, have come out with incomparably greater sharpness. However much magnificent new matter might have been introduced in detached cases, the works which not only marked the

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

development of the composer's mind, but had become the common property of the musical public, whose education had been essentially advanced by them, would have been altered, and this would have been a certain loss, while the gain would have been doubtful. When an artist has once given his work to the public, and, through it, exercised a decided and permanent influence, he can no longer claim unconditional sovereignty over it; what strikes him, looking at the subject in the light of subsequent ideas, as an undoubted amelioration, in very few instances proves to be such, because the public have already taken a different position with regard to the work, and that position they maintain even when the originator himself of the work is concerned; very frequently, too, they are, in this, guided by the proper instinct for the something which operated in those works with primitive strength, and which they will not allow to be weakened by isolated ameliorations. The existence of genuine creative genius is, it is true, demonstrated by self-criticism going hand-in-hand with production—and, perhaps, in this respect especially, Beethoven is one of the most remarkable and glorious examples we have—this criticism, however, is inseparable from the process of creation; the one permeates the other; but towards a work of art when finished, and sent forth to the world, the criticism of the originator is not seldom partial. To what a depth, however, Beethoven was capable of introducing the critical knife is evident from the single fact that, as Schindler informs us, he seriously entertained the idea of entirely omitting Menuet and Scherzo from several Sonatas, in order, as he said, to attain greater unity!

(To be continued.)

THE ABBOT OF ST. GALL.

AN OLD LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

I'll tell you a very droll story. There was once upon a time an Emperor; this Emperor was jealous. There was also an abbot, quite a grand gentleman—only a pity that his shepherd was wittier than he. The Emperor cared neither for cold nor for warm; often would he sleep armed *cap-a-pie* under a tent; scarcely had he enough rye bread, water, and sausage; often would he suffer easily from hunger and thirst. The little abbot took more care of himself, and kept a better table. His plump face was resplendent like the full moon—three men touching their hands could not encompass his paunch—and for this the Emperor often sought a squabble with the little abbot. One day, riding along under a broiling hot sun, with grand escort of cavalerie, he met the abbot taking an airing before his abbey. "Oh, here's a go," thought he to himself, and smugly saluting the abbot, "Servant of the church, how goes it with you? quite well it appears to us? . . . prayer and fasting I trow don't disagree with you? . . . Strikes us though, that time hangs on your hands, and you'll surely thank us for giving you a job. . . . It is said you are the most cunning of men, that you almost hear the grass grow; so now, just to amuse your plump cheeks, we'll give you three pretty nuts to crack. We give you, reckoning from this day, three months, at the expiration of which, we'll hear you answer these three questions—Firstly, When we're in the midst of our council assembled, seated on our throne, and robed in the imperial purple, you will tell us, like a true connoisseur in monies, how much we are worth to the farthing. Secondly: You'll calculate and tell us in how long we can ride on horseback round the world—not one minute more or less—we know all that's but a trifle to you. Thirdly: O pearl of prelates, you shall guess to an ace, our thoughts, (which we'll loyally confess afterwards) but in our thoughts there must not be one particle of truth! . . . An' you do not answer correctly these three questions, you'll have been abbot too long; we'll have you ridden about the country on a donkey, the tail in your hand in lieu of the bridle."

So having said, the Emperor, laughing, trotted away.

The poor abbot, cudgeled his head to adjust it. No rogue endured more agony before the fatal noose. He sends to one, two, three, four universities, interrogating one, two, three, four faculties; pays fees and costs *plus* and more, and, nevertheless, no doctor could solve these problems. Amidst the quaverings and achings of his heart, the hours grew quickly into days, the days into weeks, the weeks into months—fast was the term approaching. The poor

abbot from yellow grew green. Despairing, pale, and with hollow cheeks, he mused in the fields, woods, and most retired spots, and in a footpath scarcely trodden, he met, seated on a rock, his shepherd Jeannot Bindick.

"Oh! my lord abbot," saith Jeannot, "what ails you? By my troth you'll be soon meagre as a shadow! . . . You scarcely crawl along. . . . surely something evil has happened to you?"

"Alack! good Jeannot Bindick, thou art but too right, something *has* happened to me. The Emperor has given me a rough colt to comb; he's put twist my teeth three nuts that Belzebub himself would find uneasy to crack. Firstly: When in the midst of his council assembled, he's seated on his throne, robed in imperial purple, I must tell him, like a true connoisseur in monies, how much he's worth to the farthing. Secondly: I must calculate and tell him in how long he could on horseback ride round the world, not one minute more nor less, and he fancies all this is but a *trifle* to me. And thirdly: O most unfortunate of prelates! I must guess to an ace, his thoughts! (which he'll confess loyally after.) An' I do not answer the three questions, I'll have been abbot too long. He'll have me ridden round the country on a donkey, the tail in my hand in lieu of the bridle."

"And nought more?" laughed Jeannot Bindick. "My lord abbot, resume your peace, I'll settle all this—lend me but your hood, your little cross, and your habit. Clothed in these, I promise to render for you the right response. True as it is that I know no word of Latin—what gentlemen doctors can't learn with money, I inherited from my mother."

The abbot delighted, skipped like a lamb with the hood and the cross, the cloak and the girdle; Jeannot looked a veritable abbot, and quickly proceeded to the court of the Emperor. The Emperor was on his throne, in the midst of his princes—magnificent—sceptre in hand, a crown on his head, and robed in imperial purple, and first clearing his voice, "Now, my lord abbot, approach, and like a true connoisseur in monies, tell us how much we are worth to a farthing."

"Majesty, one worthier than you was sold for thirty pieces of silver; so I'd give for you (high as your majesty may esteem itself) only twenty-nine florins, for surely you are worth one florin less than He."

"Ahem!" said the Emperor, "the reasoning is evident, and suffices to correct a serenity's pride. . . . 'pon my imperial honor, I never esteemed myself so cheap. Now, calculate and tell how long it would take us to ride round the world on horseback, not one minute more nor less."

"Majesty, if you were to start i' the morning at the same instant as the sun, and accompanying him riding so fast as he, I'll wager my cloak and my cross that your majesty would do it in twice twelve hours."

"Oh!" quoth the Emperor, "Oh, excellent oats! . . . you feed your horses upon ifs and ans. The man that invented ifs and ans certainly made gold of chopped straw! . . . But now, gather all your wits for our third question, else we'll condemn thee to the donkey! . . . What do we think that is false? . . . say it directly, but no ifs and ans."

"Majesty, you think I am the abbot of St. Gall?"

"Without a doubt, and there's nothing false in this."

"Your pardon majesty, your idea deceives you—I'm only his shepherd, Jeannot Bindick!"

"What? demon! thou'rt not the abbot of St. Gall," exclaimed the Emperor with all his might, as if fallen from the skies, but withal in jovial surprise, "Well, thou'lt be so for the future. . . . I'll invest thee with the signet and the crozier. Your predecessor shall mount the ass and trot, which'll make him comprehend what meaneth *quid juris*, for who would read map must so."

"By your leave, majesty," answered Jeannot, "I'd remain as I am. I can neither read, nor count, nor write. I don't understand the wee't word of Latin—what Jeannot never learnt, Jean never can."

"Good Jean Bindick, more's the pity; but ask us another boon, your joyous face hath greatly diverted us, and we'd joyfully rejoice thee in our turn."

"Majesty, I need not so much in this world, but since it pleaseth you to heap favors on me, I'll ask for all recompense—the pardon of my most reverend lord."

"Bravo, my friend! We see you carry your heart like your

head—in the upright manner. So then, we pardon your reverend lord, but on the following condition:—We command the abbot of St. Gall, that Jean Bindick no longer watch his flocks, and order that he provide gratuitously for all his wants, until he is overtaken by the easy and happy death which heaven will send him!”

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From *The Reader*.)

This capital institution—for such, by the consent of all musical people, it has become—is gathering the strength of maturity without losing the vigour of youth. The director, at the opening of the seventh season, has naturally little else to say than that he will do as he has done before. He has ample right to congratulate himself on the past. These concerts have without doubt done much for the elevation of the musical taste of the people. They have placed a new and noble pleasure within the reach of thousands. People, who a little while ago were almost entirely shut out from this and other kindred sorts of enjoyment, may now buy for their shillings what the guinea of the wealthy could hardly procure a few years back. And the concerts have done this good, not merely to the extent visible within the four walls of a particular building, but indirectly on a far wider scale, by giving an impetus to the undertaking of similar enterprises in many parts of the country. They have done something towards refuting the belief, as common once, that music is as it will be drawn out of continental neighbours, that the English people is destitute of the power of enjoying the greatest music—a superstition the mere existence of which tended to perpetuate the state of things which gave it a semblance of truth. And they have helped to dispel the scarcely less common delusion that such enjoyment is not possible without a special technical training, or large previous culture of the æsthetic faculty.

Chappell is quite right in saying that the ‘large crowd’ of music-lovers ‘whose means are accommodated by the shilling seats,’ that they ‘have proved one of the chief supports’ of the undertaking. Any careful observer can see that it is mainly from the eager interest and the cordial applause of the occupants of the platform and the ‘area’ that comes that sense of sympathetic enjoyment which puts spirit into the players. Your kid-gloved listener, even when an enthusiast, keeps aloof, his enthusiasm to him is not so warm as that which comes from the free demonstrations of unfashionable people. The means of establishing the necessary rapport between audience and players. The proportion, moreover, of listeners who go simply to be in the fashion, must always be largest in this gayest portion of the assembly. Many a pair of bright eyes in the stalls may be seen scanning the shape of a neighbour’s bonnet, while every face in the darker mass behind the players is fixed in intent gaze upon the movements of the violin-bow. When the vogue sets so strongly in a certain direction, there must always be a greater or less mixture of insincerity, but it cannot be fashion which fills those not-so-benches, an honor or more before the music strikes up, with a patiently-expected crowd. One would like to know—could the spiritualists not tell us?—what the ghost of Beethoven thinks of the throng which musters at the doors, night after night, to hear the music which the critics of his day thought ‘a methodless mass of learned things; no nature, no song; a piling up of difficulties till one’s patience is exhausted.’ Whether this great music, now recognized as one of the noblest things ever produced by the human intellect, can ever become popular in the fullest sense, may be doubted. Even in Germany where it has been popularized down to the level of the *silver-grochen* public of the *fest-parties*, the doors of it are still, no doubt, in a minority. But it is at least no far popular in England that the class which enjoys it is a class drawn from all ranks, and that no one having a shilling to spare—a sum by the way hardly greater to the Londoner than two and a half grochen to a Dresdener—need be debarred access to it on the score of cost. Few things have contributed so largely to this result as the Monday Popular Concerts. And let not the fact that the undertaking ‘joys’ by any deduction from the merit of the general case. If ‘the pleasure is happy,’ as he no doubt is, “so may the last season was no less remunerative from a financial point of view than from an artistic point of view it was satisfactory,” the public we are sure will not grudge him a financial success, as rare in the history of musical enterprise as it is, in this instance, well earned. In time, perhaps, when the love of the highest order of music has spread so wide widely, the managers of such concerts may find it to their interest to lower the general standard of prices. The exclusion of the vocal element, which at present forms a most costly and quite needless addition to the attractiveness of a concert, would easily make this possible. But at present, pending the threepenny millennium pictured by our Dresden critics, and now, we must be content with the

moderate scale now adopted. When Captain Booth took his Amelia to hear ‘the new Oratorio by Mr. Handell,’ holding the candle so gallantly, to enable his lady-love to read the book in those days of no gas, he doubtless paid twice as much for his tickets as now enable us to hear a much better band and chorus, though without a ‘Mr. Handell’ at the organ. Our musical entertainments, operas alone excepted, have been cheapened during the last century, with most of the other indulgences of life; and it is to be hoped that the coming generation will not forget the men—Julien, Hullah, Chappell, and some few more—whose enterprise had most to do with bringing about a state of things in which those who most need the solace and refreshment of the Divine Art can enjoy it freely.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *Last Judgment* of Spohr and the *Lobpreisung* of Mendelssohn, performed as they can only be performed at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, offer a temptation very difficult for an earnest amateur to resist. The two works have little in common but their excellence; and the strong contrast of styles which they present is an additional attraction. Moreover, they are both vividly impressed with the characteristic individuality of their composers. It was well judged on Mr. Costa’s part to begin with Spohr. A long and elaborate composition by Spohr could hardly be listened to with unqualified satisfaction after a composition of equal importance by Mendelssohn; whereas place Spohr first, and the freer, purer, less chromatic music of the other comes out with brightness and vigour. Probably the first orchestral movement of the *Lobpreisung*, by its prodigious sweep and grandeur, the next (“*allegretto agitato*”), by its plaintive, straining melody, and the third (*Adagio religioso*), by its truly seraphic repose, drives forward with such irresistible power, that the last movement, elaborately finished and gorgeously colored, its oratorio has been heard with pleasure just the same, and though effaced by the far more potent charm of the “*sinfonia-cantata*,” that pleasure was none the less genuine while it lasted.

The *Last Judgment*, or, to give its proper German name, *Die letzten Dinge*, though the earliest, is the best of Spohr’s three great oratorios, better than *Die Israeliten lassen Sion* (which was written by a few degrees better than *Das soll Behyana* [the Fall of Babylon]), his last, the “*festest*,” and yet the favorite, of its composer. The severe contrapuntal style never set quite gracefully on Spohr, who even tells us, in his *Selbst-Biographie*, that conscious of his inexperience in that style, he suspended the composition of his first oratorio—*Das jüngste Gericht* (literally the *Last Judgment*), in order to consult Marburg’s *Art of Fugue*, only resuming his task after he had acquired the highest technical *fugue* according to the rules laid down by that authority. That to begin the serious study of *fugue* at nearly thirty is to begin nearly twenty years too late, Spohr’s example was by no means necessary to prove. To his comparative deficiency in this branch of the technical practice of his art must be attributed the want of fluency in part writing which led to an excessive abuse of chromatic and enharmonic progression and modulation—an abuse becoming more and more apparent as he advanced in years, and as his inventive facilities grew dimmer. This, indeed, is the fatal drawback to a thorough enjoyment of so many of his most ambitious efforts, and will prevent his oratorios and Church music, to say nothing of his operas, from ultimately taking rank with similar productions by his most illustrious predecessors and contemporaries. The manifold beauties revealed in most of these, their lofty conception, harmonious richness, abundant, if not remarkably varied, melody, splendour of instrumentation, and, last not least, striking originality, must not, however, be underestimated. He who gave them to the world was indisputably a great master; and if not one of the greatest of masters, left as indelible a mark upon the age in which he lived and labored, and as materially influenced his immediate contemporaries as almost any other. The place that Louis Spohr is destined to hold hereafter it would even now be premature to endeavor to define. His first oratorio, *Das jüngste Gericht*, was composed more than half a century ago, for the musical festival held at Erfurt, August, 1812, in celebration of the Great Napoleon’s birthday, immediately before the campaign in Russia (after which no such commemorative honors were paid to the magnificent military despot, in any part of Germany). Between this and what we in England call *The Last Judgment* there was an interval of thirteen years. *Die letzten Dinge* was composed at Cassel (after further studies in counterpoint and the “*ecclesiastical style*,” as we learn from the composer), and first performed at the Luthern church there, in March, 1826, the year before Beethoven died. A work that has survived so long, and still finds many ardent admirers, must surely be fashioned out of durable stuff. The Sacred Harmonic Society, always zealous laborers on behalf of good (although generally losers by their enterprise), have succeeded in obtaining for *The Last Judgment* a place in the affections of the London musical

* So wrote the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (quoted by Herr Lenz, and in the concert-programme) of the concert played on Monday evening.

public—which is more than the conductors of the Norwich Festival have been able to effect for *Calvary*, or *The Fall of Babylon*, as far as regards the Norfolk and Norwich people; and this notwithstanding the pertinacity with which Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, the greatest oratorio of modern times (till *Elphig* appeared at Birmingham), was excluded from the Grand East Anglian Festival by the predecessor of Mr. Benedict. Often as Spohr's best sacred composition has been given by this nobel of institutions, in the largest and most noble of our London music-halls, it was perhaps never so well done, as a whole, as on the present occasion. For the choruses (which need not be particularized by name) have nothing but hearty praise. The solo singers, too—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Duby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey—were almost all that could be wished. As the one who has least frequently enjoyed the advantage of assisting at these concerts, particular acknowledgment is due to Mr. Patey, who, in the bass part (by no means easy made to sing correctly), acquitted himself with remarkable ability, and won especial distinction in the great air of the Judgment—"Thus saith the Lord"—which could hardly have been better delivered. The quartet, "Blest are the departed," by the four principal singers (with chorus), was encored.

Of the *Legation*, or *Hymn of Praise*, so much has been written of late that it may suffice to record its performance with a word of general commendation. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (whose enunciation of the recitative that utters in the superb chorus, "The night is departing," was perfection), Mrs. Sidney Smith, and Mr. Cummings. The increasing popularity of this truly magnificent work is entirely due to the Sacred Harmonic Society; but the most significant incident of the performance under notice was unquestionably the sustained interest with which the three inseparably connected introductory symphonic movements (splendidly executed by Mr. Costa's formidable orchestra) were listened to, and the rapturous burst of applause from all parts of the building, that greeted them at the conclusion. Nothing could be more gratifying, nothing could have afforded a more convincing proof of the advance of musical taste, even among the patrons of a society which is unwavering in its adherence to the classical standard. Formerly these movements were heard with something like respectful indifference; now they excite unmistakable enthusiasm.

The *Last Judgment* and the *Legation* (with Mr. Sims Reeves in the tenor part) were to be repeated last night.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The pantomime was preceded on Monday night by *Le ser de ruseau*, in the shape of a new one-act opera, entitled *Constance*, the book by Mr. T. W. Robertson, the music by Mr. Frederick Clay. The argument would seem to have been derived from the French drama of *Les Comptes*, brought out some years ago at one of the sensation-promoting theatres of the middle Boulevards in Paris. The scene is in Poland, the period near the end of the last century. The Russians are in possession of Czestochowa, a Polish town "on the frontiers of Silesia." The Russian commander (Mr. Aynley Cook) has in his power a beautiful young lady, called Constance Czarniecki (Mlle. Martorelle), by a matrimonial alliance with whom he proposes to win over an illustrious Polish family to the Russian cause, and thus, while serving his own Emperor, to obtain for him the office and emoluments of Governor in some Polish province. The lady, however, whose troth is pledged to Count Madelinski (Mr. Henry Haigh), a distinguished conspirator, indignantly declines the offer; though, in a subsequent interview with her betrothed—love weighing heavier in the scale than patriotism—she lays the proffered conditions of the Commander before Madelinski, and entreats him to consent to her self-sacrifice, in order to save his life. But the young Count is made of more magnanimous stuff, and as he has already resisted the allurements of the diplomatically insinuating Commander, who even promises him Constance as a reward for his joining the Russian cause, so now he prefers death to relinquishing that which is dearer to him than life—forgetting, in the agony of the expected severance, that the Commander has guaranteed him matrimonial bliss in return for political tergiversation. Madelinski, now a prisoner, awaits, with his comrades, immediate execution. The fatal moment having arrived, the soldiers are ordered to fire, when, to the surprise of the Commander, they suddenly turn the muzzles of their guns at him instead of at Madelinski. The secret is soon discovered: the firing party are Poles, disguised in the uniform of Russian soldiers, and a stratagem, of which a lively *vaudeville*, called *Ratataff* (Miss Thirlwall), has been the directing genius, succeeds for the time in re-asserting Polish pre-eminence at Czestochowa. Much cannot be said in favor of this piece, either as a vehicle for music or as anything else. The attempts at humor are by no means happy; and there is one particular scene, in which two confederate Poles, disguised as old women, are interrogated by the Commander—whom they

address by such titles as "your delinquency," "your vituperancy," "your transparency," "your insolency," "your impropriety," "your corpulency," &c.—which on any other occasion than on a first night would hardly have been listened to with tolerance. As it was, not one of these funny appellatives—in spite of the excellent acting of Messrs. H. Corri and C. Lyall—raised even a solitary laugh; and for the sake of Mr. F. Clay—whose music is lively, pretty, and attractive, it would be as well to omit this scene altogether from future representation, when more independent audiences might feel inclined to greet it with a more independent visitation. About the music of *Constance*, however, we hope to say a few words apart on an early opportunity. It may suffice at present to state that it indicates a marked improvement in the composer in all respects, but most significantly in the orchestration. This was made emphatically apparent by the extreme care with which Mr. Alfred Mellon directed the performance. At the end of the opera, Mlle. Martorelle (who had been enthusiastically encored for her expressive delivery of a very charming ballad—"I have plighted my troth")—and the other principal singers were called forward; and after them the young composer, who was heartily applauded on presenting himself at the wings.

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD HOOPER

It is with the deepest regret that we record in our obituary this week the death of Mr. Edward Hooper, for many years the much respected proprietor of the Cambridge and Oxford Theatres. Early in life Mr. Hooper belonged to the Royal Navy, and as an officer in that service distinguished himself on several occasions. He appeared to have imbibed from his youth a love for the stage, and we have heard from his own lips an interesting account of an amateur theatrical entertainment got up by him on board his ship while lying in the Arctic Regions.

On his return to England, he entered on the stage as his profession, and having the advantage of a commanding person, and gentlemanly address, and an aptitude for study, he soon became exceedingly popular, and was regarded as one of the best representatives of light comedy of his day. For many years he filled the arduous post of Manager and Treasurer to the Olympic Theatre, while it was in the hands of Madame Vestris. When the late Mr. Barnett opened a theatre at Oxford, Mr. Hooper was his star of that and subsequent seasons, and became such a favorite here, that he always acknowledged that he owed much of his success in after-life to the kind and generous reception given to him by his Oxford audiences. On the death of Mr. Barnett, Mr. Hooper who had for some years been the proprietor of "The Theatre Royal" at Cambridge, opened a theatre at Oxford, and continued to do so in the Long Vacation, whenever he could obtain permission. He succeeded in obtaining that permission last summer, and expressed an earnest desire to close his dramatic career at Oxford, which he always regarded as his starting point. That wish was gratified, and few who heard his farewell address on the closing night, will forget how earnestly he strove to convey to the audience his deep sense of the kindness and indulgence they had always evinced towards him. He has now passed from us, having suffered a severe attack of bronchitis soon after he left Oxford, which terminated fatally on Sunday, January 11th, but as a devoted husband, an upright and honorable man, and a warm and generous friend, his memory will be affectionately cherished by all who were familiar with his many and amiable qualities.

For the last few years Mr. Hooper was actively employed in the winter season in assisting the nobility and gentry in getting up their amateur theatrical entertainments, which was his peculiar forte, and the popularity which he attained in that direction was, if possible, surpassed by the respect and esteem which was entertained for him by the whole of his professional brethren. He had a kind word for all, and that was reciprocated by all who knew him, and few men who have attained the age of seventy-five, have left so many friends behind them, or so few who could breathe an unkind word against his good name and fame. Mr. Hooper had no family, but has left behind him a widow who knew his worth, and showed her devotion to him in sickness and in health, and has fully entitled herself to all the sympathy and condolence that could be shown her in her heavy and bitter bereavement.—*Oxford Times*.

WRITING.—Herr Carl Götz has composed a new three-act romantic opera, *Die Corven*, words by Agnes Gries.

WARSAW.—Madame J. Barcinka, Chopin's sister, has advertised in the papers, warning people against buying and publishing those manuscripts of this composer's which were lost during the Warsaw troubles last year, but part of which may have been found. She begs they may be restored. It was Chopin's express wish they should never be published.

"THE BROWN PAPERS."

(From Dwight's Journal of Music.)

It is some months since we informed our readers that these pleasant tales and sketches by our "Diaries," which appeared originally in this Journal during several past years, were about to be collected and published in book form, in compliance with the suggestion of many admirers of "the late Mr. Brown." We are happy to announce that the book has at length made its appearance here in Boston, although it is some months since it first saw the light under the auspices of a German publisher in Berlin. It is very neatly and correctly printed, in a handsome little volume of about 500 pages, somewhat in the same convenient and attractive style with the Tauchnitz editions of our English classics, and bears the title:

"Signor Masoni, and other papers of the late I. Brown. Edited by ALEXANDER W. THAYER. (Berlin: F. Schneider; Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100, Washington Street.)"

The sketches are ten in number, including, besides "Signor Masoni" which is the most elaborate of them, such charming, truthful pictures of New England life as "Susan Hedloe," "Our Music Teacher," "Ned Morse's Daughter," &c., and such thoroughly German and quaint specimens as "An Evening in the Hartz," "The Philister's Reminiscence." It is enough to mention these names for the readers of our Journal in years past, who will instantly recall the pleasure they received from them, and will be glad to possess them in a book by themselves. They will be nice summer reading, at the seashore and elsewhere, and help to rest and refresh mind and heart from the ever-haunting images and anxieties of war. We need hardly add—at least for the many friends of Mr. Thayer, who know and like his genial, characteristic vein of feeling, fancy and expression—that all the sketches possess a special musical interest, while they charm not less by their closeness to nature—human nature especially—and by their genuine heart acquaintance alike with German and New England house and country life.

CHORUS.†

(Composed in London, 1765.)

MOZART.

SOPRANO. 

ALTO. 

TENOR. 

BASS. 







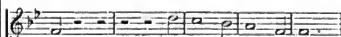


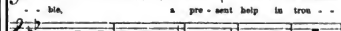


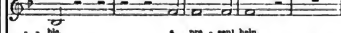


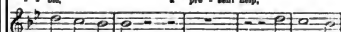
* Boston, Massachusetts.

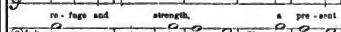
† Otto Jahn and Ritter von Köchel call this "maïtrigal." The autograph copy is in the British Museum.—ED.

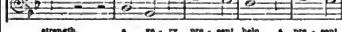














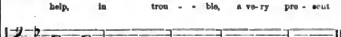





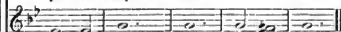


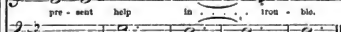


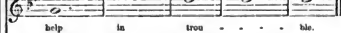


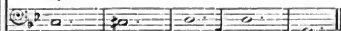












MILLE D'ESPONNIN.—A subscription has been commenced for the benefit of Mlle. D'Espoussin, whose concerts and graceful performances on the harp are doubtless still in the recollection of many. Some years ago this lady was compelled to relinquish her profession, owing to disease of the heart and exhausted nervous energy, consequent on premature and too long continued exertions, and now, through the death of her mother, whose income ceased on her decease, she is left unprovided for and in a most painful position. Among the names of those who have already responded to the appeal are the Countess of Roseberry, Sir Augustus Clifford, Lady Waterjark, the Misses Sylve Long, Messrs. Brondel, Mr. Bonclit, Mr. Bruzard, &c., &c. We sincerely hope that many will follow their example. Donations will be received by Messrs. Lonsdale, of 110 Bond Street, and Sir Samuel Scott & Co., bankers, 1, Cavendish Square.

WOLINGHAM.—On Wednesday week, an evening concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Town Hall, which was crowded to excess. The following singers appeared—Miss S. Hall (amateur, soprano; Mr. Walker, alto; Mr. Whithead, tenor; and Mr. D. Lambert, bass. Piano, Mr. P. Morris. Miss Hall has a fine voice, and sang her songs very tastefully. Mr. Walker was encored in "Sally in the Alley," and Mr. Whithead in "The horn of chase," and with Mr. Lambert in the duet "The Elvir of love." Mendelssohn's song "I'm a rouster," capably sung by Mr. Lambert, was encored, as was also his song "Sulla Parga dol mio bel-à." The part songs were all well given, and the trio, "Maiden Fair," was loudly encored. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

(St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH CONCERT,

(THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1865.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G major, No. 1, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MR. STRACH, L. RIES, H. WERN, HANZ, and DARTNEY. *Sopr.*
 SONG, "The Lullaby," (Lullaby of Killarney).—MR. SIMS REEVES. *Sopr.*
 SONATA, "The Invocation," Op. 17, for Pianoforte alone. (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts).—MADAME ANABELLA GODDARD. *Pianof.*

PART II.

TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MADAME ANABELLA GODDARD, HERR STRACH, and HERR DARTNEY. *Mendelssohn.*
 SONG, "Adelaide"—MR. SIMS REEVES, accompanied by Madame ANABELLA GODDARD. *Beethoven.*
 QUARTET, in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MR. STRACH, L. RIES, H. WERN, and DARTNEY. *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Battery, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 3s. Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 55 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

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Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 41, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.R.S., Augustine Stargard, Esq., John Bouverie, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. The price to subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BIRTH.

On the 21st inst., at 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, EDMUNDYNE PARKER, wife of Capt. DE WOLFE CARNELL, of a daughter, still-born.

DEATH.

On the 8th inst., EDWARD HOOKER, Esq., of the Theatres Royal, Oxford and Chislehurst.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

PANTAGRUELIANA.—No. II.

Where's the place for grog and wassail,
 Whiskey, Alesop, mild and Bass ale?
 Where are chops and steaks and kidneys?
 Where's an Arcady like Sidney's?
 Where is Cambria's "rarest bit,"
 Where doth Pantagruel sit?
 Where do great souls for and wrestle?

At the Edinboro' Castle,
 (In the Strand,
 You understand),

At the Edinboro' Castle.—

Chorus.—With a flasket, flasket, row-de-dow,
 Twice a pig is once a sow,
 Jippery, jopperty, bow-wow-wow,
 The Edinboro' Castle.

STILL consumed by an insane and hopeless passion for Miss Nelly Burton of the New Royalty, and moreover considerably obfuscated by the consumption of extremely various drinks in extremely rapid succession, Epistemon became, one evening, somewhat vague and beery in his talk.

At first his ruminations were of the melancholy kind, and huge tears rolled down his parchment cheeks while he entertained the guests of the Edinboro' Castle with a string of sorrows which were alike indifferent to himself and to every one who heard him.

"Yes," he whispered, "this is a world in which forms of love-liness are few—and when they appear no one appreciates them. I don't complain of the profane moon—*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*—but I grumble at the higher intellects—by which abstruse expression I don't refer to any of the present company."

Is that remark intended to convey offence? asked a bald-headed old gentleman, pausing in the mastication of a very tough kidney, which not a little fretted and irritated his gums, to the detriment of his temper.

"What! Would'st thou discuss on general principles?—would'st thou be abstract and recondite?" bellowed Epistemon, his mind going with the leap of a harlequin from the mournful to the irate.

"Then propound me this.—Why does Adah Isaacs Menken ascend to heights once only attempted by dummies?—Why do people play pantomimes in the morning, when nobody goes to see them?—Why do new farces come out at eleven o'clock at night, when all the critics have retired to eat chops at the Arundel?—Why has Mario Wilton taken the theatre in the Tottenham Court Road?—And finally, ultimately, and lastly, when wheels are out of season, how much do they cost per dozen, omitting decimals after the 17th place?"

"Really I do not know," replied the bald-headed gentleman, his ineffectual expression changing into one of extreme awe—not to say consternation.

"And yet, without knowing what a circular function is, thou wouldst debate with me about the differential calculus. Put that in thy pipe and smoke it," added Epistemon, taking up the coal-scuttle, and placing it with a low bow at the feet of the party addressed, whom immediately forgetting, he lapsed into a mumping soliloquy, and said with a deep sigh:—"Differential Calculus!—How I labor the method of limits, and how I love, my adore, the method of infinitesimals!—What!—When "dy" stands as the numerator and "dx" as the denominator, shall they tell me a rational being—*animal rationale et risibile*—that the numerator and denominator, if sundered from each other, are without significance?—*O tempora! O mores!*

These remarks having been received with a profound silence, by no means expressive of admiration—Epistemon began to be violently protestant in his tendencies, with a sort of indefinite desire of conciliating a long Presbyterian, who sat smoking a short pipe and drinking whiskey-toddy by the fire. "They tell us," he bawled, "that—"

"In March, July, October, May.
The names were on the seventh day."—

"And therefore the Ides on the fifteenth"—put in John the waiter.

"But what has that to do with the glorious era of the Reformation?"

And then he indulged in that curious dialect, which the ingenious Maddison Morton puts into the mouth of his farcical characters, when he makes them say, they are "in the dark after park" and so on, execrating Fiftus the Sixth, declaring that Bueretia Lorgia was a worthy daughter of Pope Tim Bobbin XIV., and especially abusing the encyclical letter of Nio Pono, by which name half the company thought he meant to designate Ponny Maybew. The entire discourse he wound up by proposing the memory of John Calvin, with three times three, at the same time raising to his lips the curious vessel filled with those small strips of wood that are habitually used to light the pipes of the Edinburgh Castle.

"As for Kuiperdolling"—proceeded Epistemon—when he was suddenly dumfounded and flabbergasted by the countenance of Pantagruel, who occupied the box opposite the fire, and whose cheeks were bursting with ill-suppressed wrath.

"Claude!" thundered Pantagruel, with a voice that at once shattered every window in the house, and caused a penny-a-liner, who was refreshing himself in a hostelry next door to the Edinburgh Castle, to write an exceedingly neat paragraph, headed, "Explosion of another Powder-mill"—"Claude"—shut up I say. Dost thou not perceive, jobbernoll that thou art, that the delight produced by thy senseless discourse is in an inverse ratio to its length?—Art thou so utterly infatuated with thine own disjointed twaddle as to imagine that it either conveyeth instruction or promoteth hilarity?—Art thou so miserably perverted as to—"

But here Pantagruel was interrupted in his turn by the slow entrance of Panurge, with a face so long that his chin rested on the ground, and he resembled one of those odd figures that form processions in the introduction to a pantomime. At the sight of this mournful apparition everybody in the room was stricken with a deep sadness. The last bit of the tough kidney encountering a sigh in the windpipe of the bald-headed old gentleman, completely choked him, causing him to fall dead underneath the table, where he lay unnoticed all the night, though on the following day he was sat upon by the Coroner's Jury, who returned a verdict of "Death by the visitation of something." As for John the waiter, he immediately felt for his pocket handkerchief, when discovering that his pocket had been picked while he chased an Italian boy with an organ and a guinea pig from the street-door of the Edinburgh Castle, he deliberately took off his white choker, buried his face in it, and resigned himself to silent grief.

"Why, old friend!" blubbered Pantagruel, "what misfortune hath befallen thee?—Why this depression?—Hast thou been attending a lecture on Saunacherib at some Christian Young Men's Association?—Hast thou rashly and inadvertently paid thy tailor the full amount of his bill?—Or hast thou taken unto thyself a wife?"

"First let me refresh myself, and I will answer thy kind queries," said Panurge. "John!"

"Adam—me voici—ecconi," cried John, briskly forgetting all his grief in his zeal to execute an order.

"Fetch me three penn'orth of brown brandy and a quart of pump water"—said Panurge.

"Ego vero ac lubens," replied John—and after a brief interval returned with the desired articles.

Panurge gravely emptied the small glass of brandy into the water, and again called John.

"Numquid vis?"—inquired the Prince of waiters.

"Of course I do," said Panurge—now bring me a gallon of water."

This order was likewise executed, and Panurge, even more solemnly than before filled the little glass with the diluted brandy, and then emptied it into the gallon measure.

"John!" cried Panurge,

"Quid faciam?"—said John. "En rem admodum ridiculam! for though Pindar singeth *ἀπυρτος μὲν ὄψας*.

"Pindar be catawampussed!"—said Panurge—"Now bring me a pail of water."

"From the kitchen?"—inquired John.

"From the devil, an thou wilt, only bring me a pail of water."

Even this order was executed, and Panurge, with a solemnity that might have been divided among a million of pall-bearers and afforded each an ample share, filled the little glass with the twice diluted brandy and then emptied it into the pail. Dipping the quart measure into this, he took an ample draught, and then, clearing his throat, spoke as follows:—

"Having rejoiced my diaphragm with the true Lyco-Macairian beverage, which cooleth the palate without stimulating the brain, I will recount the cause of my depression. I have been to see a stage-play called *The Hidden Hand*."

"I have heard of the play," said Pantagruel—"Wherefore is it so called?"

"It is so called because a hand that shows itself is the grand effect of the piece."

"The answer sounds not logical"—said the long Presbyterian—"But I myself, unknown to the minister, have seen the play, and I cannot say that the Southron is incorrect."

Epistemon, who, as the reader has doubtless observed, had been silent for an immensity of time, was about to commence a long dissertation on the subject of the word "Southron;" but Pantagruel placing his hat upon him as an extinguisher prevented the interruption.

"*The Hidden Hand*"—proceeded Panurge—"is an exceeding mournful work, which diffuseth around it an atmosphere, as it were, of strychnine. If one attempts to smile the smile dies off one's lips, and as the story progresses, the face of the spectator is elongated, as when one looks into a vertically posed silver spoon. I could almost fancy I was travelling through a cemetery in an empty hearse—or perhaps in one that was not empty."

"Thy description is cheerful"—said Pantagruel. "On what turneth the plot?"

"The plot turneth not at all, but is diabolically glideth," answered Panurge. "The central thought not the principia character is a vindictive old Welshwoman, called Lady Gryffydd who, by mixing together nut galls and sulphate of iron, produceth a venomous liquid called ink. Putting this into a quill, she asperseth her best friends in the *Cambrian Gazette*, and when her hand, thrust through a curtain, is seen writing a spicy article, this is the grand effect of the piece."

"But this evil woman doth not triumph," ejaculated Pantagruel. "Fiat Justitia," said John.

"I must confess that retribution visits her in the end," said Panurge. "Being of a gloomy temperament, Lady Gryffydd can only cheer herself by reading the *Musical World*, a work which they say is full of pleasant devices and quaint conceits, and she particularly saileth for the papers signed by Zameils Owl."

"Ha!" exclaimed Epistemon, from beneath the hat.

"Now in the last act," continued Panurge, "this same old lady, thinking to recreate herself with the newest number of the *Musical World*, taketh up by misapprehension a number of the *Cambrian Gazette*, containing one of her own articles. This she incontinently beginneth to read, but so horrible is its dulness that she is death-stricken on the spot, and she miserably expires, earning the Editor of the *Cambrian Gazette* because he did not put her articles behind the fire and thus arrest her in her career of crime."

"Such is life," said John with a sigh.

"I would rather say death," observed the long Presbyterian.

"One is forced," said John, to exclaim with Sophocles:—

ἴσθι γὰρ ἄνθρωποι πόλλοι θανάτῳ δακνόμενοι
οὐκ ἔχοντες, τὸν οὐρανὸν ἰσχυροῦς ἐκείνου.

"For my part," said the long Presbyterian, I am forced to exclaim that I have seen the stage-play and never heard a plot more inaccurately described. Why there is not a word in it about "Gazettes" and "Musical Worlds," and—"

"Friend," quoth Panurge, "which dost thou call the nut, the shell or the kernel?"

"Both," replied the long Presbyterian.

"Then," said Panurge, dejectedly, "I am shut up."

"Nevertheless," observed Pantagruel, "however we may differ in details we must all agree in this grand principle, that a myth is — a myth."

And that the truth of this profound remark might not be contested, he whiffed forth a vast cloud of smoke, thereby creating the fog which enveloped London on Saturday last.

THE great musical event at Brussels lately has been the production of a new opera: *Bonchard d'Arennes*, the words by Van Peene, and the music by Charles Miry. This work, which by the way had been previously given with success at Ghent and Liege, was brought out here under especially happy auspices. The very fact of the first performance taking place on the King's birthday created among the public an enthusiasm altogether wanting at subsequent representations. The work belongs to the class of 'Conductors' Operas, which are known in Germany as well as in Belgium: it possesses the same faults and excellences. In the first few bars we recognise a musician who is no stranger to scenic effects; nor is M. Miry deficient in melodies, though, it is true, they are not very original. The instrumentation is tolerably rich, and some few things, such, for instance, as the chorus of Knights carousing (sung *a capella*); the grand air for baritone in the fourth act; and the final chorus:—"Anathème sur l'Étranger," very well done. Deserving an especial favorable mention is the new ballet music composed on purpose for Brussels, and far above the level of what is heard every day. The reception accorded to the piece by the numerous audience was very favorable, becoming more so after the above *a capella* chorus—encored and sung again—and at last rising to mild madness. A local paper makes the following remarks:—"The long cherished wish of the Belgians is thus at length fulfilled: a grand five-act opera, written and composed by two Belgians, on a national Belgian subject, represented with success at the first theatre in Belgium—what more can be desired by a Belgian envious of the musical triumphs achieved by foreign composers?"

The last concert of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, at the Grande Harmonie, derived an especial interest from the co-operation of that eminent violinist, M. Lotto. This young artist, who introduced himself, at his concerts in Kroll's Theatre, six years ago, to the Berlin public, has now attained the pinnacle of his virtuosity. While his execution of a Concerto of his own

proved that he has taken the great masters of the classical school as his models, plenty of opportunity was, on the other hand, afforded him by Paganini's composition, the "Streghe" (Dance of Witches), of showing us that for him no difficulties exist. He overcomes with playful ease the most difficult passages. His staccato, and his intonation, clear as a bell, in the harmonics, are admirable. He was overwhelmed with marks of approbation, and the entire orchestra under M. Hanssens's guidance, by rising from their seats and uproariously applauding, took part in the ovation paid by the audience. Some singing by Madlle. Morcan, and M. Rondil, the barytone; a symphony by Hanssens; and a Fantasia—favorably received—"Kossackdance," for orchestra, from the pen of a Russian composer, Dargomezky, constituted the remainder of this interesting concert.

As we are informed, the Association have secured, for the next concert, the services of a young violinist, a pupil of Vieuxtemps, M. Hermann Sternberg, who gained the first Prize at the Conservatory here. He was exceedingly successful at the last Harmony Concert in Antwerp. The Concert of the Association will, in due course, furnish us with an opportunity of saying something further of him.

There is no other news: at the Opera, we have the eternal illness of Mad. Mayer-Boulart; the eternal indisposition of Mad. Elmiere; the eternal hoarseness of Mad. Faivre; and the eternal singing out of tune of Coulon. *Rigoletto* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are in rehearsal.

P.S.—Madlle. Linka is at present stopping here, and, *horribile dictu*, intends, if report be true, delighting the Brussels' public with her performance of Leonora in *Il Trovatore*.

ORGANISTS AND THEIR SOCIAL STATUS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Allow me to say, in reply to your correspondent of last week, signing himself "Octavian Stop," that he is taking upon himself too much in applying such terms as "poor drone," "musical drudge," &c., to church organists as a body.

If Octavian is to be their champion he must be somewhat choicer in his words, or he will certainly wound the feelings, and perhaps unconsciously humiliate still more, those very men whose "social status" he is so desirous of improving.

It is certainly exceedingly (not to say excessively) kind of Octavian to exert his pen on behalf of poor organists in general, and of the "rural variety" in particular. But has not Mr. O. too readily begged the question in order to supply the remedy? I for one shall be curious to see what his panacea will be. Will he say anything about "The College of Organists"? Who knows? And who knows, too, where "The College of Organists" is? But I will not anticipate Octavian, but in a few words protest against his uncomplimentary and patronising tone, in speaking of a very large and respectable class of the musical profession.

In the first place. It is not usual for clergymen to interfere in church music, when the organist is a man who stands well in his profession. They have too much sense for that. In the case, however, of an inexperienced and conceited young fool it is sometimes so; perhaps not so much for the sake of the music, but to take the young man down a peg or two. That this conceit is but too prevalent in young men in the musical profession cannot be denied; and when it is paraded before men of refined intellect and acute feelings, it often meets with the contempt it so well deserves. "Octavian Stop" says that the organist has no status in society. Now I maintain that his social status entirely depends upon himself. For instance, in a certain parish an organist was appointed many years ago. This man, although not very clever in music, was a person of good education generally; and his conduct was that of a gentleman. He married a lady of good family, and in course of time retired from his profession. This man, from first to last, maintained the character of a gentleman, and was looked up to as such. The one who succeeded him was of average musical talent,

but of little or no education generally; was coarse and low in his habits, and, of course, gained the respect and esteem of no one person in the parish. He fell, alas! a victim to his intemperate habits, at the early age of thirty-two. One of decided talent succeeded this unfortunate man. The whole county rang with his praises. He was gladly received by all classes of society; unhappily, however, he made one sad mistake; the result was that he felt compelled to marry a low servant girl. His status in society was now indeed gone; gone perhaps never more to return. He was advised to give up his situation, and I fear his star in the musical profession has for ever set. I now come to the last man; and I will say but a word or two of him. When he first came into the parish the occupation of an organist was looked upon as only a few degrees above a common public-house fiddler—so much had the profession been degraded by his two predecessors. For the first three or four years his position was most unenviable. However by sheer perseverance and proper conduct he has overcome every ignorant prejudice, and he is now received at the tables of the nobility and country squires, as well as at those of the doctor and other professional men, by whom he is of course treated as an equal. I believe there is an old saying that runs somewhat thus—“The man dignifies the office, and not the office the man.”

Yours truly, R. S.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rossini is not a bad composer for the Italian Opera at a pinch. Signor Fraschini having been taken suddenly ill and it being impossible to give *Ernani* without him, and no other opera being ready—*Linda* having its stated days, upon which there could be no infringing—as a matter of necessity *Cenerentola* was brought forward some few days before its allotted period of reproduction; and the new contralto, Madame Talvo-Bodogni, whom I told you of in my last, was introduced to the audience of the Salle Ventadour sooner than was expected. No doubt there were old habits of the Italians who were not disappointed at the change of performance and remembered—with a sigh, perhaps—the glorious days of *Cenerentola* with Sontag (or Malibran). Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, when Rossini's unpremeditated music was loved for its own melodious sake, and when there were singers who could do it full justice. Rossini has had his day, like other great men, and, like them, has had to succumb to love of novelty and excitement, prejudice, and a thousand other enemies to a pure and healthy taste. But Rossini will come again, that is, when singers begin to learn their art, as they were wont to do, and not depend upon muscularity and inspiration. Madame Talvo-Bodogni made a hit. Her voice is well adapted to the music of Angelina and she acts with a great deal of spirit. She was more animated than interesting, if you can make that out; but, for my own part, I somehow prefer a novice for the retiring, inobtrusive and melancholy representative of the cinder-wench to the most accomplished comedienne with all her artifices, devices and winning ways. The gentleness and modesty of Angelina are what principally charm us and win our hearts, and the music given to her is not only ineffably beautiful, but is as calm and chastening as the first breath of a summer's evening. It may be forgiven the new contralto that she put forth all her fascinations in her first essay, but I do not think she made the most of the character on that account. Signor Agnesi sang the music of Dandini with a fluency we seldom hear now-a-days, and made a sensation. He wants, nevertheless, humor for the part. On the other hand Signor Scarsale has plenty of humor for the magnifico, but lacks voice. Signor Baragli sustained the part of the Prince. The benefit of Mdlle. Adeline Patti, announced for Friday last, has been postponed, and will take place to-morrow evening, the 27th.

Every item of news concerning the *Africaine* will be, I take it, acceptable to you and your readers. One of the first numbers of the *Avenir National* pronounces a somewhat decided opinion of the music in the following paragraph:—

“Although the *Africaine* be written in the last manner of the illustrious composer, after the large style of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, many pieces might be cited, and among others an air destined for M. Faure, which would indicate a return to the grand and simple method of Mozart. This chorus, as usual, holds a very important place in the work. One tableau

represents the interior of a war-vessel; upon the deck, on the lower deck, and at the bottom of the hold, three choirs severally execute a part which powerfully contrasts with a magnificent ensemble, the effect of which transcends, we are told, all that has been attempted in music of the present day.”

I cannot sufficiently admire the writer's acquaintance with the interior of a ship; but I cannot quite understand how Meyerbeer could “return” to the method of Mozart, whom he never pretended to copy.

At the Opera-Comique an *opera buffa*, by M. Mermel, entitled *Picciotto*, is in preparation. M. Mermel is in luck. He should make hay while the sun shines—the sun of Parisian favor, which is a very capricious luminary, and cannot be depended on for light, much less warmth. M. Felicien David's new opera is also in rehearsal, and has, at last, been christened *Le Saphir*. The principal parts will be assigned as follows:—Gaston de Lusignan to M. Montaubry; Captain Parole to M. Gourdin; Hermine to Mdlle. Cico; Fiametta to Mdlle. Girard; the Queen, Mdlle. Barette; and Olivier, Mdlle. Tual.

M. Carvalho is certainly one of the most energetic and enterprising of managers. Not content with the preparations for Prince Poniatowski's new opera, *L'Aventurier*, and for Mozart's *Flûte Enchantée*, he has put Verdi's *Macbeth* on the stocks, and has made up his mind to launch it in two months. What artists he contemplates for the two principal characters I have not the most remote idea. Madame Carvalho has courage and energy enough for any attempt; but I do not believe that, with all her confidence, she could fancy Lady Macbeth within her means. Verdi's *Macbeth* has never been performed in Paris—nor, I believe, in London—so that it will be a greater novelty than even the *Enchanted Flute*, which has been given twice at the Grand Opera—first in 1801, and next some thirty years later. I cannot recall the date, both times under the title of *Les Mystères d'Isis*. I hear that Verdi has made great alterations in two acts of his opera, which he considered necessitated in its transference from the Italian to the French stage. A new singer, Mdlle. Daram, has made a very successful debut as Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*. Mdlle. Daram is a pupil of M. Laget, and obtained the first prize for singing at the last meeting of the Conservatoire. Her voice is charming, her singing chaste and simple, and manner most prepossessing. The air, “Mon cœur suspire” (“Voi ce sapete”) was loudly and unanimously encored.

The Second Concert of the Conservatoire took place on Sunday, when the following programme was given:—

Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn; “Salve Regina”—Orlando Lassus; Allegro of the 17th Concerto for violin—Viotti; “The Ruins of Athens”—Beethoven; Overture to *Euryanthe*—Weber.

M. Lotto, the Polish fiddler, played the movement from Viotti's concerto with extraordinary effect.

The programme of the fifth of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music, which came off on Sunday, was as follows:—

Overture to *Proserpine*—Weber; Sinfonia Eroica—Beethoven; Allegretto Un Poco Agitato (op. 56)—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Les Frères Juges*—Hector Berlioz; Symphony, No. 29—Haydn.

Can you give me a light by which I may read the letter of your correspondent, “A. Imprimus?” The writer assumes to defend your other correspondent “Occasional,” whom he believes to be an “original researcher and thinker.” Good! But false charges do not imply “originality,” nor does difference of opinion denote any profundity of thought in him who differs. I have proved that “Occasional” accused me wrongfully; I can now show that “A. Imprimus,” if I understand him rightly, follows in the same track. When “A. I.” says “Don't suppose new performers and praise old because the latter have a reputation and the former not,” I presume he means to say I have praised the singers because they were old, and mispraised new singers because they were new. Now this is all without the slightest foundation in truth. I have praised Mario not because he is old (he may be called “old” for a singer), but because, with all his loss of voice, his performances are more acceptable to me (and thousands more, I have no doubt) than any other living tenor; and as for my disparaging new, or young singers, the direct contrary is the case. Titicus is in the prime of life, Giugliini is sufficiently young, as is also Mongini, Santley is very young, Harriers-Wippen is very young, Trebelli still younger, and Adeline Patti youngest of all, and yet whenever I wrote about any of the above singers I always launched

forth in their praises, nor did it ever cross my mind that I should not have done so because none of them was old. I praised them irrespective of their years because I was pleased with their capabilities or acquisitions. The charge of "Impromptu" against me is simply that I do not like singers of to-day and that I over-estimate Mario. I have no objection to his notions and prejudices; only let him be careful in future how he makes a false accusation—which he has done in this instance—and pause before he rushes wildly into print. He may be delighted as long as he thinks proper with the tenor of his predilection, Mr. or Signor—but I must continue to prefer Mario or Tamberik, and shall when either is without a voice at all. Who would not rather see the ruins of a magnificent castle than the most and most artificially constructed donkey-shed in the fullest state of preservation? "A. Impromptu" seems to think otherwise; but—"Chacun à son goût."

Paris, Jan. 26.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned to London from Boulogne. She makes her first appearance at the next Monday Popular Concert (Jan. 30), when she will play, for the first time, Dunck's magnificent sonata in F minor, generally known as *L'Invocation*.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.—The last from Paris about the state of Mr. Wallace's health is, we are happy to state, far more favorable than sometime since might have been anticipated.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The new opera, *Lara*, announced for production this evening, is pronounced most theatrical next, when it will positively be given. Those who have attended the rehearsals prognosticate a great success for M. Aimé Maillart's work.

HER KUKE has been created Chevalier by His Majesty the King of Prussia, having received the decoration of the Order of the Crown (Kronen Order).

VIENNA.—Mlle. Ilma de Murka, says the *Ménestrel* of Paris, commenced her engagement at the Imperial Opera by the rôle of the Lady Henrietta in Flotow's *Martha*. The success of the young *prima donna* was most enthusiastic. She was encored in the "Song of the Rose," was recalled after each act, and at the end was received with the most uproarious acclamations. *Martha* has been repeated several times, and the theatre, on each night of its performance, crowded to excess in every part.

LIVERNPOOL.—The *Liverpool Courier* of Monday, notices a concert given on Saturday morning at the Philharmonic Hall, in which Mr. Mapleson's touring party assisted. The party comprises the names of Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Enequist, the Swedish singer, Mlle. Dorsani, a new contralto, M. Joulain, tenor, and Signor Bossi, with Signor Platti, as solo instrumentalist. There was a very large attendance, and the concert was a great success. We learn from another, and a reliable source, that the new tenor, M. Joulain, pleased universal, and that both in voice and style he reminded his hearers of Mr. Sims Reeves—a powerful recommendation at starting.

MIDLE. LEIGHBART.—The *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, writing about a recent concert at Bath, says, "Mlle. Leighbart won her way at once to the hearts of her auditors by the witchery of her art in singing so incomparably 'The Guards' Waltz,' as arranged for her by Beethoven. This enthusiastic impression was completely confirmed by Mlle. Leighbart's surprising feats of vocalization in the German song, 'At morning's break,' written by Proch expressly for her. The play of innumerable little notes, the dainty trills, shakes, and runs, gushing forth with bird-like flexibility in absolute showers of melody, so deliciously rippling over the tympana of her rapt listeners,—this beautiful composition, as executed by an artist so rapidly endowed, will long fascinate the memory."

ANOTHER AMATEUR ASSOCIATION has been just formed under the title of "The Society of Musical Amateurs," being chiefly from those members of the "Musical Society of London" who used to meet for practice as a choral class under the direction of Mr. Henry Smart. The Society announces itself as aiming at the promotion "of a practical knowledge of music as an art, and at facilitating the performance of music amongst a larger number of amateurs than can be usually obtained in private circles." The list of members (limited at first to 100) is nearly filled up, and the first practice was held on Tuesday evening last week, at the old place of meeting, Edward Street, Portman Square. One of the rules is, that "All new members shall be balloted for, four-fifths of the votes to be requisite for election."—*Reader*.

MUSSES. Doxey have begun a new musical journal, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its title, "The Chorist." The first monthly number was published on Dec. 31, and contains a four part song by W. H. Birch, an excellent article on London music, and a summary of provincial news.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Levy's pretty operetta, *Punchinello*, has given place in the bills to M. Goussier's *Finot* (the English version, of course), with Mr. Seiff as Faust, Signor Marchesi as the Baron, Miss Goussier as Siebel, Mr. Forbes as Valentine, Mrs. Burroughs as Martha, Miss Louise (occasionally) and Miss Anna Hiles (more frequently) as Margaret. The revival of this singularly popular work has been attended with good results, and with the new pantomime of *The Lion and the Unicorn*, including the extraordinary effect of the "Visible Invisible," makes a thoroughly attractive entertainment. An English version of the long-expected opera of *La muette*, M. Maillart, which has been so great a success at the Opera Comique in Paris, is announced for Saturday.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Exeter Hall, at once the most capacious and inconvenient concert room in the metropolis, had both those qualifications tested to the utmost on Wednesday evening last, when the only greater problem than getting in, namely, that of getting out, filled the mind with uneasy suggestions as to what would be the probable fate of those who might have the misfortune to be within its walls when any sudden alarm should cause a rush to the doors. The attraction upon this occasion was Haydn's *Creation*, to which the fine, fresh, vigorous voices of Mr. G. W. Martin's choir did more than usual justice, evincing a marked progress over many of their previous efforts. With such material to work upon, nothing is wanted but study and practice to make this one of the most efficient, as it is one of the most numerous choirs in England, and Mr. Martin may be fairly congratulated on the improvement he has so far effected. There is one point, however, to which (independently of their singing) the attention of these excellent amateurs might be advantageously directed, and that is the particular branch of study to which the respected Mr. Tarsden's talents were devoted—"deportment,"—a little less gurgling, a little less gossiping, and a little less forgetting would be—'not to put too fine a point upon it'—in somewhat better taste than the present behaviour (or want thereof), which is in anything but good keeping with the character of the performance. May this hint be taken in the same friendly spirit in which it is intended. With a work so well-known as the *Creation* detailed criticism is uncalled for, and when we have mentioned that Miss Louisa Lyne, who undertook the whole of the soprano music, acquitted herself as might have been expected—"to perfection," that Mr. Seymour, as substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves (still suffering from his late accident), and Mr. Walworth, as deputy for Mr. Lewis Thomas (prevented from appearing by a recent severe domestic affliction), were both zealous and competent, all that is necessary has been recorded.

Judas Macabreus (with Mr. Sims Reeves) is announced for the next performance.

STEPHEN ROYCE.

DUBLIN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Great preparations are already being made by the executive committee for the musical part of the opening ceremony, on the 9th May. The orchestra will be arranged after the model of the one at Birmingham. The organ, which will be very large and complete, is building by Messrs. W. Hill & Son, of London. The number of performers will reach 1000, and the whole will be under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson. It is hoped to make the music, on this occasion, as great a success as it was at the opening of the first Irish Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, on the 12th May, 1853. Singers are to be invited and selected from the choirs in Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Birmingham, and other towns and districts within easy travelling distance of Dublin.

THE PRAYER-BOOK AND ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.—On Friday the Rev. Daniel Macfarlane, minister of the second charge, was married in the Canongate Church, Edinburgh, to Mrs. Margaret Livingstone or Kerr. The ceremony, in which seven bridesmaids assisted, was performed by the Rev. A. R. Boner, minister of the first charge, who made use, to some extent, of the form prescribed by the Church of England. There were about 1,000 persons in the church, and a large assemblage in the neighbourhood. With regard to the fitting up of an organ in the new church at Ayr, a meeting was held on Thursday evening, when it appeared that 261 members of the congregation were in favour of the introduction of an organ, 73 were against and about 100 were neutral. After some discussion the committee, with the view of obtaining complete harmony, resolved to delay the further action in the matter until after the next meeting of the General Assembly. A new church, Glasgow, was opened on Sunday for public worship. In the forenoon a sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, and in the evening a lecture on "The Church of Scotland," was delivered during service on Sunday, Mr. Lumsden acting as organist. A choir, under the superintendence of Mr. Stenbridge Ray, has also been formed in connexion with the congregation.—*Scotman*.

Muttoniana.

Mr. ApMutton having gone to join the army of evacuation, and also being visited with his quinquennials, Dr. Shoe (respectfully) condescends to act as his substitute.

Here are seven letters, all on one subject, which Dr. Shoe (caring less for the subject than Mr. ApMutton) impinges without comment:—

No. 1.

Sir,—Who in the world is *Quinton*? One has heard of *Quin*, *Quince* and *Quincy*, but never of *Quinton*. Who gave him that name? What does he mean by "stabbing in the dark"? I confess that I can neither see nor feel the point of that remark, for until some light be thrown upon a subject, how is it to be handled except "in the dark"?

What does he mean by "name, sir, name"? Does he mean that your name is not ApMutton, and that mine is not Gog? Let us hope not. Does he really think that the whole gist of a letter lies in the signature, and that his artless suggestion would command less attention if signed "Chili Vinegar"? If he so thinks he is much to be pitied, for there is unquestionably more poignancy about Chili vinegar than about Frederick Quinton.—I am, Sir, Grog.

P.S.—Suppose you are an omniscient conductor, would you give *Ger-Manna* a lift? Dr. Wind is not related to the *Mastin* in the Acts of the Ap'otiles.

No. 2.

Sir,—How could you be so inconsiderate and even cruel as to give Mr. Quinton's real name? Had you withheld it we should never have known what a Johnny Cake he is. I'm afraid he will never forgive you. What a pity he is not the Editor, how we should all thrive then. OULR.

No. 3.

DEAR MR. AP' MUTTON,—*"Revenches à nos moutons."* Some ladies have requested me to contribute towards a testimonial intended for Mr. Mamm. As a reason for so doing, they tell me that poor Mr. Mamm is very ill, paid for his priceless services, as he only receives £300 a year. This statement is false, for his salary is £500. Fancying that a report, so far from flattering to the liberal directors of the Crystal Palace, ought to be publicly contradicted, I send you this note in the hope that you will insert it. A copy of a most inoffensive and reasonable petition has been forwarded to me, which for a few hours was suffered to remain in the reading-room for signatures. I went thither to sign it—it was no longer there! Could it have vanished into "this air," or into consuming flames?

Yours interrogatively and indignantly, Poveretto.

No. 4.

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned season ticket holders, fully appreciating the immense amount of amusement and innumerable facilities for improvement offered to the visitors to the Crystal Palace, feel considerable delicacy in laying this petition before you, and should it be considered unreasonable or presumptuous shall much regret having made it. Our object is, to request that the English soloists in the land may be placed on the same footing as their foreign competitors, and as often allowed to exhibit their skill by playing a solo. There is a very general wish that the daily programmes should more frequently include an English name, though certainly not to the exclusion of the two foreigners who have lately almost monopolized the solos. This suggestion, if carried out, would at once render the programmes more interesting to the daily visitors, and gratify their national pride. For great respect, We remain, Gentlemen, Your obedient servants (For Signature).

No. 5.

Sir,—Since this morning the petition I named has been removed from the reading room, the secretary contending that no partiality is shown.—Yours, JOSEPH BELL TAYLORS.

If Mr. ApMutton were at his post, he would in all possibility not give insertion to the following attack upon his friend Lickester Buckingham; but during Mr. ApMutton's absence and quinquennials, Dr. Shoe has no alternatives; he therefore impinges:—

No. 6.

Sir,—What's in a name?" says What's his name. On this occasion we have more to do with what's in a letter. We fear that the *quin*-essence of absurdity and presumption is to be found in *Quinton*'s lines. You certainly must have a spite against him, or you never would have given his "Name, Sir-name!" "Behold my desire is that mine adversary had written a book!"—(Job 31-33.) PETER LATE.

No. 7.

Sir,—Incredible as it may seem, even to a man of your vast experience, it is nevertheless true that there exists a man, whose individual who, though he has frequently been offered a hundred a year to mind his own business, has invariably declined the proffered emolument, feeling himself wholly unable to control his propensity to interfere with what does not concern him. In order that his delicate sense of honor may be transmitted to posterity, I beg you will inform your readers that his name—hitherto unfortunately wholly unknown—is Quaderick Frinton, and he lives in constant irritation. I am, Sir, Yours FERRIS.

A WANDERING STAR.

MY OWN DEAR LAMB.—Here is a specimen of *Star* slip-slop, in a Paris correspondence of the 22nd:—

"Patti sang last night in 'Linda di Chamouni' at the Italian, with her usual experience. Though in excellent voice she looked woe some fatigues. At the end of the second act she was recalled three times and enthusiastically applauded. Madame Lablache, in the part of Maddalena, acted well, and at times reminded one of her father. With so formidable an artist as Patti it is scarcely possible to judge her fairly."

Is not this solemn? Madame de Meric Lablache reminding the brother of her father, Lablache, for evidently it is the "Juniper Toman" who is meant, M. de Meric not having been an artist. Madame de Meric was of course a well-known "prima donna," but must not be compared with Madame Meric Lalonde. What does the *Star* writer mean by comparing a contralto like Madame de Meric Lalonde with a soprano like Adolina Patti?—Yours sheepishly,

ROGONOS SARK.

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) suggests that Monsieur "Rogon" must have been, "sauté" à l'eau de vie while impinging the foregoing, which, not the less, Dr. Shoe has impinged.

Taylor Sign.

Shoeburg—Boot and Hook—Jan. 27.

THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.—An institution which should have the good wishes of all lovers of the musical art, and which appears to deserve the support of those most interested in its matters, which it chiefly deals, held its first convocation at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday evening, Mr. J. H. Clarke, of Dublin, and Mr. Hiles, of Manchester, appeared as recipients of the prizes recently given by the College for new compositions. The evening's entertainment included some very pleasant music, the most interesting item, perhaps, being one of Bach's fugues for Violin solo, played by Herr Riles. The admirable singing of the Quartet Glee Union and the pianoforte playing of Miss Ellen Day were both warmly applauded.

The French Government has just granted a pension of 1,600 francs a year to Madame Chevè, widow of Doctor Chevè, whose simple and effective system of teaching the elements of music by ciphers (as an introduction to the ordinary notation) has done so much for popularizing choral singing in France. The title-page of M. Chevè's *Méthode* exhibits a curious instance of the fallibility of commissions of inquiry. It describes the system as *unanimously rejected* (in large capitals) by a commission, including Adolphe Adam, Halévy, and a number of other famous musicians, but below this is pictured a medal decreed three years later by a jury of no less distinguished persons (Berlioz, David, Offenbach, &c.) to M. Chevè's society for excellence in sight-reading, execution, and writing music from dictation.—Reader.

HARTINGTON.—The annual concert of the choir of this village, consisting of farmers' sons and daughters, tradesmen, labourers and their children, took place on Wednesday, under the conduct of their teacher, Mr. C. P. Hayward, of Cheltenham. The music consisted of madrigals, glees, quartets, and part songs, selected from the compositions of the best masters. The quartet, "Sleep, gentle Lady," by Elphinstone, was loudly applauded. The clear and correct singing of "Rule Britannia," by four juvenile members of the choir, created much interest. Miss Martin was encored in "The Liquid Gem" and Mr. William Bullock's flute playing was much applauded. Miss Amelia Bullock and her sister were encored in a duet, the flute playing of William Haydon, a labourer, was admired. Mrs. Kaye's accompanying on the piano afforded great assistance. The good moral tone of the words, the high character of the music, and its skillful performance, the harmony which could unite so many of all classes in one choir, and the attraction of so many neighbours, did not fail to leave a favourable impression on the audience.

BRUSSELS.—In conformity with a Royal decree, those musicians who compete in the yearly composition of a dramatic scene may, for the future, choose a Flemish text, for which, as well as for the French one, there is a prize of three hundred francs or a gold medal of that value.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Courier* has a lengthy notice of the first subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place on Tuesday evening, and which we present to our readers in a somewhat abridged form:—

"The first subscription concert for the present year was given last night in the society's hall. The audience was scarcely so large as usual, owing possibly to the absence of the names of any of the great singers from the programme. After the brilliant entertainments provided during the past year, it must be confessed that last night's concert went off rather tamely, the vocalists, except in one or two instances, failing to carry with them the sympathy of the audience. Although so much has been said in disparagement of the over-classical character of the music usually performed here, the decidedly popular, if not mediocre style, of a good deal of the music failed to detain the company, who took their departure very early, so that the hall was tolerably empty before the execution of the last two pieces. Madame Fiorentini showed considerable ability as an artist and a musician. The air from *Faust* was admirably read, but is out of its place in the concert-room. Middle. Liebhart was encored in Proch's song, and was warmly applauded after the "Guards' waltz." Signor Ambonetti sang Balfe's serenade, "She sleeps tho' not a star," from *The Sleeping Queen*, with moderate success. We have no doubt he would have made a better hit in something Italian. The concerted pieces went badly, and the same must be said of the duet, also by Balfe, "Life is but a summer day." The contra basso solos were, as they always must be when Signor Bottesini plays them, in every sense delightful. His performances are so marvellous, and so altogether unique, that we will not attempt to describe them. His interpretation of Beethoven's "Adeleida" was as much a model of classic purity as it was an example of unapproachable skill upon a most difficult and unmanageable instrument. This piece, and the solo from *Lucia*, as well as an instrumental piece of Signor Bottesini's own—for he excels as a composer as well as a performer—all gave the greatest satisfaction, and were heard with profound attention. The band played the symphony—Spohr's No. 1, in E flat—in a very satisfactory manner, and at its close were warmly applauded. The overture, too—Rossini's *Semiramide*—was capably played. Bishop's glee, "Now by day's retiring lamp," went well, as it always must, but this time, we think, better than ever. No less worthy of commendation was the performance of the chorus, "Dal tuo stellato," from *Max in Egypt*. Mr. Hermann, the conductor, was, as usual, all that could be desired. A new comediatta, entitled *May and December*, by Mr. Nightingale, of Liverpool (one of the authors of the successful Adelphi farce of *Bloomers*), will be produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, next Friday.

Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged for one of the concerts, especially to sing English ballads, as proposed by Mr. Downes at the annual meeting.

DRESDEN.—There was a meeting, on the 5th inst., of the Sub-Committee (*engerer Ausschuss*) of the first Vocal Festival of the German "Bund" to hear the report of the judges appointed to decide upon the works submitted for approval. One hundred and thirty-four compositions, by one hundred and three composers, had been sent in from every imaginable country, including even France, and examined by the judges, Herren Alt, Otto, and Rietz. Out of thirty compositions distinguished partly by their intrinsic worth, and partly by their being well adapted for large masses, the following six were chosen and assigned a place in the programme: 1. "Geang im Grünen" (by Dr. Falst, Stuttgart); 2. "Das Deutsche Schwert" (by Herr Schuppi, Grand-Ducal Organist, Cassel); 3. "Thürmerlied" (by Herr van Eyken, Organist, Eberfeld); 4. "Auf der Kirchweih, zu Schwy" (by Herr Tietz, Music-Director, Hildesheim); 5. "Die Geisterschlacht" (by Herr Edm. Kretschmer, Organist, Dresden); and, 6. "Rauschet, Rauschet, ihr deutschen Eichen" (by Herr Tschirch, Capellmeister, Gera). In consequence of this award of the prizes, the arrangements for the two days of the Festival will be as follows: First Day, First part: Choral, "Allein Gott in der Höh"; "Festgesang an die Künstler." Mendelssohn; the 34th Psalm, Jul. Otto; "Wanderers Nachtlied," Reissiger; "Geang im Grünen;" "Das Deutsche Schwert." Second part: A Piece by Alt; two Folk Songs by Slicher—"Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang," and "Zu Sinsburg auf der Schanz;" a Piece by Krebs; Song by Schneider—"Wo nicht ich sein;" "Triumphal Song" from the *Hermannschlacht*, Lachner. Second Day, First part: "Wie schön bist du," Schubert; "Liedesfreiheit," Marschner; "Sängers Grusse," J. G. Müller; "Auf der Kirchweih;" "Die Geisterschlacht." Second part: "Rauschet, Rauschet," two Folk Songs—"Das deutsche Lied," Lindpaintner; a Song by Kreutzer; "Schwertlied," C. M. von Weber; and "To Deum," Rietz.

M. JOULAIN.—The *Liverpool Daily Courier*, writing about the last Philharmonic Concert, says:—"Mons. Joulain, the new tenor, was warmly received, and has created a very good impression. His 'Fra poco' was encored, but not repeated. He possesses a voice of moderate power and sweetness, but despite a little hardness of manner his reading is conscientious, dramatic, and highly effective, so that, we think, on the stage he will achieve even greater success than in the concert-room." M. Joulain is, we believe, engaged by Mr. Mapleson for Her Majesty's Theatre.

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VOL. 43—No. 5.

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FIFTH CONCERT, will take place THIS EVENING, Saturday, Feb. 4, at Eight o'clock, and continues every Saturday until March. Artists—Miss Louisa Paine, Madame Ruedorff, Madame Lennons-Sherrington, Mlle. Lisbarr, Madame Firiba Behrens, Madame Salomon-Dilly, Madame Arabela Goddard, Madame Alice Mangold, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ernst Passer, Mr. John F. Barnett, Mons. Baudouin, Herr James, Mr. Doyle, Mons. Paine, Mr. George Ogilby, and Signor Pizz. Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Guss. Tickets at Mitchell's Library; Keith, Frowse and Co., 43 Cheapside; and the principal Music Warehouses.

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Mlle. TITENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's admitted Cradle Song "Peacefully, Summer," at Torquay, THIS DAY, February 4, and throughout her Provincial Tour.

MADLE GEORGI and MADLE CONSTANCE

GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will Sing "I'm a Rover," and "IN SHELTERED VALE," &c. at Woolwich, 10th of February. For terms for Courts, Schools, &c., apply at his residence, 18, High Street, Greenwich Square. N.B.—References permitted to agents.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Thornhill, 6th; Dumfries, 7th; Kirkcubright, 8th; Newton Stewart, 9th; Wigtown, 10th; Stranraer, 12th; and Castle Douglas, 14th.

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A MORNING PERFORMANCE

On MONDAY next, February 6, at Two o'clock. Doors open at Half-past One.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—

Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN—JENAS MACCARTHY, Wednesday next, Feb. 6, commence at 7-30. Principal vocalists Madame Ruedorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Band and chorus 120. Tickets, 2s., 1s., 6d., and 3d. Immediate application necessary. 14, 15, Exeter Hall.

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The half-term will commence on Monday, February 20th; Easter term on Monday, April 24th, 1865.

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MADLE LIEBHART will sing the New Rondo, "LA PRIMA DEL MONO GUSTATO," composed expressly for her by Signor BARRABAS, at Southport, Feb. 6th; Oswestry, 7th; Stoke, 8th; Manchester, 9th; Newcastle, 10th, and Durham 11th.

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FURIOSO.*

From the "Saturday Review."

Any new and well-authenticated facts relating to the youth of Beethoven would appeal to the public in England quite as curiously interested, if not quite as numerous, as in Germany. The scanty information comprised in Schindler's *Biography*—a work possessing at least the merit of trustworthiness, to the neglect of its B-well-minuteness—is nearly all that English Beethovenists unfamiliar with the German language have to consult. And even our translation was made from the edition published in 1840 (at Münster), now superseded by another, with important emendations and additions. Mr. Moscheles, under whose supervision the English Schindler was ushered through the press, might reasonably have included in his design the *Biographische Notizen* of Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Riez, and thus in some measure have supplied the most notable deficiency in Schindler's book. Wegeler was the chosen friend of the great musician's early life. Riez—the son of Franz Riez, another constant associate in the happy days at Bonn—was his favourite pupil, years after, at Vienna, when the name of Beethoven had become European. What these two have published, if by no means voluminous, is precious just in the same sense as the *Biography* of Schindler, and may be accepted without suspicion as the result of frequent intercourse, lively sympathy, and intelligent observation. Both might doubtless have written more. Wegeler first knew Beethoven in 1782; and though there was a difference of five years in their ages—Beethoven being twelve, and Wegeler seventeen—they contracted a friendship which was maintained on the closest terms until 1787, when the latter was called to Vienna. The intimacy was subsequently renewed. Wegeler's return, and continued uninterrupted till 1792, when Beethoven himself left Bonn to settle in the Austrian capital. In 1794, however, Wegeler again went to Vienna, where he stayed two years, and scarcely a day passed without the friends meeting. For this we have his own authority:—

"So trafen wir mit den nützlichsten ungeschwächten Gefühlen abwärts zusammen, und nun verging nur selten ein Tag ohne dass wir uns sahen."

After the expiration of this period, Wegeler (who returned to Bonn in 1796) never saw Beethoven. The memory of their early attachment was, nevertheless, affectionately preserved, and communication by letter was kept up from the time of their separation. Beethoven absented his art, was but a fitful correspondent, and even allowed years to pass without writing; but to compensate for this irregularity, he would, at the termination of such intervals, address letters to Wegeler, or to his wife—the Eleonora von Breuning mentioned in all the biographies—so eloquent and touching as effectively to disarm reproach. Then there were the letters of Stephan von Breuning, Wegeler's brother-in-law, to fill up the gaps left by Beethoven's occasional reticence. Riez, on the other hand—constantly with Beethoven during the most fertile period of his creative activity (from 1800 to 1805, and again in 1809), when one masterpiece followed another, in astonishing variety, from the oratorio of *Christus am Ölberge* and the great third symphony (*Kreuzer*) to *Eleonore*, oder *die schliche Liebe* (the first version of *Fidelio*), the *Sonata Appassionata* and the fourth pianoforte concerto (in G)—enjoyed so many chances of personal observation, and was so completely in the master's confidence, that we are hardly inclined to consider the desultory string of anecdotes, letters, &c., of which his share of the *Notizen* consists, however interesting in themselves and as memoranda invaluable, a satisfactory account of his stewardship. Though he cannot justly be charged with indifference, and made no pretence to literary skill, it must occur, to any one who reflects, that with the opportunities at his disposal a vast deal more might have been recorded of the remarkable man to whom Riez himself, not less than the art which he practised with considerable ambition and success, lay under such deep and lasting obligation. The shortcomings of Wegeler, who for thirty years was no nearer to Beethoven than the Rhine to the Danube, although he too could have exhibited more zeal, may be viewed under different circumstances, and his plea that, "in Beethoven's *Vertrauen* lebt seine ganze Seele; er hat seine Freuden und Leiden hineingelegt; er hat seine eigentliche Biographie," &c., may be accepted, as well-meaning if not exactly new. This sentence forms part of the *Nachtrag* zu den biographischen Notizen, prepared by Wegeler in anticipation of the fete which celebrated the inauguration of Beethoven's statue at Bonn, in August 1845.†

It must have been shortly after the Bonn Festival that Wegeler, in his last illness, confided to Dr. Ferdinand Müller the "Diary," out of which, if we may believe Mr. Oct. Glover—not the English translator,

but the "Editor" of the English translation—the pages of *Furioso* were concocted. In reviewing this romance—for it is nothing else—any allusions to the genuine Beethoven literature would perhaps have been superfluous but for reasons which will presently appear. Some time since a series of papers were contributed to Westermann's *Illustrirte deutsche Monats-Hefte*, by a Dr. Wolfgang Müller. These professed to be founded upon a diary and verbal communications which Müller had received from Beethoven's friend, Dr. Wegeler. Mr. Glover, to whom we are exclusively indebted for the information, goes on to explain that "a natural reluctance had hitherto restrained" Dr. Wegeler—who, in his *Nachtrag*, just cited, was believed to have spoken his last word about Beethoven, already (in 1845) eighteen years dead—"from publishing the details of his own boyhood's intimacy" with the renowned composer:—

"This intimacy" [says Mr. Glover], "which is so apparent in the following narration, guarantees the faithfulness of the portrait of the great master here displayed. The particulars of his early struggles, and the dawning of his genius, will be nearly new to the public. In Schindler's *Life of Beethoven* the youth of the composer is very superficially treated, while the latter part of his life, from the time when he settled in Vienna, is treated at considerable length. This biography, therefore, and the present, are supplementary to each other. For *Furioso* is rich in reminiscences of Beethoven's boyhood, but touches slightly on the latter part of his life."

We are thus asked to accept the diverting pages of *Furioso* as veritable biography. The claim is preposterous, and coming from any one less acquainted with his subject than the "Editor" of the English version, would be rejected without comment. But Mr. Glover seems to labour under the conviction that, excepting Schindler's *Biography*, nothing of the smallest account has been written about Beethoven. True, he informs us that "in Schindler's *Memoir* a sketch of Beethoven's life by Wegeler is referred to"; but of what that sketch consists he is evidently ignorant.

"It is only an outline" [he says] "not marked by the unreserved remarkable in the present volume. This unreserved, the friendly confidence to which the reader is admitted, and introduced to the most private family scenes, is one of the principal charms of the work before us."

But who is the medium of introduction? Certainly not Beethoven and certainly not Wegeler. Beethoven wrote nothing of himself; Wegeler could not have had to tell in his *Notizen*, and in the *Nachtrag*, published seven years later. If he had had more to communicate, he would have communicated it there. Our medium is, therefore, Dr. Wolfgang Müller, contributor of serial articles to Westermann's *Monats-Hefte*, with whose full approval we are consoled to learn that the translation of *Furioso* is offered to the English public. The "Diary" mentioned by Mr. Glover, who has a very imperfect notion of the responsibility he assumes, can scarcely be any other than the one from which Wegeler must have drawn up his own *Notizen*. The "verbal communications" of a man of fourscore may be viewed indolently; but, even with this proviso, we should find it difficult to acquit Dr. Wolfgang Müller of having drawn upon his imagination as far as he deemed necessary to render his narrative inviting. The Germans delight in a species of fiction which bears the name of "art-novel." In an "art-novel" the hero is ordinarily some celebrated painter, poet, musician, as the case may be, the leading incidents of whose life are used as a substructure, and the rest built up according to the fancy of the author, who can make his "artist" do as many strange things and talk as many commonplace as he finds expedient. *Furioso* is just one of these art-novels. It opens in the conventional manner of the late G. P. R. James:—

"One bright June morning, in the year 1785, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven Mountains lying between Königswinter and the Oberrhein, a slight well grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period. A three-cornered hat covered his head, the usual peruke hung down his neck; with a brown coat with a standing collar, yellow breeches, and coloured stockings with low cut shoes, completed his attire. Attached to his shoulder by a green ribbon, &c."

This the reader may be led to expect is an animated picture of young Beethoven. By no means; it is an animated picture of young Wegeler. And, indeed, in a large part of Dr. Müller's narrative, Wegeler figures as a personage no less conspicuous than the one that holds the "Türdiele"—that is, in short, "Furioso." We can readily understand the moribund cotegogian, in his talks with friend Müller, looking so fondly through the mist of half a century, and believing it quite natural that, when asked about Beethoven, the question was meant, as a matter of course, to apply to Beethoven in connexion with himself; but surely Dr. Müller might have suppressed thus much of the "verbal communications," it only to give more space to the other. After four whole

* *Furioso*; or, *Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*. From the German. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

† "Und so möchte sich in den Festjubel, nicht bloß gedrückt, sondern auch aufgenommen, dieses ansehnliche Wort fremdlichen Andenkens."—*Nachtrag*, p. 30.

* Westermann's *Illustrirte deutsche Monats-Hefte für das gesamte geistige Leben der Gegenwart*—published monthly at Brunswick.

Camille has alone induced him to reassume his proper rank and title. A trio ensues, during which Lara and Camille exchange vows of affection, their impulses being slightly marred by the anxiety of the Countess to know something of Lara's past life; while Kaled, in the background, gives semblance of jealous rage. Again the Countess is desirous of showing kindness to the stranger boy; but Kaled, more recalcitrant than won, sings an Arab song about a murder committed by a jealous woman, concerning the significance of which there can be no doubt, and which reveals to her rival that Kaled is a woman in disguise. Ezzein, who has felt sure of the hand of Camille, is scarcely less furious than Kaled at the mutual attachment of Lara and the Countess; and the pangs of jealousy form the subject of a duet between the two sympathetic personages. Here commences the *finale* of Act II—which is replete with dramatic movement, and, indeed, the most elaborate piece of concerted music in the opera. The guests, re-entering, repeat their expressions of delight at the festival; the Countess formally proclaims Lara the husband of her choice; and, in the midst of a sumptuous banquet Lara himself sings a lullaby, recounting the prowess of his ancestors. All this mirth, however, is interrupted by the entrance of Ezzein, who openly denounces Lara as an impostor, clothed with a name and attributes he has no right to wear, and declares that on the day following he will be chased from the castle. The guests are horror-stricken; but Lara, who after all is an impostor, solicits to treat the matter lightly; and it is arranged that the dispute between himself and Ezzein shall be decided by single combat on the ensuing morning.

The third act opens with the discovery of Lara, asleep in his chamber, watched by Kaled, who has caused all the mischief by telling Ezzein—something, and is evidently beginning to feel remorse. The scene opening reveals a dream of the sleeper. We are transported to a marine cove, where Lara, under the name of Conrad, appears as chief of a band of pirates, with Kaled, as Gulnare, for his most intimate associate. The guests in praise of pirate joys, and an engagement during which Conrad falls wounded into the arms of Gulnare, make the subject of a concerted piece; and it must be admitted that M. Cornon and Michael Carré have here very ingeniously suggested the connexion between the two poems of Lord Byron, much as they have deviated from the original story of *Lara*. The dream over, Kaled, confessing that he is Gulnare disguised, also avows that he has betrayed to Ezzein the secret of Lara's past life; but the consideration that love is the cause of the transgression induces Lara to pardon the charming traitress. Meanwhile the hour for the hostile meeting with Ezzein has arrived, and Lamuro brings Lara his father's sword, together with a casket containing the signet and title-deeds of the family. In this also is a document, in old Lara's hand, warning him never to draw his sword in an unrighteous cause, and never to assert his name if he has committed any act by which it is dishonored. A song expresses the intention of Lara to obey his father's mandate; and, with a change of scene, we come to the last *finale*. Ezzein, sword in hand, is awaiting the arrival of his antagonist on the sea-beach; while all the other personages of the drama are assembled to witness the fate of the encounter. But when Lara appears, it is to confess that he is really an impostor—claiming the Countess and no Lara at all; and he retires from the Spanish coast, followed by general contumely. Two persons, however, accompany him in his retreat—Kaled, *alias* Gulnare, whose love is to compensate him for all he has lost, and good old Lamuro, who, with the keen eye of feudal instinct, has detected that the avowed and branded impostor is the Lara, notwithstanding.

Those who are acquainted with the original drama will remark the elements with which it has been furnished, the Corral and no Lara at all; and he retires from the Spanish coast, followed by general contumely. Two persons, however, accompany him in his retreat—Kaled, *alias* Gulnare, whose love is to compensate him for all he has lost, and good old Lamuro, who, with the keen eye of feudal instinct, has detected that the avowed and branded impostor is the Lara, notwithstanding.

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"A l'ombre des verts platanes
Où d'innocent s'entraînent,
M-m-m-m-m de retour." &c.

—the quaint, monotonous, half Arab, half Spanish tune of which is much more readily accommodated by the French than the English idiom—was a task of no small difficulty.

Of the music of M. Maillart—already well and favorably known by his operas of *Gustave et les Drogues de Vallée*, and of the performance generally—we must defer speaking. Enough, that the execution was remarkably effective; that an interest apart was created by the *début* of a soprano (Miss Bonner), and a baritone (Mr. Benwick), both new to the stage, and both—the lady in particular, likely to prove acquisitions; that several pieces were asked for again and repeated; that the calls for the principal singers were as frequent as usual on first nights; and that, at the end of the opera, there was a loud and general summons for the manager (Mr. W. Harrison), who came forward with Signor Arditi—the excellent conductor of Her Majesty's

Theatre—and applause quite enthusiastic. On the whole M. Maillart has reason to be satisfied with the style in which his opera has been represented, both scenically and musically, and with the hearty welcome accorded to the first work from his pen ever introduced to an English audience.

The Doctor and the Day.*

DAWN.

Though sombre age a deep dirge sing,
There's a sweet melody for youth,—
Fairness and freshness, love and truth,
For life when in its spring.

When thought is sanguine—full of hope,
The heart both pure and warm,
Its axis full-winded, leaved to cope
With life; no fear for storm!

Emblem of youth—the fair morning,
Where Beauty crowned rigors,
Her eyes—the dew drops of light,
Her hair—the yellow sunbeams bright,
Her breath—the fragrant gale of dawn,
Her voice—the woodland strains.

DAY.

The dew dries: fancy's mist departs,
The lark so high that soars,
Sinks sudden—no may sink the heart,
However gaily stored.

Broadens the day; the sun mounts high,
And flowers, in dew late bathed,
Search in his beams as mortals by
Life's noon-day passions scathed.

Proudly may young hearts plough life's sea,
Gaily the pennons flow,
Bright alive the sun, and hopefully
The favoring breezes blow.

Silently may fate's fierce shafts wait,
Untouched this bark pass o'er,
Some gain their ports stern-wind and late,
And some are seen no more.

J. G.

BRISTOL AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society gave their third concert on Wednesday evening last week at the Bristol Institution. Great credit is due to the various instrumental performers, who, under the guidance of Mr. Boose, acquitted themselves admirably.

The Concert Society gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, Bedford, on Monday. The vocalists were Miss Lizzie Wilson, Miss Lott Ellerig, Madame Helen Percy, Madame Gordon, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Carl Turner and Mr. Leonard Walker. Mr. George Tedder was the pianist. The programme was made up of miscellaneous vocal pieces. Among those which pleased most were "Wapping old stairs," sung by Madame Percy (encored); "The Red Cross banner," sung by Mr. George Tedder (encored); "Largo al battuto," sung by Mr. Leonard Walker and encored, when Mr. Walker gave the popular German *Lied*, "In sheltered vale," "Charles's song," "Five o'clock in the morning," sung by Madame Gordon (encored), and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," given with great spirit by Mr. Leonard Walker. The Concordia Society are giving a series of concerts in the environs of London, which generally attract very large audiences.

Mr. Henry Widdows's benefit at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, notwithstanding the intense fog that prevailed on Saturday evening last, attracted a large attendance. The opera was *Jenny Lee*, and the singers, with Mr. Wilkinson, were Miss Robertine Henderson, who has now become an undeniable favorite with the public, Miss M. Pitt, a rising young singer, and Mr. Whiffin. After the operetta a miscellaneous concert was given with the assistance of Madame Rudersdorf (encored in "She wore a wreath of roses"); Miss Florence de Conroy (who sang Henry Smart's "Hark the bells are ringing," charmingly); Mr. Cummings (encored in Signor Randegger's song "The sunshine and the shade"); Mr. Herbert Bond; Mr. W. J. Fielding; Mr. Emilie Berger and the Orpheus Glee Union. Mr. Wilkinson sang, "The Pilot" and joined Madame Rudersdorf in Signor Randegger's trio "I Naviganti" (The Mariners), which was loudly applauded and remanded. Mr. Emilie Berger and Signor Randegger accompanied the singers on the pianoforte.

* To music. Copyright of the author.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Shoe, being pinched for time, at once proceeds to business. Herewith another shot at Shoot:—

DEAR DR. MUTTON. On Mr. ApShoe.—(What boots it?)—It was too bad of you to print my letter with the signature, *A Impromptu*. I made up my mind Shoot would make a joke upon it, and was trembling all the week for fear he should. Poor Montague! He seems wounded. I little thought he'd take it so to heart, and talk of "false accusations" and other serious things.

In a succinct point of view, this was my letter:—"I think 'Occasional' is right—a brick at any rate to say what he thinks; and then I went on to opine that Shoot was not very great in the joke way if the *Go* affair was to be accepted as his standard; winding up by mentioning one or two vocalists, who I dared to say were passed, and who had ceased to interest their hearers." And when I said, "Don't rave about singers as now charming because once they moved you," I didn't mean it for Shoot, poor fellow. I was declaiming from the "donkey-shed" of ignorance to the readers of the *Musical World* in general, and quite conscious that I was "rushing wildly into print." There, will that do? Is that sufficient "emollient," as Mutton hath it?

Let us, therefore, bury all ideas of hostility in the tomb of the "Montagues." And, giving thee, O, Shoot, the ruins of thy magnificent castles (in the air) to wander in, with voiceless Marius and Tamborlisk to secure thy repose, "I humbly take my leave."—Believe me, Dr. Mutton or Mr. ApShoe (what boots it?) Your (*A detached*) correspondent, B. JARVIS.

P.S.—Shoot wants "a fight by which he may read my letter." Is he still thinking of a "lucubration?"

Persuaded that Mr. Shoot can mind his own affairs, Dr. Shoe declines to meddle with them. Nevertheless, Mr. B. Impromptu will do well to take unfurnished apartments. Herewith a groan from Humph:—

TO OBTAIN MR. MUTTON. Etc.
(Vacating at Rome).

SIR,—I cannot imagine why Dr. Shoe in your absence thought fit to exclude my contribution (The Abbot of St. Gall) from the columns of *Muttoniana*, and in depreciation of such an inopportune act beg to submit my opinion that Dr. Shoe, without being a prince, was born under the same "aspects and gentile influences" as a prince. I very much doubt whether Dr. Shoe will understand the point of the above quotation—you, or Fantagruel, will perhaps kindly explain to him.—I am, Sir, &c., &c., H. WREN.

P.S.—Should Dr. Shoe not solve without reference, pray add the following N.B. addressed to him:—

N.B.—	Decorated f.	Graduated.
	Collateral f.	Elected f.
	Envoiced f.	Popular f.
	Utisful and Officious f.	Abridging f.

The Cocking Goose—Feb. 1, 1865.

Dr. Shoe failing to comprehend, without reference, the body of Mr. Humph's epistle, has added the *nota bene*, which, after noting well, he (Shoe) fails to comprehend. Dr. Theodore Wheel once put a precise point to Mr. ApMutton, who himself supplied *reference*.

Herewith a backhander—if not a stone from behind a wall:—

DEAR SHOE.—In to-day's "impression" your Vienna correspondent writes as follows:—"The old chorus is to be discharged and a new one engaged in its place; this is a step which should by rights have been taken long ago." This, however, is the "rub":—"The voices of some of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the present chorus have long been 'hurribment jaded'—but, *Que voulez vous?* Voices will not last for ever, as long as lyrics continue to wear out." Would not the above apply to an establishment—not "limited" when "*cher lui*"—and certainly not a hundred miles from —, but perhaps the doubtless learned but decidedly eccentric ApMutton may know how far short of the above-mentioned number of notes the establishment is from —. I'll pause awhile and rest. Your new but appreciative correspondent, "C'EST LE TON QUI FAIT LA MERCIERIE."

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) observes considerable want of "ton" in the epistolarian who addresses him with a familiarity only justified by long acquaintance or recent conformation. Nevertheless, he (Shoe) has impinged the communication—as also the following from Dr. Wheel:—

DEAR SHOE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Star* speaks of a New-Year's gift made by Gustave Dore to M. de Rossini. It consisted

of a fan, on which the artist had painted the notes of the air from *Twil*, "Matilde idole de ma vie." Each note, I am told, represents a Cupid's head "giving the exact expression of the tone conveyed by the voice;" "the additional lines represented by flutes and bows, and for double crochets the cupids drawn in tiny boats rowing." It would appear from the statement of this Franco-English or Anglo-French writer, that a head can really be painted so as to give "the expression of a tone;" in other words, that a singing head can be painted in such a manner that one has only to look at it to know what particular note it is uttering. I can understand a caricaturist representing a Tamborlisk or a Wachtel straining every pectoral nerve in order to force out a "C" from the chest. The grunting of an E flat by a bass profound might also be depicted with more or less significance. But it is difficult to conceive a portrait of a lady, gentlemen, or angel so cunningly delineated as to show not merely that the subject of the portrait is singing, but the very note that is being sung. Probably the artist has assumed that singers open their mouths wider in proportion as they ascend the scale. On this principle, it would be quite possible for an artist to indicate—to those already initiated in the secret of his system—the comparative elevation (showing not the absolute pitch) of the notes produced by each of his singing heads. Gustave Dore's design, however, is sure to be highly ingenious; and it is not his fault if a Paris correspondent who writes neither French nor English is unable to give an intelligible account of it. Why, by-the-way, does this correspondent talk about "double crochets?" The French word *croche* does not mean "crocet," but "quaver;" while the French word *double croche* does not mean either "double crocnet" or "double quaver," but "semiquaver."—Yours, dear Shoe,

Spelt, *double*, Feb. 2.

THEODORE WHEEL (M.D.)

Dr. Shoe is glad. Dr. Wheel, however, should rather have addressed his letter to Leicester (Esq.) Buckingham. Dr. Shoe has, however, impinged it without grudge.

Herewith seven letters all in *re A. Manus* and his men, (Ames?) which Dr. Shoe, having nothing to say, tucks in a row, with numerals:—

No. 1.

DEAR MR. APMUTTON.—From all I have heard about you I am sure you must be a very good-natured person, and that you will not refuse to insert this letter of mine in your friendly publication, which, now that I have left school, I am allowed to read. I may as well tell you that I am very musical, and that I played an air with sixteen variations at mamma's last party, of which I only missed out the one in six flat, but nobody found it out, as everybody was talking and laughing the whole time I played. I thought at first that they were laughing at me, but mamma told me afterwards that genteel people always do laugh and talk during music. I am now coming to the grand object of my letter and hope that you will take as much interest in it as I do. All those letters in your nice paper about the solo players at the Crystal Palace have made a great impression on me, and I think I know how all the difficulty might be settled. A gentleman, who is a friend of mine, I may say, a very particular friend, has invented an instrument which, when wound up, plays of itself most beautifully, and sounds just like a clarinet. It plays three times. "The last rose of summer," "Auld Robin Gray," and "Charlie is my darling," so deliciously that I could listen for ever! Papa says that it doesn't play with any expression, but my friend the inventor says that it is so much the more like a real player. His name is Octavius Flourish, and he says he could arrange his instrument to imitate anything. Dear Mr. ApMutton, I wish you would help him to bring it before the public somewhere. Now do, please, and you will so much oblige.

Your great admirer,

DULCINEA.

No. 2.

SIR,—I wonder it does not strike your readers and your writers, that perhaps the English members of the Crystal Palace orchestra can't play. If they could, depend upon it their conscientious conductor, Hertz Manus, would be the first to encourage them and bring them forward. The only Englishman I ever heard play a solo in the Palace band is a cornet player named Wilmore, and certainly if Hertz Manus or principals are no better than his type, cornet, I don't wonder he is ashamed to bring them forward. I suppose Wilmore is the best. Poor blains. I am, Sir, Bez.

No. 3.

SIR.—In answer to the anonymous letter reflecting upon me, in your paper of the 21st inst., I beg to say that I am sure those amiable ladies, Mrs. and Miss Burdell of Woodland Villas, Gipsy Hill, Norwood, could employ their time better than in trying to sow seeds of dissension where harmony should reign.

I am, Sir, Yours obedient,

FREDERICK THOMAS QUINCY.

Opposite the Priory, Wandsworth Road, January 31st, 1865.

No. 4.

Sir.—Your lively correspondent "Gog" asks rather contemptuously "Who is Mr. Quinton?"—as if he were *modest* or at best a mere *myth*. Now, I am enabled to state most emphatically that he is *somebody*, to which you will at once assent, when I inform you that, after much patient and laborious research, I have ascertained that he is descended in a direct line from the immortal Quintus Curtius, whose heroic self-immolation as recorded in the pages of Roman history, still transports us to enthusiasm. Of his illustrious descendant I dare not assert that he would leap into an abyss to save his country, or anything else; but to *sure* is one thing and to *get* is another. Were our modern Quintus to receive an offer of £100 a year to mind his own business, ay, or that "of any other man," the probabilities are that he would jump at it; and we could blame him for endeavouring to better himself *per saltum*?—By appearing in your pages, he has already acquired a dim kind of lustre, and, if encouraged, may expand into one of the luminaries of the nineteenth century. To conclude, if you or any of your friends should require enlightenment as to the antecedents of any still unrecognized genius, apply at once to your constant reader and warm admirer,

GAGA.

P.S.—Quinton, or more properly *Quintus*, has the true Roman cast of countenance. Severe, inflexible and unfathomable as the abyss into which he would plunge—if he dared!

No. 5.

Sir,—I have but little to say, and shall not say that little *well* though *Wells* is my subject. Two or three points seem to have escaped your correspondents, who, though they can see *Wells* evidently cannot see *well*. Why should Herr Manna be called over the coals for preferring a fagoelet to a flute. We may well wonder why he likes Bonaïan better than *Wells*, and we must certainly deplore his preference for fagoelet music, but how can he help it? Do *gustibus*! If questioned, Mr. Manna would in all probability say that it is to please the public and not himself that he has so many fagoelets and so few flutes, and, therefore he had better not be asked. Perhaps *Wells* does not play *well* enough, or perhaps he does not behave *well* enough to be allowed to play a tune all by himself. Truth is said to lie in a well and there it had better stop while the present dynasty lasts. A few tracts inculcating resignation and contentment might be forwarded to *Wells*, together with a book of "Instruction for the Flute."

1, Wellington Crescent, Wells.

WILLIAM WELLES.

No. 6.

Sir,—When people appear in print, they should be very careful what they say and how they say it. The vulgar, ignorant and unwary writers of those letters about my friend and patron, Quinton, carelessly insinuate that he is *rotten*. The fact is, he is *rotten*, and is to retire into private life, then won to the world in general, and to the Crystal Palace in particular! Let the correspondence end here.

ADOLPHUS MANNE.

To Owen Ap' Mutton, Esq.

No. 7.

Sir,—Knowing you to be suffering severely from an attack of *quintennial*, aggravated probably by the Quintonian correspondence, I feel that this letter should be addressed to Dr. *Shoe*, he standing for the time being in your shoes. The fact is, his name is so painfully suggestive of *Schumann*, that I involuntarily recoil from it; however, when next he runs short of alternatives I trust he will apply to me. My present remedy principally of *alternatives* for in my trade (that of a whirlygig) I rarely have recourse to anything else, which accounts not only for the frequent attacks of dizziness to which I am liable, but also for the inextricable confusion in which my affairs are constantly involved. Let us now proceed to business. Some weeks ago, you thoughtfully allowed a letter of mine, concerning the Crystal Palace land, to appear in your pages. In self-justification I have written away, which I respectfully request you to insert. From information I have received, it seems that some German gentlemen (sharp-sighted gentlemen) think they have discovered a substratum of envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and untruthfulness in my former letter. Now, Sir, these tierman gentlemen are of course fabulously *griechisch* (what German is not?), but their misconstruction of my extremely simple remarks proves that their literary attainments are by no means first class. They have not mastered English yet, so I have translated the fatal portion of my letter into intelligible, though doubtless inelegant German. Der Zufall will dass mir die Clarinette sehr gefällt und ich daher bereit die Virtuosität des Herrn Pape volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu lassen; bei der Voraussetzung jedoch, dass er unter Musikern denselben hohen Rang einnimmt den das Rehuhn unter des Vögeln geniesst, kann dennoch "aujourd'hui perdrix" nicht entsprechen sein. Dürften wir nicht, ohne die Zahl der Clarinetten-solos zu vermindern, öfter ein Solo auf irgend einem andern Instrumente hören? Should a suspicion of venom or vitriol still attach to those lines, the extract shall be forwarded to Dr. Lethely for analysis.

Individually I care but little for *any* solo. I hear instrumental *solos* *ad nauseum* at home, and would rather listen to a crashing *tutti* when at the Palace, but that is not the point in question. If I have made a false statement regarding the flute and euphonium solos, let me be *publicly* exposed and for ever silenced. In conclusion, allow me once more to repeat how much I appreciate Mr. Pape's ability, and how sincerely I regret that my admiration of his talent was shared by so few.

DARLE OLD.

P.S.—On reference to my programmes for last August, September, October and November, I find that the solos have been thus distributed among the members of the orchestra—Violin, Mr. Watson—0; violoncello, Mr. Reed—0; flute, Mr. Will—1; oboe, Mr. Croder—8; clarinette, Herr Pape—21; fagoelet, Mons. Bonaïan—26; bassoon, Mr. Hutchins—0; and euphonium, Mr. Phasey—1. I have intentionally omitted Mr. Wilmore as he has so recently joined the band. Is he *really* an Englishman? I am only asking "for information." It is worthy of remark that Mr. Watson used to play frequently years ago, and that when the post of first flute was filled by a *foreigner* (Svansden) there was no lack of flute solos. "Nous avons changé tout cela!"

Nevertheless, the following had previously come to foot:—

DEAR SHOE,—Insert no more letters on the Crystal Palace question without precipit, and forward precipits immediately to me, under cover, to Pto IX. In fact, insert no letters without precipit, except what Punch sends. Indeed, insert whatever Punch sends, bad or worse, good or better. In short, the Pope and I are somewhat pushed for the needful. In sum, I have promised Napoleon to organise an army for His Holiness from amongst (better than among!) the brigands, and have hardly the sum at hand to satisfy the rapacity of these scoundrels. Therefore, send me precipits, and ask Ball Pond to lend you (not me) a thousand pound, and Drinkwater Hard another, forthwith. Adieu. Comfort and comfort thyself. Be assured of my consideration.

Owen Ap' Mutton.

P.S.—I have been with Pto Nono to Erebus. There we saw several good fellows, and amongst others an intimate late friend of yours and mine—Suvoroff. Napoleon, and F. W. N. Bayley had left. That was good about the Abbott of St. Gall; and Pantagruel was superhuman—which is almost to say, almost equal to Ap' Mutton. In fine, (better than enim) if neither Pond nor Hard stump up the scherevitah, ask Horace Mayhew, Sutherland Edwards, or Bismarck. I've written to John Oxeaford, Brinley Sloper, and Lindsay Richards. The first has declined—the second and third have not replied. Put nothing in about them without precipit. O. Sp III.

Dr. Shoe impinges in fear and trembling.

Hereherehereherewith (to conclude), a letter from Dr. Gadder:—

"DEAR DR. SHOE,—I have cut the following from *The Times*:—DENKER'S SONATA L'INVOCATION.—Herr Ernst Pauer, the well-known and eminent pianist, reminds us that he played Dussek's sonata, L'Invocation, "already three years ago," at his Historical Concerts in Willis's Rooms. Herr Pauer may be reminded in turn, that "already" 20 years earlier, it was played by Mr. (now Professor) Sterndale Bennett, at his non-historical *soirées*; and that it has been played by other eminent pianists (including Mr. Lindley Sloper—at his benefit concert not very long since). But to perform it before a select circle of friends and pupils is a very different thing from performing it before a vast mixed crowd, like the audience at the Monday Popular Concerts. It was never intended to be conveyed that such a work as L'Invocation was unfamiliar to professional musicians. It would not say much for their research if such were really the case."

"Already" 54 years ago (in 1811), the year before Dussek (not "Dunck") demise—Mr. Ap'Mutton (as he has frequently told Dr. Shoe), at his (Ap'M's) Prehistorical Concerts, played the *Invocation* (by memory) from the composer's MS., to the great delight of the composer.

Taylor Shoe.

Shoebury—Foot and Hook—Jan. 27.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD'S complimentary benefit took place on Thursday morning at Drury Lane, when nearly all the actors in the metropolis attended, and contributed in some manner to render the entertainment attractive. The pieces were *The Area Belle*, with Messrs. Paul Bedford, and Toole, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon; *My Aunt's Advice*, with Mr. Sothorn; and *Box and Grog*, with Messrs. Buckstone and Compton. At the end, Mr. Paul Bedford held a *levée* and all the actors were presented to him in form.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,¹ (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH CONCERT,

(FOURTH EVENING OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1865.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in B flat major, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two Horns—MM. STRACH, L. RIEB, II. WARR, DUCHET, C. HARTER, and SCARDEN *Moerit. Haufel.*
DUET, "Tante stral"—The Misses WELLS *Moerit.*
SONATA AFFECTIONATA, in F minor, Op. 51, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Bethoven.*

PART II.

DUET, "Fol l'aria" (Le Nozze di Figaro)—The Misses WELLS *Moerit.*
SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. PRATTE, BARBY, C. HARTER, H. WARR, DUCHET, and SEVERY *Hummel.*

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave *either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements*, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 2s. Piccadilly; Crappell and Co., 60 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
HISTOIRE DE MARCONNE et de LA BELLE ORLANS, fille de Renicuis, Empereur de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A prêtôt copy of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for 5s. GUINEA, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD. (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who wish to become subscribers in the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received—William Chappell, F.R.S., Augustine Sargant, Esq., John Hensley, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. H. Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. The price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATH.

On the 27th ult., aged 35 years, MR. SAMUEL DEMBRIDGE, A.R.A.M., professor of Music and Organist of Mornington Road Wesleyan Chapel, Southport.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

THE musical people at Leipzig, by their warm reception of Sternadale Bennett, have done honor both to themselves and to him. Truly, Bennett is an old Leipzig notoriety, and was one of the prominent figures in the Mendelssohn days; but nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then, and a new generation has sprung up. There is still Ferdinand David, in whose house

our eminent countryman resided during his brief sojourn—still Hauptmann, Schleinitz (one of Mendelssohn's great friends), and Moscheles, the much respected *alt-meister*. These living monuments of times gone by are the same in all but years; and it would be well if as much could be said of Leipzig. However, this is not the place for discussing the moral and intellectual status now occupied by a city which once ranked highest among the musical cities of the most morally and intellectually musical of countries. Enough that Leipzig had not forgotten Sternadale Bennett, but welcomed him as they would have welcomed him when Mendelssohn lived and wrote and made the city where he lived and wrote daily more famous—as they would have welcomed him before poor Robert Schumann lost his wife, and the poison of the Wagner heresy had infected the atmosphere of art with false doctrine and insinuating paradox.

So desirous were the authorities at the Gewandhaus to do the best that could be done for the Symphony in G minor,* and show every courtesy to the English musician who had composed it, that a rehearsal was called, preliminary to the ordinary rehearsal for the concert at which it was to be played. Of this advantage, nevertheless, Professor Bennett was prevented from availing himself. Letters not being delivered in Cologne (or, indeed, in any part of Prussia) on Sundays, he left the city of the Three Kings while a communication from the Gewandhaus was lying for him at the *Bureau de Poste*; and when the band had assembled, to try the symphony, a telegram arrived, with the information that he would arrive at Leipzig in the afternoon of the same day. This *contretemps*, however, was readily got over. The Germans release early; and on Wednesday morning the members of the orchestra were summoned for the regular rehearsal half-an-hour earlier than usual. Thus there was plenty of time for the symphony, which they began to try at half-past eight, A.M. Professor Bennett, on making his appearance, was saluted with a flourish of trumpets and drums ("Tsch!")—an honor very rarely conferred, and therefore doubly significant. The symphony was first played through without stops, and then movement by movement, till at last it went right well. The band zealous beyond measure, seemed never tired of their work, attending to every suggestion of the composer as cheerfully as if he had been one of themselves—or, indeed, their own Felix Mendelssohn come back again from the skies. The other pieces in the programme, all more or less interesting, were then rehearsed, under Herr Reimicke—successor to Herr Rietz,† as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts. After this Professor Bennett's symphony was once more tried from end to end—much to his satisfaction, as he expressed himself at the conclusion of the performance. There were a great many people at the rehearsal and the applause bestowed on the popular Englishman was most flattering. The success of the new work was now pretty certain. Opinion was unanimously in its favour. At the concert was the usual crowd of amateurs, all more or less musical judges. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the reception given to the symphony and its composer.

The execution was brilliant and spirited, and the applause at the termination of each movement quite enthusiastic. When Professor Bennett left the orchestra, he was called back again by the entire audience, to be newly complimented and applauded. In short the whole affair was a triumph for our countryman.

It was much regretted that the Philharmonic overture (*Paradise and the Peri*) could not be performed at the Gewandhaus, as well as the Philharmonic symphony; but Professor Bennett's stay at

* The work produced last year at the Philharmonic concerts.

† Now at Dresden.

Leipzig was inevitably short. A special concert, however, was arranged in compliment to him, in the Conservatory. At this all the pupils (about 150) were present, all the professors, the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts, and many of the chief patrons of music in Leipzig. On entering the concert-room, with his friend, Herr David, Professor Bennett was cordially greeted. The performances began with one of the quartets of Beethoven, to which succeeded several compositions by the Cambridge Professor. First there was the *Setet* in F sharp minor (pianoforte, Fraulein Niebuhr); then the *Caprice* in E (pianoforte, Mr. Allison—an Englishman); then one of the *Suites de Pièces* (Mr. Perabo—an American); and lastly the concerto in F minor, No. 4 (pianoforte, Fraulein Weil). The orchestral accompaniments, where requisite, were supplied by a first-class quartet of stringed instruments, with a second pianoforte, at which one of the professors presided. In the *caprice* Herr Moscheles undertook this agreeable duty; and it need hardly be told how admirably he accomplished it. Indeed, each professor performed his part *con amore*, and the pupils in every respect did credit to the institution.

Before quitting Leipzig, Professor Bennett, at the house of Herr David, heard some of the best pupils of his Violin School, and was especially pleased with the performance of a young lady, who promises to become a *virtuosa* of the first rank. He also heard the Bach Thomas Scholars, under the direction of Dr. Hauptmann, sing some pieces in the room where hangs the portrait of the immortal John Sebastian, where Bach himself taught, and Hauptmann teaches now. Bach's monument was covered up in straw, and so not visible. When Professor Bennett left, he was accompanied to the train by Schleinitz, David, Moscheles, and other distinguished friends.

EINE DER ZUGEGEN WAR.

Dresden, Jan. 30,

THE MADRIGAL.

AT his recent Historical Concert, in Vienna, Herr Zellner prefaced the evening's programme by some remarks on the Madrigal. As they are highly interesting, we condense them for the benefit of our readers. In speaking of the Madrigal, a musical art-form which during a period of about a century and a half was almost the only one holding sway in the domain of secular music, we mean a part-song which is set to a short and pithy poem, and which, treated with more or less contrapuntal skill, possesses as its essential distinguishing characteristic freely invented melody, in contradistinction to the harmonized folk-songs, or the sacred compositions of the time, which were raised up on a given melody (the tenor) mostly borrowed from the Liturgy or the simple songs of the people. At a period when instrumental composition was in its infancy, performers were restricted exclusively to vocal productions. The impulse to find a common source of amusement in these productions set musicians harmonizing the folk-songs, which up to that time had been monodic. In consequence of the continually increasing demand for compositions of this description, musicians invented new ones on the same model. Thus arose the first steps towards the Madrigal in the shape of the *Frottole*, *Strambotti*, *Canzone*, *Sonnets*, *Odes*, &c., which formed essentially a category of their own. Like the Villanelles and Villotes subsequently, these are, it is true, artistic vocal compositions, though still fashioned after the folk-songs. The growing skill in counterpoint, however, yearned also to find employment in this branch of art. As such, it could not make use either of the primitive or the refined folk-song. It required, for its polyphonic efforts, short and pregnant phrases; it required characteristic motives, working themselves to the separate strophes of the verses. All this was not furnished by the folk's melody, which, at most, mirrored only the

general sentiment of the poetry, but constituted a musical whole not capable of being resolved into separate parts. Such material had to be invented with special reference to the artistic object in view. The results of this process was the Madrigal, of which imitation must be considered as the musically technical fundamental form. This remained fixed, though, with time, extraordinarily extended as regards expressive fashioning of the melody; of richness of harmony; and of florid contrapuntal polyphony.

As the art of playing, especially the lute and harpsichord, grew more and more perfect and general, and, as on the other hand, the melody continued to become more singable and important in its purport, the vocal parts of the Madrigal kept diminishing in number, until at length only the uppermost one was sung, the next being given to the accompanying instrument. Thus did the Madrigal lead up to Opera, to Chamber-Cantatas, to Airs, and lastly to Songs, and herein consists the significance and importance of this form in the history of art. Its mission was now fulfilled; the Madrigal was gradually supplanted by the new art-forms which had sprung from it, and which proved more adapted for individual amusement, or better suited for the display of individual skill. But though, from the second half of the seventeenth century, the Madrigal lost its former popularity, it was still cultivated by many composers, on account of its form, down to the most recent times. Cherubini and Donizetti made essays in it.

The invention of the Madrigal belongs to the commencement of the sixteenth century. Its cradle was Italy, whence it soon made its way through the whole civilised world. The Netherlands were the first who learned how to move with graceful skill in this new form. In France it did not take deep root; the national composition, the *chanson*, retained the upper hand. Germany adopted the form, but, on the whole, remained faithful to the essential attributes of the folk-melody. The Madrigal was cultivated most assiduously, and most in conformity with its original spirit, in England. Here it was, also, practised longest, for, even at the end of the last century there were numerous Madrigal Societies.

Before concluding this hasty sketch, we would direct attention to an interesting circumstance springing from the consideration of the historical position occupied by the Madrigal. We are enabled to deduce from it the most trustworthy possible conclusion as to the general condition of musical education in the fifteenth and the sixteenth century. The enormous numbers merely of the madrigals which were printed, on the one hand, and, on the other, the great amount of artistic skill necessary to execute them, prove how wide-spread musical education was among all classes of society, and how skill it must have been. Indeed, at that period, no one could lay claim to being socially educated who could not sing a part in a madrigal at sight. This art, of which, now-a-days, not many professional singers can boast, was looked upon as something that was quite a matter of course, though the difficulty of a *prima* reading was then far greater than it is now, because there were no scores, no bar-lines, or minute guiding signs, and no hints as to the time and style.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

AT the last meeting of the Committee, Mr. Clifford Potter in the chair, Mr. Charles Swinerton Heap of Birmingham (pupil of Dr. Monk of York) was elected Mendelssohn Scholar. Miss Agnes Zimmerman, who was also a candidate, withdrew some time in advance of the day of election.

SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was given last evening, for the first time this season, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. F. Lucas, Madame Saint-Dolby, Miss Whyteck, Mr. Mouton Smith, and Mr. Weiss as principal singers.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical event of the past week has been the production at the Théâtre-Lyrique of Prince Poniatowski's new opera, *L'Arenarier*. Need I say it had a princely success, and that all critical Paris has pronounced in its favor? I must do the Parisians justice to acknowledge that they entertain the utmost reverence for high names, and that with them no recommendation is so powerful as a sounding or royal title. Nobility covers a multitude of sins in the musical amateur, and the impossibility of a prince writing anything bad is accepted as a general maxim. Look at the comic opera just composed by M. le Prince J. Poniatowski!—look at the waltz just composed by M. le Prince de Metternich, and lately introduced at the grand fête given by him at his hotel in aid of the funds of the German Society—to say nothing of the work about to be produced at the Grand Opéra! Why does not Mr. Costa or Signor Arlotti take a hint from the directors of our lyric theatres here, and bring out the bantling of some royal or noble brain, and appeal to the aristocratic public through one of them? I fear your English audiences are too plebeian in their instincts to care greatly for inspirations from lordly noddies, and that they prefer the nobility of talent to the nobility of name. I saw and heard the new opera on the first night of its representation. It had a great success—that is, it was well received—which means that a little went a great way to afford gratification. The most special honor paid the prince, however, was Rossini attending one of the latest rehearsals of the opera and remaining to the end. How Rossini complimented the composer I will leave you to guess. But prince by birth and potentate by genius are old friends, and so this extreme condescension on the part of Rossini is but a compliment to a *bon camarade*, a name to which the prince is fully as much entitled as that of musical composer. The libretto is by M. de St. Georges and is intended to be very amusing. The amusement, however, is of the most extravagant kind, and borders on the burlesque. I shall not pretend to analyze the plot, but will merely mention that the scene is laid in Mexico, that the principal incident takes place in a gold-mine, and that a beggar is the hero. The chief merit of the music is its total want of pretence. There is nothing grand aimed at in the orchestration, which is as simple and bare as a poker. The tunes, all deriving their sources from ancient hills, flow on in a well-worn channel, and never offend the ear. Best of all is that the tunes are vocal, and wait in the good Italian school. He would be a dull prince indeed not to have gained something from Rossini's acquaintance. It must be remembered that the prince is a capital singer, and his skill in writing for the voices had already attracted attention in his other two operas, *Don Desiderio* and *Pierre de Médicis*. Most assuredly the success of the new opera should not occasion rivalry or an envious feeling in the breast of any composer, for Prince Poniatowski is a sincere patron to art and artists. The singers in the *Arenarier* were Mlle. de Mæsen, Madame Faure, Mlle. Monjaux, Ismael, and Petit. Monjaux was excellent as the adventurer both in singing and acting. Mlle. de Mæsen wanted animation for the part of the light-hearted Mexican maiden, Dona Fernandita, but sang well.—Madame Rey-Balla is to play Lady Macbeth in Verdi's *Macbeth*.

The *Barbier*, at the Mlle. Adolina Patti, though wanting Maria, realised a receipt of 14,000 francs! Mlle. Patti introduced into the lesson-scene, for the first time, a Spanish ariette entitled "A Grenade," recently composed by Rossini, and created an immense effect. The benefit of the youthful "diva," which took place on Friday, comprised in the programme selections from *Don Giovanni*, the *Elisir d'amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and the *Traviata*, thus affording her an opportunity of exhibiting her talents, vocal and histrionic, under many phases. Her performances were a series of triumphs, and her reception flattering in an extraordinary degree. The attendance was the most brilliant of the season.

M. Faure, the eminent baritone of the Opéra, has just received the Cross of Isabella the Catholic; attributable, say some, to the dedication by him of his composition "Les Rameaux" to Her Spanish Majesty; or, say others, to the intercession of Rossini, with whom the French baritone is on terms of intimacy. Why Rossini should apply to Isabella of Spain to obtain from her a Cross to

decorate M. Faure with, or what possible good the decoration would do M. Faure, I cannot make out.

Rossini continues his weekly receptions. One of the *morceaux* given at the last reception was an unpublished work by the illustrious master, called "La Nuit de Noël." A grand *Sorata musicale* is shortly to take place, when two novelties, which have never been heard, will be produced:—duet, written expressly for Mlle. Patti and Madame Albani, and a French romance, called "Le Sylvain," composed for Signor Gardoni. Here are symptoms at least of activity. May we not hope that the silent, or sometime murmuring master, may, by success, or through awakening impulse, or in a fit of enthusiasm, be incited to open his mouth and pour forth all his eloquence—spare me my metaphor—and once more fill the world with melody? The hope of this lies in the encouragement he receives from friends and the applause he obtains from artists all of whom literally worship him here. An opera by Rossini would create a sensation throughout all Europe impossible even to imagine.

Appended is the programme of the sixth Popular Concert of classical music:—

Overture, *Ipheigénie en Aulide*—Gluck; Symphony in F major—Beethoven; Andante from *Quartet*, Op. 50—Haydn; Air de Ballet from *Prometheus*—Beethoven; Solos for pianoforte—"Chanson du Printemps," Mendelssohn; Ronde in E flat, Weber; Overture to *Juive Henri*—Méhul.

M. Theodore Ritter was the pianist.

Paris, Jan. 25th.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S MORNING CONCERT.

The last of the series took place on Monday. The novelty was the introduction of a farce played by the *cité* of the Haymarket company, with Mr. Sothorn as the special attraction. The farce was *Lord Dunsyre's Married and Done For*, which was capitally acted, and made the house echo with laughter. The second act of the *Traviata* was repeated in consequence of the very great effect Miss Emily Soldene produced as *Arcuata* at the last concert, and the unqualified praise bestowed upon her by the press. This time Mr. D. Miranda, not Mr. Swift, was Manrico. From Miss Soldene's second performance we can more confidently predict that, with extreme attention to her studies and a deaf ear turned to the flattering of friends, a high position awaits her on the lyric stage. She has voice, style, musical feeling, dramatic expression, and apparently the power—rare in a novice—of concentrating attention to her business on the boards. Fortunately, she cannot be placed in the hands of a better instructor and adviser than Mr. Howard Glover.

Of the miscellaneous concert which followed the dramatic performances it is not necessary to speak; nor indeed would space permit us had we inclination to do so. Enough that among the singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Weiss, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Miss Susan Galton, Miss Fanny Arnytage, Miss Banks, Miss Florence de Courcy, Madame Gordon, Miss Grace Lindo, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Alberto Laurence, M. Hilane, Signor Marchesi, &c., &c.; and among the instrumentalists, Miss Fanny Sebris, Mlle. de Beauvoisin, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Brinkley Richards (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), &c., &c. There were many encores and still more recalls, and the concert, which did not entirely exhaust the programme, passed off with the utmost éclat. As at all the previous concerts there was a full and efficient band selected from the two opera houses and the Philharmonic orchestras. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Emile Berger, Lehmann and Howard Glover.

BURNING OF THE SURREY THEATRE.—This disastrous event took place on Monday night, and resulted in the entire destruction of the theatre. The fire broke out towards the close of the pantomime, fortunately, when a great number of the audience had departed, so that when the alarm was given, there was little obstruction at the doors from the hurrying out of the visitors. Moreover, the stage manager, with great presence of mind, came forward and begged of the audience not to show any terror, and to make their exit quietly, assuring them that the fire would take several minutes before it would reach the body of the house. To these two causes may be attributed the fact that no accident occurred. Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson were insured to the amount of £2,000 only.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

These entertainments are going on just as usual. The inclement weather seems to have little or no effect upon the genuine lovers of good music who constitute their chief support. Frost or snow, rain or mud, it is all one. The names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, backed by those of the practised artists engaged by Mr. Arthur Chappell to perform the works, are a spell not to be resisted. The 156th and 159th concerts have taken place since our last notice. At the 156th, that general favorite and admirable pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé, was as warmly greeted as ever, playing—in Beethoven's famous sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein (his earliest patron), and a brilliant trio in E flat, by Hummel (with Herr Straus and M. Paque)—better than ever, as though to justify the heartiness with which he has greeted us in the work, and a quartet, op. 12, by Mozart's beautiful A major Quintet, delighted his hearers as of yore, by his rich tone, vocal phrasing, and perfect execution. The quartet was Mendelssohn's early one in E flat (Op. 12), containing the quintet *concertino* in G minor, the players—M.M. Straus, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque—giving the *concertino* with such nice delicacy and ensemble that it was encored. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia and Miss Susan Galtus.

The concert last Monday (the 159th) was one of the most interesting on record. All the instrumental pieces at the one previous—quartet, sonata, quintet, and trio—were thoroughly familiar to the audience (and none the less welcome on that account); but, on the present occasion, of the two principal features in the programme, the first was almost, the second quite a novelty. The quasi-novelty was Spohr's melodious and masterly quintet for stringed instruments in G major, really No. 1, though published as No. 2 of the set of three, Op. 35—a statement put forth by the composer himself in his very readable and amusing *Selbst-Biographie*. More than half a century old, this quintet is, nevertheless, as fresh as if it had sprung up yesterday. Not its least potent charm is its frequent resemblance, in turns of phrase, cadence, harmony, and combination to Mozart—Spohr's great idol, whom he placed, with the concurrence of a vast number of musical thinkers, before all other composers. But apart from this, it is a thoroughly enchanting work, as full of Spohr as anything that came from his untiring pen, and of Spohr when his invention was ripest and his hand most fluent. Every movement is good; but the variations (*Candide*) and the *finale* are models. A more irreproachable performance of a purely classical production than that of Herr Ludwig Straus and his companions (Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, Mr. Ham, and Mr. Dauber) could have been desired. And apart from this, the most ardent worshiper of Spohr's genius. These clever and zealous gentlemen seemed to remember that Spohr had himself expressed a special predilection for the Quintet in G, and on that account to exert themselves the more ardently in bringing out every point of consequence. They entirely succeeded; and more than that, completely carrying their hearers with them, the *adagio* was asked for again so persistently that there was no alternative—repeated it must be, and repeated it was—much to the satisfaction of the Spiritists among the audience, who were evidently "legion." This was the second time the quintet had been produced at the Monday Popular Concerts, where it has every chance of winning an enduring popularity.

Still more interesting than the quintet, because of higher genius and imagination, was the absolute novelty of the programme—Dussek's magnificent piano sonata in F minor (Op. 7), the *Adagio*, *L'Innoce*nt, inscribed to Mdlle. Betsy Orvard, a daughter of the notoriously famous financier, of whom so many anecdotes are related, from the period of the Revolution to that of Louis Philippe. Dussek, though one of the most remarkable musicians that ever lived, whether we take into consideration his struggles as a man or his aspirations as an artist, has not yet gained the unqualified recognition which is his just due. Mendelssohn called him a "F minor (Op. 7)"; and it is a large question whether he had wasted the abundant gifts with which he was endowed by nature. And such, doubtless (Mendelssohn seldom being wrong in his deliberate judgments), was the case—also, to a less extent, with Weber and other men who might be cited, and whose natural endowments should have led to greater results than were actually attained. Dussek, however, at times succeeded in triumphantly declaring that which was within him. Take only, for example, the Sonata in E flat, Op. 44, dedicated to his illustrious friend and rival, Muzio Clementi; the pathetic *Elegy* on the death of another and still more intimate, if not more illustrious associate, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, whose love of everything musical knew no other balancing passion than his hatred of everything French—a piece that would immortalize any composer; the Sonata in A flat (Op. 71)—known to English amateurs as *Plus Ultra*—written to commemorate his return to Paris, where he became on almost as close terms with the wily Talleyrand as he had been with the unfortunate Louis Ferdinand; and last and best, the *Innoce*nt, composed shortly before his death, at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. To reverence the very greatest masters

is wise, but to overlook altogether those who moved just in a lower groove is, with equal truth, a mistake. The director of the Monday Popular Concerts would seem to have borne this in mind, if we may judge from the introduction, at various intervals, in his programmes, of Mendelssohn, &c., by Dussek, Woelfl, Steibelt, Hummel, Schubert, Weber, Pinte, Sterdale Bennett, and even lesser men. What is genuine deserves a hearing, even if it fails to reach the Olympian mark. But among the compositions left us by Dussek (late) collected and published, by the way, in a complete edition, at Leipzig, not one can be said to rank higher than the pianoforte sonata, called *L'Innoce*nt. Its generally gloomy character would incline us to believe that it had been thought of during the influence of Prince Louis Ferdinand, rather than during that of Prince Talleyrand, but notes are studied and dates tell us the contrary. Of all the sonatas composed for pianoforte alone—those exquisite models of purity that bear the name of Mozart alone excepted, and not excepting by any means the sonatas of Clementi, Hummel, Weber, and Schubert, or even the single prodigious effort of Mendelssohn's boyhood—the one which most nearly approaches the Beethoven ideal is the *Innoce*nt of Dussek. The first *Adagio* is grand and impassioned throughout; the *minuet* (in case of ingenious as it is new; the *adagio* *adante*, a movement which any organist would delight to play; and the *finale*, a *rondo* full of sparkling and original fancy. The whole, too, is essentially dramatic, and each movement seems to be a necessary pendant to the one that goes before. The *Innoce*nt is, indeed, in every respect a work of genius. Last night, though not a note could have been familiar to one out of a hundred among the audience, and though it occupied more than half an hour in performance, the sonata was listened to from the first bar to the last with breathless attention. The pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard (her first appearance this season)—upon whom the gratifying task of first introducing the *Plus Ultra* of the same composer had devolved some years ago, and who never conferred more honor upon herself than in undertaking the same responsibility for the still more admirably *adagio* and *adante* *adante*. The *Innoce*nt, as we have heard—or why the Monday Popular Concerts?—and if they must be heard, some one competent must be found to play them, and accept all risks of their being appreciated at the outset.

The next piece in the programme was that brilliant and incomparable first trio (in D minor) of Mendelssohn, in which Madame Goddard has so often taken part, and which she has never played with more spirit—*more en amour*. Nor was she ever more efficiently seconded than by Herr Straus and M. Dauber, at the violin and violoncello. This trio, after the sonata, was a bottle of champagne after a deep and pathetic tragedy. The audience, pleased beyond measure, encored both the *andante* and the irresistible *scherzo*—the *scherzo* so unanimously that it was impossible not to comply. The only singer was Mr. Cummings, who, through the unlucky accident to Mr. Sims' Receiver's eye, has been brought prominently forward during the last fortnight, and as our substitute for our greatest singer, has on each occasion acquitted himself most creditably. Last night Mr. Cummings sang the charming "Lullaby" from Mr. Benedetti's *Lily of Killarney* with such true expression that he was called upon to repeat it, and the always welcome "Adele" of Beethoven (accompanied by Mr. Benedetti, at the end of which he was deservedly recalled. This first-rate concert was worthily brought to a conclusion by a capital performance of one of "Papa" Haydn's most vicious and genial quartets—No. 3, Op. 35 (in C major)—which sent every one away in good humor.

At the next concert we are promised Dussek's *Discordance* in B flat (for strings and horns), Hummel's famous *Septet*, and—in consequence of its reception at the first performance—Dussek's sonata, *L'Innoce*nt.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily News.")

The third concert of this season took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. Notwithstanding the state of the weather—heavy rain and thick fog—the hall was well filled, and presented its usual aspect; the attractions of the programme, and especially the name of Arabella Goddard, having been sufficient to counteract the weather.

Spohr's Quintet in G major, one of the very finest works of its class, is an early production of the illustrious master, having been composed at Vienna in 1813. In regard to Spohr's character as a musician, we have pleasure in quoting the judgment of the distinguished critic who supplies the "Analytical Remarks" contained in the books of these concerts.

"As a composer of quartets," he says, "and indeed of all forms of

* About the second sonata (in B flat), which is obstinately withheld by its trustees, it is of course impossible to offer an opinion.

chamber music for stringed instruments, Spohr eminently excelled. All the composers for the violin put together, since legitimate music was provided for that instrument, would not make one Spohr. His quartets (of which he produced about three times as many as Mozart, and twice as many as Beethoven), his quintets, and other examples of chamber music, form a library of themselves, a library of which the shelves are laden with veritable treasures. As a writer for the orchestra, his acquaintance with the peculiarities of instruments and his art in combining them won for him the unbounded admiration of musicians, and here (as in the turn of his melody and the peculiar glow and richness of his harmony) that strong individuality by which his music is so easily recognised is everywhere conspicuous.

The quintet played on Monday evening may be said to be peculiarly Mozartish. Its fresh and flowing melodies, its clear and simple construction, and the total absence of the ultra-chromatic elaboration in which, it must be admitted, Spohr at a later period somewhat too much indulged, give the same kind and degree of pleasure which is given by the music of Mozart, while Spohr has stamped on every movement the seal of his own genius. Its execution by the accomplished artists named in the programme was (we need scarcely say) finished and exquisite in the highest degree.

Dusek's sonata in F minor (known as *L'arcontino*) was performed for the first time at these concerts. When Madame Arabella Goddard presented herself she was greeted with a storm of applause and welcome. She acknowledged her reception with her usual quick simplicity of manner, and speedily displayed the qualities which have raised her to the highest rank as an artist. She played with that grandeur of style, that depth of expression, and that perfect execution that gives clearness to the most rapid and complicated passages, which are her characteristic features; and she deserves as much praise for her taste and judgment in selecting this chef d'œuvre as for her magnificent performance. This sonata was written more than half a century ago; and yet, had it been brought forward as a work of Beethoven in the plenitude of his powers, it might have been heard with satisfaction by the most discerning critic. It is too much forgotten at this time that there were giants in the land in the days when Dusek wrote, and that he himself was one of them. For the revival of his works, and those of other worthies of the olden time, we are already much indebted to Madame Arabella Goddard, and we heartily hope that she will continue to pursue the same course.

The other pieces—Mendelssohn's beautiful piazetto trio, Haydn's bright and genial quartet, and the two songs admirably sung by Mr. Cummings—made up one of the best Monday Popular Concerts ever given.

MANCHESTER.

(From an *Edgley* Correspondent).

The repetition of Gounod's "Mass of St. Cecilia," accompanied with the first performance of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, at Mr. C. Hall's fourteenth concert in the Free Trade Hall, was a temptation few string musicians could resist. This accounts for so large an audience being present on this latter cold evening. In order to get a good seat, I was compelled to stand at the doors from five o'clock, while "John Frost" piped out to us with great severity. At fifteen minutes past six we were admitted in the great hall, where we sat until half-past seven, when the performance commenced and destroyed the buzzing monotony of whispering talkers. If this does not show a real love for good music, what does? A second hearing of Gounod's mass confirms the admiration I hastily expressed to you at the time of its first performance at these concerts. The telling and simple structure of the voice-parts, with their melodious phrases, grand harmonies, and inspiring unisons adorned with beautiful melodies—more especially that for a *tenor* for principal voices, soprano, tenor, and bass—solo, and concerted pieces breathing the purest devotion, were all combined together with a concourse of instrumentation that is really enrapturing. Mr. Gounod's orchestration is a compend of beautiful tones; each instrument adds its own peculiar color to the tone picture; the combinations are varied like the hues of the rainbow; a master-hand is exhibited so dexterous and ingenious that it triumphs over any and endures new pleasures, filling the soul with rapture. We are held spell-bound by the magical influence of music; we must give expression to the feelings that rise in our hearts and swell in our bosoms until the pleasing sensation bursts and pours out again in loud bravos!

The Last Judgment is a subject of intense solemnity; every Christian regards it with the most profound feeling, for it fills the soul with deadly terror, every emotion within us is paralysed at the thought of

that great and awful day—when time shall cease to flow, when the earth and the sea must give up their dead, and when all men will stand before the judgment-seat of the eternal God. Louis Spohr, in choosing this awe-inspiring subject for musical illustration, taxed his ingenuity to the very utmost. However, his genius shines in refining and endearing music by beautiful and elaborate instrumentation, well-connected phrases, masterly contrivance, excellent part-writing, devout and dramatic expression. His ideas are noble, grand, and well developed; his effects are most striking, descriptive, picturesque, and original. Spohr does not reach the sublimity of Handel's or Mendelssohn's inspired works, although it must be admitted by all impartial critics that he stands on an exalted position by the side of those great masters; no other composer of modern times has equalled Spohr's ability as an oratorio writer. *The Last Judgment* is a masterpiece of dramatic expression; it illustrates a theme upon which there will always be a great diversity of opinion. This grave subject inspired the composer with a sublime feeling, for a true spirit pervades the whole work, which is sufficient to place it amongst the highest creations of art. Spohr's oratorio is too valuable a wreath of music, pearls and diamonds to lie dormant on the library-shelves; it was always with the esteem and admiration of true musicians. The choruses were admirably sung by the choir; the intricate progressions were correctly rendered; the extreme difficulties of the instrumental part of the oratorio appeared like children's play to Mr. C. Hall's magnificent band, which he so ably directs. This concert was indeed an intellectual feast. The principal singers were Miss Banks (a favorite in these districts), Mrs. Brooke, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Merrick of Bristol Cathedral. T. B. R.

Edgley, Jan. 27, 1865.

ENTER HALL.—The National Choral Society will give a performance of *Judas Maccabeus*, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday the 8th. The principal artists will be Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss. Band and chorus 700 performers.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mr. Sumners's new cantata, *David in the Wilderness*, was performed here on Wednesday evening, January 26th, by the Town Choral Association. The work was well received by the audience, several movements being encored.

THIRD INSTITUTION.—MR. KENNEDY'S "SONGS OF SCOTLAND."—The Spring session of the Third Institution was opened on Tuesday evening last. The committee had engaged the services of Mr. Kennedy, whose illustrations of the national minstrelsy of Scotland have been regarded as in no respect inferior to those of John Wilson. Mr. Kennedy possesses a tenor voice of purity, sweetness, and a fine appreciation of the poetry and music of his native land, and the taste and ability to impart to both appropriate expression. Whether the composition be of a pathetic character, such as the ballads of "Auld Robin Gray," or "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," humorous, as "Get up and bar the door," "Johnny Cope," or "Alister M'Alister," or heroic and diabolic as "Scots wae ha'e," he is equally effective. His delineations of Scottish character and manners are forcible and truthful, and especially remarkable for that dry humour only to be found in perfection in the far north. The entertainment delighted a very crowded audience. We may state, that the songs were accompanied in a masterly manner by Mr. Land, who was for a long period associated with Mr. John Wilson. Between the first and second parts of the entertainment, Mr. Land played his new solo for the pianoforte, entitled "Recollections of Burns," in which he introduced several Scottish airs.—*Abridged from the West Briton, January 27th.*

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is the pianist at to-day's Crystal Palace concert. The first piece set down for her is Professor Bennett's Concerto in F minor (No. 4), which she has so often played in public, and always *con amore*. The second is Mr. Lindsay Sloper's fantasia on *Mirville*. The concerto was rehearsed with the orchestral accompaniment on Thursday.

LEICESTER.—The fourth of the Messrs. Nicholson's concerts took place on Monday evening. On this occasion the great English songstress, Miss Louisa Pyne, was the principal attraction, ably assisted, however, by her sister Miss Susan Pyne, Miss A. M. Clowes, and Messrs. Duncan (pianoforte), Mr. D. F. Davis (clap), Master Gibson (violin), and Mr. H. Nicholson (bass). The new Philharmonic Society also contributed several parts, &c. The concert (which was given in aid of the funds of the Leicester Infirmary) was attended by a crowded audience, including the *élite* of the town and country.

LIVERPOOL.—A concert was given at St. George's Hall, on Saturday evening, Madame Fiorentini, Madlle. Liebhart, Signor Ambonetti and Mr. Weiss being the vocalists, and Signor Bottesini and Mr. Levy the instrumentalists. The local journals speak in terms of high praise of Madlle. Liebhart. The *Daily Post* says:—

Madlle. Liebhart's success was such as she certainly had every reason to feel satisfied with. She is gifted with a fine, clear, easy-flowing soprano, which enables her to master even difficult passages with ease; and she throws a spirit and animation into her singing that considerably enhances the effect of her vocal powers. She received the honour of a general encore in the first piece she sang, "Perdona non vidi ancora," and responded by giving a pretty Scotch ballad, which drew forth the warmest applause. In the German song, "Morgensfeier," composed expressly for her, her voice appeared to great advantage, with its clear, bird-like warbling; and a loud encore followed the conclusion. A similar compliment was paid to her rendering of the "Bird of the Forest," which was distinguished by remarkable grace and sweetness. The performance of Signor Bottesini on the double-bass created a furor, and Mr. Levy was encored in two pieces on the cornet-pianos.

The following account of Mr. Nightingale's new Comedietta is abridged from the same paper:—

Mr. Nightingale's new comedietta, *May and December*, has had a great success. It is a close adaptation of a little French piece called *Sylphe*. The story only affords scope for the simplest beauties of diction, allusion, dramatic action, or pathos. But, availing himself of all the opportunities afforded him in the sympathetic spirit Mr. Nightingale has produced a very entertaining and tasteful little interlude. If it does not take possession of the stage with a very strong grasp it is likely to keep possession of it with a graceful one; for *May and December* is an admirable addition to those pieces which elegant pens have produced for elegant favourites—pieces composed almost wholly with reference to lightness, gaiety, and female fascination, and therefore always valued by actresses who are favourites with audiences, and always enjoyed by the audiences whose favourites the actresses are. The three artists engaged played admirably; and Miss C. Nelson's singing of an introduced ballad was greatly applauded.

It is probable that *May and December* will shortly be produced on the boards of a London theatre.

REMARKS.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert-lecture was given by Mrs. John Macfarren at the Mechanics' Institution on Thursday, the 26th ult. The fair lecturer introduced a history in little of music from the earliest days, and gave many interesting anecdotes of the great composers, including Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, &c. The lecture—which also comprised a variety of matters—concluded with some observations on the development of new characteristics in the piano-forte. The illustrations on the piano-forte were the "Moto Continuo" movement from Weber's Sonata in C. Op. 21; Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith; selections from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"; the "Caprice de Concert"; the composition of the fair lecturer herself; *Adagio and Rondo* from Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; *Nature and Caprice*, *Etude*, by Brissac; and Thalberg's *Fantasia on Elise's Dream*—in all of which Mrs. Macfarren achieved an eminent success. Miss Elizabeth Henderson was the vocalist, and sang Haydn's "Merrill" canon; Mozart's song, "The Violet" song. "I've watched him," from the opera of *Helldig*; and the Scotch ballad, "Conin' thro' the rye." Miss Henderson's beautiful soprano voice and charming style made a deep impression, the air from *Helldig* and the Scotch ballad being enthusiastically cheered, the latter indeed, twice. As a complimentary session paid to any singer on or off the stage. The room of the Institution was crowded.

MR. SANTLEY AT BARCELONA.—We must—writes the Barcelona correspondent of the *Presse Théâtrale et Musicale* of Paris, alluding to the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—make a special mention in favor of the barytone Santley. Since his debut in the *Trovanter*, Mr. Santley has marched onward from success to success. His is a talent of the very highest order, and his voice is so happily timbred that one cannot hear it with indifference. Mr. Santley manages it with an art which one cannot sufficiently admire. Without exaggeration, without *feints*, by force of expression alone, by the legitimate employment of all the resources of the vocal art, he produces his effects and raises the enthusiasm of his hearers. Mr. Santley was recalled and applauded vociferously after his air (the air of Enrico in the first act.) after the duet with Lucia, in fine after the principal scenes of the opera, all of which compliments were eminently merited.

TURIN.—Mercadante's *Il Guirémante* has been given at the Teatro Regio, with success. Madame Vera Lorini was the soprano. All the local papers are loud in their praise of her, both as singer and actress. The other artists were Madlle. Barlaia Marchisio, Signors Graziani and Pambolini.

CLINTON.—An agreeable evening concert was given recently by Mr. P. J. Smith, at the Victoria Rooms. The weather was far from propitious, but there was a large attendance. The vocalists were Madlles Titius, Dorsani, and Enquist, Signor Bossi, and M. Joulin. Signor Pizzi, (violinello) was the instrumentalist, and Signor Bevinigni conductor.

An evening concert took place at the Victoria Rooms, on Friday. Miss Jennie Harrison, daughter of the well-known music-seller, made her debut. Hummel's quintet was performed in a brilliant style. Miss Harrison played the piano part, which is exceedingly difficult, in a manner which delighted her audience. Miss Harrison also played Kuhl's solo on *Mirtha*, which drew forth an encore; she then played the Stamboul galop, by Esau, a difficult piece, without a book, which was a success of another theme. In a quartet of Reissiger the young pianist was again heard to the best advantage. The excellent quality of the piano-forte was generally noticed. It was one of Messrs. Kirkman's finest Grands. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was the principal vocalist, and created a great effect by the purity of her voice, and the brilliancy of her style. In addition to Miss Harrison, M. Pollitzer (first violin), Mr. Chapman (second violin), Herr Pfeiffer (viola), Mr. Morris (bass), Mr. A. W. Waite (violinello), and Mr. L. Waite (double bass), performed a variety of high-class music.

INVESTMENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of this fund was held on Wednesday week, at the office of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall; J. N. Harrison, Esq., president, in the chair. The report was read by the hon. secretary, Mr. J. F. Puttick, and the statement of accounts by the treasurer, Mr. Daniel Hill. From the report it appears that the expenditure in relief has increased from 27l. 8s., in the year 1856, to 146l. 4s. in the past year; and for the last four years the relief account amounts to 587l. 15s. The report further stated that of the relief distributed by the fund about one half is among the professional associates of the society, from whom, however, not more than a tenth part of the income is derived. The treasurer's abstract of accounts shows a balance against that officer of 21l. The investment fund is 2,300l. New Three per Cent. The usual complimentary votes were passed and addresses delivered by various gentlemen present, urging the claims of the fund upon the professional and amateur members of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

RECEIVED & BOUND.—"Swallow, come again," by CLAREL. "Gathering heart's rose," by HELEN PARKER. *Adagio & Rondo* (London), and R. Potts & Co. (Brighton).—"The Garden-rose" & "Why didst thou leave me, sweet," by MEXIE; and "Lost in the lonely presence" by LAYBURN LAMBERT.

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MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing at Northampton February 21st; Oxford, 23rd; and at the Crystal Palace, 28th.

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MR. FREDERICK PENNA will sing "The Suliste War Song," composed by Brinsley Richards, at Brighton, on Thursday evening, February 23rd.

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THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF GREAT MASTERS TO EACH OTHER.*

Artists pass generally for egotists. To a certain degree they must be so, as far at least as regards adherence to, and unconquered prosecution of, their respective artistic views. The self-feeling of an inward mission may, however, prove a mistake; it may, as is frequently the case with persons of mediocre talent, overvalue itself. But where it has led, by ordals and work, to conviction, fidelity to this conviction, even when mistaken, is not only worthy of respect but necessary, because without it nothing original and nothing great can be created in art. Thus fidelity to their convictions and egotism are often confounded in the case of artists, and characterize, in more or less glaring forms, their relations with their contemporaries and colleagues. The world is, unfortunately, but too ready to ascribe base motives, such as envy and jealousy, to the actions arising from this source, and, because little-tattle is always welcome to the masses, and mediocrity invariably delights at being able to say something in disparagement of distinguished men, tales and anecdotes having this effect are propagated from generation to generation, and many persons who do not even know the productions of a great artist, to say nothing of their never endeavouring to become acquainted with the spirit reigning in those productions, are sure to remember, should they have heard or read it anywhere, that he could not bear this or that contemporary, a fact which is then accepted by them as a sufficient characteristic of the man.

That the professors of music (composers and virtuosi), and those of the dramatic art (operatic singers and performers of the spoken drama) are reproached more than the members of any of the other branches of art with impatient and envious egotism, is a certain fact, and, as a rule, the charge is not, after all, unfounded. We have not many examples of composers expressing themselves concerning a rival to their fame as Haydn did concerning Mozart, when the Estates of Prague asked him to write an opera for their Theatre. He declined complying with their request, and wrote thus: "You have the great Mozart. Could I impress upon the soul of every lover of music, but especially of the Great, as profound an appreciation, as much musical comprehension, and as great a love of Mozart's incomparable labours as I myself feel, nations would vie with each other for the possession of such a treasure. Let Prague hold fast to the dear man, but let her also reward him, for without this the history of great geniuses is a sad one, and this is the reason why so many men of promising genius succumb. It makes me angry to think that a man standing alone like Mozart is not yet engaged at once Imperial or Royal Court!"† How often, in the contrary case, ought our indignation to have been excited, and to be so, still, on seeing at present every one consider himself, as a rule, the very best person for filling every post!

The greater, therefore, is the obligation we are under of making a stand against the calumnies—which have become traditional—asserted against great composers in their personal relations to each other. To the category of stories believed without investigation belongs, for instance, among others, the story of the misunderstanding between Carl Maria von Weber and Beethoven. Weber is certainly not quite innocent of having given rise to this legend, since he was guilty of a youthful offence against the *Sinfonia Eroica*, which he handled rather roughly in a kind of humorous account of a journey. This was, indeed, incomprehensible in so highly gifted, though young, a composer as Weber, but he was excited probably only by a desire to be smart, and soon manifested in no plain a manner his high admiration of Beethoven, that we perceive how much he regretted his youthful indiscretion. As we have already said, what was bad in his conduct, however, went on increasing by report, while what was good was made known to no one, or, if known, disregarded and forgotten. What was good was as follows:—

Scarcely was Wilhelmine Schröder engaged at Dresden through the instrumentality of Weber, when the latter urged the production of Beethoven's *Fidèle*, which, by the way, he had already brought out at Prague. He put himself, accordingly, in communication with Beethoven, to whom, as his diary proves, he wrote

concerning that work, on the 28th January, 18th February, 7th April, and 5th June, 1823, receiving letters from him on the 16th February, 10th April, and 9th June. To the great loss of art, all trace of this correspondence between two masters of the first rank, concerning a work of the greatest importance, has disappeared through the carelessness of those entrusted with the preservation of Weber's papers. Only a fragment, the beginning of Weber's first letter to Beethoven (of the 28th January) remains in the rough draft. These few lines are, however, sufficient to exhibit in the most charming manner one of the noblest traits of Weber's heart, his childlike, unassuming admiration of what was great, and his high veneration for the first of German composers. He writes as follows:—

"The production of this work, a mighty testimony of German greatness and of depth of feeling under my direction in Prague afforded me an intimate knowledge, as inspiring as instructive, of its inward nature and, with the help of that knowledge, I trust, assisted by every possible resource, to be able to introduce it, in all its effectiveness, to the public here also. Every performance will be a festival at which I shall be permitted to offer your lofty mind the homage existing for you in my inmost heart, where veneration and love struggle for the mastery."

The great master, not insensible to such genuine admiration, appears to have answered Weber in as friendly a manner as it was possible for him to do, for there resulted from this correspondence such friendly relations between the two, that the rough Beethoven, who was incapable of aught approaching hypocrisy, could, in a letter of the 17th July, 1823, addressed to Konneritz, and containing a receipt for the forty ducats he received for *Fidèle*, exclaim the words—"according to the description of my dear friend, Maria Weber," &c. These friendly relations were still more consecrated and cemented by the personal acquaintance of the two composers. All the stories told by Schindler and others, about antipathy, any differences between Beethoven and Weber are consequently maliciously or unconsciously invented fables.

Weber received the score of *Fidèle* from Beethoven himself, on the 10th April, and produced the opera on the 29th, with Wilhelmine Schröder, in the part of the heroine, after fourteen rehearsals, conducted with the greatest care. The fair young singer surpassed the expectations formed even of the daughter of the Schröder. Though she was then far from giving the grandiose picture—distinguished for such genuine artistic finish—of the heroic wife, which we all so often admired, still she contributed essentially to the immense success of the opera."

When Weber afterwards, late in the summer of 1823, went to Vienna, for the production of his *Euryanthe*, he was told that Beethoven had said to Steiner, the music-publisher: "I am glad that you publish a German work again. I have heard a great deal of good of Weber's opera. I hope it will produce him and you abundance of money and honour." When Weber's *Freischütz* was making the great sensation it did, Beethoven read the score through, and said in the presence of some of his friends:

"What an idea! I should never have believed it of the little man, who is generally so mild! Weber must now write operas; regular operas; one after another, and without bestowing too much trouble on them! Caspar, the monster, stands out like a house. Whenever the Devil puts his claws in the business, you feel them, and no mistake!"

On being reminded by some person present of the second finale, and of the previously unknown musical effects it contained, he said:

"Yes, that is certainly true; but it has a strange effect on me. I certainly see what Weber means, but he has put in some devilishly queer stuff! When I read it—for instance the part with the wild Huntsmen—I am compelled to laugh—yet there is no doubt it is the right thing."

Having got Haendel previously to announce his coming, Weber drove with him and Benedict, on the 5th October, to Baden, where Beethoven resided. The three men were moved, on entering the desolate and almost poverty-stricken room inhabited by the great Ludwig. It was in the utmost disorder. Music, money, and wearing apparel were strewn upon the floor, while linen was heaped upon the dirty bed; the open grand piano was covered with thick dust, and some broken coffee-things stood upon the table. Beethoven advanced to meet them. Benedict says:

"It was thus that Lear or the Ossianic Bard must have looked. The hair was thick, grey, and standing up; in some places, however, it was quite

* From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† Gerber, *Neues Lexicon*, II, p. 555.

* C. M. von Weber. *Ein Lebensbild*. Vol. II, p. 465.

white; the forehead and skull were wonderfully broad, arched and lofty, like a temple; the nose was square like that of a lion; the mouth was nobly formed and soft; the chin was broad, with those wonderful folds, depicted in all the portraits of him, and formed of two maxillary bones, which seemed to have been made on purpose to crack the hardest nuts. Over his broad, pock-marked face was spread a dark red tinge; beneath his bushy eye brows, sternly contracted, small, sparkling eyes gleamed mildly on us as we entered; the Cypselian square-built form, only a little taller, however, than Weber's, was clad in a shabby dressing-gown, torn at the elbows.*

Beethoven recognised Weber before the latter was named, and, folding him in his arms, exclaimed: "So here you are, eh? You are a devil of a fellow, that you are! My Heaven bless you!" He then immediately handed him the celebrated tablet, and a conversation sprang up, during which Beethoven first flung the music off the sofa, and then, without any ceremony, dressed himself in the presence of his visitors to go out. Beethoven complained bitterly of his position; abused the managers of the theatre; the getters-up of concerts; the public; the Italians; public taste; but more especially the ingratitude of his Nephew, Weber, who was deeply moved, advised him to tear himself away from such a disgusting and discouraging state of things, and make a professional tour through Germany, when he would see what the world thought of him.—"Too late!" exclaimed Beethoven, going through the pantomime of playing the piano, and shaking his head. "Then go to England, a country which admires you," wrote Weber. "Too late!" hallelooed Beethoven, seizing Weber demonstratively under the arms, and dragging him off to the "Sauerhof," where he used to dine. Beethoven was here all cordiality and warmth towards Weber. The latter writes:—

"—We spent the middle of the day with each other, very merry and well-pleased. This rough, forbidding man absolutely paid court to me, waiting on me at dinner with as much attention as if I had been his lady. In short, this will always be a memorable one for me as well as for every one else present. I felt it a peculiar distinction to be overhauled with such affectionate respect by a man of so great a mind," &c.

Beethoven turned the conversation to *Euryanthe*, but Weber avoided the subject. Hereupon Beethoven said to Haslinger, across the table: "What sort of a libretto is it?" and, while Weber was writing down: "Very respectable; full of fine passages," Beethoven, who had seen Haslinger shake his head, burst out into a laugh and exclaimed: "The old story over again! German authors cannot knock up a good libretto!" "How about *Fidelio*?" wrote Weber. "That was originally French," said Beethoven, "translated first into Italian and then into German." "And which libretto do you consider the best?" enquired Weber. "*Fidelio* and *Wasserträger* (*Les deux Journaux*)," exclaimed Beethoven at once.

When his visitors were about to leave, Beethoven embraced and kissed Weber several times, and held the latter's small hand in his own fist, exclaiming: "Success to the new opera. If I can, I will come to the first performance!" Weber returned to Vienna deeply moved and edified.

Unfortunately, owing to the propagation of certain gossiping stories, among which Weber's youthful offence, of which Beethoven appears previously to have known nothing, against the *Eroica*, was used against him, the intercourse of the two great men was so far broken off that they no longer corresponded. Never, however, did they in any way run counter to each other.*

* C. M. von Weber, by Max von Weber. Vol. II, p. 399.

LEIPZIG—On the 14th January, the Arion Vocal Association celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of its foundation, on which occasion the following was the programme: Hymn for Male Voices (solo and chorus), with accompaniment of brass instruments, Albert Trottmann (new-third movement); "Seile, was betrübst du dich?" (Oer), Richard Müller; Recitation: "Nordsturm" (Oer), M. Hauptmann; "Die Drei Worte des Gläubers" (Schüller), posthumous MS., C. Zöllner; "Nachtgesang in Walde," for male chorus with horn accompaniment, F. Schubert; "Mein Heilathum" (Jul. Sturm), dedicated to the Association by Wilhelm Tschirch; "Morgenandacht" (Geibel), E. Lassen; Recitation: "Teufelher" (R. Reinkens), C. Heinicke; "Wir sind die Könige der Welt" (Stäcke), C. Zöllner. It was the first time any of the above works had been sung by the Association.—Madlle. Metzdorf, of the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, sang at a recent concert of the Eulerpe Association, and was exceedingly successful.

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTDEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from page 81.)

The *Thematic Catalogue* of all the published Works of Ludwig van Beethoven (Leipzig, 1851), if somewhat attentively examined, will alone be sufficient to convey an idea of the extent of a collective edition, as well as of the manifold difficulties to be overcome. Of a truth, the task of carrying out such an edition requires means and vigour, no less than prudence and strength of will, in no ordinary degree. In November, 1861, when the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel issued the advertisement and prospectus of the first complete edition, authorised everywhere, of the works of Ludwig van Beethoven, the public were justified in expecting a publication in every respect well-prepared and promising to prove a certain success; at present, when after the lapse of fully two years, nearly the whole of the toilsome journey has been performed, a somewhat more minute examination of what was promised and what has been effected enables us to see clearly the highly gratifying results which have been obtained, by means of this edition, for the musical public.

"That this edition is one which can be distinguished as 'authorized everywhere' is a fact that may be regarded as one which concerns the publisher more than it interests the public. The latter do not generally enquire into the former's right, because they consider themselves justified in assuming it as a matter of course; but however confused people's ideas may be about the system of piracy—which, in the case of music at the present day we hear actually extolled as a patriotic and meritorious act, as it once was in the case of books—it yet will be satisfactory to every person not to have his interest in a grand and important enterprise diminished by any doubts as to the just basis of it. The difficulties—and it is but fair we should take this into consideration—were, it is true, considerably increased by the fact that, in the first instance, an agreement had to be concluded with a large number of publishers. Even a person not intimately acquainted with the wonderfully intricate circumstances connected with the publishing laws, and not aware how, at various times and in various places, they have become rather more complicated than the contrary, need only cast a glance over the numerous publishers of Beethoven's works, as exhibited in the *Thematic Catalogue*, to perceive that it is frequently a matter of difficulty to know where the right of publication really exists. It certainly needed no slight amount of investigation and negotiations, as well as a great deal of accommodating spirit, to satisfy all claims, and we have reason to rejoice that it has been possible—and it is especially difficult to do such a thing in Germany—to obtain for a great enterprise of general interest, not to be carried out without compromise, the adhesion of so many individuals concerned, each of them exercising sovereign power in his own sphere.

The question of completeness is naturally of the greatest importance. Appended to the prospectus is a list of those compositions which, having been already published, are available for, and will accordingly be included in, the new edition. This list displays in four-and-twenty series a stately row of two hundred and sixty pieces, some of considerable importance. Whatever is to be added in the way of unpublished works is, at present, a matter for more searching investigation and for negotiation. One thing, however, may be asserted with all certainty, namely, that all Beethoven's unpublished compositions put together constitute but a small number compared to those already known, and, moreover, that among them there are only a few of such importance for their publication possibly to add any essentially new and original traits to the already complete picture of the great master. That this is the reverse to what is the case with the old masters, whose unpublished works greatly predominate over their published works, is a fact that ought not to astonish us. It was a consequence of Beethoven's nature as an artist as well as of his position, that, on the one hand, he did not write as much as they did, and it resulted, on the other, as a matter of course, from his position towards the public and the extension given to the music-trade, that whatever he did write was at once engraved. It may, indeed, be asserted

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

without hesitation that the compositions which distinguish Beethoven as a composer, and form the basis of his position with the public, were given to the world during his lifetime.

The most important of Beethoven's yet unpublished works, and one which has justly been already included in the catalogue as certain to appear with the published ones, is *Ungurus ceteri Wolkeiter, Hungary's first Benefactor* (King Stephen), an introductory piece, with chorus, by Kotzebue. It was produced, with *Die Ruinen von Athen*, at the opening of the new theatre in Pesth, on the 9th February, 1812. The overture alone subsequently became known; the beautiful choruses, several of which are for male voices, and a long and interesting melodramatic scene, afford fresh proofs of Beethoven's mastery in dramatic characterization, by means of especially original coloring, a mastery so astoundingly prominent in *Die Ruinen von Athen* also. In the autumn of 1822, when the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen* was performed with new words, by C. Meil, at the inauguration of the Theatre in the Josephstadt, Beethoven composed, in addition to an overture, which was printed at the time, and has since become very well known (Op. 124), a grand "Chorus with Ballet," never published. Another chorus, too, "Ihr weisen Gründer," composed, in the autumn of 1814, for a patriotic drama, has never been published.

There exists, also, for orchestra, a fine "Interlude," in the style of a march, very characteristically treated, and evidently intended for some particular piece, perhaps Kuffner's tragedy of *Tarpia*, for which Beethoven composed the "Triumphal March," already engraved.

There are a number of dances and marches, most of the last composed, on various occasions in Baden, at the request of the Arch-Duke Anton; but these are of little importance.

Very remarkable, however, are three pieces composed for a patriotic drama, *Leonore Prokaska*, laid in the time of the War of Deliverance. They consist of a chorus of soldiers, a romance, and a melodrama with harmonica accompaniment, unfortunately, like the rest, extremely short.

Of little importance, on the other hand, are certain occasional pieces: a "Marriage Song" for Giannastasio del Rio, of January, 1819, and, of an earlier date, a very merry "Italian Canzina," with pianoforte accompaniment, for the birthday of his doctor, Malfatti, as well as a "Farewell Cantata," for three male voices, in honor of the friend, Herr Tuscher, a *Magistratrat*. Their publication would simply prove, what is already so well known, that Beethoven was not happy as a writer of occasional pieces, in so far as the mere absolute occasion did not suffice either to inspire him, or render his task an easy one. It is worthy of notice that for these pieces, not very edifying either in purport, form, or extent, he put down a mass of plans and sketches, just as for his great works. On the other hand, it is characteristic that the beautiful and deeply feeling "Elegischer Gesang" (Op. 118), in honor of the "transfigured wife of his respected friend, Pasqualatti," was written at the same time, the year 1814, as the above occasional pieces, from which it differs, however, so much, because when Beethoven composed it his heart was in work.

(To be continued.)

LIST OF NEW OPERAS

Produced in Italy during the year 1864.

No.	Title.	Composer.	Where first performed.
1.	Roderigo	Ponchielli	Piacenza
2.	Venezia	Bicking	Trapani
3.	Il Brigante	Barzani	Turin
4.	Contessa d'Amalfi	Pirella	"
5.	L'albergo dell'allegria	Lombardini	Naples
6.	Il bosco di Dalc	De Gioia	"
7.	Lastella di Toledo	Benvenuti	Milan
8.	Michele Perrin	Lagoni	"
9.	Niccolò de' Lupi	Rossi	Ancona
10.	I Batavi	Tarbo	Florence
11.	L'eredità	Cesigio	Milan
12.	I due Italiani	Tenorelli	"
13.	Lacina	Grimaldi	Naples
14.	Maria de' Grifi	Petrilli	Bergamo
15.	Core di marino	Desay	Cagliari
16.	L'emonio del Diavolo	Sozzi	Milan
17.	Roberto di Normandia	Cordiali and Derina	Verelli

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

(From our own correspondent.)

GENOA, FEB. 4TH.

Considering that during the Carnival there are no less than eighty-four theatres in Italy open for the performance of opera, it would be no easy task to give detailed accounts of even such as claim to be *disartile*, or, in plain English, "above mediocrity;" neither am I at all sure that such accounts would have the slightest interest for the readers of the *Musical World*, since, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, the quality is by no means on a par with the quantity. For some time, now, I have been wondering about, from city to city, and from town to town, for here in Italy, during the Carnival, even large villages have their opera. I have heard a super-abundance of Verdi, and very little of either Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti, numberless squalling *prime donne*, a quantity of *tenori robusti*, who seem now to be as plentiful as blackberries, and who, to judge by the applause lavished on them, are the favorites with uneducated audiences; and a certain number of very fair baritones, the preponderance of really good voices decidedly falling to these last, whose principal failing, however, is to roar. In a word, I have heard an immense deal of what was not worth hearing, and therefore not worth recording, though at the same time I must acknowledge that some performances which I have attended and a few singers whom I have heard, I have listened to with pleasure and moreover think them worthy of notice. I will, therefore, first give a list of the various operas with which the eighty-four theatres in Italy commenced this Carnival season, whereby some idea may be formed as to the amount of popularity in which certain operas and composers are held at the present time, and I will then proceed to give a few particulars of what I consider most deserving of mention. The Scala of Milan and the Pergola of Florence opened with Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*, the Regio of Turin with Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, the Carlo Felice of Genoa with Ferrari's *Ultimi giorni di Salsi*, Parma with *Giulietta Tell*, the Apollo of Rome with a new opera by a Maestro Secchi (the Government having prohibited the *Due Foscari*) and Bologna with *Il Barbiere*. Eleven theatres commenced the season with *Il Ballo in Maschera*, two with Cagnoni's *Michele Perrin*, one with *Romeo and Juliet*, one with *Don Bucefalo*, one with *Attila*, two with *Vittor Pisani*, one with *Marino Faliero*, five with *La Traviata*, nine with *La Favorita*, four with *I Lombardi*, one with *Maria di Rohan*, one with *Scaramuzza*, four with *Rigoletto*, four with *I Due Foscari*, one with *Aroldo*, (the least known of Verdi) one with *I Vespri Siciliani*, two with *Ernani*, one with *Lucia*, seven with Pedrotti's *Tullio in Maschera*, (one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which seems to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of *Il Ballo in Maschera*) three with *Il Tronatore*, one with *Robert le Diable*, one with *Poissone*, two with Mercadante's *Leonora*, one with *Roberto Devereux*, and ten with operas by composers of no reputation. Four years ago 15 theatres opened with *Il Tronatore* and 23 with *La Traviata*, but by the above list it will be seen that this year there is an improvement upon that, which was undoubtedly a proof of the degenerated state of musical taste in Italy, though even this year Verdi was represented in no less than 57 theatres, while the ever fresh melodies of Rossini were heard in only two towns, and Meyerbeer, one of the most distinguished composers of modern operatic music, held possession of but one solitary theatre, his *Robert* being given at Pisa, about the most miserable theatre in Italy, with a land and chorus, the excrementalness of which is not easily surmised, although when I had the misfortune of being there it was at least equalled by that of the principal singers. Speaking of execrable performances, brings to my mind most forcibly such as are at times presented to English audiences in small country towns, and such as I have been my lot, more than once, to attend, for the theatres of this kind are offered to the musical public of Italian villages for the small sum of twenty-eight centimes are immeasurably superior to those to which I refer. Acknowledging that England can boast of an opera, which, whether judged by its principal singers, by the magnificence with which everything is placed on the stage, or by its unrivalled land and chorus, is second to no other in the world, still I am bound to admit that at times in England operatic performances are given and patronized, which would not be tolerated in any other country. Without making more than a passing allusion to the half-dressed opera companies which used to go the round of the provinces, their *prime donne*, *tenors* and *basses* being selected from the ranks of those chorus singers, who were, for the time being, out of engagements, and their land and chorus numbering, in the *tail*, twenty performers, but in reality, the former consisting of a couple of fiddlers, a piano out of tune, and a drum (this last being most obligingly provided for the especial gratification of the "musicians," by means of a drum, which also, by the wherewithal to gain admission to the building—often a Dissenter's meeting-house, doing temporary duty as a theatre—enjoyed the opera, or rather the "myrror," under the windows, gratis, all for nothing), and the latter, the chorus, composed of two men, a woman, and a child. Without questioning the usefulness of these companies, who doubtless,

afforded unbounded delight to those of our poor country cousins who had no more intimate acquaintance with a real opera than what they had acquired through the newspapers or through the coloured illustrations which adorn the title-page of the popular songs of the popular operas of the day. I cannot refrain from calling the attention of your readers to a series of performances which came under my notice, and which were certainly a disgrace to all engaged therein. Some few years ago, a certain gentleman with his wife, who shall be nameless, together with a male and female chorus singer, and accompanied on a piano by a young lady, went the round of a number of small towns in the north of England; and in the parish school-rooms, without stage or scenery, or any of those adjuncts which are generally considered indispensable to the performance of opera, and without any further assistance than that of the two chorus singers and the pianoforte-playing young lady above mentioned, "did," which means "murdered," some of the finest productions of the modern school. When I state that in the *Traviata* the lady sustained both the female parts during the first three acts, and that in the fourth, when Leonora and Azucena are both "en scène" at the same time, the managers of this creditable company, remembering the plan usually adopted at what then there are but three players, and doubtless not perceiving the difference between playing at cards and playing at performing opera, actually had a dummy laid on one of the school forms to represent the *Trovatore's* "genera madre," more over when I affirm that the gentleman sang the introductory air to an imaginary crowd of followers,—"the male and female chorus singers being out of sight, whether from having no suitable attire in which to appear, or that it was thought that a "man and a maid" as the sonnet of the Count di Lam's retinue, would not be likely to give the audience an idea of his lordship's greatness, I know not,—and when, in addition to what I have mentioned are taken into consideration the various drawdowns which must have necessarily occurred in the course of an opera given under such disadvantages, I think that the readers of the *Musical World* will agree with me that an Act of Parliament ought to be passed prohibiting persons getting up such despicable entertainments. But "reverenza a noi pioutons." Of the operas by a known composer with which the remaining ten theatres commenced this Carnival season, I have nothing to say excepting that *Robert le Diable*, with which the season was inaugurated at Verreli, was not Meyerbeer's, but the joint production of Signors Cordiali and Derma. It was a bold step on the part of Signor Verdi, when he wrote his "*Ballio in Moschera*," the same subject having been already successfully treated by the most popular of French composers, but Verdi being a genius and having taken greater pains with this opera than was his wont, in a measure, silenced those who are ever ready to make "odious comparisons." It was still bolder of Mr. Capes, who, some few years ago produced an Oratorio entitled "*Moses*," in a small town in the west of England—for it was impossible, when listening to the treatment of certain subjects, to forget, that once upon a time there lived a Handel; but it seems to me that Signors Cordiali and Derma, are far more bold than either Signor Verdi or Mr. Capes, in laying their first attempt open to a comparison with one of the greatest productions of one of the most talented composers of this century—an opera, which, before it was two years old, had been given in 164 theatres. As yet, I have not heard the result of the combined efforts of these two youthful aspirants to fame, but if I should have an opportunity of hearing *Robert No. 2*, I will at once inform you whether, this being the season for wonderful "transformations," the two little composers have contrived to transform themselves into one great one.

(To be Continued.)

MR. & MRS. GERMAN REEL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, consisting of *The Royal Composers* and *The Bard and his Birthday*, is about to be withdrawn for a novelty from the pen of the same author, Mr. William Brought. *The Soldier's Legacy* and *The Merry Cooks* continue to be represented every Tuesday and Thursday Morning. *Henry Long* or the *Sleeping Beauty*, and *The Merry Cooks*, will in future be represented every Saturday Evening, without inter-firing with the Opera *Matinées* on Tuesday and Thursday.

LADY.—A new concert room has been opened under the name of the "Salle Meyerbeer."

HAMBURG.—Herr Max Bruch's opera, *Lorelei*, has been produced, but its success has not been as great as was expected.

COLOGNE.—Herr Charles Oelrichth played, on the 9th, before a select circle of private friends, a Concertino, of his own composition, for Harp and Orchestra, or Piano (Op. 175), and two "Salon-Pieces" for the harp alone. He was greatly applauded.

PRUSSIA.—A national Conservatory for the education of singers and actors has just been founded with an annual grant of 6600 thalers from the Emperor. The director is Count Leo Festelet, a great patron of art.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. Frederick Clay's *Constance* has been withdrawn—not on account of any demerits of its own, but to enable the management to bring out another new opera in one act during the run of the pantomime. In taking leave of Mr. Clay's work for the present, it is only just to compliment him on the marked improvement it evinces. The distinction which some would find established between amateurs and professors only holds good where professors study their art with zealous earnestness, and exhibit a marked superiority. Unhappily these conditions are not so often found realized as might be wished; and so long as professors, whether from choice or from necessity, devote their time exclusively to teaching, it is difficult to explain in what ways they are better off than amateurs, whose days are given to other pursuits than the study and practice of music. Indeed, in many instances, the amateur enjoys the fairest chance—not merely because he has ordinarily more leisure at his disposal, but also because music with him not being the absorbing business of the day, he reverts to it at night with undivided sense, as to a fresh, and therefore agreeable occupation. These remarks are of course only intended to apply to amateurs who make art a study, not a pastime; and that Mr. Frederick Clay is one of the class would appear from the fact that he steadily progresses. *Constance*, though with no pretensions to be regarded as anything else than an opusculum, contains some really graceful thoughts, and, moreover, here and there, unmistakable indications of a draught of the dedication of the artist to something better. Of the first, the expressive ballad of the heroine, "I have plighted my troth" (so well sung by Mlle. Martorelle), may be cited as a fair instance; of the last, the comic trio, for Stanislav, Carlitz, and Rat-la-taff—"Your kindness, Sir."

Mr. Frank Mori's new opera, *The River Sprite*, now occupies the place of *Constance* as *leer de ridens*. This was composed three years ago for the Pyne and Harrison company, but, owing to some unexplained circumstances, was never produced. The libretto (by Mr. George Linley) is borrowed from a French vaudeville called *Le Oudine et le Pêcheur*. The "Oudine," or Water Sprite, is Louise Nerval (Madame Lancia), a pupil of the Conservatory at Nantes. To avoid the address of Enquerrand (Mr. C. Lyall), an unwelcome suitor, she has run away from the Conservatory and taken up her residence with her uncle, Cadion (Mr. Dusek) at an inn near the banks of the Loire. As she wanders along by the river side Louise amuses herself with singing in a style quite strange to the tastes of the district, who, hearing the song without seeing the singer, imagines that it proceeds from the throat of an oudine, or river-fish, gifted with miraculous vocal powers. The assiduities of Enquerrand were not, however, the sole cause of Louise's flight. Vows of mutual love had been exchanged between her and Victor (Mr. Perren), a young fellow-student in the Conservatory; but, through the false allegations of one Valerio, who is jealous of her superior vocal powers, Louise is made to doubt Victor's fidelity, while, on the other hand, Victor, through the same agency, that Louise prefers another and a richer suitor. Everything is eventually cleared up by the opportune arrival of St. Esteve (Mr. Aynsley Cook), manager of the Nantes Theatre. St. Esteve, who has engaged Victor as his tenor, is in search of a *prima donna*. How the strains of the invisible siren (whose chronic invisibility, by the way, is not very intelligible), overheard both by manager and tenor, are the means of conducting them to Uncle Cadion's inn, as well as Enquerrand himself (conveniently shooting in the night-odour), and by what means, when Louise and Victor confront each other, matters are cleared up, suspicious set at rest, Enquerrand discomfited, and the manager of Nantes furnished with a *prima donna*, in the person of the supposititious River Sprite, must be left to the reader's imagination, which will be able to grasp all without any extraordinary stretch. There are other characters, and among the rest a fisherman called Poulignen (Mr. Weiss), who, though he has really nothing to do with the plot, is welcome as bringing forward an excellent singer with a song *à la mode*,—"I am a fisherman," sung by Mr. Harry, in the *School for Scandal*.

The music of Mr. Frank Mori—whose *cantata*, entitled *Fridolin*, was performed with great success at the Worcester Festival of 1861, and who is known to the musical world as an eminent teacher of singing and composer of many popular songs—does not require detailed analysis. It possesses a merit too rarely observable now-a-days—that of continuity of style. True the style is the style of the French Opéra-Comique, as represented by the defunct Adolphe Adam, the living Albert Grisar, &c. &c. but it is as well preserved in it as in the *School for Scandal*. In opinion the least meritorious piece in the work at once declares the style of Mr. Mori's adoption, from which he never swerves, and which gives a unity to his music quite grateful to the critical ear. There are many pretty things in the *River Sprite*, and one or two even more than pretty. The first scene, opening with a chorus the rhythmical turn of which must strike by its frankness, is treated throughout in the "concerted" manner, and though a little fragmentary, and here and there conjuring up a "reminiscence," is sustained with spirit to

the end. This includes Poulgurn's song—a legend of the River Sprite; the strain of the siren—first heard at the commencement of the overture and afterwards frequently recurring; and a lively drinking chorus—"Come fill up one cup." There is character, too, in the first song of Louise—"When along the road I ride," the whispering refrain to which (no allusion is intended to the melody itself) will recall a similar device for "effect" in Mr. Balfe's *Row of Castle*. Much more ambitious is the grand air that follows—the real song of the siren, consisting of recitative, slow movement, and allegro, with a florid and brilliant coda. All this is well written and effective; and we may here stop to notice the singular improvement exhibited by Madame Florence Lancia, who, throwing off that nervous timidity which has too frequently paralyzed her efforts, sings with a justness of intonation and a finished execution that leave nothing to wish. This lady's voice is not by any means rich in quality or volume, but it is sweet-toned throughout, and especially bright and telling in the upper register. If the air has been composed expressly for Madame Lancia, it shows in Mr. Mori the gift of being able to write for the peculiarities of individual voices—a gift by no means so common as may be supposed. There is little to say about Victor's ballad, "Twice she I loved," beyond that it is a trifle lackadaisical. The quintet "What rash assurance"—for Victor, St. Esteve, Cadion, Engerrand and Louise (with a florid part)—if not strikingly new, is cleverly written and to the purpose. The duet of reconciliation between Louise and Victor, "Bright as love's dream," terminating with the somewhat hackneyed *cadenza a due*, which often makes us dread such situations in modern opera, is distinguished by a certain grace; while the Masseur's comic song, "What joyful sensation," is full of bustle, and tuneful in the bargain. Louise's last romance, "Yes, one eye at twilight's shade"—in the French Opera-Comique vein, like all the rest—is not on that account less engaging. The operetta terminates with a brief chorus; and Mr. Mori may be complimented on his courage in rejecting the stale exploit of a final *rendo*, even with Madame Lancia's flexible throat at his disposal.

The performance generally may be denominated with a hearty word of praise; and it only remains to add that Mr. Alfred Mellon has as usual performed his task with ability and zeal. On the first night—*mirabile dicta*!—there was not a single encore, simply because there was evidently no "claque." This, nevertheless, did not make the audience feel a bit less warmly disposed towards Mr. Mori, when, at the end of the operetta, after the singers had crossed the stage, he was himself called for and appeared at the wings. The next novelty is to be Mr. C. L. Kenney's English version of M. Gounod's comic opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, from which good things are anticipated.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

Sir,—I should have continued my letters upon the harp ere this, but I am anxiously awaiting the arrival, from *Hades*, of Orpheus with my friend, the illustrious "author of the 'History of the Harp.'"

Shortly after I had consigned my friend to the condign punishment that I knew would have inflicted upon him by the harpists, I regretted that I had been so severe and hasty, and summoned Orpheus to my august presence, bade him take his lyre—that charmed gift of "our mutual friend," the seducing strains of which would deter the guards who might attempt to arrest his course—and rescue him at any risk. I gave Orpheus a passport to Pluto, together with "the compliments of the season," a note to the lovely Proserpine, containing a "revelation of my devotion to her," a shake of the hand to *Tan-plene*, a relative of my friend and brother-mortal *Euphrosyne*, and a fee to His Excellency the Governor of the Gates, Cerberus, in the shape of a joint of Welsh mutton. Up (or down) to the present time I have not heard of or from Orpheus, and my friend the illustrious author; if I only knew the distance to Hades, perhaps I should not be quite so anxious, but I really do not wish my learned friend to remain there long, as he might perchance indulge too freely in "the pleasures of oblivion;" and moreover and more important, I wish to ask a few very particular questions before continuing my remarks upon the harp, which he alone can answer.

Meanwhile, should you meet Orpheus in the neighbourhood of the *Musical World* be good enough to send him in me at once by electric telegraph, and thus confer another favor upon yours most anxiously,
Belgrave, Feb. 8th, 1865. A. J. P.

CHARGES FOR MUSICAL EDUCATION AT THE ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Sir,—Having just read in an old number of your journal, dated July 30th, 1861, a letter signed Dibley Peters, on the subject of the Government grant to the Royal Academy of Music, I was forcibly

struck with the writer's statement of the charges for musical instruction at the Conservatorium Leipzig—viz., £4 or £5 per annum. What a boon to have the advantages of such an institution at those terms!—has the Government grant lessened the terms at the Royal Academy?—if not—Mr. Bernal Osborne's remark—"That the extension of the sphere of usefulness of that institution would be for the benefit of the rich only," is still applicable; for how few are there in the country who can afford to pay thirty-three guineas a year for musical instruction (and I take it that such a national institution as the Royal Academy of Music is not intended for metropolitans only, and when board, apartments, hire of pianoforte, &c. &c., are added to the thirty-three guineas per annum, the cost of placing a student in London, as a pupil at the Royal Academy, would be little less than from £80 to £100 a year. If such tuition as your correspondent describes is to be had at Leipzig for £5 per annum, why cannot our Royal Society supply the same advantages for double the amount (£10)? but to pay six or seven times the amount is, I think, one of the reasons we produce so few first-rate English artists; the terms for musical education precluding so many availing themselves of the advantage of that excellent institution. I am an interested party, having a son sixteen years of age who won "honourable mention" at the recent examination for the King's Scholarship (although he was very ill with malignant scarlet fever, of which I was unaware at the time), and in consequence of the high terms charged at the Royal Academy, I fear he will not have the musical education I so ardently hoped for. Now, sir, ought not one of the first advantages of the Government grant to have been a reduction in the terms charged? And I asking too much, as a musical man, when I solicit your great influence in this interesting subject, thereby endeavouring to place the Royal Academy of Music within the reach of all classes. I feel confident the institute would be a greater benefit to the musical aspirants in and out of London and, peculiarly speaking, a gainer in the end. Apologising for trespassing upon your valuable space and trusting the subject may be deemed of sufficient interest to warrant my asking you to kindly insert this in your excellent journal, I beg to remain, sir, yours faithfully,
G. F. Davis,
Professor of Music and Conductor of the Cardiff Concerts.
Cardiff, 13th Feb., 1865.

THE SALUBRITY AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, on the 8th inst. in aid of the St. Thomas' schools. The programme consisted of—1st Part: Haydn's 3rd Grand (Imperial) Mass; 2nd Part: Four movements of a *cantata*, *Faith and Adoration*, by Gottlieb Biery; "With verdure clad" (*Creation*), Haydn; motet, "I wrestle and pray," Bach; "O rest in the Lord" (*Edith*), Mendelssohn; trio and chorus, "Hearts feel that love thee" (*Athalie*), Mendelssohn; "In native worth" (*Creation*), Haydn; and Beethoven's "Hallelujah" chorus for *finale*. The solo singers were Misses Aylward, Windsor and Dowding, and Mrs. Dyson, Rev. Mr. Hodges, Mr. Aylward, and Mr. Kenningham. The band and chorus numbered upwards of 80 performers. Leader, Mr. C. J. Read. Harmonium, Mr. J. E. Richardson. Conductor, Mr. Aylward. The concert was in every respect successful.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The first trial of new orchestral compositions took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, before a large assembly of fellows and associates. The following pieces were tried:—

Symphony in C major—Arthur O'Leary; Introduction and Allegro for pianoforte and orchestra—Alice Mary Smith; Overture (*King Lear*)—Frederic Archer; Symphony in C—Henry Gadsby; Two Marches—C. A. Barry; Overture—James Lee Summers. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The success of the evening was for the symphony of Mr. Gadsby, who was called for and immensely applauded. The first orchestral concert is to take place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 22nd March, at half-past eight,—evening dress indispensable. The second trial of new orchestral compositions will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday, November 22nd, at eight o'clock,—evening dress not necessary.

HANOVER.—It is reported that Herr Jochim has definitely resolved to beg that the King will release him from his engagement as concert-director. It is stated that the eminent artist, whom it is scarcely possible to replace, intends this resolution as a protest against religious prejudices.

"Mr. Fry, an American composer"—says a contemporary—"some of whose music we have heard on this side of the Atlantic (operas on the stories of *Rip van Winkle* and *Esmeralda* amongst others), is dead." Our contemporary is thinking of Mr. Bristow. None of Mr. Fry's music has been heard in England. Mr. Fry was musical critic to the *New York Tribune*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND CONCERT.

(Sixth Concert of the Sixty-second Season).

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1865.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello.

(By desire)—MR. STRAHS, L. RIES, H. WENZ, HAYN, and
DUBREY Mozart. *Recedit.*

SONG, "The Lullaby"—MR. COMINGS *Recedit.*

SONG, "Ave Maria"—MISS EDITH WYER *Comend.*

SONATA, "The Pastoral," in D. Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone. (No.
15 of Hallé's Edition)—MR. CHARLES HALLÉ *Recherch.*

PART II.

SONATA, "Didona abbandonata," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accom-

paniment. (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—
HERT STRAHS Tartini. *Recherch.*

SONG, "L'addio del marinaio"—MR. COMINGS *Recherch.*

SONG, "Wind of the western Sea"—MISS EDITH WYER H. Thomas.

SONATA, in G, for Pianoforte and Violin—MR. CHARLES HALLÉ and
HERT STRAHS *Recherch.*

CONDUCTOR MR. DENECHET.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sole Sales, 5s.; Half-price, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 3s. Five-cup, at Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s. (transferable), may be secured at Chappell & Co., entitling holders to a special sale table, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two seats stalls for 10 concerts.

IN "HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
FLORENCE DE MACEDONIE et de LA BELLE GRISIE, fille de Remielus, Empereur
de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy
of this extremely rare Romance, sold for 60 francs, (no diminution of price).
Empire of LUGAN, France & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD. (Author
of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers
to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at
47, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names
already secured.—William J. Hargrett, F.R.S., Augustine Fargrove, Esq., John
Bacon, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be for-
warded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Perform-
ance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MASTER WILLIE FARG.—Opening of the new organ at Upton-cum-
Chalvey—&c., next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

TO HEPWORTH DIXON, ESQ.

MY SINGULAR GOOD HEPWORTH—I have just read an article
from your pen (I am told you write the *Erictheum* or *Athenæum*),
which contains misstatements.

You have read Cornelius Agrippa; and I need not (therefore)
remind you that he (Agrippa) gives his opinions rather freely.
You will recall the *Capitulum LXV*—"De Mendicantibus"—which
sets forth as thus:—"Pertinet ad Remp. atque religionem, etiam
pauperum et agrotantium rationem habere, ne quis delinquit
propter paupertatem, et furetur, aut, mendicando circumveniens,
contagiosas pestis calamitate cives inficiat, aut fame pereat in
opprobrium humanitatis." (&c.)—This passage, I am aware,
does not exactly bear upon the subject of which I am briefly
about to treat; but it will suffice, my singular good Hepworth, to
recall to your polyglot brain the *capitulum* to which I refer; and I
shall be simply satisfied if I can make you understand that a
chapter might be written with equal propriety upon the theme,
De mendicantibus questionibus (of the begging of the question). Now,
in the article of which I complain, and of which, had I leisure to
discourse at large, I should do so in a *capitulum*, headed *De mendicantibus* (coining my own vulgate, there is not only begging
of the question, but absolute cases of figment—the euphemistic
equivalent for a term which I never apply to a person who lodges
in my esteem, no matter on what floor—without several distinct and
hearty provocations.

But to skip further preamble. In your last *Athenæum* (if my
memory serves me, that is the name of your paper—not *Erictheum*),
where you discourse of music, you speak of a sonata by one Dussek,
which carries the, not (to you, perhaps) immediately comprehensible,
title of *L'Invocation*. In your discourse you give publicity to no
less than ten figments (at the very lowest computation). Allow
me, my good Hepworth, to lay them out before you, in order, as
they occur.

FIGMENT I.

"At Monday's Popular Concert Dussek's *Invocation* sonata was repeated
—a certain stir having been created on the adoption of this fine work
by Madame A. Goddard, as though some particular rarity and enter-
prise attached itself to whatever she takes in hand."

On the adoption, by Madame A. Goddard, of this fine work—
would perhaps have been clearer; but, my Hepworth, the above is
(bible oath) a figment. No "stir," certain or uncertain, was
created beyond the "stir" which was the natural result of the
worthy performance of a very fine work—a stirring up, as it were,
of a large number of the audience to hear it again, and a still
greater number of the non-audience on that occasion (thanks to
hearsay) to become part of the audience at the second performance.

FIGMENTS II AND III.

"There has been too much of an attempt to put this lady forward
as a discoverer—just as if Professor Moschles, Dr. Bennett, Mr.
Lindsay Sloper, Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé had not each and all done
virtually far more in familiarising the public with the varied library of
pianoforte music."

The above two figments, so to speak, amalgamate, and beget
divers others. There has been no "attempt" to put forward,
except on the part of the lady herself, who happily has put herself
forward, my good Hepworth, in spite of your former patronage
and in spite of your recent abuse—the worth of which, I am afraid
to think, she may rate in equal proportions. If the lady plays
considerably better than some of those you have mentioned (which
could only be denied by a Milan—awarding the palm to Pan
instead of to Apollo), it is her merit rather than her fault. If you
say "she don't," I give you, my good Hepworth, the figment
direct, and at the same time proclaim you no judge—or, perhaps,
a second Justice Woodcock. Not one of those you have named—
not even Dr. Bennett, the best of them all—has done "virtually"
(whatever that may mean) as much "in familiarising the public
with the varied library of pianoforte music" as Arabella Goddard.
Dr. Bennett, the best of them all, has never played to crowds; Pro-

fessor Moscheles, the next best, has never played to crowds; Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé (the last especially) have played to crowds; but it is time the truth should be told of these extremely well-favored Teutons, one of whom (the other can claim no especial public distinction) has attained a *status* to which his actual merits by no means "virtually" entitle him. I have never heard performers, and I have an experience of half-a-century, come so frequently before the public *en robe de chambre* as Herren Hallé and Pauer. *Cur non veritus?* Of this, however, enough at present. What offence you have taken against Mr. Lindsay Sloper I can't, for the life of me, guess. Accomplished artist as he is, he would be the very last to assert—not that he had "done virtually far more," but that he had done "virtually" nearly as much, in the direction which Arabella Goddard has followed, by a sort of instinct, since she first became known to the public. Let him contradict me if he please, and I will gallantly meet him, as a *galantuomo* (which he is), in the open field of controversy. Mr. Sloper has done good service enough to the musical state not to stand in need of extraneous helps from doubtful quarters. Lastly, how, after your shameful behaviour (my good Hepworth) to our most illustrious musician, during a long series of years, you could introduce the name of Dr. Bennett in such an argument—as though to distinguish him by implication—is only explicable to yourself (or those who care to hear your explanation—which I don't). It looks to me very much like the Devil sprinkling himself (for a purpose) with holy water. If you are unaware that the *Erichthenn* treatment of Sterndale Bennett makes the *Athenæum* stink in the nostrils of every honest musician and every honest amateur, I now apprise you of the fact.

FIGURE IV.

"The sonata had been frequently played long ere the Popular Concerts were thought of."

The fourth figure (my singular good Hepworth) is the most flagrant and "outrageous" of them all. *The Invocation* was composed the year before its author died (1812). Dussek himself never played it in public; and after Dussek's demise it was, for a good quarter of a century, as much forgotten as though it had not existed. It is only very lately that the works of Dussek have been considered worth collecting and republishing in Germany. In England (where Mr. Cipriani Potter, and Dr. Crotch before him, pool-pooled them), I can tell you, as a fact, that some twenty-five years since, the plates of the best sonatas and concertos published at Clementi's would all have gone to the melting pot, but that a friend of mine persuaded Mr. William Chappell, then of the great firm of Chappell & Co., to buy them, at a sale in Cheapside. Among these were the three sonatas, Op. 35, and the *Farwell* sonata, Op. 44 (all dedicated to Clementi), the *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia* (Op. 61), the two grand concertos in G minor and E flat, (Nos. 6 and 12) and other compositions. As for the *Invocation*, it had lain buried in the vaults of the house of Golding, D'Almeida & Co. (Soho Square) for years unnumbered, till this very same friend of mine discovered a copy, amid a quantity of waste paper. Struck with the imaginative beauty of the work, he forthwith repaired to the Royal Academy of Music, in Tottenham Street, Manchester Square; and there showed it to a youth with Academy buttons. I decline to name that youth; but (my good Hepworth) I hear you muttering between your teeth:—"It could only have been that same Sterndale Bennett whom I have so scurvily treated in my *Erichthennism*, till I have driven him to accept the musical Chair of Cambridge and the Baton at the Philharmonic Concerts (d—n that C—y!)." Well, you are right; and I may also tell you that the youth in Academy buttons played the *Invocation* at sight somewhat better than Herr Ernst Pauer, "already three years since," with full preparation, at his "Prehistorical Concerts."

I am aware (you have shown it in your hebdomadal "gossip") you prefer the playing of Pauer to that of any Englishman; but that is your misfortune not your fault. You should have matriculated at Wolfenbüttel. However, you say (my singular Hepworth) that Dussek's *Invocation* was "frequently played long ere the Popular Concerts were thought of." My good Hepworth, if not a "cure," you are a *figment*! It has not been played publicly—of course I don't pry into "my Lady's" (you are always saying "my Lady's" something) closet—five times in as many lustros: I therefore arraign you not only for a figment, but for a figment *prepenes*. I defy you to overtop my *five times*. What, then, am I to think of your attack upon Arabella Goddard—the "victim" of "disproportionate commendations?"—what but this:—you have a spite against her nearest friend, and being shy of him—as your occasional panegyrics of two or three old songs to Shelley's words (with which panegyrics he no doubt lights his pipe), suffice to prove—you vent your spleen on his weaker half though better. Fye, fye, my singular Hepworth (excuse the "good" this time)! When you apply the word "puffery," to Arabella Goddard (*Figure V*) you are gratuitously insulting a lady, and I compliment you on your gallantry. Moreover, you are wilfully perverting the truth; for you know well that the only pen which might, through natural partiality, incline to write more than she deserves is unable to write half as much; you know that, and you know the reason.

Worst of all, however (having done with your direct figments), is your peroration, which begins with an insult embedded in a figment—like the fly in amber. "No one," you say, "has more willingly done credit to her extraordinary skill as a *mechanist* than ourselves." I deny even that, and can prove, out of your own words, that you are indulging in a figment (No. VI). If I were to take your articles upon Arabella Goddard, from 1853 to the present time, I could easily convince any impartial reader that your written opinions are not worth a straw, inasmuch as they vary according to circumstances—circumstances exclusively created by your own personal and temporary prejudices. You have discredited her "mechanism," as you term it, just as often as you have discredited her expression; and on each occasion you have simply made the *Athenæum* ridiculous. Why don't you invite her to your parties, as you do Hallé, Joachim, Pauer, Arthur Sullivan, Sims Reeves, Straus, &c. There is no danger; she wouldn't go.

You say—"when the story of the pianoforte has to be told, Madame A. Goddard will always be classed with Madame Pleyel and Madame Dulcken." That is another figment (No. VII). "When the story of the pianoforte has to be told" (to adopt your own affected jargon), she will be ranked with no such persons. Where she will be ranked, it is not for me to say, laying no claim to the gift of prophecy—which, like wisdom infallible, judgment unerring, and integrity unbending (poor Constance Clay!), you complacently arrogate to yourself; but certainly not with Madame Pleyel and Madame Dulcken, neither one nor the other of whom does she resemble in anything whatever.

The rest of your peroration (my singular good Hepworth), although it involves three more figments, is beneath notice. You build a castle of cards and then blow it down, thus begging the question—as aforesaid (*De mendicatore questionis*). One might have guessed, judging by the burning phylippic in the *Erichthennism*, that you had been exposed, at three distinct periods, to three terrible inflictions. But what will the unsophisticated reader think when he is told that you were not present on one of the three occasions of Mad. Arabella Goddard's playing the *Invocation*, at the Monday Popular Concerts?—that you did not even send a representative, although the author of *Handel Studies*, attached (I believe) to your staff, would cheerfully, and could easily have

acted as your substitute?—that, in fact, you seldom attend performances where Madame Goddard is to be heard, and that when perchance, you do, you generally leave the room just before she is about to play? I fear the “unsophisticated” would not endorse your character for impartiality, but rather attribute your antagonism to some less respectably motive—a motive probably akin to that which moved you to “pitch into” Mr. C. L. Kenney’s English version of *Le Médecin malgré lui* before the opera had appeared. Eh (my singular good Hephworth)?

Had you attended the performances of the *Incarnation* every time, severely criticised them every time, and railed at the crowded audiences, as *tant soit peu* beside themselves, any disinterested person, who can judge of pianoforte playing, might have proclaimed you Zebra, or have voted you a barrel of gold, but could not fairly have impeached the honesty of your intentions. Another time (my good Hephworth) confine yourself to speaking of what you hear and see; and do not, when unable or disinclined to judge for yourself, set down those who are more curious, as fools, if not worse. *Jam satis*——. Thine (my singular good Hephworth), as thou comportest thyself in future.

DISNEY PETERS.

Tadcaster, Service Tree and Sable,—St. Valentine’s Day.

MENDELSSOHN’S OVERTURE IN C.

DURING his recent visit to Leipzig, Dr. Sternfeld Bennett was informed that the overture which Mendelssohn wrote expressly for our Philharmonic Society could not be performed because the score had not the alterations which the composer made for the English copy. Dr. Bennett brought the Philharmonic score with him, had the alterations made, and the overture, was performed with great success in Leipzig on the 2nd February. A true artist can scarcely visit a city without doing some good to art.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the last general meeting Mr. Benedict retired from the Council and Mr. Henry Smart was elected in his place. Mr. Smart’s *cantata*, the *Bride of Dunkerron*, will be played at the first concert.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the last concert (the 162nd) Madame Arabella Goddard repeated Dusek’s sonata, *L’Incarnation* (third time), the Septet of Beethoven, Mendelssohn’s pianoforte quartet in F minor, and a quartet in C major by Haydn completing the instrumental part of the programme. A brilliant concert and (weather notwithstanding) an immense audience. More next week.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Arabella Goddard gave her third and last “Recital” for the season yesterday afternoon. Though the weather was detestable, the Pavilion concert-room was crowded. The programme comprised a sonata by Mozart (in G), a *suite* by Handel (G minor), Bach’s *Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella* (A minor), a sonata by Beethoven (E flat, Op. 31), a romance by E. J. Loder (“Lisette”), a *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn (C, Book 5), and a new and brilliant *fantasia* upon melodies of Schubert, composed expressly for her by Mr. Lindsay Sloyer (author of the delicious *fantasia* on *Mirville*.) More particular next week. C. F.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—Of the performances given under this name by Mr. Goffrie, at Willia’s Rooms, a report has reached us from an old contributor, too late for insertion in this number. It will appear, however, in our next. A large variety of talent seems to have been presented to his patrons by Mr. Goffrie, who has also selected his programmes with taste and judgment. It is worth attending his concerts if only to hear M. Sainton play quartets. M. Sainton has been so long among us that he runs the chance of being regarded as an Englishman, and thus as “no prophet in his own country.” Among other features at these concerts, our “old contributor” singles out for hearty praise the pianoforte playing of Madame Alice Magold, who, he finds, has made remarkable progress. But of these things, &c., anon.

Muttoniana.

Dr. SHOE (respectfully) forgot to instruct the readers of *Muttoniana* that Mr. Ap’Mutton had left from the Vatican for the Tuileries, where he (Ap’M.) was summoned by Napoleon III. to aid him (N. III.) in revising proof sheets of the *Life of Julius Cæsar*. The Pope was angry; Mr. Ap’M. inflexible. Nor is Dr. Shoe surprised, seeing that though he (Ap’M.) would not willingly lose either, he would prefer to be shorn of the dignities conferred upon him by the Father of the Faithful than risk the loss of the *Grand Cordon* and intimacy of the Commander of recklessness legions. The following was the Imperial mandate:—

CHER ET ILLUSTRE. AP’MUTTON.—Tu es connu intimentement Jules Cæsar. Je le sais. Tu l’as aidé à écrire ses Commentaires, comme jadis tu aidas feu mon oncle, dans son Code. Je le sais. Viens donc, m’aider à mon tour. Je ne donnerai pas non CÉSAR au monde sans ta supervision. Mets toi donc à l’œuvre. Ne fais pas la beugleuse. Je t’en prie de loin. Je t’attends de près. Quitte ton vieux Pape. Tu affectionne.

Napoleon.

P.S.—J’ai reconnu ta main dans l’*Encyclopædie*—favorer! Tu es devenu ton Pape au diable. Egratigner!—malin que tu fais! N. Tuileries—et 6 Février.

To this appeal there was no demurrer. Moreover, Mr. Ap’M. must be aware of the extreme value of his own collaboration in the Imperial volume. It is even bruited (Dr. Shoe has heard) that the *preface* will not come from the Imperial pen, nor the *capitula* on Britannia. More moreover—Dr. Shoe sniffs, in the last sentence of the Speech to the Legislature, delivered by his Imperial ally, on the 15th inst. (at 1 p.m.)—beginning from the words (Dr. Shoe used the vernacular of his father-tongue), “An Utopia is to welfare what illusion is to truth”—the strong Muttonian flavor. Ever since the *Comp d’État*, Mr. Ap’M. has been invited to the Tuileries at this particular period. Verbum Sap.

The following is less to the taste of Dr. Shoe, but he feels impugned to elude it:—

Sir,—Can you inform us where a letter will find Dr. Septimus Wind at the present moment? He has left without remembering (no doubt forgetting) our slight memorandum. We are very sorry to trouble you, and are, your obedient humble servants,

TAYLOR, TAYLOR, TAYLOR & Co. (Tailors.)

9, Cloth Street, Jacketbury, February 16.

Dr. Wind is herring-fishing at Cape Wrath (with the ex-editor of the *Gomic News*.) Dr. Shoe is aware that this is in defiance of 23, 29th Vic. (Cap. 92); but Dr. Chidley Pidding (now happily recovered) is doing as much at Mull Cantire. They have both fished since Jan. 1, and intend fishing, D. V., till May 20, thus touching either extreme of the legislatively proscribed limits of non-fishery—against (Dr. Shoe thinks, respectfully) piscine decorum, and to the disgust of the cod, the conger and the porpoise, without in any way conciliating the herring proper. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe has often tried to explain to himself why the herring does not make a war of reprisals on the ling.

In answer to a correspondent, signing himself, “P. Slate, poetaster,” inquiring if Dr. Shoe owns a mansion and estate near Whittlebury, he (Shoe) begs to state that he does own an estate of 39 virgates near Whittlebury, but that there is no mansion upon it—at least where poetasters are admitted. Dr. Shoe has his own special historiographer, who can celebrate his (Shoe’s) deeds, in prose or in verse, with equal fluency and grace. This historiographer is no other than Paul of Whittlebury. He (Paul) has composed an eulogium on Dr. Shoe’s estate in his (Shoe’s) father-tongue.

FROM A WRITING GIRD UNRESISTED.

Sir,—For the sub-section of your friend, Zemiad, I hasten to explain an apparent error of mine in alluding to the brilliant achievement of *Cæsar*. (Well is right; *Marius* is, or rather was, the name of the hero of the above, mark me!) Hardly had he reached the bottom thereof, after a descent of frightful rapidity, during which his features underwent an indescribable change; hardly, I say, had he reached the bottom, when he was met by the shade of Romulus, who, advancing towards him, warmly grasped his hand, exclaiming in choice Latin, “Ah, Quimus! how are you old, boy? glad to see ye!” The hero, elated at the flattering familiarity of this greeting, cared not to correct the trilling mistake of the founder of mighty Rome, and ever

since his arrival in the world of spirits has retained the name of *Quintus*, to the great disgust and indignation of Quintus Curtius Rufus, the historian, whose works, though not destitute of merit, have never won for him the renown achieved by his far more brilliant countryman; so true is it that *deeds* are better than *words*. I have great pleasure in putting you in possession of these interesting particulars, in the first place, because I have a sincere regard for you, and in the second, because I am anxious to vindicate myself from the charge of inaccuracy. — I am, dear sir, your repentant, writhing, but still uncrushed,

GRAVE.

P.S.—The sole surviving descendant of the illustrious Roman, who is now living in undesired obscurity "opposite the Priory," being of a *solitary* rather than a *literary* turn, naturally acknowledges Marcus as his remote ancestor. *Proleptis ut veru!*

It would be well, Dr. Shoe, if a fresh gift were to open, and afford "the last descendant" of the worthy Curtius an opportunity to imitate the example of his less worthy, if not less valiant progenitor.

A VALENTINE.

Ap'Nutton! glory of the age,
At once the satirist and sage,
To you I send this valentine
And drink your health in sparkling wine.

Plague on the fiddle, drum and fife!
They are the torment of my life.
Crescendo! decrescendo! "Swella,"
Devoted as I am to "Wells."

Their melodies so die away
And all the trumpet they day;
Their squeaks and groans both high and low,
Fill me with horror as they blow.

I'd rather have a good "blow out"
And pledge you in a glass of stout;
Although champagne you well deserve,
Because the cause of truth you serve.

You see a joke, a wittier rare!
For angry writers do not care,
But gravely print their wretched stuff,
And laugh to see them in a luff.

The doughty Quinton you defy;
Are silent, when he asks you "why?"
The cause of sobriety you plead,
And in *refo-ma* you take the lead.

Saint Valentine befriend you now!
To you choice spirits all shall flow,
Ap'Nutton! glory of the age,
At once the satirist and sage.

HILARIA.

Dr. Shoe has shot the foregoing, by electric wire, to the *Tuileries*, where, doubtless, Mr. Ap'Nutton will read it aloud to the Imperial Family.

A LETTER OF THANKS.

The author of "Farwell to Aileen" presents his compliments to Doctor Shoe, and begs most respectfully to say, he is sure he is the right shoe on the right foot, and that he feels certain he—(Dr. Shoe), makes himself felt pretty severely "In Re (-ar of) the German Company v. English Instrumentalists." At the same time, he also begs to thank him for allowing him publicly last week to bid Aileen farewell, and to state that although he be E. Willis Fletcher, he be not B. Willis Fletcher, but yours, my dear doctor, very o-be-diently, with an E.

P.S.—Your "Muttoismus" being so deliciously flavored, may I be so rude as to inquire if it *Ap'-ens* to be *Wells* music?

Mutton of all nations, Dr. Shoe apprehends. For the future Fletcher Willis shall B. E. Fletcher Willis, if such his will is (Dr. Shoe rarely condescends to pun).

"STILL HAVING ON MY DAUGHTER."

Sir—"All men are liars," and words cannot express the feelings of disgust, contempt, and indignation with which I have read those false, rubbishy letters about the Crystal Palace, which have recently disgraced your pages. German predilections indeed! Why, Sir, there isn't a German sausage in the building; I wish there were. As for Mr. Mann's *particulates*, don't believe anything of the sort. I happen to know that he evinces no partiality at all for—the *English members of his orchestra*.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

O. Ap' Nutton, Esq.

G. K. BULLY.

G. K. Bully, according to his own voluntary admission, is a liar as well as a Bully—that is if he be not a woman, which, Dr. Shoe apprehends, judging from the forcefulness of his style. Dr. Shoe has an instinctive horror of liars and Bullies.

OLD OLD AGAIN.

Sir,—If you can afford any information as to the religious tenets of Gandy (why not Gander?) Deering, the illustrations (?) designer of that most indecible edition called Exeter Hall, many would I am persuaded, feel much indebted to you. Exeter Hall is I believe supported principally by "no popery" contributions. Within its precincts no right-minded individual would suffer himself to breathe the word *popery*, unaccompanied by the saving phrase *no*. What then must we think of a man who, in the very heart of the building, not only *permitted* but actually *encouraged* his thoughts to dwell upon *popery*, without the redeeming negative. The last time *Eljah* was performed at Exeter Hall I went to hear it, and was, as I always am, much pleased, though I remain of opinion that the Laurelshe chorus-singers are far superior to the Londoners. Towards the conclusion of the oratorio—whether in consequence of the absence of Sirs Reeves and Stanley, the adamantine nature of the seat, or the overpowering heat—my attention began to flag, and my thoughts gradually reverted to Gandy Deering. As, in the event of the building catching fire, every facility seems afforded for burning its occupants alive, I am led reluctantly but irresistibly to the conclusion that, though supported by "no popery" contributions, Exeter Hall was certainly not built upon a "no popery" plan, and, in the absence of all reliable information, must assume that Gandy Deering was a man of Jesuitical principles with an *auto-da-fe* in his eye. I was seven minutes getting out, and, as you may well imagine, was glad that the building was *not* on fire. If Gandy Deering was *not* a papist, you are requested to inform your readers how it happens that the interior arrangements of Exeter Hall seem so fully adapted to the immediate destruction by fire of heretical listeners. Now for "*tecky*." I looked for this word before I wrote it, in Nutt's shilling edition of Webster, and was referred to "*tecky*." I must add that I am but an amateur in orthography, and my sole ambition is, with Will Honeycomb, to "*spell like a gentleman*." I am glad to see that my *real* blunder ("*either*" instead of "*neither*") did not escape Dr. Shoe. His penetration proves that he is adequate to the duties of his present responsible position, and I therefore most cheerfully retract my former unwelcome opinion of his ability.

DARTLE OLD.

Owein Ap'Nutton, Esq.

Dr. Shoe will has recourse, when he has recourse to a dictionary, to Mr. Ap'Nutton's *Dictionary of Languages*, in 500 volumes. There (vol. 401, page 6056), Mr. Old, on reference, will find this word spelt "*tecky*" (with a *t*). Dr. Shoe is obliged for his (Old's) prompt and courteous retraction. Mr. Old does "*spell like a gentleman*," if not like an orthographer.

BUBBLE, NOT BURBLE.

Sir,—Allow me to correct an error of one of your correspondents. The gentleman who lives "opposite the Priory" either purposely or accidentally mis-spells the name of two ladies, to whom he alludes as "*the Bubbles*"—he means *Bubbles*. They are well known, and noted for one great peculiarity—that of appearing always *bubbling* with indignation. It is matter of regret to their numerous friends and admirers that two such gifted beings should be the victims of this chronic affliction, for which there is, I believe, no cure, or even alleviation, but change of air. That of the Crystal Palace is too *sharp* for them, owing to the strong blasts from the brass instruments. As it is most desirable that their valuable lives should be prolonged to an indefinite period, I shall take the liberty of sending them to you, sir, for advice, knowing that you can "*minister to an ear diseased*," and feeling assured that you will at once recommend them to seek some Arcadian spot where birds warble *adieu* on crystal free, where true hearts rest from their chests, and where unbroken harmony prevails. Should you think a consultation necessary in their case, I hope you will at once send for me; I shall be proud and happy to attend gratuitously, and shall warmly second any sanitary suggestion of yours. Being thoroughly well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of my interesting patients, I must premise that nothing but the *soothing system* will have any effect on them in their present melancholy state of mental affliction. Between others they are *crystal* and *crystal*. Let this go no further; they are quite harmless, and have hitherto exhibited no remarkable "*method in their madness*." "*Nous verrons*." I am, sir, your obedient servant,

QUACK, M.D.

"Bubble" he it—not Burble—

"Bubble, bubble, tail and trouble"

is better, decidedly, in Dr. Shoe's opinion, than—

Burble, burble, tail and trouble,

under any (especially euphonious) circumstances. Dr. Shoe never consults quacks—not even Dr. Quintin Quack of the “IOU club (limited to non-liquidators).” Nevertheless, the expression, “Nous verrons,” is filched from Marie Aroutet (Voltaire.)

DICTIONARY WANTED.

Oh! Shoe,—If you have a feeling both within you tell me where I may obtain that Dictionary (half-price) I do not use. Some one has said, or numbers have said, that the less some persons understood what they read the more they enjoyed it. I am not one of these—far from it. I get so “foggy” while reading, and not understanding *Muttoniana* (I’ve always heard *Wells* mutton is the best) and that I actually think—nonsense that which, were I initiated I should doubtless know for most pungent, wh—be not unkind to a poor would-be Muttonian. Can you not give me an article on the origin, etymology, &c., of “Muttonian.” Oh! much respected and deeply admired Dr. Taylor Shoe (without the emendation) refuse not to comply with the request of yours humbly,
L. S. D.

Dr. Shoe never gives origins, or etymologies, without precipit. That law is strictly enforced by his revered chief. He (Shoe) may, notwithstanding, refer L.S.D. to Mr. Ap’Mutton’s *Dictionary of Languages*, in 500 volumes, which cannot be had at “half-price, nor at less than six-fifths (ready).”

A POSTSCRIPT.

P.S.—Would I had the wisdom of a Bartle Old, a Zaniel Ood, or an A. Longears, then it would be *and mine* for poor L.S.D., instead of, as now, *and pny*. Byron says, “its strange but true, for truth is always strange. Stranger than fiction if it could be told. How much would novels gain by the exchange. How differently the world would then behold.” I think that is very “German to the matter” of “*Furioso*,” so capably reviewed by one who I am sure must be very clever and witty. I wish all fictitious follies could be so treated. Is “precipit” Muttonianism, for “If by letter, enclose stamp for reply.” A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; so keep me not long in “danger.”

February 12th, 1865.

L.S.D.

Dr. Shoe never answers *postscripta*—only *antescrpta*—without precipit. But as L.S.D. is ignorant of the significance of the term, let her purchase Mr. Ap’Mutton’s *Dictionary*. The author of the review on *Furioso* is Mr. Ap’Mutton—the cleverest and witziest, as well sagest and most virtuous man on what Sir Richard Blackmore, in his very dull poem, *The Creation*, calls “This terrestrial ball.”

WELL NOT SWELL.

Sir,—“Here we are again,” which under the circumstances is wonderful. Just at first, Bartle Old’s sharp attack upon me made me wince a trifle, for though I am unanimously allowed to be a man of very expansive mind, I certainly had no idea that I had already arrived at being a *butt*. Even that *limb* the devil is said to be less swarthy than his lunners represent him, and he is not the only fellow who is mis-represented. I wrote “well,” not “swell,” in my letter in *re Wells*, for it would not be in accordance with my principles to turn the principals of my orchestra into ridicule. I, too, am a sincere admirer of Mr. Wells’s tone, and though it has frequently struck me that his *crecendo* might be a *little* more governed, still I have no doubt that it is in exact proportion to his pay and to his position. You see he sits exactly opposite Herr Mamma, who (being singularly and uniformly slender) naturally puts all ideas of *swell* to flight. In regard to my incautions assertion about truth *lying* in a well, I can only say that I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, and with most sincerely that I had “let well alone.” I am however quite sure that *somebody* did say so, and therefore I mean to spend the remainder of my days in “searching diligently” until I find him. I have now done my best to make the *amende honorable* and hope that the just indignation of the public is appeased.—I am, sir, yours obediently (v. mind) that

WILLIAM WELTER.

P.S.—My compliments to Miss Print, and desire her not to entail my letter of its grammatical proportions, as she did poor W. Quinton’s.

It is well for Welter that Dr. Shoe should be not quite well enough to souse him (Welter) in the well to which all confined punsters (San Weller excepted) are ultimately consigned, and especially ill punsters like Welter. That is not the well where truth lies. The “grammatical proportions” of Welter’s letter escape the apprehension of Dr. Shoe, who has, nevertheless (re-spectfully) impinged it.

PROGRAMME BOYS.

MONSIEUR MOSSIER AP’MUTTON.—*Le drôle de nom que vous avez! Mais n’importe.* I think you are giving yourself too naive to make laugh the name, *ce qui prouve* that you are not so *mutton* as you seem. For

myself, I am since long time in England, where I please myself extremely, and where I find on each side fine objects which strike me of astonishment; but dat which the most *size* me is the Palace of Crystal which contains all you can desire to please the eye, and where also your car is flattered. In the hall of concert where all the days I render myself, I find the music admirable no less than the artists who are superior; only find one inconvenience. *Ce programme* boys cry so strong “Programme, one penny!” dat they distract your attention during the most fine *pianissimo*, and fill you with *colère*. Dis is one great wrong and scandal. Is it not so? I am sure you will feel with me dat it must be made cease, and in dis aim I remit myself to you, vile I hope you will not mock yourself of a stranger in your land of liberty. Receive, Sire, the assurance of the perfect consideration of your all devoted FELICIE DE LA GUERRE.

When Dr. Shoe, or any distinguished Muttonian, enters the concert-room of the Crystal Palace, he is formally presented (by Mr. Secretary Grove) with a programme (gratis) perfumed with Rimmel’s scent and oil of Lucra.

STILL HARRISON HARRISON HARRISON.

Sir,—There is nothing like black and white. I have been looking up my programmes, and I find that I have the complete set for last February, March, and April. Adding my three months to Bartle Old’s four, we get the following number of solos during *seven* months:—

Mr. Watson, violin	6
Mr. Wells, flute	1
Mr. Crestis, shoe	16
Herr Pape, clarinet	45
Mr. Bonneau, bagpipe	1
Mr. Phaezy, euphonium	9

I suppose Wells and Watson play quinquennially, and should certainly like to know why such agreeable artists perform so seldom.

Interested as you are in the Crystal Palace band, you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the letters upon the subject have had a beneficial effect upon its German members. Finding their countryman, Herr Pape, engulged in your pages, they have at length woken up to a sense of his merit, and have actually been seen applauding him. This is as it should be, and as it ought to have been long ago. If anybody really cares to know who I am, pray tell them, but otherwise, allow me to sign myself—yours faithfully,

A SEASONS TICKET HOLDER.

Dr. Shoe don’t (respectfully) think any one will care to know who “A Ticket Season-holder” is, and has therefore himself forgotten to remember. He (Shoe) is worn out, and must take to his heels. Moreover he feels his quinquennials coming on; and he has them severer than Mr. Ap’Mutton. The last time he (Shoe) had them, he knocked at his own street-door and naked if Dr. Shoe was at home.

Shelbury, Boot and Hook, February 17th.

Taylor Shoe.

VIENNA.—(From a Correspondent.)—According to the current report, Herr Wachtel will not entirely leave this capital. After he had been released, at his own request, from his engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, it was proposed that he should fulfil a long starring engagement every year at the Kärnthnertheater Theatre, and he at once accepted the proposal.—Herr Teick, the tenor of the Carthenter, has been engaged for three years certain at the Royal Operahouse, Munich. He is to receive 5000 florins, annually, and, in addition, one hundred florins *per*, every evening, for the first six evenings of his engagement.—The new romantic four-act opera, entitled *Le Courrier de Constantinople*, the words by Herr Lewitzsching, the music by Herr Thomas Löwe, has at length been produced, but does not appear destined to have a very long run. The critic of the *Revue* expresses himself in those terms on the subject:

“A novelty in the midst of our operatic antiquities is such a rarity as occasionally to increase the difficulties of the composer’s position and of the chance that his work will prove a success. When, instead of bearing, as we are entitled to bear, at least three or four novelties in nine months, we have only one, and for this one, instead of waiting six or eight weeks and no more, we have to wait six or eight months, our expectations are most unduly raised, and anything like a reasonable standard by which to form an opinion is gradually lost. A work which, as one of several, we should have welcomed with respect and willingly have accepted with the rest, easily falls into a false position, if it has to figure as the sole fruit of an entire season, and, without anything else, to satisfy our sole desire of seeing the operatic repertory freshened up, and the members of the company better employed. The management would have to produce before the foot a rare masterpiece, if they would act in conformity with such a system, which, unfortunately, is the usual one with us, while, in the present condition of our scene

literature, it is only the quantity of what is new which could in any way cause us to overlook its inferior quality. When, however, in addition to all this, we recollect that the novelty, for months past in a slow course of preparation, was promised for years without being brought out, we must confess that everything has been done by the management to surround with difficulties the result, to unsettle our judgment, and to render success an impossibility.—After what we have said, it will be readily understood that a permanent success is quite out of the question as far as *Christina* is concerned. Had we been allowed to hear the new opera of Hiller, Max Bruch, Wagner, Albert. &c., Löbe's work might have followed in their train, but to be served up as the sole novelty is something to which it has not the remotest claim. As a matter of course, we can, to-day, speak only of the hasty impression the first performance produced upon us, but we must own our great dread of being in the presence of a natural absence of talent, never to be concealed by study, tact, or industry. We sincerely trust that on hearing the opera again we may form a more favorable opinion.—As we shall return to the subject we will merely state, at present, that, on the whole, the performance was a success, especially as regards Herrs Beck and Wachtel, but that, on the other side, the scenery and getting-up left everything to be desired. The composer was called for frequently, yet the opera will scarcely keep its place in the repertory for as long a time as was spent in learning it."

The Quartet Soirées both of Herr Laub and of Herr Hellmesberger are drawing to a close. Each gentleman has given his last concert but one. The programme of Herr Laub's on the 26th January comprised Mendelssohn's E flat major Quartet (Op. 44); Mozart's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin; and Beethoven's A minor Quartet (Op. 132). At Herr Hellmesberger's concert, on the day after, a new Quartet by Herbeck was promised, but an old one substituted, creating a great deal of dissatisfaction among the subscribers. Herr Dürfel performed a Sonata by Schubert, and Beethoven's E minor Quartet brought the concert to a close.—On the 28th ult., a very successful concert was given by Mdlle. Hauflé, of Leipzig, a young lady who made a favorable impression at Hellmesberger's Quartet Soirées, as well as at the recent Philharmonic Concert. She played in Schumann's C major Quartet, Mendelssohn's "Variations sérieuses," and Beethoven's grand Trio in B flat. On the 29th, Herr Reichardt also appeared as a concert-giver, when he delighted his patrons with: "Del mio Tesoro insanto" from *Don Giovanni*, "Haste, Israel, haste," from Handel's *Judas*, and sundry other compositions. He was assisted by Mdlle. Bettelheim and the Sisters Tietz.

DRESDEN.—A new opera, *Der Cid*, words by M. Hartmann, music by Th. Gouvy, has been accepted and will shortly be produced. Herr Tichatschek has been laid up with typhus fever, but is recovering.

GLOUCESTER.—A correspondent writes that Mr. Amott, organist of Gloucester Cathedral and conductor of the triennial festival, has died suddenly.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co.—"The Choral Book, Congregational Edition, with Supplement." The lyrics edited by Professor DERSKEY and VERO GOLDSCHMIDT. And "Assignment in the Church Book of England."
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VOL. 43—No. 10.

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Concert on Tuesday, March 14th. Piano—M. Ed. de Paris; Violin—Herr Pottlitz; Vocalists—Miss Stahlbach and Mr. Montgomerie. Programme—Beethoven's Piano Quartet; Haydn's Quartet in D minor, No. 16; Variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; and Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in C minor.

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The composers of the madrigals to which the prizes shall be awarded will retain the copyright of their respective compositions, but they shall not be at liberty to publish the same until at least six months after the date of the award, except with the consent of the Bristol Madrigal Society. A. E. NASB, Hon. Sec.

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MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "UNDER THE FATHERLY TREE," composed expressly for him by J. MALLADAY, at Hamilton, Wednesday evening, March 15.

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MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE BOSS OF MAY," composed by W. Vincent Wallace, at Windsor, March 21st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," composed by A. REICHAERT, at the Beaumont Institution, March 13, and at Edinburgh, March 15.

MISS PALMER LISLE will sing RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "PEACEFULLY SLEEPING," at Mr. Dyson's Concert, Windsor, March 23.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing "BENEATH THE BIRCH" (a song of Venice). By Signor RANDEGGER, at Torquay, THIS DAY, March 11th; and Bristol, 13th.

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by Breitkopf & Härtel.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 110.)

As contributing to the completeness of the edition we may, to a certain degree, consider also the fact that everything appears in its complete form, that is to say, all part-compositions are published in score, a form which exhibits the whole work as the composer bore it in his mind and wrote it down. It likewise enables the musician, when reading it, to reproduce the work vividly in his mind, and, when studying or performing, to have the work clearly present to his view. Many works, even long ones, such as the ballet of *Prometheus*, appear in this edition for the first time in this form; the scores of others have been, it is true, printed, but have become rare. Their form, too, and the style in which they are got up vary exceedingly. It is a praiseworthy feature of the new edition that they will all be given complete, and in the same form. The publication of the parts will proceed hand in hand with that of the score, so that by the latter, the execution, and by the former, the study of the various works will be facilitated.

But the most important improvement consists, probably, in the fact that the publishers of this edition vouch for the *authenticity* of its contents as resulting from, and established by, a critical revision of each separate piece, aided by every accessible means. As its usual in the case of much-read and largely circulated authors, what we wanted above all things, was the utmost care in establishing a pure and trustworthy text. But this required great preparations, and, merely for the collection of the vast and scattered materials, even supposing the enterprise favored by fortune and patronage, vast attention and sagacity, zeal and perseverance. Even these could achieve important results only when combined with practical experience and devotion to the task. In fact, what had to be done was nothing less than to collect and consult, in as perfect a state as possible, for the revision of the text of the various compositions:—

Beethoven's own Manuscript;

Copies made under his supervision and correction;

Parts used at the performances under his direction; and

Editions prepared by himself for the press.

That the editors could not often succeed in combining all these means for their guidance is a truth requiring no comment; but that, despite of every difficulty, only a few isolated works have been exceptionally printed, without the possibility of referring to at least one of the above bases for criticism is a highly gratifying result, due to zealous exertion on the one hand, and a readiness to oblige on the other. The directors of public collections—those charged with the custody of the Archives of the Friends of Music in Vienna having especially distinguished themselves by their liberality—and private individuals possessing manuscripts or first impressions—no other of whom can, by the way, be compared with A. Artaria of Vienna, for the number and importance of manuscripts in Beethoven's own hand—willingly granted the use of their treasures. Furthermore, there has been no lack in the supply of information and references of all kinds; nay, there are gentlemen who made it their favorite occupation to hunt up materials for the new edition and prepare them for use. Herr G. Nottebohm of Vienna, in particular, undertook, with indefatigable zeal, continuous researches, which have brought forth a rich and gratifying harvest; being master of his subject, he considerably increased, by his trustworthy information, the critical resources at the disposal of the editors. All the preparations of this description, not exactly usual in the case of musical publications, have, despite the time, trouble, and expense they demanded, been undertaken and promoted by the publishers in a manner affording evidence how high a notion they entertained of their task, and how well they understood its nature and importance.

To turn to proper account, however, the *critical materials*, critical editors were required. The question was to find men who, to a thorough musical education and an intimate acquaintance, even down to the minutest details, with Beethoven, such an acquaint-

ance with him as we may presume all sterling musicians to possess now-a-days, united generally æsthetic feeling, tact and instinct for what is right, conscientiousness in observing, and fixing tradition, scientific interest in the methodical solution of each separate part of their task, and, in a word, those essential qualities on which the successful exercise of criticism is dependent. Such men have been found. The grand instrumental and vocal compositions have been undertaken by Dr. Rietz, the *Capellmeister*, who, by his part in the publications of the Bach and Handel Societies, and by his editions of Haydn's Symphonies and Mozart's Concert-Airs, has already proved his vocation as an editor and shown that we have lost in him a philologist, which would be much to be deplored, had he not been a musician. The editorship of the Chamber-Music has been undertaken by Herr David, the *Concertmeister*, and that of the Pianoforte Works, by Herr Heinecke, the *Capellmeister*, while the Songs have been divided among Herr Richter, *Musikdirector*, Selin Bagge, and Franz Espagne, all musicians known as not merely musicians, but, in any particular case, should the nature of their task and the authorities at their disposal absolutely require it, well prepared, also, for philological criticism.

III.

Whoever connects with the expression "philological criticism" a dark notion of dusty parchments, and old impressions; of a drear expanse of useless readings, of unifying splitting of words and carping about syllables; whoever considers it the duty of philological criticism to draw a hedge of thorns around the works of poetry and art, rendering the access to them more difficult than it otherwise would be, and interfering with the enjoyment of them—such an individual will not feel exactly comfortable at the prospect that this sort of criticism is now going to be applied even to Beethoven. Many a person, entertaining more moderate views, will feel doubts as to what there is important for criticism to perform in connection with the works of a composer who lived down to the present generation and published his works himself, and likewise, as to what use a vast apparatus of manuscripts and printed editions can be. We may here remind these persons of the case, so near us, of Schiller and Goethe. It was not till recently that philological exactness and method could begin to busy themselves somewhat with the works of our great poets, and even up to the present time—thanks to the want of conscientiousness on the part of those whom honor and duty should urge to bestow every care upon a proper restoration of the text—they have not done so to the extent requisite to achieve effectual results. Already, however, has it been demonstrated that copyists, composers and readers for the press have gained a far more extensive and deeper influence upon the form of the texts in general use than people would be inclined to think; that not only have typographical errors distorting the sense, and the omission of verses through negligence, become stereotyped, but that arbitrary alterations, under the deceptive semblance of pretended emendations, have set aside the original text. Everyone possessing a somewhat clearer idea than usual of the instances of want of sense and of the absurdities which even educated readers will pass; of how irksome for the careful reader, when he stumbles on something which strikes him as peculiar, is the uncertainty whether he has to do with a real difficulty, or with a typographical error; of how often he is compelled to indulge himself in conjectural criticism—for every emendation of a typographical error is a philological conjecture—of how terrible is his disappointment, when well-known passages, which have perhaps become favorite ones, are proved to be spurious and not emanating, in the shape they bear, from the poet—whoever has an idea of and reflects on such cases, will agree in thinking it a noble task for philological criticism to give us trustworthy texts of our great German writers, an undertaking which, if successfully carried out, will not remain without the approbation of even unphilological readers. The case is not different with musicians. How many a player and listener is embarrassed whether he has to see an *Ouflüßheftchen* chimera in a chorale, a passage, or a note, or to correct an error of the press; how disquieted it is to be informed that an especially favorite beauty is founded upon a fault of the engraver, and that what we look upon as an indispensable improvement of some inappropiate instance of harshness is nothing more than a piece of over-correction. That such cases are of daily occurrence is a well-known fact; that, moreover, the various

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGESMAN, from the original in *Die Gräfen*.

editions of Beethoven's works contain much more than was supposed calculated to reduce the public to doubt and despair is a fact that has been demonstrated by careful examination. Our thanks are, therefore, certainly due to the labors of those who undertake to restore in its primitive purity what the composer wrote, and to hand it down to us in a trustworthy form—and such are precisely the labors of philological criticism.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

MY DEAR SIR,—I can't give you great news about the musical doings in Vienna, but just some few things in the way of concerts and "débutés." In the *Opéra*, Mdlle. Bettelheim sang a second time Fides in the *Prophète* with a little more assurance, and the same fault, of course, which not being occasional fault could not be expected to be changed. The press, as I said before, is rather severe, and, what I don't particularly see the justice of, in a way rather inexorable, that is to say, not encouraging, and pointing out where the fault lies, and what is to be done but hard. Simply saying "this is bad" proves nothing and teaches nobody. This does not prevent the young lady from asking 13,000 florins for the next contract of three years (each year), and a cousin of hers, a very pretty girl with the most modest means, 10,000 a year. Madame Dastmann, who is by far a better concert singer than a dramatic artist asks no less than 18,000, and of all the great singers that Vienna host for England, Titiens, Luca, Crilling, &c., only one thing remains, that is, the pretensions of those who are not so great artists, but who wish to be paid the same amount of money. And the poor Viennese opera is in a state! I wrote to you about Wachtel in the *Prophète*; he insisted on singing a second time, and the second time as bad as the first, which is saying a great deal. The *Tannhäuser*, which was given day before yesterday, procured the manager an opportunity to show off his other great tenor, a Mr. Ferency. If Wachtel was hissed as an opposition to undesired applause, Ferency was hissed tremendously, but without opposition. The orchestra taking the chord of F, he sings in G and does not care a bit about the little difference between him and conductor, and the worst of it is that in the *Tannhäuser* you can't always say whether what is wrong is not right, for the people are not accustomed to hearing Wagner's music in tune. Whenever I hear his music I remember the old saying in the beginning of the century when very light trousers were the fashion: "Si j'entre ne les prends pas." You may depend on it if, in Wagner's operas, it is right it is wrong. The "début" of Mdlle. Stehle, who was extremely well recommended, supported, prepared, and whom I heard in *Faust*, *Tannhäuser*, and the *Nozze di Figaro* before writing to you, gave some subject to controversy. To tell you the truth at once—Mdlle. Stehle is young, her voice is fresh and strong, full from G to C, oppressed over the B flat, then on the middle F the lower notes are not particularly full. She is almost entirely wanting in "distinction" her manner, her singing, her playing are rather vulgar. I cannot discover any peculiar gift beyond the full freshness of her voice, and if she wishes to become an artist it is not impossible that under great tuition she may become one, but certainly that she wants very badly. Her reading of Margaret in her first appearance was entirely incorrect and unladylike, while her silk dress with Spanish "epaulettes" was perfectly unlogical. She had some nice moments during the evening, and was less liked in *Tannhäuser* and better liked in the *Nozze*. She has a great fault in the "attaque" of the notes, which she mostly takes like a bad violin-player who slips along the string with one finger before catching the right note. But stout and rather plain looking as she is, she was more graceful and generally better as Cherubin, and Mozart has fortunately so strong a constitution that it is not so easy singing him down, and Mdlle. Stehle did by no means sing the music badly and did not change it, a great merit with present singers who have got respect only for one thing, that is, their own effects. The list of the singers to come for the Italian Opera in April has probably been sent to you together with the operas, if not, I enclose it. The "operaschule," in which, three years ago, famous voices have been received and trained for future immortality,

has made a hideous *face* since most of the voices turn out to be broken and not one real singer of talent has been shown at the last examination. The manager of the Opera, who is at the same time manager of this opera-singing school, has probably been anxious to show that he is not only perfectly incapable of managing an opera, but that he does not even understand leading a school though he pretends all his titles for being a manager of an opera to be based on his having been a good teacher, and has laid down rules as the "Press" to-day shows which made success downright impossible. To quote one rule:—"The pupils are obliged, from the beginning to the end of their studies, to sing in and with the chorus on the stage, so that a voice that wants tenderness, care, and precaution may be broken in an evening's screaming, and in fact all the voices have been led to—naught. The public are disgusted with Mr. Salvi; the artists don't pay him the slightest respect; the Press is unanimous like one man in criticising his total inability. Never mind, he takes £600 a year for allowing anything to be said against him, and there is an end of all hopes for improvement, unless some storm carries him off and leaves room for a better man. In the way of concerts I have been assured that my concert was, since Liszt's, the best, as far as the public was concerned, as any monetary result from the times are bygone when concert-givers, particularly soloists, could hope for any benefit. At any rate, I had the wonderful satisfaction of my "amour propre" to see at four o'clock announced at all the news-sellers and the Ticketoffice: "Alle Sitze vergriffen" (no seat to be had), and I need not tell you that the warm reception I received more than flattered my old friends and—your old friend. I am giving a second one, where I am going to play all by myself, since here six or seven pieces are the utmost the programme will hold. The Empress is expected to come, but you know with majesties there is no depending on casualties, and if any unforeseen death occur at any court, mourning may at once prevent all the members of the court from appearing in public. However, we dream. Hellmesberger gave the last of his Eight Quartet concerts, and Laub did so yesterday. His sound, straightforward, honest playing created for him a great "caterie" here, and he did rather good business with his quartets this year after having done very little for two consecutive seasons. Zellner gave his second and very interesting historical concert with singing and harmonium, which he plays very well, indeed; and a pianist, Mr. Epstein, who would do brilliant business in London if Hallé or Arabella Goldard consented to give him lessons and teach him touch and the understanding of classical works. The most obedient of your friends and organ-grinders,

L. ENGL.

M. VENUS, who has been known in this town and neighbourhood for more than half a century, has announced his retirement from those professional pursuits in which he has been so long engaged. Apart from his success in tuition M. Venus has been long and favourably known to the public for the active and conspicuous part he has taken in some of the various movements which have been made in this town to popularise musical knowledge and musical taste. Many of our readers will remember the amateur concerts which were given in this town many years ago, and of these M. Venus was the conductor, and to his ability was due to a large extent the excellence of these performances. But not only at these, but at other concerts, M. Venus most readily gave his assistance, and his talent as a brilliant and accomplished violinist rendered his playing a musical treat of no mean kind. And now that after fifty-two years of active and honourable exertion, M. Venus is about to retire in order to enjoy that leisure which he has so well earned, he will carry with him the good wishes of many former pupils and many old friends.—*Reading and Berkshire Chronicle*.

MUSIC IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.—A Civil Service Musical Society has just been established, which, judging from the disposition already shown in all ranks of the service to take up the idea, bids fair to succeed. Already, as we are informed, 150 vocal and from 50 to 60 instrumental members have given in their names; and, as the number of civil servants in London does not probably fall far short of 15,000, this society may, under proper direction, become one of the most important in the metropolis. The management is vested in a council of 15, and Mr. Frederick Clay, of the Treasury, well-known as an amateur composer of merit, has been elected chairman. The society is by its laws bound to give three concerts in each year, and the weekly practices will commence shortly. We only hope that this association will not fall into the mistake committed by so many new societies—that of being too ambitious at first.

MENDELSSOHN'S TRUMPET OVERTURE.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Str.,—In 1848 the year following that of Mendelssohn's death, a little volume appeared at Leipzig, with the title of "*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, ein Denkmal für seine Freunde, von W. A. Lampadius*." Sketchy and incomplete in every respect, this *Denkmal* is, nevertheless, the only attempt that has been made to present some connected account of the life of the composer, and it is of some passing interest and importance from the fact that they rest upon the authority of a diary kept by Herr Moenchius, Mendelssohn's intimate friend and adviser. At page 23 Lampadius has the following:—"Am, 23rd Nov. producierte Moenchius das eben fertige erste hefte seiner Studien. Er sprach sehr lebhaft von dem Componiren und ist mit dem Hoffen denken von Trompeten eingeführt worden."

Here we find not only the origin of the work, but—with deference to Mr. Benedict's graceful *In Memoriam*—the true reason of its being called "*The Trumpet Overture*." This was in 1826, three years before Mendelssohn's first visit to England, and therefore three years before he could have had any transactions with the London Philharmonic Society. *The Trumpet Overture* is unquestionably the same which was written seven years later—first, at the Düsseldorf Festival in March 1833, and then, in the 10th of June following, at the Philharmonic Concert, on Sunday, (page 35) at the same place, and again, at the Philharmonic Concert, June 10 (1833), is probably ("wahr-scheinlich") the same as the one given at Düsseldorf; and (page 37), forgetting all about the "*Trumpet*," places the date of its composition as far back as "*etwa in den Jahren 1833 oder 1824*," which is simply preposterous. But here he is without his Moseheles. That such a work should have been composed by a boy of sixteen is doubtless extraordinary, but not more so than that the same boy, about the same period, should have written the *Concert in E flat*, the *Quintet in A*, and the overture to "*Midas*," in Vienna.

The Festival of 1833 was the first which Mendelssohn directed—the second (in 1836) being the one made celebrated by the production of his oratorio, *St. Paul*. At the festival of 1833 *The Trumpet Overture*—which, liking too well to abandon altogether, the composer had most probably recast—was performed, under the name of "*Grosse Ouverture in C dur*." Mendelssohn, it must be remembered, came twice to London in 1833, the Rhenuish success causing him occupying his attention in London; and it is very probable that Mendelssohn had the *premise* of the now-written "*Trumpet Overture*." Whether, however (of which, by the way, Herr Julius Riets makes no mention) was expressly for the Philharmonic Society (also unnoticed in the *Catalogue*), or not, matters little. The Philharmonic possess the score of the last completed version, and this, backed by the authority of Mendelssohn's letter, quoted by Mr. Grove from Mr. Hogarth's little book, suffices to justify their right. The symphony proposed by Mendelssohn was the *Italian Symphony*, begun three years previously at Rome, where the *Walpurgisnacht* (page 38), and the *Symphony in A minor* were also projected—the latter a version of the *Italian Symphony* (as called by Herr Moseheles), completely, and a great portion of the *Walpurgisnacht* afterwards entirely re-written) almost finished.

Unhappily, the *Letters* do not enlighten us on the subject of the *Trumpet Overture*. The last letter of Vol. I. is dated "June 1, 1832," from London (during Mendelssohn's second visit to England); while Vol. II. contains no letter either from London or from Düsseldorf dated 1833.¹ But assuming the date affixed by Herr Riets to the grand overture to be correct, it is not probable that Mendelssohn's catalogue before him he could scarcely be wrong in this particular, the overture first performed at Düsseldorf, and subsequently in London, was composed in 1825—eight years before it was heard at the Philharmonic Concerts. The note in the Crystal Palace programme, by the way, says nothing about the Düsseldorf Festival (any more than about the Philharmonic Concerts); it is there described as "an unknown overture," first composed in 1825, and "re-written for the Philharmonic Society in 1835."

Mr. Grove having seemingly misapprehended what I wrote, will you kindly permit me to reproduce as much as is necessary for rectification? Regretting that so fine a composition as the *Trumpet Overture* should never have been published, I go on to say:—

"True, the Philharmonic Society are in possession of a score, which Mendelssohn—always retouching" (I might have added frequently rewriting) "his compositions—had prepared for their concerts, and which is, therefore, the one he himself would have sanctioned; but the *oeuvre* was not *written* expressly for the society," &c.

The truth is that, instead of composing a new overture for the society, he re-composed an old one; and as the society paid for the score it is unquestionably their property; but that is no reason why it should remain unpublished, seeing that the *Italian Symphony*, to which they had also a claim on similar grounds, has been published nearly fifteen years.

With respect to the smaller overture in the same key, composed for

the band of the Dobberan baths, and known in England (through a piano arrangement for four hands), although I played the date of its composition a year later than Hector Rietz, I never thought of confounding it with the "Grand Overture in C," performed at the Dusseldorf Festival. On the contrary, I said distinctly that the overture "generally known as the *Military Overture*" (I should have added, in *England*) "has nothing whatever to do with the *Trumpet Overture*."

Without possessing the slightest claim to the compliment paid me by Mr. Grove, in the last paragraph of his letter, I have too great a veneration for the memory of Mendelssohn, and too great a love for his music, to write consciously a single careless word about either. On the other hand, I cannot sympathize with the imperfect manner in which his *Letters* have been brought out in Germany, nor approve of the manner in which they have been translated into English. I can understand the reason why—as in the case of Handel, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, wherever practicable—everything he composed should not be given to the world now that he is gone, if only as *indicia* to the growth and progress of his extraordinary genius: nor, lastly, can I put the slightest faith in a catalogue of his published and unpublished works, exhibiting so little research, and drawn up with such apparent negligence, as that affixed by Herr Julius Rietz to the first volume of the *Letters*. It is not only that the list is so far from being complete, as when such compositions as the Symphony in C minor and the Trio No. 2 (in the same key) were written, there are many in England who can inform Herr Rietz that the third *Capriccio*, Op. 35 (dedicated to the late Herr Klingemann) is not in F sharp minor, but in B flat minor: that the string Quartet in D (Op. 44), the autograph score of which is in the possession of Professor Sterndale Bennett, was not composed "subsequently to the year 1838," as he states, but in 1835, and that the Quartet in D minor, which was first here played at the Conservatoire in Paris, has never been played in London. The misstatement about the Quartet in D major (Op. 44) is unpardonable, inasmuch as a letter from Mendelssohn, at Berlin, to Ferdinand David, at Leipzig, dated "July 30, 1838" (Vol. II. of *Letters*) absolutely contains these words:—
"I have just finished my third Quartet in C major, and like it much. I may still play some as well, although I dislike it well, &c."

—(Jules H. Rietz.)

Now, then, to show that the MSS. compositions of Mendelssohn were confused, for whom the Quartets, Op. 44, were written and to whom they are inscribed.

Yours Respectfully,

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Had not *Le Médecin malgré lui* of the zealous republican, Marc Antoine Desaugiers, who introduced in it the revolutionary air, "ga ira," been as long since forgotten as his *Héroisme*, performed at Notre Dame, in celebration of the taking of the Bastille, his *Requiem* for Sacchini, and his other works, it would speedily have succumbed before the eminently attractive musical comedy produced by M. Gounod seven years ago, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. We say musical comedy, inasmuch as the new *Médecin* has not the absolute pretension to be styled an opera, containing as it does no grandly conceived and dramatically conducted scenes of any real importance as to plan and conduct. The French librettist, MM. Barbier and Carré—whose task, by the way, is admirably accomplished, and who have retained all the best practices of Molière—entitle it "*Le Médecin malgré lui, comédie en trois actes de Molière, arrangée en Opéra comique*;" but a still more appropriate title would be *comedy with music*; for if we are to regard *Le Domino Noir*, &c., to say nothing of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Il Barbiere*—as legitimate operas, we can hardly accept for veritable *Opéra comique* a piece in which there is no grandly conceived and dramatically conducted scene of any kind, if it stands, nevertheless, *Le Médecin* of M. Gounod—whose work, if not elaborately carried out or so thoroughly well sustained, may be compared in one respect with Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*—is a genuine thing; and there is no reason why more examples of the same kind should not be produced. The music, from the overture to the end, is healthy and vigorous, charming alike by its easy flow of tune, its utter unaffectedness, its symmetry of form, and indeed almost invariably its happy and happy treatment. The music of the *Médecin* is especially, each of the more conspicuous personages has something genial to sing, both in solo and duet; and the subordinates are employed in a trio and sextet essentially material to the business of the drama. A glance at each separate number may suffice. The overture, lively though quaint, well-knit though unpretending, is constructed upon themes which are frequently laid recourse to in the progress of the piece. Scarce one, in fact, but is subsequently reproduced in some form or other, as the *aria* of the doctor, the duet of the two friends, the ear, each is recognized without difficulty, on recurrence; and thus a feeling of unity is obtained, at which, doubtless, the composer has studiously aimed. The duet, "Cease, prythee, woman" (it is as

well to indicate the titles belonging to the English version), upon which the curtain draws up, but for the gradual progression of the melody and modulation, peculiar to the modern French school in general and M. Gounod in particular, have been modelled upon Mozart. The quarrel between Sganarelle and his wife, Martine, which culminates in the husband cudgelling his wife, could hardly have been musically embodied with greater spirit. The quick movement, during which the incident of the cudgelling is introduced, and which is in a different key from the first, may be regarded as a bridge to lead from the duet to the succeeding piece ("Woman's vengeance")—couplets in which the irritated and exasperated Martine vents her revenge. This and the couplets when Sganarelle consoles himself with the motto ("Soft and low thy voice, my darling!" may be described, in a word, as perfect. In the first the style of the old melody is successfully emulated, amid accompaniments of decidedly modern color. In the last we have a *chanson* which, but that the harmony is too uniformly *recherché*, might have been written in a very fortunate moment by the late Adolphe Adam. Here it is one of several instances where the parallel with *Lesend* would not strictly hold. In the novel its author never forgets his primitive design of imitating the prose style of a *by-gone* age; in the opera, although similarly conceived, the composer more than once speaks out in the ordinary language of his time, thus relieving, perhaps unconsciously, what might otherwise be found monotonous. The trio ("Good Sir, tell us we pray"), when Valère and Lucas, following the instructions of Martine, persuade Sganarelle, by the application of the cudgel, to own that he is really what they take him for—a famous practitioner of the healing art—is full of the *comique* and most skillfully worked out. This (like the opening) is one of the concerted pieces, on a tolerably extended plan, which M. Gounod has found it expedient to include in his general design. A few more of the same stamp would have been welcome, in a musical treatment of one of the rarest comedies of so great a master as Molière, who, at least, deserved to be approached with as much respect as was shown by Mozart and Rossini to the satirical Beaumarchais. The *finale* to the first act, though short, is delicious. It consists of a chorus of *fopisters* and *fopisters* ("All mortals here"), built upon three strains that might have been played upon any shepherd's pipe, in the days of *Il Pastor Fido*, so unfeeling and thoroughly pastoral are they. Two of these—the first (principal) and third—are, in the *coda*, given simultaneously, with admirable effect, the soprano or trebles taking the third, the tenors and basses the first and broadest melody, in unison. The ingenuity with which the two themes are brought together is remarkable, inasmuch as the subsidiary theme is in the relative minor key to that of the other. Nothing, however, can be clearer. A more animated scene than this *finale*—further enlivened as it is by the dance in which all take part, when the two melodies are heard in conjunction, and which at Covent Garden, it may here be added, is arranged in the happiest and most natural manner—could hardly be conceived. The business of the *finale* to the first act—like that of Leander's serenade, which opens the second—is not to be found in Molière, but is a very judicious, indeed laudable, interpolation of Messrs. Barbier and Carré. Sure are we that could Molière have listened to the music suggested to M. Gounod, by either or both situations, he would, without a murmur, have sanctioned their being retained. The serenade ("In youth's season") has one of the quaintest melodies and one of the prettiest accompaniments (the fiddles "*précité*") imaginable. In it Leander, who is enamored of Lucinda, daughter of old Géronte, apostrophizes the passion of love, in the conventional but never ungracious manner of youthful operatic *unamorous*. The couplets ("Go wander through the world") in which Jacqueline the nurse—whose charms make so deep an impression on the supposititious leech, to the manifest concern of her husband, Lucas (a sort of Masetto in his way)—proffers such sage counsel about marriage, are set to just such a tune as might be supposed to proceed from the lips of such a personage, although the accompaniment shows an occasional point of harmony or of modulation rather too subtle to be precisely in keeping. The note on the big drum, at the passage:—

"S'il venait notre défilé,
A chacun son plaisir!"—

is as droll as it is unanticipated. The sextet ("Now pray, fair maid"), where Sganarelle, before Géronte and the rest, goes through the mock ceremony of examining Lucinda, who affects dumbness in order to escape a marriage which is against her inclination, is the third and last of the concerted pieces of which M. Gounod's work unhappily contains such rare specimens. The materials for this are drawn largely from the overture. Nothing of its kind could be better; for, whether dramatic coloring or musical treatment be taken into consideration, the interest is sustained from first to last. The *finale* to the second act—as brief but as graphic in its way as that to the first—is, like the first, built upon a situation not to be found in Molière. Sganarelle introduces a company of musicians into the house of Géronte, with the

pretext that their music will enhance the effect of his remedies. Among them is Leander, Lucinda's preferred lover, who sings a romance, preceded and followed by a chorus. The themes of the chorus are borrowed from the quaint and stately opening of the overture, both the march and dance in which are appropriated. The romance or *fableau* ("Prison'd in a cage")—the original words of which—

"Je portais dans son cœur
Deux moutons, que j'avais pris,
Et dans le jardin d'Édipe
L'on amène un chœur de berges
Brillants de fleurs de lis,
Les fleurs de nos beaux vases," &c., &c.

belong to another work, is a delicate and charming bit of musical sentiment. The third and last act comprises a capital mock-bonapartist air ("Hail, Physic, glorious science"), in which Sganarelle flatters himself on the profitable results of his imaginary skill;—a very humorous and spirited scene, with chorus, where a crowd of applicants, variously afflicted (in Molière, two passants—Thibaut and Ferrin, father and son—not included in the *dramatis personæ* of the musical comedy), appeal to the "Mock Doctor" for medical aid—which, perhaps, might fairly be reckoned as a fourth concerted piece of some pretension; a duct for Sganarelle and Jacqueline, omitted from the English version, but well worth preserving, if only on account of its musical excellence, even at the pains of modifying the situation and composing new words to suit an English audience; some lively couplets, with quartet "*ensemble*," for Lucinda ("No, father dear!"; and another brief (very brief) *finale* (chorus), in which we are again presented with the broad pastoral melody of the fagot-players (Act I). To sum up—however the form of this musical comedy may be defined, it is genial and charming from one end to the other.

Mr. C. L. Kemney, the English adaptor, has done his work with much alacrity. Although he has thrown the prose of Molière into blank verse, his version is as closely literal as possible, scarcely a word being superadded. The blank verse was doubtless employed because quaint and old-fashioned language is more similar to English ears in that form. The songs, moreover, in which the French dramatists have adopted the language of Molière with the least possible variation for the sake of rhyme or rhythm, are in Mr. Kemney's version equally faithful to the text. To conclude (and this is no small praise)—the language of the English adaptor is almost everywhere as easy and idiomatic as the original, and but few and slight shades of its humor have been allowed to evaporate in the process of reboasting from the taper French flask to the square English recipient. The grossnesses, too, are dexterously suppressed and transformed into harmless pleasantries.

We have already spoken in highly favorable terms of the execution of *The Mock Doctor* at the Royal English Opera, and there is little to add to our general, though brief, remarks on the first performance. Every one of the representatives of the *dramatis personæ* works with zeal and enthusiasm. Mr. H. Corri's Dominique (Sganarelle) is, in a histrionic sense more especially, a performance of remarkable ability; Miss Poole, as Martine, the wife who takes so comic a revenge for the beating her husband has administered to her, is careful, intelligent, and artistic as usual; while the others—Miss Thirlwall (Lucinda), Madame Fanny Huddart (Jacqueline), Mr. Ayndley Cook (Géronte), Mr. Dusek (Valère), Mr. C. Lyall (Lucas), Mr. H. Halse (Leander), even to Mr. Lingham (M. Robert—whose interference between husband and wife, however chivalrous, meets with the accustomed return)—efficiently promote the general effect. Never were overture and accompaniment played with more spirit and refinement than by the band which Mr. Alfred Mellon directs so well; and, although no grand spectacle was here to deal with, never was Mr. A. Harris more successful in giving life and lustre to the scene than in getting up this pleasant opera, which, with regard to costume, stage arrangements, and scenery, leaves absolutely nothing to wish.

Mrs. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS'S *Sole Musical Invitation* was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. Andrews's "Amateur vocal class" sang a selection from Haydn's first mass, and the "Hallelujah" chorus from Beethoven's *Mass of Olives* in the first part, in very creditable style. Some part songs by Mr. Henry Smart were also sung by the same ladies and gentlemen. "A voice like the heart," the first of the songs by Master Russell Andrews, formerly of Westminster Abbey, told with much effect, and a daughter of the concert-giver, Miss Theodora Andrews, exhibited a fine contralto voice in Curschmann's "Ti pargo." In the quartet from *Rigolotto* Mrs. Holman Andrews took the soprano part and was assisted by Miss Webb, Mr. Trevelyan Cobham and Signor Ciabattoni. Mrs. Holman Andrews also played (with Mr. Blagrove) Oloroso and De Beriot's duet for the pianoforte and violin on airs from *La Favorita*. Mr. Arthur Butt was the conductor.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT GLASGOW.

(From The Glasgow Herald, March 7.)

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a piano-forte recital last night in the Queen's Rooms. The audience was very good, for, besides the large number of denizens of the West End which Madame Goddard's musical reputation is sure to bring together, the back gallery was quite filled by attentive and discriminating listeners. The programme embraced examples of the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Benedict, and Thalberg. It would be difficult to select any one work of the selection as better executed than another. The execution of each and all the families of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata elicited a rapt. The effect produced by the various movements of this sonata was intensely beautiful—it combined, we think, the mechanical perfection of Hallé, the grand tone of Thalberg, and that indescribable delicateness which is perhaps only attainable by a lady. A suite of pieces, concluding with the air and variations on the "Harmosonic Blacksmith," by Handel, and also Woelfl's sonata, "*Ne plus ultra*," gave most evident satisfaction. Madame Goddard performed Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," a mermaid, and Benedict's *fantasia* on "The bird song." The latter was in perfect accord with Shakespeare's poetic conception of the gentlest of sprites. We have said that Madame Goddard possesses the power and grandeur of tone that is so characteristic of Thalberg; but it would be difficult to characterise her precision and equality in runs and shakes. In florid passages the closeness and equality of fingering can be likened to nothing but the passage of a diamond point over glass. This recital was one of the most delightful *soirées musicales* of the season.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the concert on Monday the quartets were led by Herr Joachim the present engagement of Herr Ludwig Straus, who, since the beginning of the year, has, with distinguished ability, held the post of first violin, having expired. Signor Piatti, too, the eminent violoncellist, made his first appearance. The programme was rich enough in itself to stand in need of no extraneous help; but with such additional attractions the performance became one of extraordinary interest. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in C, Op. 29 ("Bacchus") strings	Beethoven.
Song—"The Pilgrim's Song"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in B flat, piano-forte	Schubert.
PART II.			
Sonata, in E minor, piano-forte and violin	Mozart.
Song—"In Autumn"	Mendelssohn.
Quartet, in G, Op. 44, No. 4, strings	Haydn.
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.			

The return of Herr Joachim is always an event in the musical season—his first "*coup d'archet*" the herald of numberless good things to come. He is playing as well as ever. That is surely enough—inasmuch as to play better than he played when last he was heard in England would be scarcely practicable. Of course, every true artist has in his mind an *ultima thule*, after a nearer and nearer approach to which he is continually striving; but he may reach a stage beyond which the mere amateur—connoisseur and critic to boot—is unable to follow him. There are certain fine shades only perceptible to an artist himself, who may have so nearly arrived at perfection, that he is never quite content, although thoroughly conscious that its absolute realization is not within the bounds of human attainment. Mendelssohn was such an artist; his playing is another. For our own part we cannot imagine nobler playing—playing calculated to impart greater fulness of satisfaction, by its fire, its purity, its unfeigned certainty, its admirable balance, than that of Herr Joachim on Monday, whether in the magnificent Ninth Quartet of Beethoven, the expressive and lovely sonata of Mozart, or the genial quartet of the evergreen and inexhaustible Haydn. We could find no fault, however longing to be critical—nay hypercritical. The impression produced upon the vast audience that, regardless of wind or weather, flocked to St. James's Hall to welcome back the popular violinist, was unmistakable. Herr Joachim was the Joachim of old—the "fiddler of fiddlers." What the quartets gained by the re-acquisition of Signor Piatti—as incomparable on his instrument as Herr Joachim on his—need hardly be told. The "*andante con moto*" in that of Beethoven—a movement, *sui generis*, without parallel, even in the varied catalogue of Beethoven's own works—was enough to show the inestimable value of Signor Piatti's co-operation. But all the rest of his performance was to match. Never, perhaps, has the grandeur of the "Bacchus" quartet been so nobly played with more effect. Inspired by the presence of the great Hungarian violinist and the great Italian violoncellist, Herr L. Ries (second violin), and Mr. H. Webb (viola), as the phrase is, "surpassed themselves"—the last-named gentleman giving out the theme of the *fugato* in the impetuous and exciting *finale* with a tone, precision, and

mechanical accuracy beyond praise. At the termination of the quartet—every movement in which was applauded with rapture—the performers were loudly and unanimously called forward. Haydn's quartet (heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), though the last piece in the programme, was not less warmly appreciated. The minuet and trio, as fresh as though they had been written yesterday, were encored and repeated. Like all who can appreciate genuine art, Herr Joachim has a strong predilection for "Papa Haydn," and we believe would lead any one of the 83 quartets—even the 83rd, which the venerable composer, who wrote underneath a half completed movement, "Gone is all my strength, old and feeble am I," left unfinished with enthusiasm.

The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who in Mozart's sonata for piano-forte and violin (so expressive, genuine, and beautiful, and yet so rarely heard), was associated with Herr Joachim, and played his best. Mr. Hallé's solo was Schubert's very long but very interesting sonata in B flat (Op. 140), which may be likened to an extensive and variegated garden sadly in need of a careful gardener to uproot the weeds, to tend and trim, to water and to watch. Schubert should have read Beethoven's *Essays for Gardens*, and have applied its principles to this and other of his more ambitious instrumental works. Genius as he was, undoubtedly, the faculty of order was wanting in this prolific composer. Mr. Hallé played the sonata with wonderful care and finish, and for the second time made it acceptable to a Monday Popular Concert audience.

Miss Banks, so deservedly a favorite at these concerts, was the only singer; but she introduced two of Mendelssohn's most tender and expressive songs—the "Fingerring" and "Im Herbst"—both of which she sang to English words, and both in such an unaffected style as to charm all hearers.

At the next concert (the 165th) Herr Joachim, among other things, is to lead the quartet in A minor of Mendelssohn, and to join Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti in Schubert's trio.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Love Chase* was produced at the Adelphi on Saturday last, Miss Henrietta Simms playing Constance for the first time. The young lady—who grew famous in one night as a comedian when she performed Helen in the *Hunchback* with Miss Bateman as Julia—was even more admirable in her second than her first essay, and has created quite a new sensation in theatrical circles. Miss Bateman, restored to health, after some four or five weeks' absence, resumed her performance of Julia on Tuesday and had a great success.—Miss Helen Faucit reappeared at Drury Lane on Monday night as Imogen in *Cymbeline*, and played Rosalind in *As You Like It* on Wednesday—her first appearance for years in the part. Miss Faucit's Rosalind is a thoroughly Shakespearian performance. Of what other modern impersonation—except Imogen—could the same thing be affirmed? Miss Faucit was but indifferently supported. Mr. James Anderson was Jacques; Mr. Walter Montgomery, Orlando; Mr. Walter Lacy, Touchstone; Mr. G. Belmore, William; Miss Rose Leclercq, Celia; and Miss Hildesburgh, Audrey. The *School for Scandal* was revived on Thursday, with Mr. Phelps as Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. James Anderson as Joseph Surface, Mr. Walter Lacy as Charles Surface, Mrs. Herman Vezin as Lady Teazle, &c., &c.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY.—The *Dover Chronicle*, writing about the Choral Society's last concert, at which this young vocalist assisted, says:—"Miss de Courcy sang the recitative 'There were shepherds,' and the air 'Rejoice greatly' (*Maria*), with taste and sweetness. Though apparently but young in years, her execution of the solo assigned to her in the *Maria* manifested careful study and considerable ability. In the second part of the programme she sang two pieces by Miss de Courcy (Arditi's *Il Bacio* and Henry Smart's 'Song of May' were vociferously cheered."

MR. H. C. DEACON has been giving some concerts at his residence in Wimpole Street. At the first, Beethoven's quartet in C (Op. 69, No. 3), for two violins, viola and violoncello, was admirably played by M.M. Sainton, Pollitzer, Clementi and Pezzi; and the same artists joined Mr. Deacon in Schumann's quintet in E flat for piano-forte, two violins, viola and violoncello. This sonata for the piano-forte selected by Mr. Deacon for his solo, was Mendelssohn's in B flat (Op. 43), which the elegant playing of Mr. Deacon was much more successful than the pieces for the piano-forte solo, viz. Nocturne by Chopin, a Fantasia (Op. 6, in C) by Handel, a Tarantella (in a minor) of his own composition, and three of the *Pensées fugitives* for violin and piano-forte, by Ernst and Heller, to wit, "Caprice," "Inquietude," and "Thème Original."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH CONCERT,
(TENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
Monday Evening, March 13, 1865.

PART I.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello—**M.M.**
CHARLES HALLÉ, JOACHIM, and PATTI *Shubert.*
SONG, "The Violet"—Miss BAYES *Mozart.*
SONATA, in D, Op. 10, for Piano-forte alone—**MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.** *Beethoven.*

PART II.

QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—
M.M. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, H. WEBER, and PATTI *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "The Maiden's Dream"—Miss BAYES *Beethoven.*
QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—
M.M. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, H. WEBER, and PATTI *Hopkins.*

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

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TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH CONCERT.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C, Op. 99, No. 3 (dedicated to Count Rasmowski),
two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—**M.M. JOACHIM, L. RIEG,**
H. WEBER, and PATTI *Beethoven.*
SONG, "In my wild mountain valley" (*Lily of Killarney*)—Miss
BAYES *Beethoven.*
SONATA, "The Pastoral," Op. 28, Piano-forte alone—**MR. CHARLES**
HALLÉ *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONG, "Name the glad day"—Miss BAYES *Duval.*
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello
—**M.M. CHARLES HALLÉ, JOACHIM, and PATTI** *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR **MR. BENEDICT.**

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LEADS ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

A GENEALOGICAL DISQUISITION.

(Continued from page 131.)

THE Harmonicon (ii., p. 73) has in its Paris news the following,
dated March 13, 1824:—

"A sort of fatality attends poor Barilli, an amiable excellent man,
and much esteemed by the public. He lost his wife in the flower of
her youth and beauty. Madame Barilli was known to all Europe for
the true and enchanting manner in which she sang the principal parts
in Mozart's divine operas. His son was ravished from him by a cruel
malady. Some months ago a fraudulent bankrupt (now in London)
[—?] robbed him of all the fruits of his industry and economy;
and very recently he has had the misfortune to break his leg. [This
was by a fall in the theatre]. The administration of the Théâtre-
Italien, as a proof of their esteem and of their gratitude for his past
services, have determined to give him a free benefit on the 21st of this
month."

Now here is a very "loose end" in my genealogical web. For
I have no means of determining what, if any, family connection
there was between those Barillis and a certain Caterina Barilli
(the name has lost n), who sang Romeo in Bellini's *I Capuletti*, to
Virginia Wandlerer's Giulietta, at Crema in 1833, and was called out
by the audience. I trace her afterwards, as *prima donna* appear-
ing successively at Crema, Odessa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan,
Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Madrid; and in 1842, at Piacenza, where
during the Carnival, as we read in the *Leipziger Music Zeitung*, "for
her benefit the Barilli (Caterina) gave *Norma*, in which her daughter
(Clotilde sang Adalgisa." Now from 1831 on, you will find that
whenever "the Barilli" is *prima donna*, the tenor Patti is sure to
be included in the company, and from 1812 she assumed the name
of Barilli-Patti. Notices of her at Cremona, Vincenza, Vercelli,
Como, and Crema, bring us down to the Carnival of 1846, when
she disappears from the European operatic annals, so far as I have
the opportunity of examining them.

In 1814 the *prima donna* in the Carnival operas at Cremona was
a songstress, very much praised in the reports, especially as Lucia,
and as Alice (*Robert le Diable*), named Truffi. Very soon after-
wards she begins to be called Barilli-Truffi, and sings in successive
stagioni at Bergamo, Trieste, Rome, and finally in the spring of
1847, at Turin.

And now, why this long story made up out of old journals, and
about persons long since passed away? Simply because, according
to the best of my knowledge and belief, I cannot take my "day on
it, that the Caterina Barilli-Patti above named was the mother of
Adelina Patti. I cannot prove from any sources of information at
hand. I cannot show that she has a hereditary right, so to speak,
to be a great artist as a descendant of the Barillis of Paris, of the
Bomblins of Dresden and Prague. In fact, my genealogy is all at
loose ends. But the young songstress has already taken a position
in the world of art, which gives interest to the question, whether
she be not another instance of family talent descending through
several generations, and at length culminating in genius.

"Trovator," in *Deight's Journal* of December 3, 1859, in writ-
ing of Adelina's first appearance in opera as Lucia, gives various
particulars in relation to her family connections, her education,
and the like. I add from his article—which my own recollections
in part substantiate—something to the "web."

Adelina Patti's mother, "they say," was a *prima donna*, and in
1843 was engaged in the opera at Madrid. On the night of the
8th of April she appeared as Norma, one of her favorite parts, and

on the 9th little Adelina was born. From that date the mother lost her voice, and always declared that it had gone to her child." Mr. They Say, "Trovator's" authority, seems to be mistaken here in part, for the Caterina Barilli-Patti who opened the spring campaign in Madrid, Feb. 1, 1843, as *prima donna* in Donizetti's *Marino Falieri* (*L. M. Zeitung* xlv., p. 483) "with great applause," sang, as we have seen above, in various theatres down to 1846. "In 1841," continues "Trovator," "the whole tribe of Patti emigrated from Italy to this country [the United States], and the embryo *prima donna* thus crossed the ocean when barely a year old." Here is again a conflict of dates, provided that the Madrid Caterina Barilli-Patti be the mother of Adelina. "She (Adelina) has lived most of her life (excepting when on a concert tour in Cuba with Gottschalk) in New York. During this period she had had every possible advantage for musical education. If a census could be taken of her relatives—the Barillis, Pattis, and Strakosches—the world would be astonished at the result; but the families are too prolific even to admit of classification."

The members of the "tribe" which "Trovator" names, are these: a Signora Barilli [Patti], a beautiful songstress, with whom a son of Colonel Thorne, a New York millionaire, made a love match, was disowned by his father in consequence, and who disappeared with his beautiful wife in South America. She was Adelina's eldest sister. Amelia, the next sister, married Maurice Strakosch, the pianoforte player, who went to America some eighteen years since. Then there was Carlotta Patti, the next sister, teacher of music in New York, giving her lessons in half a dozen languages. Then there were three brothers Barilli—Ettore, Nicolo, and Antonio—the first two tolerable singers, the other a promising young composer; and Adelina's brother Carlo, who before the American troubles broke out was a violinist and leader of an orchestra in New Orleans. A. W. T.

MUSIC AND MYSTERY.

ACCORDING to the German papers, on the 1st February, at the express command and in the presence of the youthful king, a performance of compositions by Herr Richard Wagner, under the personal direction of that eccentric author and composer, was given in the Residenztheater, Munich, all the members of the Royal Orchestra lending their assistance. The performance, for which his Majesty had issued invitations to only a very limited number of persons, lasted till ten o'clock. The pieces executed on the occasion, were, according to report, to be repeated shortly afterwards in the Hoftheater, for the benefit (?) of the public at large. This sounded well and seemed to prove that Herr R. Wagner was in as high feather as ever with his Royal patron. But, if all that has since been said and printed is true, or, indeed, only a tithe of it, then have the fortunes of the Musician of the Future suffered from "a frost, a killing frost." The *Signale* says that, if certain mysterious reports from Munich are to be credited, Herr Richard Wagner has already forfeited the favor of the King, for, at the last representation of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the Royal box remained perfectly dark! If this were an ordinary matter, and Herr Richard Wagner an ordinary musician, an Englishman might suggest that there is such a thing as too much even of a feast, and that the King of Bavaria might simply leave his box unoccupied for one evening, because he had heard *Der Fliegende Holländer* rather frequently already, and did not care about listening to it so soon again. He feared, perhaps, he might come to know it by heart, and, bearing in mind the old proverb: "Familiarity breeds contempt," wisely stop away, and passed the evening in playing billiards, drinking Lagerbeer, or engaging in some other equally scorable amusement. But

this is not an ordinary matter, nor is Herr Richard Wagner—thank goodness!—by any means an ordinary musician, and, therefore, we will endeavour to refrain from making any more suggestions and limit ourselves to a statement of facts. The first fact we beg to bring emphatically before the notice of our readers is that the German public appear to be as much in the dark as the Royal Box itself was. The *Münchener Nachrichten* declares there is no foundation for the reports concerning the Royal displeasure, while the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* of the same date, namely, February 12th, asserts most positively—so positively, indeed, that it is worth while giving its own words—that: "R. Wagner has completely trifled away (*verschertzt*) the Royal favor, and trifled it away, too, in such a manner that it is only to be hoped a feeling of mistrust may not be aroused so very soon in the youthful monarch's heart, which is so good and noble." The same paper says, moreover, that, on the 12th February, Herr R. Wagner had left Munich. But it is asserted Herr R. Wagner did not fall alone. Reports are current that Dr. Nohl, lately appointed, as the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD may read, Honorary Professor of Musical History at the Munich University, has also incurred the King's displeasure, and gone to pass a few weeks at Vévey, on the Lake of Geneva. Herr Hans von Bülow, likewise, has got mixed up in the "shindy." It was hinted that, besides Herr R. Wagner, his particular friends or "chums,"—"Genossen" is the German word employed—had, like the great Futurist himself, taken undue advantage of the Royal favor. Hereupon Herr Hans von Bülow, evidently in a towering rage, sizes his pen to state that he is the only person among Wagner's "Genossen" who has any dealings with the Court, and concludes by designating the anonymous writer of the article as an infamous calumniator. Another accusation is that Herr R. Wagner wanted to make the Royal purse pay for a portrait of him painted by his friend Pech. This called forth Herr Pech, who, in the *Münchener Nachrichten*, affirms, most emphatically, that he never, in any way whatever, sought or received the slightest remuneration from the Royal purse for the portrait of his old (*jugendlich*) friend. Really, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger has it, "the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." Now "Donde furego se hanc, humo sale," like the "nobled queen," in the opinion of that ancient and aristocratic but amusing flunkey, Polonius, "is good." There must be something or other at the bottom of all this hubbub, though, probably, no small amount of exaggeration as well as of ingenious invention has been expended on the matter. There is such a process—by no means an infrequent one—as making a mountain out of a molehill. There is, also, a Latin fable, headed "Ridiculus Mus," to the same effect. One thing, at any rate, is certain. Herr R. Wagner had not left Munich on the 12th February, because, on the evening of that day, he was present, in the Hof-Theater, at the performance of his *Tannhäuser*, being, on its conclusion, vociferously called for. He did not appear, however, because, as Herr Kindermann, the stage-manager, informed the audience, he had quitted the theatre. But there is, on the other hand, another thing equally certain: on this evening, also, did the Royal Box remain without a tenant. A third thing, quite as certain as the two preceding ones, is: the number of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* for the 15th February contains the following letter to the editor:—

"Solely to allay any anxiety of my friends in other parts of the country or abroad, I declare to be false what was stated concerning me and my friends here in the Munich correspondence of yesterday's *Allgemeine Zeitung*."

RICHARD WAGNER.

This is explicit; it is more; it is strong. "False"—"*Falsch*"—is an ugly word, and will, doubtless, put the *Allgemeine* on its mettle, and set it about searching, with true German perseverance,

for evidence of the truth of what it has advanced. Meantime, without in any way prejudging the case, attention may be called to the excessive shortness of the denial forwarded by Herr R. Wagner to the *Allgemeine*. He is not generally so chary of pen and ink, nor, as a rule, celebrated for hiding his light under a bushel. What the *Allgemeine* says may be "false," and yet Herr R. Wagner not the favorite he once was with his royal patron. If he were, would not he have favored the public with some flourish thereon, in his usual dogmatic, grandiloquent, and fearfully involved style?—a style of which no one can form a notion save those who have been compelled to read it! This is a question which Time may answer. Meanwhile, the Spanish proverb quoted above may be translated in the vernacular *Gallia lingua*: "Il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu."

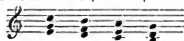
In a large capital, such for instance as London, or even Paris, an affair of this description would not create a very great sensation; in Munich, it has simply turned everything topey-turvy, and conjured up a regular storm in a tea-cup. Nay, it has, for a time, actually cast into the shade the famous Schleswig-Holstein question. Every one takes part in the controversy, which is not always conducted with that urbanity and politeness we might expect in such a place as the capital of Bavaria. The newspaper-writers have especially distinguished themselves and proved that, in their opinion—probably on the principle of good wine needing no bush—courtesy is superfluous in the enunciation of fact, or what German journalists suppose fact.

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To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to offer a few remarks concerning the passage involving consecutive fifths, quoted from Rossini by Herr Engel, in his letter from Vienna, which appeared in your number of February 25th. The following is the passage in question, of which Herr Engel remarks, "it makes on the harmonium a charming effect."



I believe the reason the fifths in the above passage lose the harshness generally characteristic of consecutive fifths is,—the upper notes of the intervals in question are also upper notes of intervals of a sixth, of which interval the bass of the passage constitutes the lower notes. On the same principle that consecutive fourths are rendered agreeable by the incorporation of a sixth and a third into the combination, as under,



it would appear that consecutive fifths may also be rendered agreeable. It will be observed that in Rossini's passage there are also consecutive fourths involved, whose effect is diluted by their notes forming simultaneously portion of other intervals which are imperfect consonances, as in the case of the fourths of the last example. The fact of the passage given by Herr Engel sounding "charming" on the harmonium, *par excellence*, supports my explanation. Played on the harmonium, the sixths, which form the saving clause of the passage, would have their full effect; whereas, on the piano this would, evidently, not be the case. Perhaps the explanation I have tendered is obvious; if so I must apologise to you and to your readers. I am, yours truly,

JOSEPH GODDARD.

136, St. Paul's Road, N.W., 6th March, 1865.

MR. PHASEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having had my attention directed to the letters of Gog, Grub, Cerberus, Dartle Old, &c., published in your paper of the 4th inst., and preceding numbers, and likewise been suspected of the authorship thereof, I desire to publicly state such letters do not emanate from me; and further, to state that I deem it a great liberty my name having been used without my authority, and by inserting the same in your next number you will much oblige,

Yours obediently, ALFRED JAMES PHASEY,

(Member of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, Sydenham.)

March 9th, 1865.

MANN'S TESTIMONIAL.

(Continued.)

Subscriptions in aid of the Fund now being raised for presenting a Testimonial to Mr. Manns, the conductor of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, will be received by any member of the committee, or by Mr. Holt in the French Court in the Crystal Palace, up to the 15th April, on which day the subscription list will close. A Time-piece, which is to form part of the testimonial, may be seen in the French Court.

The MISSES EMILIE and CONSTANCE GEORGI, who made so favourable an impression on the *habitués* of the Operas at Madrid and Barcelona, are now in Paris, and have accepted engagements for concerts and private *soirées*, up to the 20th inst., when they return to London for the season.

MR. W. HARRISON has announced his benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre for Thursday next, when Wallace's *Mariana* and a "selection" from the *School for Scandal* will be given. Mr. Harrison will make his debut as a comedian in the part of Charles Surface on the occasion.

A WHISTLING ARTIST.—"At the Theatre An Der Wien," writes a Parisian journal, "an immense concourse attended to hear the whistler, M. Piccoloni, from London. M. Piccoloni, who is a man of middle height and an elegant exterior, whistled, with accompaniment of pianoforte, the serenade of Schubert and the cavatina, "Casta Diva," from *Norma*. He whistled double notes with great distinctness and his shrike was irreproachable; the sound is of the most agreeable quality, as well in the medium as in the highest part of the register. His intonation was never at fault, and one might be led to suppose that he was listening now to the song of the nightingale, now to the full and sonorous voice of the quail, and anon to the trill of the lark as it soars into the higher regions of the empyrean. The success of the whistler was emphatic."

ST. PETERSBURG.—(From a Correspondent).—On Sunday, 26th February, the Italian Opera season was brought to a close by David's opera, *Ercolano*. The following sixteen operas were performed:—*La Sonnambula*, *La Fanciulla*, *I Puritani*, *Faust*, *La Traviata*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Barbiere*, *Dionora*, *Otello*, *Lucia*, *La Forza del Destino*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Rolla*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Ercolano*. *Faust* is still the chief attraction here, as everywhere, notwithstanding some Russian long eared music critics and Wagner's followers. One of those critics, by name Scroff, a would-be Russian apostle of the *Zukinfi*, wrote an opera full of discordant noise, abominable shriekings of all instruments at one time, and without a single particle of music. The Russians only hear this no music because it was composed by a native. There are rumours that he is writing another opera in the same style—the subject taken from the Russian history. But to return to the Italian opera: two new operas were performed, viz., David's *Ercolano* and Ricci's *Rolla*. The former, with pretty, but very bright music, was effectively performed, and splendidly got up. About the second, the less said the better. Madame Barbot is engaged for three years more, with a salary of 80,000 francs for each. She previously received only 60,000 francs. C. G.

PRAGUE.—The Cecilia Association have announced a performance of *La Duet* by Felicien David.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As astronomers from their observatories look out with eager and searching glance for some long-expected comet and sweep the horizon in every direction for the earliest approach of the luminary, so the musical watchers of Paris daily look out with greedy eyes for the coming announcement of the *Africaine*, and turn their gaze from journals to posters in wistful anticipation. But M. Perrin is silent and nothing has been divulged as to his intentions. Now that the triple *conge* of Signor Naudin, M. Faure and Malenchoise Sax has been granted by Mr. Frederick Gye, the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, London, the director of the Grand Opéra, however desirous to have the new work brought forward as soon as possible, is determined not to hurry his artists, but do exactly what would, in his opinion, have been done had Meyerbeer himself superintended the rehearsals. Now, everybody that knows anything of musical matters must be aware how exacting Meyerbeer was in regard to the number of rehearsals of his operas, and what extraordinary pains and care he was desirous should be expended on them. M. Perrin remembers well the anxiety of the illustrious composer, and has made up his mind that the *Africaine* shall have as many rehearsals as the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, as a matter of course not troubling him about the "repetitions" of the *Étoile du Nord* and the *Pardon de Sables*, as not appertaining to his theatre. How M. Perrin has satisfied himself as to the exact number of the rehearsals devoted to the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* I cannot tell; but he is resolved to carry out reverentially what he imagines would be the intentions of Meyerbeer. At Her Majesty's Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera the *Africaine* would be produced in a month; but then look at the energy of Mr. Costa and Signor Arditi, and still more look at the talent comprised in the English orchestras. In reality there must be something decidedly rotten in the manner in which rehearsals are conducted in Parisian theatres, nor can I for the life of me understand why so much delay should be necessitated. As regards the production of the *Africaine*, I can give your readers no idea. It seems to me that carefulness is carried to far too great an extent in the preparation. If what I hear be true the bestowal of pains is altogether a farce. One piece in the *Africaine*, I am told—a march, if I remember rightly—was rehearsed at first with every instrument singly and separately, and, when each player was considered to have mastered the music, the piece was rehearsed by the whole band. Fancy how much brut Sainton, or Lazarus, or Harper, or Carrodus would feel if asked to learn his part after this fashion. Does M. Perrin seriously believe that Meyerbeer would have pursued the same course with the instrumentalists of the Opéra band how difficult soever the music presented to them might be? I cannot believe it.

The Italians are about to lose its bright particular star. Mlle. Adeline Patti is called for so loudly at Madrid that M. Bagier is compelled to assent to her departure, as she had been promised in the prospectus and more than half the season is past. How to fill up her place, or by what means to supply the want of attraction her absence will create, the director knows not. Madame Penco will follow Mlle. Patti, but can hardly be said to succeed her. Knowing they are about to lose her the *kabités* of the Opera rush to hear Mlle. Patti whenever she appears. A few nights since the *Barbiere* was given, and really (except the music)—but that has not much interest for the Parisians—there was no attraction but La Patti; and yet the receipts amounted to 15,000 francs. Signor Corsi was sadly out of his element in Rossini's music and Beaumarchais' Count, and almost made a *fiasco*. *Martha*, too, was given for the young diva, and made an immense success, the Lady Henrietta being one of Mlle. Patti's most brilliant and perfect achievements. In addition to Ricci's opera buffa, *Crispino e Comare*, a new opera, *La Duchessa di San Giuliano*, by a composer unknown to me, named Signor Graffigna, is in preparation for Mesdames Charton-Dumery and Marie-Labadie, Signora Fraschini, Delle-Sedie and Agnesi. *La Duchessa di San Giuliano*, I am told, has been composed many years, but has never been performed, nor is it published. The fact of its not being published, by the way, may in some degree account for its non-production on the stage; for do not music-publishers now-a-days exercise the utmost influence with managers, to the extent even of regulating the performance or non-performance of certain un-

tried operas of which the scores have been bought and submitted to the public in print? If I am rightly informed, *Faust* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre through the intercession of Messrs. Chappell of Bond Street; *Le Mélécin malgré lui* through the same eminent firm at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden; and *Mirella* by Messrs. Boosey at Her Majesty's Theatre. Well, all I can say is, that the public is more indebted to publishers than managers. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that if the music of these operas had not been published, or was not about to be published, the publishers, who are remarkable for the keenness with which they look after their own interests, however enthusiastic in the cause of Art, would have simply allowed the composers to take care of themselves. The subject of the new opera is not merely tragic but horrible. It recalls indeed the sanguinary plots of some of the earliest English dramatists, and is founded on a Florentine legend of the fifth century. The hero is one Veronico Cibo, a nobleman of Florence, whose wife has been faithless to him, and who, to be revenged on her, has had her lover's head chopped off, and at a banquet presents it to her under cover garnished and served in the neatest culinary fashion. Here is a sensation scene with a vengeance, before which the ingenuity of the most fearless dramatist of the Porte-St-Martin must grow pale. How the elegant audiences of the Italians will receive this dainty dish remains to be seen. That Mr. Dion Boucault, Mr. Tom Taylor, or Mr. E. T. Smith may think it worth while to transfer the incident to the Princess's, the Olympic, or Astley's is more than probable. There has been nothing really new on the stage for some time. The music of Signor Graffigna, of which I hear good accounts, is said to possess the melodic flow and grace of Donizetti and Bellini. The fire and passion of Verdi would better suit such a subject.

I went to a Concert given some evenings since by the eminent pianist, M. Alexandre Bilet, and heard a very excellent selection of music. The concert opened with Hummel's Septuor, remarkably well executed, more particularly the pianoforte part by M. Bilet. Of the other performers Mlle. Try, the fair violoncellist, is entitled to special mention. M. Bilet's other performances comprised Beethoven's Sonata, op. 109; two *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn; and an *Andante* and *Pologne* by Chopin.

Here is the programme of the third Popular Concert of Classical Music (third series) given on Sunday last:—Symphony in B flat—Beethoven; Suite d'orchestre (1718). *Intrada*, *Capriccio*, *Gavotte*—J. S. Bach; Overture to *Adèle*—Mendelssohn; *Andante* et Menuet—Mozart; Overture to *Tannhäuser*—Wagner.

Paris, March 7.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

ENGLISH OPERA AT MANCHESTER.—It will not be decided until the 20th inst. whether there are to be any performances of English opera, by the Covent Garden company, at the Princess's Theatre, Manchester.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—*Le Mélécin malgré lui* has been repeated every night since the first performance, and will be continued until the termination of the season, which will take place next week. The success of M. Gounod's opera has been remarkable, and no doubt it will constitute one of the earliest attractions of next season.

MUS.—Yesterday evening, at the Carcano, we made the acquaintance of the charming and talented young lady, Signora Emilia Arliti, sister of the eminent *Chef d'orchestre*, Luigi Arliti, Pupil of our esteemed Nicolo Bassi. Signora Arliti proved herself a thorough artist by her expressive, inspired, and masterly execution of the fantasia of the *Maestro* Ferrara, and another fantasia by her brother. Both Signora Arliti and her master, Professor Bassi, were repeatedly called before the curtain. Signora Arliti's instrument is the violin, on which she holds out every promise of being a distinguished player.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—At the last matinée the following was the programme:—Sonata in B flat—Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp—J. S. Bach; Variations in A—Mozart (Miss Aguilar, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Le Serenade and Le Chant des Moissonneurs—Alfred Holmes; Sonata in A minor—Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on Lucia—Aguilar; Nocturne in B—Chopin; The Bird at Sunset—Aguilar (Miss Aguilar); Valse Brillante—Aguilar. The rooms were crowded, and Miss Aguilar made a very favorable debut.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Shoo being suddenly called from Shoebury, Dr. Quoeer has consented to launch this week's shipfull.

ABOUT AP'POODLE.

DEAR DR. SHOO.—I have to apologize for my delay in answering your last communication, but you know how I am circumstanced. So many *insane* cases now on hand, which require my unremitting attention. I only returned home late last night—quite floored as you may suppose—but no sooner had I read your kind note respecting your new prodigy, Ap'Poodle, than leaving my frugal supper undisturbed, I hastened to the Isle of Dogs, where I had no difficulty in tracing him. I regret to say that I can hold out no hope of his ultimate recovery. It is one of the worst cases of hydrophobia that ever came under my notice. During the short time I was with him he howled and larked, and even *hit* in the most savage manner. My custom is, as you know, to resort as much as possible to the *soothing system*; I therefore, endeavoured by degrees to engage the poor fellow in conversation, but was unskilful enough to allude to his disgraceful letter which appeared in your paper, to the consternation and dismay of his family. On this he started up with renewed fury, quoting from his own monstrous production, "Silence in the ranks!" "March," &c. I had nothing for it but to make him quail under my glance,—you know how I can look!—and as soon as I had induced a temporary calms, I tied him by the leg to his bed-post, and left him to his canine reflections. I have since made many inquiries as to his antecedents, and have ascertained that he was formerly a *drummer* in a regiment I am not at liberty to name, from which he was ignominiously dismissed for drumming out of time and place. His existence since then has been most precarious, and having been driven to associate with the lowest dogs, he has unfortunately got a bite of so venomous a nature, that all his fluids have turned to gall, and his heart—as I have ascertained by auscultation—has become completely ossified. The moral result of this tremendous physical derangement is confirmed and hopeless misanthropy! He must be strictly watched, to prevent him from doing any injury to others. Strange to say, he appears to respect his own person, which perhaps may be regarded as the most cheering symptom in his otherwise desperate case; but I confess myself baffled this time, and must again entreat your aid, which, in the recent case of the *bubbles*, was so eminently successful. For then I prescribed—as you suggested—strong doses of hell-ore, which, combined with total abstinence from all musical irritation, have entirely restored them to sanity and to the society of which they are now more than ever the brightest ornaments. Do what you can for the ex-drummer, &c. &c.

Ever faithfully,

A. QUOEER, M.D.

Dr. Quoeer does not conceive that the foregoing calls for any remark.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING POET.

SIR,—That you should have discovered that I am "good for nothing" by no means surprises me. I found that out ages ago, and have long since rallied from the depressing effects of the discovery. You will catch it when Ap'Mutton comes home for inserting so many of my letters, because some obtuse people might fancy that the *Musical World* is the "nothing" for which I am "good." However, I have no wish to get you into a scrape, and, therefore, in this my farewell letter, I beg to inform the readers of the *M. W.* that you have hit the right nail on the blockhead, for I really am detestably bad at everything, especially at rhyming, as the following execrable doggerel clearly proves:—

*O talk not to me of the songs of the grove,
Or of dicky-birds up in the sky,
My ear requires clarinets, flutes, and trombones,
So you see my requirements are high.*

*Let those who love working get up with the lark,
Let them dance in a cold, dewy field,
To the Palace I'll like to see with what ease
Little Manna the white baton dash wield.*

With ease did I say? That alas, is not true,

*Most uneasy his movements are all,
His baton unceasingly lashes the air,
And seems almost ready to fall.*

*When perched on his chair, with his stick in his hand,
And his hair waving wildly about,
He looks like a scarecrow to all his poor band,
How they wish they could only get out!*

*He sizers them all sternly, once more throws his hair
From his pale, intellectual brow,
He stamps with his foot, and he holds up his stick,
'Tis the signal for starting the row.*

*A row 'tis indeed, for there's far too much brass,
The poor fiddle you scarcely can hear,
And Manna knows that, too, for when Saturday comes,
Six additional fiddlers appear.
Who dares thus to censure poor Manna and his men,
Has he really a wolf in the fold,
No, no, Sir, oh no! 'Tis not one of the band,
'Tis that "good for naught" fool,*

DARTLE OLD.

Dr. Quoeer has nothing whatever to say to the foregoing.

To DR. TAYLOR SHOO, Esq. (*Faute de mieux*)

SIR,—I am delighted to find there is yet some esprit de corps in the C. P. Band, and that seven of its members write to deny that the letters alluded to were written by any of the artists fortunate enough to be under Herr Mann's baton. (When I say *seven* numbers, I ought perhaps to say *only one*, for I have my suspicions that those letters were written by one artist or at one person's suggestion, no doubt the wise man and oracle of the C. P. Band.) It was only at the last concert that I kept saying to myself between the acts or parts as you musicians call them, "I wonder that fellows who render so admirably such divine works can ever stoop to läckering or lack-linng, and I am surprised and vexed they should ever descend from their pedestals to write scurrilous letters, more or less signed in the general who leads them from battle to triumph, who is quickly but surely pushing them to the public's intense notice," &c. &c. (My other reflections were too cursory to be recorded in print.) Now I am assured those letters were not written by any member of that band, but by *somebody who hasn't no reputation nowhere*. (*Vide Videwake's letter*.) I beg to withdraw that absurd letter of mine, and to apologize to the members of the C. P. Band collectively. I do so most agonizingly—from the bottom of my heart, and *vice versa*—and I am willing that my apology be published in any of the daily papers at anybody's expense (*say Videwake's*). Moreover, gentlemen of the C. P. Band, I beg to inform you that I admire you all pramindally, and more when you interpret the great works of the gigantic masters, woe I cannot understand, I avow, but to which I could listen for ever (that is, if every conductor in London won't get hold of them and play them six times a week for five-and-twenty years without interruption, you know *per dixit, toujours per dixit*). Indeed, I more than admire you—I somewhat love you—as I do the green fields round about Sydenham, the sweet flowers in your lovely garden, the bright blue sky I have so often seen over you, the balmy breeze that has so oft caressed my fevered brow, and the tupp'ry bits of square yellow cake I have many times pigged during the crush of the bar near the great orchestra. But, as I said before, I apologize, admire, and somewhat love collectively, and I may add, because you go the way you ought to go. Thanks to the clever little man Mann's, perhaps if I knew the seven individually I might pause to appreciate them before I vouchsafed my kindly sentiments. However, from their epistolary style, I have no very great antipathy to comment to them what a good soloist is or ought to be before he attempts to summon the attention of ten thousand ears (at two ears a piece this would suppose 5000 people) to listen to his version of any operatic piece. But before doing so I will just annotate the seven letters.

1. *Cerberus* pays but a poor compliment to M. Papé's execution, Tyler as a soloist is but a beginner and without any pretensions, and surely anybody on terra firma could have told us that Herr Mann is not equal to that of Lazarus. *Cerberus* had better stay where he is and go in. May it never be too hot for him.

2. *A Hound*. Read this and amend: "*Libertatem autem velenensis spiritus dicta pariter ac facta testatur, ut non inuicem non calumnio; quae inter virtutem posuit, si salubri modo et temperaverit, laudem; si quo non debuit, profuerit, reprehensionem meretur. Ac vulgi ac viribus gratior, quem sapientiam mihi inique animo prohibere vel, utpote persequens aliena cendi, quam non praedicantur iure, etc.*" So you see, *Hound*, that being out of bounds you are reprehensible—and that your style of letter is only likely to place the vulgar—you are narrow-minded and untravelled, and you must learn that a good Dutch artist is quite as good as a good English one, that Videwake is a good steady leader, although a Dutchman, and that no one need be ashamed of playing second to him, that your horns are good, notwithstanding the first one is also a Dutchman, and lastly, *O Hound*! that if you are in the C. P. Band you are no doubt a good artist, although an Englishman.

3. I wish to advise Videwake about some new Mr. Phry made in London, but his own? Videwake I should say might utter better things fast asleep, let him try for six days and six nights, but wake up for Saturday's concert, and be careful how he intellizes for the future.

4. I decline having anything to say to *Syntax*, for his low, ill bred, suicidal assertion that "musicians are generally a most illiterate set." Mr. Ap'Mutton would tell him that *talent* covers a multitude of sins.

6. Dear Soap, Joachim being a *first-rate* fiddler, I lack! I am not even a *leath-rate*; but I can nearly play Rodé's variations. I fiddle a little *chez moi*, au coin du feu. Say Mr. or Herr Manns for the future, and like your hat.

6. My Gog live long to read his own letters, but let him be careful of taking an overdose. If the drummer's drum head is an aw's skin his frequent mistakes are pardonable, and Gog must get a preponderant share of thracks. The subjects are up enough and roaring without my getting them up any more.

7. Bartle Old—I cannot appreciate a solo after the twenty-first time of hearing. In my next I will tell you what a soloist ought to be to please me, Ap'Poodle, i.e., THE PUBLIC.

P.S.—As to the seven letters, collectively: "*Armet se duritia pectus nescit erit, dum horrida ac tristis avaritia acla narratur; ut omni misere cogitatione asposita, rebus audita asperis vocet*,"—which meaneth, my seven, that in presence of such sad and ferocious onslaughts one ought to hutton up tight, and be a callous dog to read such trite bosh as — *I curse, my seven—au revoir.*

P.P.S.—As for you poor would be's—believe me—philosophie. "*Omnia nimium habet, qui nihil concupiscit*" ("Happy is he who doesn't want to play a solo, for he hasn't got the chance.") Ar'P.

Dr. Quer is persuaded that the foregoing speaks for itself.

A WORD WITH DR. SNOR.

MOX CHER CROU.—In this cab age you might have sent a Hansom for alipe, and 5 of my letter before you sent to press—there was plenty of time. You know I don't believe in your quinquennials, venerable and seedy *cheva*. My hitherto private, and by the present public, opinion is that you are a shuffler, or, as our worthy friend, Van P— (the illustrious translator) says, "a choulfer;" and I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle when the boss comes back. By the bye, stach your nonesense with me, my master. I'll none of your doddle-jollito-bended sarcasms; and when you *entreat* me, don't say you do it respectfully, for I know what that means—so, I say, stach it. What the devil led Ap'Poodle to mix up with the Crystal Palace affair?—Jobber-nawl—as if he hadn't enough to do to keep Ap'Mutton's rent-roll clear—and quarter-day coming on, too, after this hard winter—and as for the three good mines, it's my opinion that the gov'nor ought to blame no one but Foodle. Shares have gone down to 3s. 6d. I sent alipe 1 and 5 by mistake to the *Quarterly*, and they lost no time in printing them as they were—so claim compensation. Thanks for preadict; my eight guineas more and I'll finish the essay on "Oppig-berating."—Yours, &c., O'GRADT.

Dr. Quer opines that any observations on the foregoing would be superfluous.

PIANGENDO MOLTO!

Dr. Quer suggests that the foregoing tells its own tale.

THE BLACKFRIARS THEATRE.

FIN.—As one of the original patentees of the Blackfriars Theatre, which formerly stood close to the site of your office, I venture to correct two inaccuracies which occur in Mr. Bealey's speech, made yesterday at the Marlborough-street Police-court. Those inaccuracies, though they do not in any way affect the merits of the case—"Managers

v. Alhambra"—are of moment to the history of the profession, of which I was once an humble member.

Mr. Bealey stated that in front of the Alhambra there is "a space like the grand yard in the time of Elizabeth, where persons could sit down and take refreshment, drinking and smoking, as used to be the case at the Blackfriars Theatre, with the exception that in the olden time the pit was open to all the winds of heaven." Now, I beg leave to assert that the Blackfriars Theatre was never open to the winds of heaven, but that the pit was as much covered over as that of any London theatre of the present time. The King's Servants, as I and my company were called in the reign of James I., used in the summer time the grand yard on the Globe, on the other side of the river, and here the pit was uncovered, or, more properly speaking, was a yard, such as the learned counsel evidently had in mind. I should be contented to think that Mr. Bealey merely mistook the Globe for the Blackfriars—a natural mistake enough, as both belonged to the same company—did I not find him speaking of the yard, or uncovered pit, as a place where the audience sat down and took refreshment. As far as the refreshment is concerned, of course the "groundlings" could, if they pleased, bring apples and nuts in their pockets; but sitting down there was none, for the yard was unprovided with seats. It was only the pit of the covered theatres that the spectators were accommodated with benches. In my time theatres were divided into "public" and "private," these words not being used in the same sense as at present. Both classes were open to the public, but the so-called "private" theatres were fitted up with a greater regard to luxurious refinement, one of the chief distinctions between the two classes being that between an uncovered yard without benches and a covered pit with seats.

BEACON'S GHOST.

Dr. Quer is wholly at a loss to comprehend the foregoing.

A WORD OR TWO FROM "PAZZO."

No, Sir, No; it could not have been a *grovel* you got from the ex-soprano the other day; it must have been a *squal*, and a piercer too! The *skilled* Siren, however, is evidently a gentlewoman, and knows what she is talking about; still, I cannot for the life of me understand how it was worth her while to renounce, because certain newspaper reporters are unable to discriminate between a *mezzo-soprano* and a *contralto*. For my own part, I am so delighted with all singing and singers, that I hail a *mezzo* or even a *quarto* with equal satisfaction; perhaps owing to an agreeable peculiarity in my mental constitution, namely, that I am *always* satisfied with everything and everybody; should I not be a rare critic? In fact, I was about to solicit your patronage on that line. If you want any comments in the right *spirit* on the performance of any vocalist or instrumentalist, just give me a hint, and you shall have what I am sure, both you and they will appreciate. *Sopranos* especially, of every grade, from the top to the bottom of the *scale* are my delight, and as long as I have breath I mean to support them through dense and rare—I mean through thick and thin. Fastidious listeners tell me sometimes—just at the moment too when I am most entranced—"She is singing dreadfully flat." Well, and what then? If I don't find it out, or choose, as the Spaniards say, to *disimulate* it—Anglice—to affect not to be aware of it? Another favorite remark of the scornful is, "What horrid face she makes!" Faces indeed! I should like to see how they would look, if they were obliged to sing those variations or that Rondo! I am sure my face would never come straight again! I pledged gusto to a month of unusual extent laterally, and if I were to take to singing could come out with a mouthful, I promise you! But to return to the sopranos. I repeat that I will not hear a word against them, nor indeed against vocalists of either sex. I am too grateful to them for the pleasure they afford me, to peck at them when they are above or below the mark, that is, when they are sharp or flat. My *confé de rose* tendency invests all I see or hear with that agreeable hue, and when I am listening to a singer or player of the softer sex, I cannot resist the impression that an angel has descended on earth for my especial gratification. Ignorant enthusiasm on my part, no doubt, but excusable, *quand il s'agit des dames*, of whom I am the avowed champion. Do not however suppose that I am insensible to the merits of tenors and basses; but to expatiate on their excellencies would too much extend this already formidable letter, which, very probably, you may not like; if so, you have your long established alternative; but if, instead of *lumping*, you should allow it a place in your attractive publication, you would much gratify your's delightedly, PAZZO.

Dr. Quer would feel obliged by a further explanation.

SIX QUERIES FROM A WOMAN.

SIX.—I am a woman, and this is my first appearance in print, so most likely the notice will be taken of my letter, particularly as I have chosen a theme which has already been handled in every conceivable way, namely, the Crystal Palace land and their conductor's doings. I do not know any member of his band, but being very often in the concert-

room, and having read (without fatigue) every letter which has appeared recently in the *Musical World*, I feel interested in the subject, and beg permission to offer a few remarks. Is nobody either able or willing to answer the various questions which so many of your correspondents have most properly asked? It strikes me that if the following queries could be satisfactorily answered the correspondence which so sadly upsets poor Manns would terminate:—

1. Why has Mr. Watson been shelved?
2. Why are there no flute solos?
3. Why has Mr. Flasey only played once in seven months?
4. Can it be maintained that the flageolet is superior to the flute, and more suitable for an orchestral concert?
5. How is it that such an immature performer as Mr. Wilmore (cornet) is so often brought forward, while finished players like Crozier, Wells, and Phasey so rarely perform?
6. Are we really to believe that Mr. Manns *prefers* the rubbish written for the flageolet to the classical music composed for the flute, and does he really think that Mr. Wilmore is so superior to Mr. Flasey as to be entitled to so very much more encouragement?

It seems to me that these questions ought to be answered, and in the hope that they will be, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

O. Ap'Mutton, Esq. ETTERB.
Dr. Querer is satisfied that the foregoing six questions involve at least seven answers.

A LETTER FROM PUNCH.

DEAR SHOE,—A most vile conundrum has been sent to me, embedded in an impertinent letter. I cannot insert either, but send it to you for *Muttoniana*, in order that you may joke upon it. When is Ap'Mutton returning? I hope there is no truth in the report that he is about to traverse the Atlantic and mix in Yankee politics. We can't afford to lose such a man.—Yours ever, dear Shoe,

85, Fleet Street—March 11.
P.S.—Do you join the next *Punch* dinner? Horace Mayhew said he thought you would come. I want to introduce you to Tom Taylor, who says he has been told you wrote that Pantagruel masterpiece about *The Hidden Hand*, though of course I knew well enough it was Mr. Ap'Mutton.

Dr. Querer is at a loss to know in what sense to interpret the foregoing.

A LETTER TO PUNCH.

DEAR PUNCH,—I appear to be a perfectly harmless musical con, which may or may not (it's all the same to me) deserve a place in your extensively circulated and very influential journal. At all events it has the merit of being easily understood, which I fear is not always the case with your mysterious *Essence of Parliament*. No precept required. Silence a negative.—Yours positively,

Why is an itinerant dealer in small wares like an organist?

P.S.—If you don't print this in your next, I shall send it to your rival, Ap'Mutton.

Dr. Querer has no idea why an itinerant dealer in small wares is like an organist. He did not think he was. He thought he was like a pedlar. Dr. Querer is sleepy and must now go to bed.

Phillips Querer (M.D.)

Shoebury, Boot and Hook—March 10.

THIRD MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.—This distinguished corps gave a concert, under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. the Right Hon. Lord Truro and the officers of the regiment, on Monday evening, at the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Chelsea, which was filled by an elegant company—most of the members of the choir appearing in uniform. The concert passed off satisfactorily, and several of the vocal pieces were redemanded and repeated; among others, the aria, "Ah! mon fils," *Prophète*, sung by Miss Palmer; "Coming through the rye," by Miss Robertine Henderson—who appears to be a great favorite of the "sons of Mars"; and Mr. Weiss's setting of "The village blacksmith," sung by Mr. Lawler. Two duets, by Mendelssohn, "O wert thou in the cauld like" and "May Bells," sung by Miss Henderson and Miss Palmer, were warmly applauded; as well as a trio, "Viva la danza," by Signor Roberti, sung by Miss Henderson, Mr. Edwin Roe, and Mr. Lawler. Mr. Henry Bird was the pianist, who performed with much applause "La Rapidity," by Mr. Vincent Wallace, and a *fantasia* on Irish airs. Several part-songs were given during the evening. Sergeant-Major Bridges, conductor.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The new entertainment here, entitled *A Peculiar Family*, is from the pen of Mr. William Brough, and will be produced on Wednesday next; the Gallery being closed to-morrow and Tuesday to ensure completeness in its representation. We shall thus be deprived of the morning representation of the *Soldier's Legacy* on Tuesday. The *Sleeping Queen*, we see, is advertised for next Saturday.

EDINBURGH.—The third concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Wednesday evening, before a large and brilliant audience. There was the usual orchestra of fifty-five performers, Mr. Hullah conductor, with Herr Joachim and Madame Arabella Goddard as soloists. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture, *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn. Quintet, Wind Instruments, (Reicha.) Flute, Mr. H. Nicholson; Oboe, Mr. A. Nicholson; Clarinet, Mr. Maycock; Horn, Mr. Greener; Bassoon, Mr. Hutchins. Concerto, Piano, No. 4, (Prof. W. S. Bennett,) with orchestral accompaniments, Madame Arabella Goddard; Symphony in G, Letter Q, (Haydn).

PART II.

Concerto, Violin (Beethoven), with orchestral accompaniments, Herr Joachim. Solo, Piano, *Fantasia* on airs from Gounod's *Mirella* (Lindsay Sloper), composed expressly for Madame Goddard. Notturmo, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn). Solo, Violin, *Chaconne* (Bach), Herr Joachim. Overture, *Le Medecin malgré lui* (Gounod), first time in Scotland.

The overture to *Ruy Blas* was played with precision and spirit. Haydn's symphony in G, letter Q, which was performed under the auspices of the composer himself, when the University of Oxford conferred on him a degree, was equally happy, more especially in the adagio and finale. The notturmo from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and M. Gounod's overture were both well given, and listened to with satisfaction. Reicha's quintet, performed by four eminent instrumentalists belonging to the orchestra, was warmly received. If we were to select any one for special commendation, it would be Mr. A. Nicholson, on the oboe. Herr Joachim, on entering the orchestra, was greeted with enthusiasm. He played with a power and brilliancy impossible to surpass. Equally great in the *allegro* and the *largo*, his pure, broad tone, attack, masterly bowing, and delicate regard to light and shade, combined with the perfection of his execution in the concerto, drew down applause such as a few years ago no classical display could have elicited from an Edinburgh audience. Sebastian Bach's *Chaconne*, for violin, without accompaniment, was played with as marvellous skill and received with equal favor. Both these works require considerable musical knowledge for appreciation, and their success shows that it was hardly necessary for a great violinist who visited us the other day to select pieces utterly trivial, for performance. Madame Arabella Goddard played with that perfect taste and finished execution which we had occasion to notice at more length in connection with her concert on Saturday. In the concerto, a musician-like work of a thoroughly solid character, she was well seconded by the orchestra; and the warmest applause followed her graceful and elegant playing of Mr. Lindsay Sloper's admirable *fantasia* on *Mirella*. The concert altogether gave great satisfaction, notwithstanding the absence of vocal music.

Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS' *Societes*, which are attended chiefly by amateurs of vocal concert music, are admirably conducted. Mrs. Andrews enjoys a well earned reputation as professor of singing, and is an excellent musician. At her last *soirée* a selection from Haydn's First Mass, Spohr's "As pants the hart" (sung by Master Russell Andrews, late senior chorister at Westminster Abbey), and Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father," were comprised in the first part of the programme, and in the second some part songs by Mr. Henry Smart, &c., were rendered with marked delicacy and taste. Mrs. Holman Andrews accompanied the vocal music with eminent ability.

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VOL. 43—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Smasherers, that the OPERA SEASON will commence on Saturday in Easter week (April 22nd). The prospectus, which will contain features of musical interest, will be issued in due course. *March 14th, 1865.*

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD'S MATINEE

DISMANTLING, at the Beethoven Rooms, 14, Hanover-street, on Monday, March 27th, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock. Artists—Vocalists, Madlle. LEONARD and Mr. PATEY; Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr LOUIS DIEHL; Violoncello, Signor PATEY; Pianoforte—Madame ALICE MANGOLD, Miss PATERELL (Amateur—pupil of Herr Louis Diehl), and the Misses HANLEY and CATHERINE ENGLISH (Amateurs—pupils of Madame Alice Mangold). Conductor, Herr LOUIS DIEHL.

MARCH 30th.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

St. James's Hall. Sacred Music, Miss Parry, Mr. Sims Reeves. Tickets, 2s., 2s., 1s., stall tickets for Four, 5s. Agents & Lucas, 219, Regent-street; HAMMOND, 24, Regent-street; KIRBY, PAWSON, & Co., 46, Cheapside; AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly, and all music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—Members having nominations to

send names and addresses to the Director, and pay their subscriptions before Easter, at the usual place, the digital Matinees take place Tuesdays, April 25th, May 9th, 23rd, June 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, and July 4th. JOACHIM, ARNOLD, PIATT, HALL, JARVIS, LEBACH, and Madame SCHWARTZ, are engaged. Members can visit the Institute on Mondays, from 2 to 4, where a fine oil portrait of Mozart, by Pompei Battoni, Autograph, &c., are to be seen. J. ELLA, 19, Hanover Square.

PRIZE QUARTETS.—SOCIETY OF BRITISH

MUSICIANS.—The Committee beg to remind intending competitors for the prizes offered for the best and second best Quartets for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, that the 21st inst. is the LAST DAY on which their works can be received. Printed conditions can be had on application in writing to the Secretary, Mr. W. G. WENCE, Messrs. COLLARD & 16, Grosvenor-street, W.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—

Conductor Mr. CORRA. Friday, March 24th, HAYDN'S "Creation." Principal Vocalists, Madame LEMMONS-SHERBORNE, Messrs. SIME REEVES, MURRAY SMITH, and Mr. PATEY. Tickets, 5s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall, Salisbury Court.

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MONIC CONCERT will be on WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1st. The Public Ballroom on Saturday Afternoon, April 1st.—W. G. SICKLES, Hon. Sec.

BRIGHTON.—MONSIEUR E. DE PARIS' Fourth

Quartet Concert on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21st. Piano, M. Ed. de Paris; Violin, Herr PULLITZ; Vocalist, Frauslin Meiborn. Programme:—Wagner's Piano Quartet; Beethoven's Quartet, No. 6; Variations from Haydn's No. 77; and Meyerbeer's Flauto Trio in B minor.

HOGARTH TESTIMONIAL.—The Subscribers are

respectfully informed that the Testimonial to be presented to Mr. GEORGE HOGARTH, may be seen, until the 20th inst., at the publishing office of Mr. DUNCAN DAVISON, 344, Regent Street, who has kindly consented to give every information respecting the expenditure of the fund collected.—WARRAST, CRANKS, & Son, Sec., 24, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

MARSHALL HALL BELL'S (pupil of Mr. W. H.

Holmes) MORNING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, 24th APRIL, when he will play solos by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Thalberg, &c., and accompanying a choice selection of vocal music.

BRISTOL MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

MADRIGAL PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Bristol Madrigal Society invite competition for three prizes which they offer for Madrigals to be written in four, five, six, or more parts in English words. The prizes are of the following value, and will be thus awarded:

To the writer of the best Madrigal	£25
To the writer of the second best Madrigal	£10
To the writer of the third best Madrigal	£10

Competitors are requested to attend to the following regulations:—

MSS. are to be sent by book post (postage paid) to the president of the society, Alfred Bielek, Esq., 2, Redcliff-parade, Bristol, on or before the 1st day of September, 1865. After this date no MSS. will be received. On the first page of the MSS. are to be written the words "Madrigal Prize Competition," and a motto, but no name. By the same post the competitor is to forward a letter, containing a sealed envelope, in which it is to be enclosed his name and address, and on the outside of which is to be written the motto inscribed by him on his manuscript music. The envelopes of only the successful competitors will be opened. Unsuccessful competitors can have back their MSS. on forwarding to the President the amount of postage and the address to which they desire the MSS. shall be sent.

The composers of the madrigals to which the prizes shall be awarded will retain the copyright of their respective compositions, but they shall not be at liberty to publish the same until at least six months after the date of award, except with the consent of the Bristol Madrigal Society. A. E. NASH, Hon. Sec. 30 Broad Street, Bristol, March, 1865.

WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PER-

FORMANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Mornings May 6th, May 27th, June 17th.

3, Osnaburgh Terrace, N.W.

MISS MINA POOLE will sing the whole of the Soprano

in the "Creation," at Leamington, April 8th, and Lynn, 21st. Communications respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., addressed to her residence, 174, Camden Road Villas, N.W.

MISS FREETH begs to announce her removal to 48,

Burlington Road, St. Stephen's Square, Baywater.

MR. PATEY will sing, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at

Madame Alice Mangold's Matinee, at the Beethoven Rooms, Monday, March 27th.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS, First Principal Tenor at the

Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, will complete his engagement at the King's Theatre, Berlin, in a few days, and return to London. All communications, respecting engagements for Mr. C. ADAMS, in Town or Country, are to be addressed to Mr. MARTIN CATCOTT, Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Pianoforte

Solos, "Waverley," "Silver Ripples," and "Distant Music," at Jubilee, Monday, March 20th; Coldstream, 21st; Berwick-on-Tweed, 22nd; Dunfermline, 23rd; Dundee, 24th; and Glasgow, 25th. Communications to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor

to announce that in class for the practice of vocal concerted music (ladies only), will commence after Easter,—50, Bedford Square.

MADLE GEORGI and MADLE CONSTANCE

GEORGI, having fulfilled their engagements at Barcelona and Madrid, will be London on March 20th. All communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MLLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER'S ad-

mired Cradle Song "Peacefully Slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished

honour of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soko Square.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20a, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADemoiselle LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Madlle. Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Madlle. Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SON OF MAT," composed by W. Vincent Wallace, at Windsor, March 21st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," Composed by A. REICHHARDT, at Edinburgh, THIS DAY, March 18.

MISS PALMER LISLE will sing RANDEGGER's admired Glee Song "PEACEFULLY SLEEPERS," at Mr. Dyson's Concert, Windsor, March 23.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce that he has returned from Paris.—30, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will sing Signor Randegger's new song, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," (a song of Venice) at the City Hall, Glasgow, Saturday evening, March 25th.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.—Works Engraved and Printed, in the best style, at very moderate prices, by F. BOWCHER, 2 Little Marlborough Street.

THE TIMES AND TELEGRAPH GALOP, for Piano. Composed by E. E. ARMSTRONG. 2s.; free for 10 stamps. Finely Illustrated. London: ROBERT COOK & CO., New Burlington-street.

O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS, BALLAD.—Madame LEMMONS-SHERINGTON will sing FRANK ARTHUR's Ballad, O YE TEARS, O YE TEARS, at the CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY. Composer of the "Cuckoo Song," "The Morning," Kathleen Arnone, "O Day Morn," and the Sacred Son, "He giveth His beloved sleep," &c. Each 2s. 6d.; free for 16 stamps. London: ROBERT COOK & CO., New Burlington-street.

"AT MORNING'S BREAK"

(MORGEN FENSTERN)

MADLE. LIEBHART'S Admired Song, sung by the Popular Austrian Vocalist, is published, price 2s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

W. GANZ, "La Voglia,"

MAZURKA DE CONCERT.

THIS ELEGANT MAZURKA, by the composer of the popular "Qui Vire" Galop, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent-street.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE 3s., "SO CHE PER GIOCO."—BIBACCHIO. The poetry by METASTASIO. The Music by ADOLFO FERARRI. "My home is on the mountain." The poetry by ADOLFO FERARRI, price 2s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"Two songs, the one Italian and the other English, from the pen of Signor Adolfo Ferrari, have just been published by Messrs. Davison and Co. The first is a burlesque, 'Su chi per gioco,' the poetry from METASTASIO, whose sweet verses have inspired the composer with a melody in the pure Italian style—the style of the great old masters, the Jomellis and Cimarosas of the last century. It is indeed a gem of simplicity, grace, and feeling. The other is an English ballad, 'My home is on the mountain,' the poetry by Miss Jessica Rankin; less remarkable than its Italian companion, but exceedingly elegant and pleasing."—(Illustrated News.)

Published this Day.

HAREBELL'S FIFTH MAZURKA CHARACTERISTIQUE for the PIANOFORTE, composed by WALTER MACFARREN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W., where may be obtained, "TARANTELLA" for the Pianoforte, composed by WALTER MACFARREN.

Just published, price 3s.

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

("Mein Herz ist im H. land.")

COMPOSED BY

ALEXANDRE REICHHARDT,

Composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Price 1s.

NEW MUSIC.

GOUNOD'S

NEW OPERA,

THE

Mock Doctor,

(LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI).

By CH. GOUNOD (Composer of "Faust.")

Performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, with the greatest success. The Opera complete, with French or English Words, 16s.

The following are Just Published:—

The Overture. For Pianoforte. Price 4s.; Duet, 5s.

Nava.—Favourite Airs. For the Pianoforte. Price 5s.

Kuhe.—Fantasia. On favourite airs, including "The Faggot-binders' Chorus." Price 4s.

G. A. Osborne.—Faggot-binders' Chorus. Arranged for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Richards.—Serenade. Arranged for the Pianoforte. Price 2s. 6d.

H. W. Goodban.—Soft and Low (Sung by CORRI). Transcribed for the Pianoforte. 3s.

Go Wander Through the World. Sung by Madlle. FANNY HUDDART. Price 2s. 6d.

In Youth's Season. Serenade. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Prison'd in a Cage. Sung by Mr. HAIGH. Price 2s. 6d.

Woman's Vengeance. Sung by Miss POOLE. Price 2s. 6d.

Soft and Low. The drinking song. Sung by Mr. CORRI. Price 3s.

Quadrille. By CAMILLE SCHUBERT. Illustrated. Price, Solo or Duet, 4s.

Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.*

PREFACE.

I have for many years had the intention of communicating to the public an account of the Life of John Sebastian Bach, with some information and reflections upon his Genius and Works; because, the short essay by C. Ph. Emann, Bach, and Mr. Agricola, formerly composer to the Prussian court, which is inserted in the third volume of "Mittler's Musical Library," can hardly satisfy the admirers of that great man. I should certainly have executed my purpose long ago, had I not been hitherto so much engaged in the composition of the General History of Music. As Bach, more than any other artist, has made an era in the history of this art, I resolved to reserve for the last volume of the above work, the materials which I had collected for the history of his life. The laudable determination of Messrs. Hoffmeister and Kühnel, music dealers and publishers at Leipzig, to publish a complete and critically correct edition of Sebastian Bach's works, induced me to change my intention.

This undertaking is not only of the highest advantage, in every respect, to the art itself, but must contribute, more than any other of the kind, to the honour of the German name.—The works which John Sebastian Bach has left us are an invaluable national patrimony, with which no other nation has anything to be compared. Whoever rescues them from the danger of being disfigured by faulty copies, and being thus gradually consigned to oblivion, erects to the artist an imperishable monument and deserves well of his country; and every one to whom the honour of the German name is dear is bound to support such a patriotic undertaking and to promote it to the utmost of his power. I considered it as my duty to render the public of this obligation, to rouse this noble enthusiasm in the breast of every true German; and this is the reason why these pages appear earlier than they would otherwise have done. I hope also that I shall be able in this manner to address a greater number of my German contemporaries; what I have to say of Bach, in my History of Music, might perhaps be read by only the small number of persons learned in the art, and the preservation of the memory of this great man (let me be allowed to repeat it) is an object in which not merely the interest of the art, but the honour of the nation itself, is deeply involved.

The most efficacious means of preserving in lasting vigour musical works of art is undoubtedly the public execution of them before a numerous audience: by these means a number of great works always has been, and still continues to be, extensively circulated. The public hears them first with pleasure in the concert room, the church, or the theatre, remembers the pleasing impression, and purchases them on publication, perhaps without being able to make any use of them. But where, through whom, shall the public hear Bach's works, as a number of persons capable of performing them in a proper manner has always been extremely limited? The case would have been very different if Bach could have publicly executed them himself in several places; but for this he had neither time nor inclination. Whenever one of his scholars did it, though none of them executed them in the same perfection as their master, the astonishment and admiration of the auditors never failed to be excited by such extraordinary effusions of an art, so great, and yet so easily to be comprehended. Whoever was at all able, then, played at least some of the pieces, over which the scholar of Bach had the most command, and which consequently gave the most pleasure. No body found these pieces difficult, because they had heard before how they ought to sound.

Before a true relish of great musical compositions can become more general, we must above all things have better music masters. The want of good teachers is properly the source of all musical evil. In order to maintain his own credit, the unskilful, and even ill-informed teacher, must necessarily give the pupil his own opinion of good or evil, because he might otherwise run the risk of being asked by his scholar to play them to him. Thus the pupil is obliged to spend his time, labour and money on useless jingle, and, in half a dozen years, is perhaps not a step farther advanced in real musical knowledge than he was at the beginning. With better instruction, he would not have wanted half the time, trouble and money to be put into a way on which he might have safely advanced progressively to greater perfection all his life. Time will shew us how much this evil may be checked by the exposing of the works of Bach to sale at least, in all music shops, and by the connoisseurs and admirers of real musical genius, joining to extol their merit and recommend the study of them.

It is certain that if the art is to remain an art and not to be degraded into a mere idle amusement, more use must be made of classical works than has been done for some time past. Bach, as the first classic that ever was, or perhaps ever will be, can incontestably perform the most important services in this respect. A person who has for some time studied his works will find readily in them more jingle than real music, and will shew himself a good and well-informed artist in whatever

* By J. N. Forkel.

style he may choose in the sequel. The study of classic writers who, like Bach, have exhausted the whole extent of the art, is besides eminently calculated to preserve the student from that partial knowledge to which the prevailing taste of the day so easily leads. In a word, it would be no less injurious to musical science to throw aside the classics in our art, than it would be prejudicial to good taste in literature to banish the study of the Greeks and Romans from our schools. The spirit of the times, which is directed rather to render capable of affording immediate, though fleeting, enjoyment, than to what is great and cannot be attained without some pains and even efforts, has, in fact at least, really led to a proposal to banish the Greeks and Romans from our schools, and it is not to be doubted but it would be glad to get rid of our musical classics also; for, if we view the matter in its true light, this frivolous spirit must be heartily ashamed of its great poverty, compared with them, and most of all with Bach, who is rich almost to excess.

How I do wish I were able to describe, according to its merit, the sublime genius of this first of all artists, whether German or foreign! After the honour of being so great an artist, so pre-eminent above all as he was, there is perhaps no greater than that of being able duly to appreciate so entirely perfect an art and to speak of it with judgment. He who can do the last must have a mind not wholly uncongenial to that of the artist himself, and has therefore in some measure the flattering inability to give his favour what he might wish to be capable of the first; if similar external relations had led him into the proper career. But I am not so superstitious as to believe that I could ever attain to such an honour. I am, on the contrary, thoroughly convinced, that no language in the world is rich enough to express all that might and should be said of the astonishing extent of such a genius. The more intimately we are acquainted with it, the more does our admiration increase. All our eulogiums, praises and admiration will always be and remain no more than well-meant prattle. Whoever has had an opportunity of comparing together the works of art of several centuries will not find this declaration exaggerated; he will rather have adopted the opinion, that Bach's works cannot be spoken of by him who is fully acquainted with them except with rapture, and some of them even with a kind of sacred awe. We may indeed conceive and explain his management of the internal mechanism of the art; but how he contrived at the same time to infuse into this mechanism art, which he alone has attained in such high perfection, the living spirit which so powerfully attaches us, even in his smallest works, will probably be always felt and admired only, but never conceived.

I have not chosen to enter upon any comparison of John Sebastian Bach with particular artists. Whoever wishes to see him compared with Handel will find a very just and equitable estimate of their respective merits, drawn up by a man fully competent to the task, in the first number of the 81st volume of the universal German library (*Allgemein Deutsche Bibliothek*) page 295-303.

For my accounts, as far as they differ from the above-mentioned little essay in Mittler's library, I am indebted to the two eldest sons of John Seb. Bach. I was not only personally acquainted with both, but kept up a constant correspondence with them for many years, chiefly with C. Ph. Emanuel. The world knows that they were both great artists; but it perhaps does not know, that to the last moment of their lives they never spoke of their father's genius without enthusiasm and admiration. As I had from my early youth felt the same veneration for the genius of their father, it was a frequent theme of discussion with us, both in our conversations and correspondence. This made me by degrees so acquainted with every thing relative to John Seb. Bach's life, genius and works, that I may now hope to be able to give the public not only some detailed, but also useful information on the subject.

I have no other object whatever than to call the attention of the public to an undertaking, the sole aim of which is, to raise a worthy monument to German art, to furnish the true Artist with a gallery of the most instructive models, and to open to the friends of musical science an inexhaustible source of the sublimest enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

EGHAM.—The concert lately given by the Choral Society of this town, under the direction of Mr. G. B. Ebsworth, organist of the Parish Church, was very successful. The chief feature was the music to *Meggie*, creditably sung by the members of the society. Mr. Fenton played Herr Gans's "Gut wife" *gaily* so well that he was obliged to repeat it. Other pieces were received with great favor, and among them the songs, "Clime again," by Master Grace, and "Widow Malone," by Mr. Dawson, both encored. Miss Cobley accompanied the vocal music. The fourteenth of a series of "Penny readings" was held a few days since at the "Literary Institute," and in the course of the evening vocal pieces were introduced by Messrs. Simmon, Thomas and Cross, and a solo on the pianoforte played by Miss Orerton.

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTSEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 142.)

To the question: What is the task and what is the method of philological criticism? the answer is easy. Its task consists in restoring to the shape in which the author conceived it, the work of a writer—or of a musician—which, multiplied by mechanical means, copying or printing, circulated and spread abroad, has, necessarily, in consequence of its repeated multiplication, become, accidentally or purposely, more or less disfigured. Its first duty, therefore, is to test tradition, and to discover the source, or the sources whence the work in its original form may be taken with the greatest certainty. Whenever it is possible to consult the author's first original manuscript, that, of course, is the most trustworthy guarantee of correctness. But even that is not always to be unconditionally relied upon, for the most carefully written one is not secure against clerical errors, and accidental faults of inattention, and it is very possible that ameliorations, intended to be valid, may have been made after the original manuscript was completed, and not be included in it. For the purposes of criticism, therefore, copies, written or printed, made under the inspection of the author, possess a significance of their own, a significance outweighing that of aught else, because such copies are sometimes the last that enjoyed the author's revision. In the case of a musical work, parts written for a performance under the direction of the composer occupy a similar position, because it is reasonable to presume that, when the parts were used, the mistakes which may accidentally have found their way into them were carefully corrected. When these various means of tradition are subjected to mutual control, the supposition of faults arising from accidental error is reduced to the very narrowest limits. But it must be expected that such faults will never be quite wanting; we may correct them by the aid of the authorities landed down to us when the latter agree perfectly with each other, and we are able to do so with the less hesitation, because the faults are generally palpable, and the emendations self-evident. But when the authorities differ from each other, when either each authority contains something different from the rest; or certain ones agreeing among themselves are at variance with others, a decision may, in the first place, be pronounced upon essentially external circumstances, such for example, as the fact that a reading in the written or printed copies is evidently based upon a misunderstanding of the characters of the original manuscript, or that a fault evidently caused by haste is corrected in the copies. But in most instances of a discrepancy between the authorities, a decision as to what is correct can be formed only by an examination of internal evidence. This presupposes, in the first place, a thorough knowledge of, and the ability to apply, the general laws, according to which the means of artistic expression can be employed in a manner corresponding with this aim, logic and grammar; for even the mode of expression adopted by music, as by the plastic art, becomes an organized language, inasmuch as it follows the fixed laws of logic and grammar, though we are not accustomed to call them so. By these means, we acquire, in the first place, the standard by which to decide what is, generally, possible, and what impossible; what is absolutely false, or what correct. But when the question is to apply general principles to a work belonging to a certain definite time, and produced by a certain definite individual, under certain definite conditions, general knowledge must, by minute historical study, be elevated up to a clear insight into, and a sure feeling of, what a given age and a given individuality are able artistically to conceive, and the form in which they are able to produce what they have conceived. If anyone now, possessing a glance thus sharpened, sees tact, and an acquaintance with his master, proceeds to test those passages in which the reading of the various authorities is not the same, such a man will be competent to decide what could not possibly emanate from the author, and what he must have written; in many cases, what he must have written, and in most, what he probably did write. In fact, as he matter under consideration is a work of art, in

the creation of which the intellectual subjectivity of the artist works as a component element to a certain extent incalculable, so that the last efforts of criticism depend essentially on weighing against each other laws generally valid and the legitimate peculiarity of the artist, and as, moreover, it is only by means of peculiar natural gifts that the critic can acquire that culture and that tact which are the conditions whereby he exercises his vocation, there is always about these operations some amount of subjectivity, which, especially for more delicate tasks and results, does not produce that certainty which, so to speak, is mathematically cogent. But whoever, on this account, regards the method employed by criticism as playful caprice, and its results as fortuitous fancies, forgets that the general laws, in conformity with which, as a rule, the human mind works and creates, exercise on the artist and his work, just as over other persons and other things, a compelling organisational power, and may, therefore, be acknowledged as valid norms; that, by means of conscientious historical research, it becomes possible to recognise even the free elements of the Individualistic in periods and persons, and that, within such certain outlines, in this too the influence of certain laws may be pointed out; and that, by carefully regulating both powers a critical method is formed by the aid of which the critic is enabled to compress within the narrowest limits what is uncertain and ambiguous, or, at any rate, decisively to distinguish it from what is certain and clear. It is evident that, the more difficult and the more defective the historical investigation is, and the more uncertain and vacillating the tradition, the more strongly must the subjective element in criticism stand out, and the more problematical must be the result. When we no longer possess any original manuscript, and when copies, written and printed, have not been made under the supervision of the author, but, for a tolerably long period, multiplied in conformity with different principles, or even with none at all, at one time with rather more care, at another with rather more negligence than usual, the task of testing the credibility and trustworthiness of the authorities becomes more and more involved; external circumstances can seldom be turned to account, and, when they can, not with perfect certainty, for the purpose of determining separate doubtful cases, so that more and more reliance must be placed upon internal evidence. But the most difficult problems for criticism are not occasioned by the corruptions arising from accidental oversights and errors, however much these may, in the course of time, through negligence and ignorance, increase as it were at interest, but from the corruptions attendant on well-meant but mistaken corrections. There is never any lack of copyists and correctors who, though perhaps capable of observing that a fault has crept into a work, from a want of sense and penetration, look for the fault in the wrong place, the consequence being that their corrections either do not hit upon it at all, or change what is right at the same time that they alter what is wrong, and thus substitute the deceptive appearance of something tolerable in itself but untrue for what was evidently wrong. If such such useful correctors, who are accustomed to spin out their business with self-satisfied calm, are associated the over-clever, who do not hesitate occasionally correcting even the author himself, so that everything shall quietly assume the appearance which best suits their own taste, there is the utmost danger of a false coating of paint being spread over the genuine and original work of art. In many of these cases criticism finds it difficult to gain a footing sufficiently firm to be able to remove the disfiguring whitewash of restoration, and once more expose to view the old faults and deficiencies, the correction of which it dares to approach only with every possible precaution and care.

(To be Continued.)

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. Kennedy has paid us his annual visit. The new portion of his entertainment, "The Farmer's Ingie," was well received giving scope for illustration of the peculiarities of Scottish character, as well as the introduction of some of the choicest Scotch songs which were given with his usual spirit and power. "Call'er Merris," "My Nannie's awa," "My Love is like the red red Rose," and his old Scotch "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," were especially favourites. Mr. Kennedy, as formerly, was accompanied by Mr. Land, so long associated with Wilson, a fact which, coupled with Mr. L.'s exquisite taste in his piano accompaniments, lends additional interest to the entertainment. Mr. Land's solo on the piano-forte, "Recollections of Burns," in which some of the finest airs of Burns' songs are introduced, was much admired.—Abridged from the *Ayr Advertiser*.

*Translated, by J. V. BRIDGMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

Mattoniana.

Dr. Queer went to bed last night very late and got up very later. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe being still detained from the foot and hook, Dr. Queer consents to shoot this present week's rubbish.

SOLOISTS.

Sir.—I really would like to tell some of those gentlemen anxious to exhibit at the Crystal Palace what a soloist ought to be—although if they read the *Times* article on Joachim they would see. They think it is enough to get up and tear to tatters a little bit of melody, and add four variations to it, to play solo. They ought to be allowed the privilege only, in order to show their execution and prove themselves fit to play in an orchestra; but, in my opinion, very few of them are capable of solo. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Gipsy Hill, March 9.

GLADWIN BUSH (Bart.)

Dr. Queer compliments Sir Gladwin Bush on his outspokenness—not concealing, in a breath, that the foregoing requires any further elucidation.

A PLAINT FROM DULCINEA.

Oh, Mr. Ap'Mutton! What do you think? It's all up between me and Octavius. He has behaved most shamefully, and I'll just tell you all about it. I was having my singing-lesson the other day in the front parlour, that people in the street might hear and accustom me to an audience, when suddenly Octavius burst into the room without knocking, and without any provocation fell at Falsetti like a tiger, shook his fist in his face, and called him a humbug, and a scamp, and a sneaking foreigner, and all manner of bad names. Poor Falsetti bore it like an angel, and though he was as white as a sheet, he only muttered *adieu* to me: "Maledetto Ingles!—maledetto!—brutto briccone!"—which sounded much prettier than anything Octavius ever said. I was so frightened that I ran to call papa, and when he came he turned them both out of the house, and vowed they should never darken his doors again. After they were gone, he began jaxing me, and said it was all my fault, and that he would take good care I never had another lesson from an Italian as long as I lived. He told me, too, that he had engaged an English singing-master for me; and who do you suppose the wretch is? Why, that odious Simon Chokelet, who sings at some cathedral somewhere, and looks like a greasy methodist parson. I hate the sight of him, and I shall never do anything he tells me to—there! You may imagine what a state I'm in—what do I don't know! If you were in my place, would you write a few consolatory lines to Falsetti? I mean to be guided entirely by you, for I value your opinion far more than I do papa's; he never does say anything in the right light. Of course I've sent back all Octavius's stupid letters, and that trumpery wooden bracelet he once bought for me at the Crystal Palace, and for which I know he only gave eighteen-pence; I took good care never to wear it, even when we were friends. As to his *Spontaneous*, papa has sold it for fourteen shillings and sixpence to a man who keeps an old furniture shop in Wardour-street. I'm certain nobody will ever lay it. Pray, dear Mr. Ap'Mutton, tell me what I had better do next; don't keep me in suspense longer than you can help, and believe me ever, your distracted
DULCINEA.

Dr. Queer has read the foregoing attentively, and declines to console Dulcinea.

DEAR SIR.—I wonder whether you would condescend to accept me as a correspondent! It has been the ardent wish of my whole life—hitherto, alas, unfulfilled!—to meet with some congenial mind with whom I could exchange opinions, sentiments, feelings and emotions. Am I mistaken in fancying that in you I have at length discovered a kindred spirit? A mysterious sympathy seems irresistibly to attract me towards you, and to carry in my soul the conviction that we harmonize in all our tastes. What mine are it is time you should know. On music of course I feed, but can only digest the tenderest melodies; *crude* harmonies disorder me for days, and violate my relish for wholesome compositions. Mere tune, however, can never satisfy my cravings; I yearn for something, yet unimagined, which shall absorb my whole being, and lift me, as it were, out of myself into regions where sound is the sole medium of communication between congenial spirits, released from the trammels of time, and delightfully revelling in an *ad libitum* atmosphere, composed of the harpied sensations of major and minor, blending imperceptibly into each other, till the ear, entranced, can scarce convey a definite impression to the mind, delicious and enthralled with rapture! Oh! it is not *this*, or something like *this*, which you and I have so often experienced when, standing aloof from the vulgar throng, we have communed with our own vulgar imaginings, and drunk in mysterious sounds, to others inaudible and inappreciable! I have said enough, for I feel that my

sentiments have already found an echo in your heart. From your reply, however brief, I shall at once judge whether I am right in my estimate of you. Your expectant and gazing
P.S.—I have written a treatise on the fine arts, considered psychologically and transcendently, which is now ready for the press, and which I trust you will allow me to dedicate to you, as the sole reader capable of comprehending and appreciating the recalcitrant suggestiveness of the ideas with which it abounds to repletion.

Dr. Queer condescends to accept "Simpatia" as a correspondent, and hopes to hear from her as occasionally as possible.

A TESTIMONIAL.

Sir.—Have you heard about Rug's testimonial? Such a jolly dodge! A chum of his, named Table, has drawn up a petition, wherewith to gull the public into getting a subscription for poor Rug, who finds it wholly impossible to keep himself suitably gloved on his present wretched salary of — a year. Such ruin stupid reasons are brought forward to induce folks to fork out. In the first place, it is stated that "he avails himself to the uttermost of the individual proficiency of his scullions." This sounds very impressive, but unfortunately it is not true, as every daily visitor to the *Paralytical* knows very well. In the second place, we are informed that he "varies the side-dishes." As this is adduced as a motive for contributing to the testimonial, I suppose we are to conclude that he would rather have the same selection of *plats* all the year round, and is doing a violence to his feelings by changing it three times a week. He *always* gives the same *turet*. The third reason brought forward to coax (or coax) us out of half an obole (less is not received) is charmingly ludicrous, namely, that he *begins so punctually*, which simply means that he does so that which his master's belly requires. The best of it is that all the members of his kitchen, having declined to contribute towards the fund, have received an *official* hint that they had better get up a *private* present for Rug among themselves. This dignified suggestion seems, however, likely to end as it ought, in smoke, for the gentlemen of the kitchen cannot agree as to how little each it would do to give—some suggesting two oboles and others more. Just fancy accepting such an offering; but we all know that Rug is not *Soyer*.—I am, Sir, yours,
JORDAN TAIL, M.D.

O. Ap'Mutton, Esq.

P.S.—The liberality of the landlord is also mentioned in this veracious petition. One striking proof of that "liberality" is, that he now allows Rug to fill up any vacancies. There used to be three under-sculions, now there are only two. There used to be three spit-turners, now there are but two, and so on.

Dr. Queer has perused the foregoing thrice, but has no intention of perusing it again. Dr. Tail is apparently a wag.

ENGLISH OFFRA (LIMITED.)

To DA SHOP.—Thinking to give my family a treat, I took them to the morning performance of the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday last, which, as you are aware, was for the benefit of those thrown out of employment by the fire at the Surrey Theatre. However laudable such conduct is on the part of the management of this "limited" company, I think the public have a right to complain if they are imposed upon, and when I say that for several days advertisements have appeared announcing the performance of the pantomime, in which Donato was to have appeared (although, from whatever cause, his inability to perform was to some no great disappointment). I call it an imposition on the public to have Donato's name put in the advertisement of a great part most amusing to children, and such was the disapprobation expressed that the concluding portion was gone through amidst hisses, accompanied with such interruptions as, "Where's the elephant?" &c., &c. If I go to a tradesman and purchase an article, and he knowingly gives me short measure, I should consider it a case of receiving money under false pretences, and should not only avoid such a man, but should also caution others.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

DOSE BLOWS.

Twickenham, Feb. 27.

Dr. Queer, after running over the foregoing, felt hurt at the name of Donato being dragged in unceremoniously. The elephant is a very different matter, enjoying four legs and a trunk, not to mention tusks.

TO EUPHROS, FROM AP'PODDLE.

(Care of P. Queer, Esq., M.P.)

DEAR MADAM.—You really ought to know more about artists than I, and I am surprised you should in a manner seem to sympathize with the *would be's*. Do you not well know that artists must grumble with something, that they are wretched unless they can growl? Grumbling is a source of infinite delight to the regular orchestral player, and in it he finds the same sort of *passé temps* as the calm man with his whiff—

perhaps you don't know what amusement a calman finds in his whip down here? I will tell you and have a chat if only to prove to you that your letter (your first you say) is infinitely more amusing and interesting than those other fatiguing things. Have you ever noticed what a queer being the subaltern calman is? His chief occupations are swearing and whipping. He swears at everything and everybody. He swears at the vehicles that occupy with him the thoroughfares, and at the people he can't run over. If two cabs meet in a narrow street where there is only room for one to pass, the calman on the wrong side swears first, the other soon answers, big words fly thick as hail, both are pleased: it's their way of having a chat. If you happen to be a little late for the last train that is to take you to your place out of town, the chat is prolonged for this particular occasion; if you tap at the window or pop your head out to urge your map on, both swear louder and longer, and, if they can possibly manage it, get locked. This is the little revenge they take on the public generally for the penny fare regulations and the interference of the police magistrates in their transactions with passengers—transactions, they say, that ought to be carried on between calman and gentleman (or lady, particularly timid ladies) without anybody interfering. But if the calman drags his master, he drives his slave. If he is irritated, he flugs his horse to vent his temper on somebody. If, however, a glass has cheered him, he hums a tune and keeps time with his whip on his poor nag's back. If it rains or freezes, he thrashes his brute to keep himself warm, and if the day is sultry, he flugs away to keep awake on his box. Now *what he is*, if not allowed to play solos, grumble; if they are made to play they grumble also and say they are not paid more for it. If they are asked whether they would like to play, they *hem* and *ha*; if they are not asked they make the most lugubrious reflections; if they are left to themselves they squabble and wrangle and write Gorgonic letters to one another, which appal all outsiders; if an outsider gives them a smart word of advice with the best intentions, they immediately answer him with commonplace nothings, without meaning or logic, which to me are far worse than good right down courteous abuse. You saw of course my first letter? Well, see the various answers, who calls a *tenor*—a fiddler, another a drummer. What next! Am I to be called a trionfante, a violoncellist, a flautist, etc., etc.? Supposing I am, what then?—does it alter our respective positions? Do they think to give me with their shattered names—calling? No! I will snuff them still, and so show them the love I bear them. And once and for all I must tell them that I should be proud to be even music-porter at the Crystal Palace, for the sake of hearing a concert every day. Unfortunately, my occupations will not allow me such indulgence, so I refrain from applying for the situation.

You know that I have a red in pickle for the *world be*, but before using it I intimated at proper quarters that I should like to hear each soloist in turn at the Saturday concert, and for your sweet sake I put a flute solo down first. You will probably see, by a future advertisement, that my intimation has been heeded. Now I can answer your six questions:—

1. Who is the gentleman? Herr Sainton played admirably last Saturday.
2. I can't say. I always listen to Svendsen and Pratten with delight—when they play solo.
3. On the principle of "giving little and good."
4. Ask the flagolet player. He has fifty-eight irreproachable arguments, which he delivers, half in French. I found the first four unanswerable, and Herr Manns gave him *cette blanchette* to play when he liked after hearing the sixth, with the proviso he wouldn't expound the other fifty-two. Flageolet player thinks there is only one thing comes up at all to a flageolet solo—that is, a solo on the cigarette; he's very clever at that, too.
5. Good gracious, Enterpe!—don't you see that he is brought forward because he is so backward?
6. No. Perhaps Mr. Manns prefers the rubbish written for the flageolet, played by curly-wig, to the classical music written for the flute played by the flute player. Mr. Flasey requires no encouragement whatever. Whist! Mr. Whistler requires none. Good-bye, I can just play the flute a little; kindly send me a list of "classical music" for that instrument. (I have all Kuhlau ever wrote).

And now, Enterpe, adieu. Keep a place for me in Parnassus; and if they, higher up, inquire after our *suzerain*, Ap'Muton, say he's pretty well and in no hurry to return to his old quarters on Olympus. He regrets neither ambrosia nor nectar, but quills good XXX over his orotons, and is the delight of this world as he was of yours.

March 13th, 1865.

Dr. Quer returns thanks to Mr. Ap'Poodle, and refers him to Enterpe for the solution of his continuity. Dr. Quer never drinks ale with ortolans, but agrees that M. Sainton is a stout fiddler.

AN OCCUPY FOR A PRECIPUT.

Sir,—I was one of the convivial party mentioned by Dr. Rug. Mr. Shirley Brooks did not deny that there was such and such a comedy by Goldoni, in which there was such and such a character. On the contrary, he even cited a speech from the third act, which so terribly incensed Dr. Rug that he accused Mr. Brooks of not having read Juvenal, which so greatly incensed me that I smote him on the occiput, which so much incensed Dr. Rug that he charged Mr. Brooks with not knowing that there was such and such a comedy by Goldoni, in which there was such and such a character, which so incensed Mr. Brooks that he cited a passage right through from the 23rd *Noëlle* of Francesco Saverio (*Il Gambero Avventurato*), which so incensed me that I smote Dr. Rug again on the occiput, which induced Dr. Rug to write a garbled version of the convivial party to Dr. Shoe, who impinged it in *Muttoniana*.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,
65, Fleet St.—March 15.

HOBACE MATHEW
(dit "le petit Poney.")

P.S.—Mr. Putech desires me to thank you for insertion of his last communicate.

H. M.

Dr. Shoe is beholden to Mr. Mayhew for his lucid explanation. Dr. Rug, however, tells quite a different story. But Dr. Quer is sleepy and must retire towards couch. This, moreover (Friday) is St. Patrick's Day.

Cornelius Phillips Carites Querc.

Shodbury, Boot and Hook, March 17.

MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I am afraid I am rather lazy with my correspondence, but the fact is matters at the Scala have gone so indifferently that there has scarcely been anything worth writing about. Madame Galetti has certainly been the bright particular star of the company, and I can fully endorse the opinion of your correspondent (dating from Genoa) in your last number. She has certainly taken Milan by storm on this occasion as Norma, and perhaps even more so as Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita*. She was, however, very loudly supported by the other members of the company. Norma was only given twice, as Madame Galetti, with all her talent, is a capricious woman, and will only sing when and what she pleases. As a consequence she is engaged here by the night. I believe she receives fifteen hundred francs for each performance. *La Favorita* has been given about a dozen times. The tenor in the first four nights was Pancani, who has a great name in Italy; but, whatever he has been, it is certain that at present he is all but *passé*. Some of the music of Fernando is adapted to his voice, but he cannot sing a note softly, and after the third act is quite used up. So that the magnificent duet in the 4th act is sung almost entirely by Madame Galetti. After a few nights Signor Pancani being knocked up, another tenor was brought forward as Fernando—a Signor Loris, but, what with excessive nervousness and a voice not capable of standing fatigue, he also was put *hors de combat* after two nights. On Saturday last Signor Pancani's indisposition continuing, a third Fernando was advertised, Signor Tartini, and he was certainly the worst of the three. He was hardly tolerated in the first act, and in the third the hissing and disapprobation was not a little mistaken. Whistling, and cries of "Down with the direction," "Return the money!" &c., &c., were heard from all parts of the theatre. In the midst of this disturbance an individual came on the stage to say that Signor Tartini would not be allowed to finish the opera, and that a second ballet would be given in lieu of the fourth act of the opera. On this the public became very noisy, and insisted on the money being returned; and this, after some delay, was agreed to, and the audience left the theatre, having heard three acts of the opera free of expense. The theatre was very crowded and "The King" present. This is only one of the many failures we have had in the current season, as I told you in my last. Petrella's new opera, *La Contessa D'Amalfi*, was a *fiasco*, and the public would not hear it at any price. Afterwards *Rigoletto* was tried, but this also was a *semi fiasco*, the baritone not being equal to the part, and the opera was played to almost empty benches. *Faust* was the third opera, but even this, although so successful in former seasons, was on this occasion almost a dead failure, the cast of characters, with the exception of Saccamano (Mephistopheles), being very indifferent. Among other eccentricities which marked the performance was the fact that the tenor in the lovely *romanza*,

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(*St. James's Hall.*)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH CONCERT,
(ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
Monday Evening, March 20, 1865.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RUS, H. WEBB, and PIATTI Schumann.
SONG, "I dream of thee"—MR. CUMMINGS H. Smart.
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—MR. CHARLES HALLS Weber.

PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin solo—Herr JOACHIM Bach.
SONG, "Oh do not scorn my love"—MR. CUMMINGS Benedict.
TRIO, in G, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Haydn.

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Box Office, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 2s. Facility; Chappell and Co., 60 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 1s. (transferrable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special solo stall, selected by themselves, for 25 concerts; or, two solo stalls for 10 concerts.

SECOND MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVENTH CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RUS, H. WEBB, HARRIS, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONG, "The Lullaby" (*Lied of Adieu*)—MR. CUMMINGS Benedict.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 11, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.

PART II.

SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—MR. CUMMINGS Mozart.
TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
FRANÇOIS DE MACHADO et de LA BELLE GUYARD, fils de Remond, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

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Price to Subscribers 18s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 2s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PILL PURCELL.—Our Correspondent has been anticipated in his communication from Dublin. Another time we shall be glad to hear from P. P.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

FERDINAND HILLER'S NEW OPERA.

DER DESERTEUR, a three-act opera, works by Herr Ernst Pasqué, and music by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, was produced, at Cologne, on the 17th February. The author of the *libretto* is well-known in the musical world as having formerly been a singer and, during the last few years, by his translation of foreign operas, as likewise by his valuable articles, founded on information derived from the archives at Weimar and Darmstadt, concerning musical matters in the olden time. In his book of *Der Deserteur*, as our contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung* observes, he has worked out a doubly happy idea. Contrary to the practice pursued by most writers of *libretti* for modern French comic operas, who, in order to give piquancy to their subjects, offer them to the public, whether chosen from distant regions or from by-gone times, clad in the colors of Parisian society at the present day, Herr Pasqué, though not founding his book upon German history by the introduction of really historical personages, has taken his subject from the political and social condition of Germany at a certain period, striving to represent, upon this background, a bit of rustic life, belonging to the last century, and illustrative of the detestable system of shipping off Germans as mercenaries to Africa and America. That by selecting such a subject he would have to renounce all idea of writing a purely comic opera was clear; but by his choice of a story intended to produce more than half its effect not simply by putting the audience in a good humor, but by appealing to their more serious feelings and their pity, he has carried the modern "*Spiel-Opera*" or "opera requiring acting" back to the old and genuinely German "*Singspiel*." For this reason we very much wish he had retained the dialogue between the musical pieces, because it had with justice become highly popular in operas of this kind with the German public, and been driven off the stage only by a total misapprehension of what belongs to illusion in opera, and by musical pedantry. Can any one, for instance, seriously believe that in those passages of *Der Deserteur* where spoken dialogue is indispensable, the twanging of the violins is a source of æsthetic gratification?

Herr Pasqué has, moreover, made an attempt to restore the genuine folk-song, and for the purpose availed himself of some of Schubert's compositions. This experiment, also, is worthy of praise, and, also, takes us back to the old German "*Singspiel*." In the farewell of the Soldiers, at the conclusion of the first act, even Schubert's melody, is retained with his "Kaphid," "Auf, ihr Brüder, und seid stark!" producing a very good effect.

We most willingly, therefore, do full justice to the author's intentions, but we do not wish to be understood as asserting that those intentions have been, in every instance, skilfully carried out. A vast deal is too much long, especially in the first act, and, when blending the comic with the sentimental element, the author has not always been happy, a fact particularly observable in the part of David, the schoolmaster, and "Cantor"—intended for the poet C. F. Daniel Schubart himself. This is so, even if we overlook the fault, as regards the plot, of making a secondary figure play a principal part. While, in the first act, the Schoolmaster appears as a carnivalesque congratulator of the bride's father—the magistrate of the parish—and the future man and wife, and makes his scholars, in motley attire, blare out a chorus, and accompany it partially with children's instruments (a chorus recommended, by the way), he goes into highly pathetic ecstasies in the second act for the Goddess of Freedom, and asserts

"that, from out her wreath of flames, sparks" (generally in the habit of burning) "have fallen like dew on his soul." He informs us further that he has left the town, and turned Schoolmaster and "Cantor" "in order to be free!" Goodness gracious! Suppose the patron of the church, and that reverend gentleman, the rector, had only suspected such a thing! Despite all this, Daniel is the best figure in the entire opera, and we will even forgive him his tirades about his yearnings for freedom, because they have offered the composer the opportunity of introducing a dashing air, exceedingly well given by Herr. Lang, whose acting, also, in the first act, was marked by the tact required not to overdo the comic element.

The pith of the story is, in a few words, as follows:—In the midst of the betrothal of Michel, the son of the well-to-do patriarch of the village, with Liesel, an orphan, Fate makes her appearance in the shape of a lame Messenger, a tolerably successful comic figure, brought out principally by characteristic music. He is the bearer of the Prince's commands for enlisting a number of young lads for a regiment in Africa. Shortly afterwards, the Sergeant appears with a sergeant's guard. In the open market place, he asks Liesel to give him a kiss. He is repulsed "as an ill-mannered fellow." He swears to be revenged, and takes her betrothed, Michel, as a recruit. Michel escapes from the vessel on the Rhine, and surprises the mourning Liesel by his return. But, alas! The Sergeant also returns. Liesel conceals her lover in her bed-room, but, on the military hero becoming too pressing, he rushes out to protect the girl of his heart. The irate Sergeant seizes him, and the Deserter is to be shot the following morning. As luck will have it, the Prince is hunting in the neighbouring forest. Liesel hastens to him. He is graciously inclined, because an heir-apparent has just been born to him; Liesel rushes fortunately on the stage, pardon in hand, just as the soldiers are taking aim at Michel, and awaiting only the word of command: "Fire!" Whether the author has used for his catastrophe the old French opera: *Le Deserter*, music by Monsigny, a work very often played in Germany down to the commencement of the present century, is more than we know.

Ferdinand Hiller, whom we were previously accustomed to meet only in the higher regions of music, has, on this occasion, rejected the ethereal; but he moves also in the sock of Comedy, as we see by this newest work of his, with great talent, and in that clever style with which we were rendered acquainted by many of his pianoforte compositions; nay, we are almost inclined to say that his *Operette ohne Worte*, a four-handed work for piano, may be regarded as the prelude to this "Opera with Song." Since, however, the comic element in *Der Deserter*, as is evident from what we have said above, appears only episodically, and the real action of the piece approaches serious drama, that action afforded the composer opportunities, in several solos as well as in some of the concerted music, and in the finales of the first and second acts, for displaying his qualities as an approved master, in doing which, he has, according to us, succeeded most brilliantly in the more important vocal pieces, both as regards characteristic design and the coloring of the whole. That, in all this, the treatment of the grander musical forms is masterly needs hardly to be mentioned, where Hiller is concerned. But the music, also, of a lighter stamp, such as is required by the more joyous scenes, is full of mind and taking charm, without ever becoming trivial. This is the case in most of those scenes, but especially in the admirable comic episode of the second act, where all the young girls of the village consult the Schoolmaster as to what steps they must take for the purpose of obtaining an audience of the Prince. In isolated instances, however, such as in the chorus of the School-Children, and when the Soldiers march on in the first act, realism is too glaringly prominent. The music of the Village Patriarch and of Michel

in the third act is distinguished for its melodic flow, while, in some earlier portions, of the two fundamental elements of operatic music, song and declamation, the last predominated too much. One great recommendation of the work is that the inspiration of the composer does not at all flag, but is so faithful to him up to the end that, from a melodic point of view, we consider the last act the best.

The performance was a very good one; every person concerned, on the stage and in the orchestra, had evidently studied the opera with a will. The house was quite full, and the favorable feeling of vivid interest displayed from the very first by the entire audience testified in a most gratifying fashion how generally appreciated are the invaluable services rendered by the composer to musical matters here, and how desirous all educated classes of the inhabitants are to prove to him, by a public demonstration, that the City of Cologne is proud of being able to call him hers. This desire on their part was seconded, in so exciting and convincing a manner, by the successful performance, that even an adverse feeling would have been changed into a favorable one, while that by which the audience were animated was evidently raised, by the twofold delight taken in the work and in the composer, to enthusiasm, being manifested by the loudest applause of separate numbers and scenes, as well as, more especially, by calls for the composer and for the artists at the end of each act, and at the termination of the opera. The success of the work was every thing the author and the composer could wish.

NORTON ON MORTON AND HODGE PODGE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—One of the most forcible rebukes to a man of the world who adopts the "used up" creed, is the spectacle furnished by an individual of mature age, expressing an innocent delight with flimsy and facetious amusements more commonly appreciated by his juniors. A gentleman in years, and in Colney Hatch, watching the revolutions of an infant's rattle, or, like a benignant Boreas, distending his cheeks while bringing out the beauties of a penny trumpet, are sights not without their moral. The mind which is pleased with trifles may sometimes appear weak, but the weakness is of an amiable nature, and should lead unbelievers to admit there is "good in everything," even that savory conglomeration called *Hodge Podge*. "I would I were a child again," is a pathetic aspiration frequently indulged in by those whose term of life does not qualify them to be termed "chickens." Good Mr. Norton, with his inconveniently fresh feelings must, however, feel inclined to strike the magisterial lyre, and regret being so full of boyish enthusiasm, for it must certainly have increased his poignant sufferings when he was compelled to snuff the Canterbury candle. A magistrate, like a policeman, is but a man, and his judicial bosom is not impenetrable to those gentle courtesies and attentions willingly lavished upon him. That conciliatory policy known as "squaring the bundle," which may be in very extreme cases possible with a constable, cannot of course be adopted with regard to a law-giver; but he who serves the temporal comfort of a distinguished guest, may, to the credit of human nature, calculate upon gratitude and acknowledgment in return. Norton has patted the prosperous and liberal Morton on the back, therefore let the world do likewise, until that "spirited caterer's" breath of thankfulness is almost shaken out of its frail tenement. Mr. Norton went to the Canterbury, and was not only "excessively delighted," but "much amused." The application for a summons to stop the performance of *Hodge Podge* was made, in the first instance, partly upon the ground of public morals, it being asserted that the text contained certain double

entendres. Mr. Norton admits the little indecencies, but evidently rejoices that they are no broader than others frequently heard in regular theatres. This imputation upon the recognized establishments for "stage plays," is, in many cases correct, and is in all cases to be deplored. The legislator of Lambeth can only conclude that *Hodge Podge* is a "stage play," but from what he had seen he did not consider the Canterbury Hall "was at all constructed for the purpose of carrying on the regular drama. If a "stage play" is part of the "regular drama," the inference from Mr. Norton's declarations must be that a "stage play" should not be represented at the Canterbury Hall, the building being unsuited for the purpose. The "second Daniel" of Lambeth is also of opinion that licences for "such interesting exhibitions as he had seen, should be granted," but should not be "given generally." If this was not to be considered a stage play, there would be nothing to prevent persons in the New-cut, which is near Canterbury Hall, from opening a similar place in that locality, and carrying it on, to the great injury of public morals. Thus, it would seem, an exhibition which is harmless a few hundred yards away from that thoroughfare facetiously known as the "Recent Incision," would conduce to vice and immorality if held in the highway aforesaid. Again, when Mr. Norton disapproves of licences for these entertainments being given "generally," he appears to encourage that mercantile injustice and monopoly for which he blames the London managers. Why there should not be free trade in *Hodge Podge* is not particularly clear. The worthy Solon's personal convictions regarding the excellence of the Canterbury Hall feast, as contained in the following extract, were immensely important to the Music Hall interest, however unnecessary they might seem to the general public. "Not only do I consider it a pantomime, but one of a very superior class. The illumination that is given to the figures, the forms of the actors and actresses, and the softness of the outline, and altogether the brilliancy that is imparted to it, are beyond anything I ever witnessed, and I was exceedingly gratified." If *Hodge Podge* far transcends every glittering show in Mr. Norton's theatrical experience, the said experience must be very limited. The Canterbury reminded him of Germany, inasmuch as "people" sat smoking, and their "female" companions sipped coffee or drank beer. It is some comfort to know that civilization has not yet attained higher forms in Germany than in England. Ingenuously proclaiming his personal regrets at being obliged to quench the light of *Hodge Podge* if only for a short time, the guest of Mr. Norton delivered the blow of the law, but applied the healing ointment of private sympathy at the same time. True patriots will be glad to know that Mr. Norton considers all such places as the Canterbury Hall (that is all music halls), as materially promoting the "sociality and refinement" of Englishmen. This is somewhat startling, to say the least. A man with an incipient taste for painting would hardly foster it by studying forms of art peculiar to half-penny peepshows at country fairs, neither is it barely possible for musical taste to be elevated by the performances now common to music halls. "Sociality" as represented by smoking and drinking is certainly promoted in these establishments, but the true sense of the word is by no means realized in them. A man at a music hall takes no more notice of his neighbour than he does anywhere else, unless her name is Laïs, and her face is pretty. As to the "refinement" inculcated by music hall proceedings, that must be perceptible only to a comparative few sanguine persons who experience the courtesy of the proprietor, and perhaps do not own their opinions from mixing frolic with the least exclusive sections of the audience.

MR. R. SHARPE, of Shirley, is appointed organist of All Saints' Church, Southampton.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a libellous letter headed "Imposing Advertisements," which appeared, I am told, in a weekly musical paper, on Saturday last. As I cannot condescend to answer a scurrilous attack from one who shelters himself under the anonymous, and have moreover no desire to furnish the weekly paper with "copy" of any kind *gratis*, may I ask you to make known through them edium of your widely-circulating columns that I have already placed the matter in the hands of my solicitor?

Your obedient servant,
HOWARD GLOVER.

March 17, 1865.

MR. CROZIER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Mr. Phassey has, I see, taken the initiative in giving an indignant denial to any share in the production of the numerous letters which have appeared in the *Musical World* respecting Mr. Manns and his little band. I think I cannot do better, particularly as I have been on terms of intimacy with the presumed writers of some of the letters in question, than follow so good an example. I beg therefore on my part to state most emphatically that I have neither directly nor indirectly had any hand in the correspondence whatever; and I deeply deplore, in common with several of my friends in the orchestra, that the subject of solo-playing has been so incessantly brought forward. It is quite impossible that visitors to the C. P. should know the various reasons which may cause some to play solos less frequently, others not at all. I know that in some cases Mr. Manns has found considerable difficulty in getting his wishes complied with; others who have been mentioned as being kept out of the field, though fully capable of performing a solo in a first-class manner, would rather be excused; indeed, I am sure they would absolutely decline, however earnestly entreated. In conclusion, for the information of those who have so warmly interested themselves on our account, it may be agreeable to them to know that it has been productive of nothing but mischief, and has excited the resentment of the entire band.—Yours, &c.,
W. CROZIER.

MÜNCH.—Cherubini's *Medea* and Wagner's *Tristan et Isolde* are in rehearsal at the Court Theatre. The tenor, Schnorr, is engaged expressly for the part of Tristan in Wagner's opera.

VIENNA.—The marriage of L. V. Beethoven, nephew of the great composer, with Madlle. Marie de Nitsche, niece of the Baron Ulin-Erbach, has been recently celebrated. The Italian Opera season at the Court Theatre will commence on the first of April, with a new opera by Pedrotti, entitled "*Tutti in Maschera*," in which Madame Galetti and Signor Mongini will sustain the principal parts. *Concert-meister* Hellmesberger was agreeably surprised a few days since, by the presentation, from the nephew of Beethoven, of a cameo belonging to the great master, which represented his likeness in profile.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN at HULL.—Mr. Charles Salaman recently gave a series of three lectures on Operatic Music in the Royal Institution at Hull, which seems to have created unusual excitement among the musicians and amateurs of that far-famed seaport. The lectures were devoted particularly to Italian, English, and German Operas. The *Eastern Morning News*, of February 15, contains a lengthy and elaborately written article on the lectures, from which it may be gathered that Mr. Salaman discoursed learnedly about ancient and modern operas and composers and that his readings were eminently successful. Mr. Salaman, we understand, is about to deliver the same course of lectures at the London Literary Institution, when we shall take the opportunity of attending them and entering at length into their merits. Mr. Salaman, we need hardly remind our readers, has been a lecturer on music of many years standing, and has laboured hard and well to elucidate for the unlearned public the mental powers and idiosyncrasies of the great masters.

BERLIN.—Madame Harries Wippen has been re-engaged at the Royal Opera. The engagement is insured for the natural term of her life, with a *congé* of four months for each year, and the reversion of a pension. At the Fifth Concert of the Society of Music, Hector Berlioz's biblical legend *La Fuite en Egypte* was executed with great success.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

M. Félicien David's new opera, *Le Saphir*, was produced on Wednesday last at the Opéra-Comique, but made no very great sensation. Having now indeed "descended from his camel," with his intellect stimulated by no "desert" prospects, without impressions caught from the desolations of a submerged city, or the gorgeous magnificence of an Eastern fable, the author of *Le Desert*, *Herculanum* and *Lalla Rookh*, seems entirely out of his element. Without any sensible feeling for abstract beauty in music, without comic power, wanting in the purely sentimental, and lacking that grasp of mind which would conceal all these deficiencies, M. Félicien David, in his new work, finds himself thoroughly at fault and writes without heart or impulse. A love story, involving comic situations, was the very last thing he should have been asked to illustrate in music. Possessing neither tenderness nor humor, the moment he abandoned the romantic, the descriptive and the strange, he necessarily failed. *Le Saphir* has had every pains bestowed upon it to make it succeed; but all to no purpose. In spite of the applause bestowed on it the first night—though that might have been more enthusiastic—and in spite of the laudations of the press—though these might be more decided and unanimous—every one must feel that the opera has had but a *succès d'estime*. Unfortunately for M. Félicien David—and other French composers as well—M. Gounod's music is becoming familiarized to the public; and familiarity in this instance, in place of breeding contempt, begets admiration; admiration leads to consideration; consideration creates knowledge and enforces comparison; and the knowledge of M. Gounod's works and their comparative merits are anything but favorable to the operas of modern French composers—of all but Daniel Auber, whose reputation will in no way suffer from being placed in juxtaposition with any writer, living or dead. Such is the power and vitality of genius! Certainly a worse libretto than that of *Le Saphir* has seldom been concocted. Shakespeare's comedy of *All's Well That Ends Well* is one of the least interesting of his dramas, and the plot is involved and intricate in the extreme. It is seldom represented on the stage, and can never hope to achieve more than a passing success. The alterations made by the authors—there are three of them, MM. de Leuven, Michel Carré and Halévy—have been perhaps necessitated for musical purposes; but they do not help to elucidate the story, and the auditor, instead of attending to the music, is either striving to follow the fortunes of the hero and heroine, or attempting to unravel the intricacies of the narrative. The most striking character in Shakespeare's play, Parolles—called by the three French poets "Parole"—is utterly sacrificed, and dwindles down, in the music, to a song condemnatory of marriage and one concerted piece. I do not think it would serve any especial purpose to enter into details of the music, about which no one has written or spoken in raptures. No doubt curiosity will attract audiences for many nights to the Opéra-Comique, but the new work will never secure a place in the repertory of the theatre. The principal parts are thus sustained:—Gaston de Lusignan, M. Montaubry; Parole, M. Gourlin; the Countess Hermine, Mdlle. Cico; Fiametta, Mdlle. Girard; and the Queen, Mdlle. Barette. Let me add that the choruses are better than the solos and ensembles for principals, and that the dances are better than the choruses, and I think I have said as much as need be said about the *Saphir* of M. Félicien David.

Amateur concerts and representations are quite the rage this season in Paris. I was fortunate enough to obtain a few days since an invitation to a musical performance of a very remarkable kind given by the Marquis and Marchioness D'Aoust in the garden of their hotel, transformed into a sort of *Salle de Spectacle* for the occasion. An opera, entitled *L'Amour Voleur*, composed by the Marquis D'Aoust, was capitally given, the principal executants being Mdlle. de Launay, of the Opéra, M. Bach and Signor Marchetti. There was a small band directed by the Marquis, who showed himself a practised wielder of the baton. Previous to the opera, a petite comedy, called *Louise III., Chapitre Ier*, written by MM. E. Fiercen and H. Anger, was performed by those distinguished amateurs the Comtesse Sidiya de Sayre, the princess Olga Troubetzkoi, M. Edouard de Lagrèue and the Viscount

de Montesquieu. The company was resplendent, as Archer says in the *Beaux Stratagem*, in "Youth, beauty and clean linen."

The death of M. Dietrich is universally regretted and will prove a real loss to art, at least in the French capital. His death was caused by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, while staying at the house of his friend, M. Coquerel. M. Dietrich was a diligent labourer in his profession and produced works which gained him no inconsiderable reputation with those well-acquainted with them. He wrote a great many religious compositions, among which were twenty masses, some of them for full orchestra, and was, moreover, the author of an opera in two acts, entitled *Le Vaisseau Fantôme*, performed at the Académie Impériale de Musique.

Mdlle. Adeline Patti made her last appearance in *Linda* and fled incontinently to Madrid, and with her flew all hopes, for the season, of the subscribers to the Italians hearing *Don Giovanni*. Meanwhile Madame Frezzolini has played Lucia, and M. Bagier, or rather his substitute, seeing that he himself has departed for Madrid, urges on the repetitions of *Le Duc des diables* of *San Giuliano* and *Crispino e Comare*. Also *I Puritani* is promised with what cast I cannot even surmise.

As usual I append the programme of the last Popular Concert of Classical Music (the fourth of the third series), which was as follows:—Symphony in D Major (op. 7)—Mozart; Overture to *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Polonaise for violin—Habeneck; Adagio—Gounod; Fragment from Septuor—Beethoven.

Paris, March 15.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

The preparations for the Great Triennial Handel Festival, at the end of June, have commenced. The general programme has been extensively circulated throughout the country and on the continent, and, from the number of enquiries registered at the Crystal Palace as well as at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Offices, it is evident that an enormous demand must ensue for vouchers securing stalls on the opening of the offices at the Palace and at Exeter Hall on Monday next. To extend as much as possible the area of accommodation at the Palace, the corners of the side galleries are to be opened out considerably. This, with other acoustical improvements, and by the adoption of an improved arrangement of the front of the great orchestra, successfully carried out at the Opera concerts last season, and which has met the entire approval of Mr. Costa, will afford additional accommodation for hundreds of seats. The representatives of all the Railway Companies entering London, in concurrence with the General Manager of the Crystal Palace, have agreed to afford great facilities for persons visiting London at the time of the Festival. For the rehearsal day, excursion trains will run at low rates, including admission to the Palace, for one day, for distances between thirty and one hundred miles from London; beyond that distance, three days will be allowed. The time for return tickets will also be extended so as to embrace the Festival week, and, as it has been found practicable to commence each day's performance at three o'clock, in place of one o'clock as heretofore, there is no doubt a much larger number of persons will have the opportunity of attending the Festival. It has taken three Festivals to complete the great orchestra at the Crystal Palace, with its roof, twice the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's. The number of executants is therefore defined. They will fall but little short of four thousand, of whom above five hundred compose the band. Numbers like the above at first so little impress the mind, that comparisons become requisite. It may therefore be stated that the performers at the coming Festival will exceed in number those gathered together for the last York Musical Festival, the Westminster Abbey Festival of 1841, the Leeds, Bradford, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Norwich, and Birmingham Musical Festivals, all combined. The requirements and the great outlay of such undertakings as the Handel Festivals, render it requisite that, like the Provincial Festivals, an interval of three years should elapse between each celebration. No annual effort could result in adequate success. That success has attended the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals may be gathered from the fact that they have been attended by One Hundred and Ninety-four Thousand Eight Hundred persons, and that the receipts arising directly from them have amounted to 83,465l. 9s. 9d.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mendelssohn's "Lobpreisung," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," were the attractions at the last concert of this society, given on Wednesday evening. Mr. Martin does his best to minister to the gratification of his supporters, by engaging the most eminent vocal talent available, and, independently of the works above mentioned, there is no doubt that the names of Miss Louisa Lyne and Mr. Sims Reeves did their share towards bringing together one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in Exeter Hall, which in point of size, ugliness, and inconvenience, may surely lay claim to the bad pre-eminence of being the first (and, let us hope, the last) in the world. A better answer to those who say that the English are not a music-loving people could hardly be found than in the fact that the public willingly submit to any amount of discomfort and danger for the sake of gratifying their love of sweet sounds.

Each hearing of the "Hymn of Praise," makes one the more deeply regret that Mendelssohn did not live to complete that glorious trilogy of works he had projected under the title of "*Sinfonia Cantata*," and of which the *Lobpreisung* (first given to the English public at the Birmingham festival of 1840) is the sole example. The magnificent introductory symphony was listened to with evident delight, and frequent applause testified to the enjoyment which the entire work afforded. There is but little for the soprano to do, but what there was could not possibly have been entrusted to better hands than those of Miss Louisa Lyne; while the tenor part has become so identified with Mr. Sims Reeves that he may be almost said to have made it his own. The famous "Watchman" solo did not fail to create its usual effect, and but for its fortunate connection with the succeeding chorus, would doubtless have been encored, as was the duet "I waited for the Lord," the collective efforts of Mr. Martin's choir falling somewhat short in more than one instance where the elaborate intricacy of the parts might well puzzle singers of much more mature experience. Let them not, however, be discouraged; the Sacred Harmonic Society (which has been in existence almost as many years as the National Choral Society has months), can only point to their achievements of comparatively recent date as being anywhere near that perfection which can alone be attained by diligent study and constant practice under a skilled conductor.

The quartet of soloists in the "Stabat Mater," in addition to the two ladies already named, combined the services of Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas, the latter making his first appearance at Exeter Hall since his recent severe domestic bereavement, and singing in a manner quite worthy of his justly earned reputation; Mr. Cooper giving the "Cujus Animam" with his accustomed ease and intelligence. The next performance (the last of this season) will be on Tuesday, March 28th, not the 29th as previously announced.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The 127th anniversary festival of this excellent charity was held on Wednesday in Freemason's Hall, under unusually brilliant auspices. The knowledge that the president of the day would be his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and that among other distinguished guests would be the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, attracted a great many amateurs; and probably a more numerous company never sat down to the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians. The Duke performed the duties of his post—a post which had on several occasions been filled by that stanch patron of music, his late father—to the thorough satisfaction of every one. The speeches with which he prefaced the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, while brief, were so much to the purpose that their brevity can by no means be cited as their chief recommendation. That which introduced "The Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers," was especially effective. The toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians"—drew forth remarks from his Royal Highness which showed him not only thoroughly conversant with his subject, but taking a real interest in the progress which musical taste is making in this country. The speech was repeatedly interrupted by applause; and the final appeal to the liberality of the visitors—ingenuously worded so as to convey that the larger the donation the greater the personal compliment to himself—was received *cum grano salis*, and unanimously cheered. The task of proposing "The President of the Day" fell to Mr. Gladstone, who, in the course of his speech, talked about music, its influence, and its position among the "great sister arts" with an earnestness and eloquence which proved it to be his favourite topic. He pleaded for the social status of musicians, and explained the reason why the taste of music had of recent years so materially advanced among us, in language as felicitous as the argument was

sound. Rarely has a postprandial oration been listened to with more rapt attention, or applauded more frequently and with greater enthusiasm. The toast was drunk with musical honours. There were other good speeches—Sir Richard Airey, in returning thanks for "The Army," Colonel McMurdo for "The Volunteers," and Sir George Clerk for "The Patrons of the Society," all doing ample justice to the toasts, and all having something to say which it was more or less interesting to hear. Under the circumstances, the musical part of the proceedings became of secondary importance. It was varied and excellent, nevertheless. "No nobis, Domine" was, as from time immemorial, sung for grace after dinner, and the National Anthem (solo by Madame Parepa) after the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen." A glee by Horsley; a part-song by J. L. Hutton; a set by Bishop; a madrigal by Besle; sung by Madame Parepa, Miss Whyteock, and Mr. Donald King; a *fantasia* on the pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cousins; and a *polonaise* by Maysecker, performed on the violin by Herr Ludwig Straus, (accompanied on the piano by Mr. C. Stephens), were comprised in the printed programme, and, with one or two exceptions, were all forthcoming. The donations were liberal, we believe, without precedent, headed by 20 guineas each from the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone, 50 guineas from Messrs Broadwood and Sons (17th donation), 50l. from Messrs. Collard and Collard, 50l. from Messrs R. Cocks and Co., 10 guineas each from the Western Madrigal Society, Sir George Clerk, Messrs. Chappell, Ashdown and Parry, Nutting and Addison, J. Ella, G. W. Martin, Addison and Lucas, Miss Gotobed; 5 guineas each from Professor Bennett, M. Benedict, Mr. Robert Bowley, &c., and amounting altogether to upwards of 500l. The annual performance of *The Messiah*, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, is announced for Friday evening, May 5.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The following is the Balance Sheet for the Year 1864 (from the Annual Report):—

Receipts.	Expenditure.
1864, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.	1864, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.
To Balance in hand	By Payments
44 17 3	Printing, Stationery, &c.
Subscriptions for 1864, as under—	Miscellaneous Expenses
130 Fellows, 608 Associates, 618 Lady Associates, 36 Nominates	Advertising
Annual Subscribers 2	Postage
1 Subscriber to Series of Concerts	Rent of Offices
1354 14 0	Cramer & Co.
Sale of Concert Tickets	Four Orchestral Concerts
80 18 0	Two Soirees
60 Reserved Seats	Choral Practice
304 10 0	Library Expenses
6 Duplicates	Two Orchestral Trials of New Compositions
1 10 0	217 6 1
	Purchase of 1652: 4 0 lb. dia 5 per Cent Stock
	1665 19 10
	Balance in hands of Treasurer for 1865
	111 10 6
	£1768 9 3
	£1768 9 3

We have examined the Books of the Society and the Vouchers, and we certify that this Balance Sheet agrees therewith, and that the same is correct. Dated this 12th day of January, 1865.

JOHN T. BEDFORD, } Auditors.
J. BEN R. DUGGAN, }

Signed by Order of the Council in pursuance of General Law 38, 4th January, 1865. J. C. JAMES, }
FRANK MORRIS, }

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD.—At the third and fifth concerts of the "Beethoven Society," held recently in Willis's Rooms, the pianist was Mme. Alice Mangold, whose classical taste and brilliant execution we have frequently admired. Her performance of a *fantasia* by Chopin was perfect, while her execution of a *serenade* and *gavotte* by J. S. Bach caused them to be re-demanded unanimously, when the clever young artist, in lieu thereof, gave an *etude* by Chopin.—Press.

MULLE, ADELINA PATTI has left Paris for Madrid.

MR. VINCENT WALLACE.—Accounts from Paris as to the state of our eminent composer's health are still more and more reassuring. It is now confidently hoped that Mr. Wallace is on the road to convalescence.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first day-concert took place on Saturday. It was a complete success. The hall was crowded with a brilliant audience. The programme comprised the Rasmouffsky quartet in C, which MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti had already played on the Monday previous; the *Pastoral* sonata (pianist Mr. Hallé), and the great trio in B flat, Op. 97 (MM. Hallé, Joachim and Piatti)—all Beethoven. The songs were "In my wild mountain valley" (Benedict), and "Name the glad day" (Dusek); the singer was Miss Banks. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed, although by an audience "fashionable" to a toilet, and amid crinolines and bouffants interminable.

The concert on Monday night (the 16th), brought another crowded room and another triumph for Joachim—a triumph in which, we need scarcely add, Piatti shared. This time we had two quartets. The first was Mendelssohn's in A minor, his first composed, though second published—one, too, that he loved, as a letter to his father shows. This was superbly played. True the *violino secondo*, over anxious, came in too soon, at the *repique* of the trio, in the *scherzo*; but then little H. Webb marked the hoking notes in the *alto* part so cunningly, that it was speedily forgotten, and the whole performance was keenly relished. The other quartet was Haydn's fine one, in D minor:—



—heard now for the fourth time, and with increased satisfaction and delight. This is one of Joachim's favorites. The pianoforte sonata was Beethoven's in D, No. 10, with the grand *adagio* (pianist Mr. Hallé); the songs were Mozart's fragrant "Violet" and Benedict's charming "Maiden's dream" (singer Miss Banks.) At both concerts Mr. Benedict accompanied the songs—a consolation and a comfort to the singer!

At the second morning concert (to-day), Madame Arabella Goddard is to play *Les Adieux* of Beethoven; at the evening concert on Monday (the 16th), we are promised (for the first time) a quartet by Schumann (the one in A minor.)

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT DUNDEE.

(From the Dundee Advertiser, March 11.)

The Dundee public have now been privileged to hear the three greatest living pianists—to wit, S. Thalberg, Chas. Hallé, and Arabella Goddard; and, if we may accept the general verdict of the audience of last night, which included all those most capable of judging, the best has come last. To speak critically of Madame Goddard is simply out of the question—one cannot listen to her in critical mood; and to make comparisons between her and the other two is equally impossible, as each has a *specialité*. Along with Thalberg's dash and brilliancy, she has Hallé's smooth chastity of style, and, superadded, a feminine delicacy of expression that neither of the others possesses; and we feel quite at liberty to second the opinion of the leading musical papers, that she is the pianist of the day. The programme was a perfect model, and was remarkable for its comprehensiveness and purity from clap-trap. It was certainly not framed to draw the "mob"; but an artist like Madame Goddard has a higher mission than to pander to popular taste, and that an audience so numerous even can be drawn out to listen to classical music alone is evidence of the advances that have been made in musical culture in Dundee within the past few years. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Grand Sonata, "Ne Plus Ultra"—Wolff; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major—I. S. Bach; Suite de Pièces (No. 5)—Handel.
PART II.—Grand Sonata in G major, No. 1, Op. 31—Beethoven; Fantasia, "Where the bee sucks"—Benedict; Sonata in A major—Mozart.

In Wolff's "Grand Sonata," which was performed for the first time in Dundee, Madame Goddard displayed, to commence with, the perfection of manipulation. The selection of this most difficult work as a commencement to the concert was a piece of daring, which very few pianoforte players would have ventured upon; but its triumphant execution by Madame Goddard showed that she was thoroughly mistress of her art. Bach's vivace prelude and allegro fugue in C sharp major—quantum but scholastic composition—was rendered with equal facility; and in the Suite de Pièces, which consisted of four movements, the breadth of treatment exhibited by her was such as could

only have been expected from genius of the highest order. It is not that Madame Goddard is simply an exquisite pianoforte player, but her playing is characterised even by creative genius: for to render such elaborate works in so perfect a style requires a mind akin to that which composed them. It is needless to say that the variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" were finished. They were of course loudly applauded. In the second part, Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks" was perfection itself. The light, fairy-like touch of the accomplished performer seemed at times to transform the sounds from the piano into the resemblance of those from a nightingale warbling the air; and with this piece the audience were so delighted that a rapturous encore was demanded. In reply to this she gave Thalberg's arrangement of "The Last Rose of Summer" in a style which only the arranger himself could hope to rival. Mozart's Sonata in A major concluded the performances; and in the last movement especially the effect produced was almost electrical. Altogether, the recital—which was under the auspices of Mr. Simpson, music-seller—was, in our opinion, the best of its kind which has ever taken place in Dundee; and we hope that it will not be long before Madame Goddard again favors the people of Dundee with her presence for an evening.

(From the Dundee Courier.)

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a pianoforte recital last night, in the Exchange Rooms, Castle Street. The hall was filled by a large and fashionable audience. When the pianist, of whom we have all heard so much, appeared, the audience gave her a most hearty welcome, and throughout the entertainment each piece was warmly acknowledged. The programme, as we have already announced, was a most classical one, being composed, except in one instance, from the works of the most distinguished masters of bygone days. Of Madame Goddard's rendering of these works it is very difficult for us to speak in terms of adequate praise; for, after we had exhausted the stereotyped vocabulary of the critic concerning her lightness of touch, dexterity of fingering, and exquisite distribution of light and shade, there would still remain something to be said of the charm she continues to throw over her audience by the calmness of her manner. In the midst of the most rapid passages her attitude is characterised by the greatest repose.

If we might dwell on one beauty more than another of this gifted pianist, we would single out the tender softness of her piano passages, which fall on the ear like the gentle murmur of a lute. In the "Harmonious Blacksmith," the air and the elaborate variations were given with a graceful art that fairly carried away the feelings of the audience, and produced warm plaudits that continued for some time after the performer had left the platform. The "Sonata by Beethoven" is one that demands poetic feeling, varied expression, and great facility of execution, and all these requisites were supplied by Madame Goddard to the satisfaction of the most fastidious critic. Benedict's elaborate fantasia on Dr. Arne's beautiful melody, "Where the bee sucks," called forth an encore, to which the performer responded by playing the "Last Rose of Summer." The entertainment, as a whole, was only what might have been expected by those who have watched the performances of Madame Goddard at the London Monday Popular Concerts. That expectation was a very high one; and, having now been fully realised, the public of Dundee must feel highly indebted to Mr. Simpson for the treat. Pianoforte recitals are now among the stock features of our higher class amusements; and we hope, therefore, that last night's appearance is the precursor of many.

NAPLES.—Verdi has declined the directorship of the Conservatoire of Naples, offered to him by Mercadante, the present director, who is incapacitated by blindness from continuing to hold the post.

ROME.—Liszt, the renowned pianist, is in the Imperial city, delighting the public by his performances, and greedily sought for as a teacher by the ladies of the aristocracy. The Romans, who are wags in their way, say that he has become so furious a Papist (*papalino furioso*) that he has set the Encyclical letter of His Holiness to music.

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VOL. 43.—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers, that the OPERA SEASON will commence on Saturday in Easter week (April 22nd). The pro-actua, which will contain four or five of musical interest, will be issued in due co-rse. *March 14th, 1865.*

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First New PHILHARMONIC CONCERT will be on WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 5th. The Public Rehearsal on Saturday Afternoon, April 1st.—W. G. NICHOLS, Hon. Sec.

WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Mornings May 6th, May 27th, June 12th.

2, Connaught Terrace, N. W.

PROGRAMME OF MADAME ALICE MANGOLD'S

MATINEE D'INVITATION, at the Beethoven Rooms, 16, Harley-street, on Sunday, March 27th, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock.

Part I. Trio in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. 1. Allegro; 2. Adagio con bris; 3. Allegretto con variazioni. Madame ALICE MANGOLD, Herr LOUIS DRECH, and Signor FARRAS. Berthold's Aria, "Vol die sapete" (Nere di Pagine). Madlle. LEXAREY. Mozart's Aria, "Il signor." Mr. FARAS. Berceuse. Violoncello Obligato by Signor FARRAS. Solo, Pianoforte—Garatti et Musetti. Madame ALICE MANGOLD, Solo.

Part 2. Grand Concerto in E-flat for two Pianofortes, on the Bohemian March in Process. The Muses CATHERINE and HARRIET ENGLERER. Mendelssohn and M. Schreiner. Song, "Good Morning," Madlle. LEXAREY. Franz Alt. Solo, Pianoforte—Mademoiselle MIRA FARRAS. Wier's Song, "In sheltered vale." Mr. FARAS. Solo, Pianoforte. MISS HARRIET ENGLERER. Song, "Kukukuk." Madlle. LEXAREY. Franz Alt. Solo, Piano, "Jagdiel," Madame ALICE MANGOLD. Schumann.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Seventh Season.

1865.—FIRST ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, March 25th, at half-past 8. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Beethoven's symphony in C, Dramatic cantata, "The Bride of Duncraig," by Henry Smart (the first time in London). Mists, Ruedorfer, Messrs. Cummings and Weiss, and a professional chorus of 50 voices, under the direction of Mr. Symphon. Sebastian Bach's concerto in A minor, violin, and the recitative and arioso from Spohr's sixth concerto, violin, Herr Joachim; Beethoven's trio, "Tremate," and Auber's overture to "Les noces." The annual subscription (one guinea) for 1865 was due on the 1st of January, and should be paid forthwith to Crumey & Co., 201, Regent-street, to whom, or to the Honorary Secretary, immediate application should be made by those who desire to join the Society before the first concert. A limited number of area and balcony tickets at 10s. 6d., and gallery tickets at 2s. 6d., may be obtained by early application to CRUMEY & CO., and at St. James's Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

35, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS HELEN HOGARTH

(Mrs. R. C. Honey) begs to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, April 1st, to commence at a o'clock precisely. The following eminent artists will appear.—Vocalists.—Madama Parepa, Madlle. Liebhart, Madame rainton-D'Alby, Miss Poole, Madlle. Linas Mart-celle, Mrs. Locky, Madame Weiss, Miss Knile Soloway, Miss Florence de Courcy, Miss Grace Lizio, Miss Susan Pym, Mrs. Merest (Maria B. Haves), and Miss Louisa Pyne; Mr. Weiss, Mr. Pa ey, Mr. W. H. Cooper, Signor Chiatista, Mr. Twilway Colburn, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists.—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Godard; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Mr. Edward H-wall; harp, Herr Oberthor. Conductors.—Messrs. Lindsay Soper, Brinley Richards, Wilhelm Gass, Agular and Bonifert. During the concert, a duet for Harp and Pianoforte on airs from "Norma," will be played by Herr Oberthor and Mr. Agular; also, Mr. Lindsay Soper's quartet for four performers on two pianos, entitled Thomas & m. Lark's "5 & 5 (five to five)," will be played by Messrs. Lindsay Soper, Harriet Thomas, and Mad-mo Arabella Godard. Solo stalla, lib. ed.; recited, recited, 3s.; balcony, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. Honey, 10, Grosvenor-gate, Regent-street, or at Mr. Arcton's office, at the Hall; and of Messrs. CRUMEY & CO., 201, New Bond-street.

MISS ANNA HILES, of "Prima Donna of the Royal English Opera, Covent-garden," and Her Majesty's Theatre, begs respectfully to announce that all communications, concerning Oratorio or Concert engagements, may be addressed, 9, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, M.C.

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THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, SUBSCRIBERS, AND

the Public, are most respectfully informed that the Opera Season of 1865, will commence on Tuesday next, March 28th, on which occasion will be performed, Gounod's Opera (in five acts) entitled, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Mar-sherita, Madlle. Berini (her first appearance in England); Siebi, Madlle. Howard, (her first appearance in England); Marta, Madlle. Anese, Madlle. Signor Ardi, Valentin, Signor Grassini, Wagner, Signor Tagliacolo, and Fant, Signor Masio.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Subscription Night, next Thursday.

First Appearance of Signor WACHTEL.

Thursday next, March 29th, will be given a Subscription Night (in lieu of the usual Subscription Night), when will be performed, for the first time this Season, Verdi's Opera, in Four Acts, IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madlle. Frieri (her first appearance this Season); Ines, Madlle. Anese, Annesa, Madlle. Howard (her first appearance in that character); Il Conte di Luna, Signor Grassini, Fernando, Signor Tagliacolo, Ruiz, Signor Lucchesi, Un Zingaro, Signor Rossi, and Massimo, Signor Wachtel (his first appearance this Season).

The Opera commences at half-past eight. Fit Tickets 2s., Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., 1s., and 2s. Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, also Prospectuses with full particulars of the arrangements of the Season, may be obtained at the Box-office under the Portico of the Theatre, and at the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

MADLE. EMMY POGET, Court-singer to Her Royal

Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elvire of Signor Romani, she has the honour to announce that she will arrive in London on Friday next, April 1st.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCOTT & CO., 119, Regent-street, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce that she will give a

GRAND CONCERT, on Monday Evening, April 17th, 1865, at St. James's Hall, Regent-street and Piccadilly, on which occasion the following Eminent Artists will appear.—Vocalists, Madame Florence Lancelotti and Madame Salomon-Dolby. Miss Palmer, Madame Louisa Vinsler, Madame Weiss, Miss Salomon, Madlle. Liebhart, Madlle. Ercolani, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Louisa Fyne. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Cummings, Signor Chiatista, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Violin, Herr Strauss; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hall. Conductors, Messrs. Pissini, Frank Mori, Businell, and Bonadici. Solo Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. TENNANT, 5, Grosvenor-street, W.; at Mr. Arcton's Office at the Hall; and of Messrs. CRUMEY & CO., 201, New Bond-street.

A CONTRALTO, well-known in the Profession, is desirous of a SUNDAY ENGAGEMENT.—Address, B. B., care of Crumey & Co., (Limited) 201, Regent-street.

MADEMOISELLE LIEBHART will Sing Franz Abt's

CUCKOO SONG, and also his GOOD MORNING, at Madame Alice Mangold's Matinee, Beethoven Rooms, on the 27th inst.; and on the 4th of April at Miss Helen Hogarth's Evening Concert, St. James's Hall. Each 2s. 6d.

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MR. E. J. HOPKINS begs to inform his friends that he

has removed from No. 9, Havelock-street, to No. 14, ARGYLE SQUARE, KING'S CROSS, W.C.

MISS FREETH begs to announce her removal to 48, Burlington Road, St. Stephen's Square, Baywater.

MADLE. GEORGI AND MADLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI, having fulfilled their engagements at Barcelona and Madrid, will arrive in London March 27th. All communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DEAN & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 26A, Prince's Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADMOISELLE LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Mlle. Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Mlle. Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

M. R. SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce that he has returned from Paris.—20, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will sing Signor Randegger's new song "Beneath the blue transparent sky," (a song of Venice) at the City Hall, Glasgow, THIS Saturday evening, March 25th.

MISS EMILY SPENCER, Soprano. All communications to be addressed to 29, Westbourne Gardens, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she has returned from Osnaburg-street, and requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Pupils, be addressed to her, at her new residence, 60, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's Square, Baywater.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing (by particular request) "Aldelaide" (Bethoven) and "Thou art so near and yet so far," (Reichardt) at the City Hall, Glasgow, on April the 1st.

M. LLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "Peacefully slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, 8 & 80 Square.

MR. PATEY will sing, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at Madame Alice Mangold's Matinée, at the Bethoven Rooms, Monday, March 27th.

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Published this Day.

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY*.

*** He was a man rather under the ordinary stature and size, somewhat neglectful of his personal appearance, yet graceful in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with glossy black hair, curling in light locks; his forehead, as befitted the head which teemed with such a burden of thought and feeling, was high and arched; his features sharply cut but noble. His eyes were unexpectably expressive: when they glowed with indignation, or looked at you with estrangement, too much to bear; but, in his general friendly mood, indescribably charming; his nose, noble, and inclined to the Roman type; his mouth, firm, fine, in his serious moods more than dignified, authoritative, I might say, yet capable of the sweetest smile and the most winning expression. In this graceful, finely moulded form was hidden not only a royal spirit, but a most kindly heart. To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense. He knew and he loved the Bible as few do in our time: out of his familiarity with it grew his unshaken faith, and that profound spiritual-mindedness without which it would have been impossible for him to produce those deep-felt sacred compositions; and, besides this, the other principle of the genuine Christian life, love, was powerful in him. God had blessed him with a large measure of this world's goods; but he made a noble use of them. He carried the biblical injunction into effect, to "visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction;" and he knew that to feed the hungry and clothe the naked is a fast acceptable to the Lord. His threshold was always besieged by the needy of all sorts, but his kindness knew no bounds; and the delicacy and consideration with which he treated the recipients of his bounty largely increased the worth of his gifts, valuable as they were, even in a merely material sense. Since he died, deed upon deed has come to light, which I am not at liberty here to relate, out of courtesy to the receiver, out of consideration to the giver, which only shows how literally he fulfilled the Saviour's injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

But what is to be reckoned largely to his credit is, that, with his worldly advantages, he cherished such a love of work; that he was a man of such restless activity. Many successful workers of the German Muse have been the children of poverty, and, without the stimulus of necessity, would have always been unknown: in many a man of genius, the sad experience has been repeated, that, so soon as Fortune smiled, his genius has been soothed to easy slumbers; but Mendelssohn, born in the lap of luxury, never gave himself up to easy resignation to a life of contentment with worldly comforts; he used his wealth as a means of giving his talents the more exclusively to his art; he did not compose in order to live, but he lived in order to compose. I must grant that this impulse to labor was the law of his nature. To be idle was for him to die. Sometimes, while his pupils in the Conservatorium were engaged on their tasks, he would execute charming little landscapes with his pen, which he used to gather up and carry home. No little thing was able to disturb him when he composed. The place was indifferent. Sometimes, on his journeys, he would seat himself at a table as soon as he had reached an inn, and had established himself for a tarry, long or short, for dinner or for the night, "to write his notes," as he used to say. What he was to his wife and his children, despite this ceaseless activity, I need not try to tell. Enough to say, that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers. Whoever did not know him intimately, and perceive how careful he was to shield himself from over-excitement, and every kind of influence which should jar upon him, would hardly suspect that his heart was framed for friendship, and that he was a very approachable man. But the large number of his intimate correspondents; the openness with which he revealed himself to them; the hearty interest in their work and welfare; and especially the close bonds which bound him to his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipzig; the rich store of communications which his friends still hold,—declare the very opposite. Of course, a man like him could not open his nature to every one who approached: this was scarcely impossible. He was in much the same

position as Goethe, though with a far warmer and more communicative nature than he. But Mendelssohn carried to an almost morbid extent an unwillingness to allude to anything pertaining to himself. From principle, he almost never read what was written about himself; and he was very unwilling that anything, musical criticism excepted, should be published about him. The will of a living man must be law in such a matter as this: I trust that a desire to paint him worthily, now he has left us, would not offend his pure nature. Enthusiasm, such as greeted him so often, indeed so constantly, was not grateful to him; he had seen so much that was factitious, that he distrusted the real, excepting upon the fullest evidence that it was real. Discriminating praise, however, gratified him. That he was sometimes irritated, and out of tune, so to speak, as one may say of a musical artist; that he was occasionally subject to a temporary ill-humour,—no one who knew him well, will deny; but so finely strung a nature must be exceedingly sensitive; and one who carried in his mind such a burden of thoughts might well be pardoned for neglecting other men's talk sometimes, and giving full vent to himself. His whole education and training had been such as to fit him for the most polished society. In large gatherings he was, for the most part, very much reserved; especially where he did not think it worth while to make much effort; but, if he did once break the silence, word followed word, each weighty and comprehensive; his enunciation became very rapid; his countenance was all aflame; and, as his knowledge compassed all departments of learning, he wandered at his will over the whole domain of science and art. In circles of his nearest friends, where he felt entirely at home, and did not fear being misunderstood, he was often merry and free to the very last extent of unrestraint. Larger circles he used often to enliven with graceful contributions of his art; and the social gatherings of the Leipzig singers remember his presence with the greatest interest. Especially his four-part songs, both in the rehearsals and when they sang them at the table, gave to all the highest pleasure. At such times, Mendelssohn was the very picture of amiability, the personification of a lovely character.

A very beautiful feature in Mendelssohn was his treatment of other artists, particularly those whose direction differed widely from his own. That he should be to the kindest terms with such men as Moscheles, Rietz, and David, whose career ran in parallel course with his own, and who were, moreover, his personal friends, is not at all to be wondered at. Yet it would not seem surprising, if, with the singleness of his devotion to his profession, and the intense earnestness with which he approached music, with the exactness—and, perhaps I might say, the rigid severity—of his self-discipline, he had turned away somewhat coldly from those whose life's course did not coincide with his own. Yet this was very seldom the case. In his judgments on the efforts of artists personally unknown to him, he was very careful and considerate; yet the play of his features was an excellent barometer of his feelings. The vast numbers of virtuosos whose merit lies alone in their rapid execution, he bore with great patience. He did not refuse to acknowledge this kind of skill, while often pained to the soul at the ill-treatment which great masterpieces suffered at the hands of such interpreters. But, where soul and taste were associated with the mechanical talent, he was the first to express his satisfaction, and to speak words of approbation; and to such artists he was the kindest benefactor. Some examples may show this. In January 1840, Franz Liszt came to Leipzig, for the first time, to give concerts. By reason of the somewhat unenviable aspect of his agent's conduct, and the prominence which the latter gave to the preliminary business arrangements, together with some unwonted changes which he made in the Music Hall, the public judgment was arrayed against Liszt, even before he made his appearance. When he seated himself at the piano, he was at once not greeted with applause, but there were actually a few hisses heard. Liszt cast a defiant glance at the audience, and struck out into his finest style, fairly compelling the disaffected to forget their prejudice for the moment, and applaud. Still for this there was an unpleasant gulf between Liszt and the Leipzig musical public. The reconciliation was but momentary. In this emergency, what did Mendelssohn do? He gave Liszt a brilliant *soirée* in the hall of the Gewandhaus, to which he invited half the musical world of Leipzig; and provided not only a feast of melody fit for the gods, but a substantial banquet of earthly delicacies besides. It was a party on the grandest scale,

* [Leypoldt, of Philadelphia, has in press the "Life of Mendelssohn," by Lampadius, translated and edited by William Leonard Gate, from which we (*Dwight's Journal of Music*—Boston) are kindly permitted to make the following extract in advance of publication.]

and he and his wife played the parts of host and hostess in the most graceful and winning style. Madame Mendelssohn, clad in a simple white dress, moved up and down among her guests like a fair visitant from heaven. The music on that brilliant occasion was equal to the demands of the hour; and it may be said without exaggeration, that perhaps Liszt never heard finer in his life. At his desire, there were given the then new "C-major Symphony" by Schubert, the Forty-second Psalm, and some passages from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. At the close Mendelssohn played Bach's triple concerto with Liszt and Hiller. The manner with which the great Leipzig master comported himself towards the unwelcome stranger completely won over the musical public of the city; and when Liszt gave his next concert, he was received and dismissed with the greatest applause.

The next instance of Mendelssohn's magnanimity occurred in 1843. In February of that year, Hector Berlioz came from Weimar to Leipzig. He knew that his own direction diverged fundamentally from that of Mendelssohn, and feared that his reception by the latter would be rather cool. Chelard of Weimar encouraged him to write to Mendelssohn; Mendelssohn's answer was as follows:

"Dear Berlioz, I thank you heartily for your pleasant letter, and am rejoiced that you still remember our old friendship in Rome. I shall never forget it in my life, and shall be glad to talk it over with you. Everything that I can do to make your stay in Leipzig agreeable to you, I shall make equally my duty and my pleasure. I believe I can assure you that you will be happy here, and be quite satisfied both with artists and public." (Then follow some passages regarding the preliminary details of a concert.) "I charge you to come as soon as you can leave Weimar. I shall rejoice to give you my hand, and to bid you welcome to Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you used to do at Rome, but remain my friend, as you were then; and I shall always be your own,"

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Berlioz came to Leipzig during the rehearsals of the *Walpurgis Night*, which appeared to him a masterpiece. He reminded Mendelssohn of their residence^{at} at Rome, and their experience at the Baths of Caracalla (where Berlioz had made fun of Mendelssohn's belief in immortality, retribution after death, providence, &c.); and asked him to make him a present of his director's staff, which Mendelssohn willingly gave him, only on this condition, that Berlioz should give his in return. Although, with the repeated rehearsals of the *Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn was completely exhausted, yet he helped Berlioz to organize his own concert, and treated him, to use his own words, like a brother.

But one of the fairest honors which one great artist ever paid another was the brilliant *soirée* which Mendelssohn gave in honor of Spohr's visit to Leipzig, the 15th of June, 1846. Only selections from Spohr's music were given,—the overture to *Faust*, an air from *Jessonda*, the violin-concerto in E minor (played by Joachim), two songs with a clarinet accompaniment, and the "Consecration of the Tones." It must have been a rare pleasure to Spohr to have heard his works brought out in the perfection of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and under Mendelssohn's direction; and, to the public, it was a great delight to see these two eminent composers side by side. At the close, Spohr went into the orchestra; and, to manifest his pleasure at the manner in which his pieces had been brought out, he directed the last two movements of his symphony with all the old fire of youth.

MR. HERMAN STERNBERG.—A letter from Dordrecht, addressed to *Le Dagblad de la Haye*, says,—“We assisted yesterday at the concert of Mlle. Lina Sternberg, soprano, and M. Herman Sternberg, her brother, from Brussels. Mlle. Sternberg, and her sister Mlle. Anna Sternberg, are vocalists of indisputable talent. M. Herman Sternberg, pupil of the great violinist M. Viërtmans, plays the compositions of his master in a style that honors alike professor and scholar, and opens to this young aspirant (scarcely fifteen years of age) a brilliant career. M. Sternberg will this spring accompany M. Viërtmans to London and later in the summer go with him to Frankfurt.”

* One evening we were exploring together the Baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some animosity, I knew not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions in the ruins of a very hard statue. “Admire the divine justice,” said I, helping him to rise: “it is I who tripped, and it is you who fell!” This impiety, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed; and from that time, religious discussions were always avoided.”—*Berlioz's Musical Tour in Germany.*

LEISURE HOURS OF THE ART WORLD.

Mr. Arthur J. Lewis threw the doors of his hospitable mansion (Moray Lodge, Canyden Hill, Kensington) open a few evenings since for the second performance this season of the Moray Minstrel (a band of twenty-five artist-amateurs), who, under the direction of Mr. John Foster, have attained an excellence in part-singing that can scarcely be surpassed by any professional choir. The admirable way in which they sang several part-songs, a chorus from *Amigo* and a selection from Gounod's mass in G, was a strong evidence of their musical intelligence, their endeavor to approach perfection and the admirable drilling of their conductor. Three or four hours passed among painters who love music, musicians who love painting, and amateurs who appreciate both art and artists, could scarcely have been more agreeably spent.

Mr. Lewis has a charming residence filled with beautiful works of art, including pictures by some of the most eminent painters of the day, and of the modern school. His walls are adorned with specimens of the genius of Millais, Egg, Leech, &c. &c., and his liberal hospitality in making his home one of the most agreeable resorts of those who profess, and those who, as admirers, by the refinement of their taste, adorn and elevate the fine arts, is worthy of record.

The suite of rooms, consisting of six, in which the entertainment is given, includes a very large and lofty ballroom, where the music is performed. The invitation card has a characteristic curiosity in its way; it is a clever design, with the Moray Minstrels in the background, admirably sketched from life, and good rough likenesses of them. On each side of the choir is a female figure supporting a drawn curtain; one pointing to the minstrels, and the other holding a larrel of oysters, with an air of invitation to their consumption. Under the one figure is “Music 8.30,” under the other “Oysters 11.” In the middle of the card is an intimation that Mr. Arthur J. Lewis will be at home on the last Saturdays in January, February, March, and April.

In addition to the vocal music already mentioned, the Bach Meditation of Gounod for Piano, Clarinet and Harp, was admirably played by Messrs. Calcott, Lazarus and Nicholson. After supper Messrs. Harold Power and Du Maurier gave M. Offenbach's charming *Rouffe* scene “Les Deux Aveugles,” in the original language, which was so well done, both vocally and historically, that it called forth roars of laughter and applause.

Everybody on these occasions smokes that likes, or can; those that cannot, perhaps, with a wild sense of semi-suffocation when the odour of talacco becomes too much for them, and they are awaiting the periodical window opening for a fresh supply of pure air. Dress is not a matter, consequently velvet coats and other varieties of morning costume, are prevalent, with a sprinkling of dress coats and white cravats, here and there. It is scarcely needful to add, that as smoking is one of the features of the entertainment, no ladies are present.

Among the guests were Messrs. Phillip, Millais, Stanfield, Frith, O'Neil, Elmore, Andell, Fein, Creswick, Holland, C. Kene, Trenchard, Talford, Tristram, Colridge, Hughes (Tom Brown), Edmund Yates, Professor Andell, Henry Leslie, Sothern, Brinley Richards, H. Goodman, Sullivan, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Bury, Lord Houghton, Sir Joseph Paxton, and 150 others representing painting, sculpture, literature, music, and rank not artistic.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mr. Boucicault's new drama, *Arach-Go-Frogue*, was produced on Wednesday night with extraordinary success, attributable to the intrinsic interest of the story, the excellence of the acting, and the singular beauty of the scenery. We reserve a more detailed notice for some future occasion.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. E. de Paris' third quarter concert, on Tuesday evening, attracted a large audience to the Royal Pavilion, thus confirming the doctrine that perseverance in a good cause is sure to meet with its reward. The opening piece was Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 19, for pianoforte with stringed instruments (originally written as a quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments), the executants being M. de Paris, Pollitzer, Goodman and Nibbs. This was followed by Mr. Benedict's song, “The Colleen Bawn,” by Mr. Montgomery, and a string quartet by Haydn (M.M. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodman and Nibbs). Miss Stalbach then gave “The Marmad's Song” (Glen), and “Where the bee sucks;” after which M. de Paris and Herr Pollitzer played the *andante con variazioni* from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 47 (the “Krüster”). The duet, “Cruidel perche,” which followed, was so well sung by Miss Stalbach and Mr. Montgomery that the audience insisted on its repetition. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's *Two in C minor*, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, played in a most spirited manner by M. de Paris, Pollitzer and Nibbs. The audience dispersed, delighted with all they had heard.

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTTEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 158.)

Fortunately, the critical editor of Beethoven finds himself placed in a comparatively favorable position for the execution of his task. The master belongs to a time, with the events and circumstances, the thoughts and sentiments, the artistic conception and execution of which, in all essential points, we have not to render ourselves acquainted by laborious investigation; to a time of which the aspect and comprehension are at once clear, and only now and then, in isolated cases, require the aid of more particular knowledge. The composer himself, moreover, is no strange personage, whom we are compelled to bring near us by means of any artificial apparatus. He is present to us; we live with him, nay, he even rules us, and, if anything is still wanting to our comprehension of him, it is not because he belongs to a past which must be revived, but that he has outstripped even the generation coming after him, a generation which still looks up with reverence to him as he stands above it. So many and such important works, of various descriptions and stages of development, do we possess of his, that, by searching study, we are able to form so decided and sharply defined an idea of his artistic individuality, as regards his natural tastes and his education, as well as of the mental conception and technical facture of his compositions, that we thereby obtain sure guides for the formation of a critical decision. Finally, the editions of his works which have been handed down to us, though unequal, as well as, here and there, uncertain and defective, afford, on the whole, so sufficient a foundation for the critical restoration of what he wrote, that a satisfactory result may be achieved by their means. Nevertheless, in the exercise of criticism, even under these favorable circumstances, all the difficulties, questions, and doubts, which can present themselves to no one but a philosophical critic, have to be taken into consideration, and, in this instance, as in all others, can be solved by a genuinely philological method alone.

As is well known, Beethoven wrote a very illegible hand. Not to speak of sketches and plans, which are naturally privileged to be scarcely decipherable, even in the ill-shaped and crabbed characters of the clean copies which he made of his compositions, we fancy we perceive impatience and annoyance at ideas and thoughts having to be fixed by the aid of written signs. In addition to this is the fact that Beethoven, even when he had completely noted down a composition—which, as a rule, he did very rapidly, after working for a long time at the separate parts—was accustomed to make alterations, which were not written in a very neat hand. The result is that his manuscripts generally produce a discouraging impression at first sight, and do not appear very promising to any one seeking information from them. But when a person has made himself acquainted with the peculiar strokes and the general style of the hand, and become accustomed to the latter, he feels convinced that, despite the apparent carelessness, the writer took pains to render plainly whatever was important for the comprehension of the whole, and that he wrote with attention and care. If the reader, who, of course, must appreciate the value of the interest at stake, does not shrink from the labour of deciphering, he will, as a rule, be sure to find out what Beethoven intended. It is, therefore, of great importance, to consult, in the last instance, the original manuscripts. Scarcely one of them can be thus consulted without its enabling us to correct faults, some of which afterwards escaped the notice even of the composer himself, when correcting the proofs for the press.

At first, when Beethoven was somewhat more careful in his writing, he may have made clean copies himself for the press, and this may partly explain why we possess, comparatively speaking, fewer original manuscripts of his earlier works, though there is hardly any doubt that in his younger days he took, as a rule, less care of such manuscripts than he afterwards did. Subsequently, however, he let the engraver have only copies, revised by himself. His copyists had no easy task with him. Even for an experienced copyist, his hand-writing was continually offering fresh

difficulties, and, in doubtful cases, to hit upon the right reading was, with Beethoven's peculiarities, even for a person who had enjoyed a musical education, a hazardous task. The work of revision, which he performed with the copyist, usually gave rise, therefore, to exceedingly animated scenes, and the copyist was obliged to hear, in joking and in serious language, very severe reproaches levelled at himself. Despite, however, of the most violent impatience, Beethoven was excessively particular about these corrections, and all the copies looked through by himself afford evidence of the conscientious care he took to render them correct and clear. It is, consequently, natural that, in these copies, a few errors and inaccuracies which escaped notice in the original should be corrected, although in the copies themselves some fresh mistakes have, now and then, crept in, and must be corrected by the aid of the originals, so that copies and originals mutually control each other, the decision in doubtful cases being left to the deliberate judgment of the critic.

Great importance may be possessed by parts employed at performances conducted by Beethoven. Everyone with any experience knows, it is true, that faults remarked at rehearsal are by no means always accurately corrected in the parts, but whenever there is a correction we may assume it was especially intended and ordered. In a controversy that has been much discussed, the parts corroborated certain facts, though their corroboration was scarcely needed. As we are all aware, in the year 1846, at Mendelssohn's instigation, a letter of Beethoven's of the 21st August, 1810, was made public. In that letter, Beethoven informs the publishers that in the parts just engraved of the C minor Symphony, there are two bars too many in the "Scherzo," and that they must be cancelled. The correction was not made. The two bars were transferred into the printed score, the parts, and all the arrangements, but, when the rectification appeared, Beethoven's own categorical statement, strange to say, was in opposition both to internal and external evidence. A glance at the original score—in the possession of Mendelssohn—proved plainly how the mistake had arisen. The person who wrote the copy intended for the printer, mistook an alteration of Beethoven's, while Beethoven overlooked the mistake when correcting the proofs. Besides this, the orchestral parts employed when the Symphony was first produced, as well as when it was, on several occasions, repeated, under Beethoven's direction, do not contain the two bars in question. There can, therefore, be no doubt that he did not want them. Of course they are not admitted into the new edition.

The music to *Egmont* is now published freed from the additions which disfigured it. In writing his interludes Beethoven's great object was so to connect the conclusion of one act with the commencement of the next, so as to lead us at once from the one to the other. Three of these interludes have not, therefore, a definite musical conclusion, but end, after the curtain has gone up, with a characteristic half-finish. The performance of the music, as Beethoven wanted it, presupposes, it is true, a very nicely calculated and careful mode of putting the piece upon the stage. In order to keep up the good old humdrum way of doing business, and, also, to render the interludes useful on other occasions, it was thought desirable that they should have additions definitely terminating them, and Beethoven—a rare thing for him—complied with "practical requirements," and agreed that the musical corrector in Leipzig should make such additions. These, according to the practice of the day, were printed with the rest, without the slightest explanation, and consequently passed for authentic, though they partially annihilated the original intentions of the composer. As a matter of course, they are entirely omitted in the new edition.

In this instance, all that was requisite was to refer to Beethoven's autograph manuscript, just as it was for a correction in the last Quartet (Op. 135), the circumstances connected with which are most extraordinary. In the last movement of this Quartet, two bars were omitted in the part of the first violin. As a matter of course, it could not fail to be observed, when the score was printed, that all the parts did not agree as a whole. The corrector, however, did not look for the fault where it really existed, but left the first violin part incorrect, and altered so much in other parts as to render the passage endurable, it is true, though more thoroughly vitiated than if the original error had remained untouched. A comparison with the autograph manuscript immediately showed

Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

what was the correct reading, and thus a passage which appeared exceedingly strange and suspicious, but which it would have been impossible to correct, because the real fault was hidden under a false emendation, has now, in its genuine form, become perfectly clear and intelligible.

That such a corrupted reading could be allowed to pass and should remain uncorrected is to be explained only by the fact that the Quartet was not published until after Beethoven's death. Beethoven, in fact, expended upon the correctness of the *printed sheets* as much care as he bestowed upon that of the written copies. As far as was possible, he himself superintended the correcting of his works for the press, and was extremely particular in this respect. In the correspondence with his publishers, the correction of the typographical errors, which were capable of exciting the most violent indignation in his mind, played a prominent part; he, moreover, informed them of faults discovered by him after the compositions were published, and urged them still to correct the same. He seldom succeeded, it is true, in having his wishes carried out, as is shown by the example of the C minor Symphony, and that of the Grand Mass, wherein, among other faults of which he complained in his correspondence, there is not the slightest mention of the *tenors* of the "Benedictus." Although, therefore, the editions published under Beethoven's own eye are not quite free from errors, they furnish an important addition to our authorities, nay, more, they may decide a point even in opposition to the autograph copy and the revised copy. This is proved by the one fact that the revision of the proofs was also a revision of the composition, because, under certain circumstances, it was in them alone that the composition could be finally corrected. A remarkable, and, in every respect, interesting instance of this, is furnished by the Violin Concerto (Op. 61). Beethoven had written the latter for the clever violinist, Clement, as is proved by the jocular title of the autograph copy:

"Concerto per clemanza pour Clement primo Violino e Direttore al teatro a Vienna dal L. v. Bthven, 1806."

Clement played the Concerto for the first time at his benefit-concert, on the 23rd December, 1806. Now the autograph copy of the score contains a *trifled* version of the solo part. In its regular place in the score that part is written as Beethoven originally conceived it. He possessed a sufficient technical knowledge of stringed instruments to be enabled to judge what would be practicable and effective in certain cases; but a thorough virtuoso brings to bear upon the relation between difficulties and effect, and upon the employment of special means for a special end, a standard of judgment obtained by varied practical experience, and, where his own playing is involved, doubts and wishes springing from his individual position as an artist. It is evident that, previously to the performance, Beethoven carefully went through and discussed with Clement the Concerto in its finished state; that Clement gave him his opinion as to what struck him as unsuitable—generally, or, at any rate, as far as his own playing went, and proposed certain alterations; and that it is to this we owe a new version of the solo part written in a separate line under the score, and invariably showing that the composer had in his mind the practical violinist, desirous of achieving the greatest effects with the utmost possible certainty, that is to say: by the easiest technical means best adapted to the nature of the instrument and his own mode of play. That Beethoven yielded so much to Clement is a fresh proof that he entertained a high opinion of him, and, as it was thus altered, the Concerto was probably performed. But, when it was on the eve of publication, Beethoven felt some scruples about approving all Clement's readings, and, therefore, wrote down, in a new line *over* the score a third version, which partly re-adopts the original ideas, and partly makes use of the second arrangement, but also introduces completely new alterations. Doubts might certainly be now entertained as to which version was the proper one, were it not that we possess the edition published under Beethoven's own supervision, and corrected by himself, and as this follows the version last mentioned, there can be no longer any doubts that this is the final form fixed upon as such by Beethoven, and that the others can lay claim to no more than an historical interest.

(To be Continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Beethoven's Choral Symphony is announced to be given at the first concert, on Wednesday evening, April 5th, under the direction of Professor Wylde.

THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

Mr. Tiziani, in that exalted style which he so frequently affects, exclaims in one of his novels: "Were it not for Music, we might almost say that in our day the Beautiful is dead." Some truth underlies the exaggeration. Men have utterly abandoned beauty both in their costume and in the exterior of their homes; and the feminine costumes and drawing-room appointments that still retain pretensions to rich effect are too much handed over to milliner's decrees and upholsterer's suggestions. But music has still, even in starchy, decorous England, its full sway over the human soul; the Sonata of Beethoven does not come out in evening dress, and one of Mozart's Symphonies can thrill us though its notes reach our ear floating above a sea of crinolines. Even at the Opera, where the whole atmosphere is artificial, where the situation is de-structive of mere realism—for what can at the first blush seem further apart from literal truth than the murderer and his victim singing the same duet?—the pathos and passion are still those of the human heart. The very way of music, and of the natural emotion expressed by it is shown in its capacity for making us forget the artificially inseparable from the operatic drama. Grief and Maim, in that magnificent scene in the *Ingénue* where love and death meet face to face, remained true to the strictest laws of art in every note they uttered, but the power that sent their voices thrilling alike to boxes, stalls, and pit, was truth to nature; was the appeal to the human hearts that beat throughout the house, each capable in some way or another of some such emotion—each sharing some such power of giving or receiving impetuous, daring love. For the connoisseur and the critic for the man who can with analytic skill dissect the sources of its expression, Music is of course a record of art, and the true writer fulfils his functions faithfully when he brings to the test of science every opera that is composed and every song that is sung. The architect can in the same way describe for us the materials, the proportions, and the principles that give grandeur to a Grecian temple or a Gothic church. The physiologist could also learn to discourse on "the coloring matter" of the lips that make Lelia's lover rave, or of the golden glow that simulates the sunshine in "Nearer's hair." But like the thousands who delight in architectural beauty, "pleased they know not why and rare not wherefore," or the many who love rosy lips without considering too curiously the sources of the hue, there are millions in England who cannot follow critics into their reasons for the faith that is in them, but yet who are thrilled at the glorious harmonies of Mozart, can listen in delight to the melody of Bellini, and rejoice in those rare quiet modulations and glows which English-composers have given us. To such a national feeling for music the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone appealed on Wednesday night, when they pleaded at once the cause of English music and the claims on national generosity of the Society of Musicians.

The Royal Duke who presided has a hereditary right to take the lead in such a cause. The House of Hanover has not been distinguished until the accession of the Queen for any love of the arts; and the reigning family have been always musical: George III. loved Handel, and all his children were friends to music and to its professors. And in this Royal liking our Sovereign has been true leader of the nation; for England is musical at heart. We cannot claim for it a rank as high as that which belongs to Germany through its great composers, nor is a popular knowledge of the art so widely spread as it is in the Fatherland. Italy, too, is beyond us—glorying in her old masters of the studio, and in her Bellini and Rossini of our own day; prouder still in the fact that even her very artisans can appreciate opera and detect the more delicate beauties of the dramatic lyre. But though not claiming the highest rank for our country or our people, it is still absurd to call us unmusical as a nation. The choral singing of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midland Counties has excited praise from the severest critics, and the crowds that now attend concerts of the best music in London and all our great towns show the wonderful advances that have been made. Forty years ago the very people who now appreciate music of the best kind, were listening—the men to moderate "fact" songs, the women to silly drawing-room ditties, the posing fashion of the time. Nowadays the lover of music can pay a shilling and have the very best compositions that the gifted minds of the world have produced rendered with spirit and fidelity by our best instrumentalists, or listen to the noblest songs that the masters of the lyric art have given us interpreted by the voices of our ablest singers. For hundreds who cared for such music and singing fifty years ago there are thousands now; for one piece of music then printed there are hundreds distributed throughout the country at the present day; and the musical instruments that were once signs of luxury in rich homes have become familiar possessions of even very humble members of the middle class. We are happy to have Mr. Gladstone's testimony to this truth, that England does appreciate music; and, if properly directed, she would we believe, value it more and more. We there-

fore certainly owe something to the professors of the art; and a society like that which dined at Freemason's Hall on Wednesday, and which assisted old and poor musicians, deserves more than professional support. For there is a very touching contrast between music so essentially associated with all that is bright and festive, and the grim poverty that waits like a wolf at the door on the disabled man who a few years before delighted assembled thousands by the exercise of his power. To no art have poets attributed more magic influence; but its old Orphean genius for moving trees is not so valued now as a capacity for coaxing leaves out of cheque-books; and, though "iron tears down Pluto's cheek" were not to be despised as signs of the recovery of a man's wife, yet in the daily contact between music and gold are found more useful towards supporting a musician's widow.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a most eloquent speech at the meeting. But were he not a practised statesman, accustomed to the atmosphere of the House of Commons, we should express surprise that he could speak without an official blush—if there be such a thing—stealing over his intellectual countenance. We are a great people, and we do not deny our obligations to Literature and Art. We give pensions to literary men; we vote large sums of money to the British Museum and the National Gallery, and other institutions of the kind; we have subsidised Schools of Design; but what do we give to Music? Exactly £500 a year! Now, why should one branch of the world of art be treated with such contempt? Why should Music be the Cinderella at our national herald? True, like the CENERENTOLA of old, there comes to her the fairy levitation, and Music goes forth from her humble home in fancy garb to delight the highest of the land; but the hour strikes when the voice that has charmed can please no more, and the magic fingers are stiff with age; and the nation leaves to survive those whose songs have for years soothed and tutored the people's heart. We vote nearly a million for what we call the "education" of the people—is not music a proper part of the popular education? Would it not make the masses better, nobler, purer in aspiration, loftier in feeling, if their knowledge and love and practice were more widely spread? There is hardly a ray of the daily life of the community into which it could not come with happy effect. Every village congregation taught to sing the songs of God, and to lift up in true harmony their voices and their hearts, have made as large a step towards elevation and refinement as by any amount of attendance at Institutes or Clubs. Every advance of musical knowledge would bring rich men and those of humbler means more closely together; for common love of art breaks down the barriers of class and caste. Above all, we should trust to its ready influence on the masses of the people. Proper appreciation of good painting and high literature requires previous training; and, at first sight, the ordinary working man does but care either for a great book or a fine picture. But though music has its scientific delight for the artist who can analyse it, and its delicate beauties for the keen connoisseur, it has also, unlike painting and poetry, sensuous characteristics that appeal on the instant even to the rudest man. It has a beauty that "falls on the ear like snow in the sea, and melts in the heart as instantly." It is thus most fitted to be an elementary, and yet a most important part of our popular education; and it is a national disgrace that, while we subsidise other branches of art, and pay largely for forcing reading, writing, and arithmetic into village boys, we give nothing beyond a paltry £500 a year to encourage a branch of art that might become for our whole people a widespread means of education and delight.

MOLLE, ILMA DE MURSKA AT VIENNA, February 11.—Madlle. von Murska has now added to the characters already performed by her, at our Imperial Opera House, that of the Queen of Night in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and reaped a large harvest of appreciative approbation. Her performance was earnest and noble, in harmony with the ideal spirit of the music, and in every detail her object was to raise herself to the level of her task. In no instance did we hear an uncertain and puffed-out, or tremulous tone; nor, generally, a single specimen of those vulgar, clumsy tricks, which are so frequently practised by fair singers at all used to the life of the cosseted, and which have gradually become naturalised as substitutes for, or exaggerations of, the expression of genuine feeling. Madlle. von Murska has under her command an organ of extensive compass, rich and full, and capable of the most varied local feats. Even where Mozart had let loose all the powers of his orchestra, the voice of Madlle. von Murska rose a head higher than the raging flood of sound. Our Opera appears at length to have found in this young lady an artist who is fully capable of satisfying the most exaggerated demands in this particular, and who, certain beforehand that victory can hold her ground against the most equipped orchestra, the most modern score. At Queen of Night she met with a most brilliant reception from the public; nearly every separate phrase, and especially the two airs, was followed by a thundering burst of applause.—*Vienna Zeitung*.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT DUNDEE *

We happened to be present at the pianoforte recital given by this accomplished lady in Dundee last Friday evening. It would be difficult to convey, even to musical readers, an adequate idea of the matchless power which Madame Arabella Goddard possesses over her instrument. Without the aid of musical notes to illustrate our meaning, it would be utterly impossible to describe to those who have never listened to her performances the peculiar beauties of her style of playing. These are as original as they are refined. She is no servile imitator of any "master." The programme of Friday consisted but of six pieces, but each of these was in itself a study. We can compare a "Recital" by such an artist as Madame Goddard to nothing more appropriately than an exhibition either of painting or statuary by the best masters. Each piece or rather each movement of each piece, was like each separate painting in a gallery, a subject for study and contemplation. The effects she produces are such as are almost inconceivable by mere ordinary players. Delicacy of touch, producing every shade of tone from the lightest *pianissimo* to the most brilliant *forte*, faultless execution, the utmost refinement of expression and feeling, with a thoroughly intellectual appreciation and interpretation of the profound compositions she has done so much to render like household words to the people of this country, are her chief characteristics.

Madame Goddard commenced with Weill's *Ma Plus Ultra sonata*, one of those forgotten compositions which, among many others, she has revived of late years and adorned with a new interest. Next followed one of Sebastian Bach's inviolable preludes and fugues (No. 3 of Book 1). This was a delicious performance, well pleasing to the instructed ear. The "subject" of the fugue at each recurrence was never lost sight of, so that even a composition of this sort—usually esteemed by young ladies as a mere dry and unmeaning exercise—was, under Madame Goddard's manipulation, not only a highly interesting but a perfectly intelligible and agreeable performance. It served, moreover, to show the wonderful versatility of Madame Goddard as a performer—the proper conception and rendering of a classical tune being, in our opinion, the best test of a true artist. Without rising, Madame Goddard proceeded to play Handel's *Suite de Pièces*, No. 5, a delightful composition, which she gave with a taste that seems infallible. The second part commenced with Beethoven's grand sonata in G, No. 1, Op. 31. This was the masterpiece of the evening. The sonata opened with a brilliant *adagio*, every variety of style, whether tender, lively, or humorous, she depicted with unflinching accuracy. A long *adagio*, a difficult and intricate movement, requiring the highest development both of mechanical and intellectual skill, follows, and we need not say that its execution was in all respects perfect, and elicited the hearty and unfeigned applause of the audience. The sonata concludes with a very beautiful and expressive *rondo*, which was equally well sustained from beginning to end. The next piece was Beethoven's delightful *fantasy* on "Where the Bee sucks," which so charmed the audience that Madame Goddard was vociferously recalled, when she played, with a good nature that contrasted more than favourably with some artists who, like Shylock, appear almost resolved to insist on the strict letter of their bond—in other words, on no account to depart from the programme—Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." It would be ludicrous to draw any comparison between that great master and Madame Goddard—both are great in their several walks. The recital terminated with Mozart's sonata (in A, No. 2)—an *andante* with variations, followed by a minute and no "Tutti." Every player of any capacity knows this sonata, and those who do not should make themselves acquainted with it without loss of time.

We would only add that the public of Dundee and its neighbourhood ought to feel highly indebted to Mr. Simpson for giving them an opportunity of listening for an hour and a-half to one of the most accomplished performers that the world ever saw, or, for that matter, probably ever will see.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The third conversation of this society was held at the Dundee Gallery, previously, on Thursday evening last, when an unusually large number of members and friends were present. An excellent concert, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, was provided; the first part of the programme evinced a desire to improve this portion of the society's proceedings, including as it did a selection from *Act and Galley*, by Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. G. H. Carter, and Mr. F. Bailey, besides other pieces of sterling merit by Miss Palmer, Miss Lindo, Madame Gordon, Madame Andrea, Mr. Walworth, Mr. H. G. Sanders, and others. The last named gentleman possesses a very fine and rare violin, and his playing was greatly appreciated. An excellent Scotch Air, "The ploughman," as sung by Miss De-la-Way, was warmly received. The evening appeared to give the greatest satisfaction.

* From the *Montrose Standard and Argus* and *Meane Register*, March 17.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH CONCERT,

(FOURTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),

Monday Evening, March 27, 1865.

MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.

PART I.

GRAND OTTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (by general desire)—**MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, WIDMANN, WATSON, H. W. HARRIS, PAGGI, and PIATTI**. *Mendelssohn.*
PART-SONG, "All those whom Providence"—**THE ORPHEUS GLEE UNION**. *Mendelssohn.*
CAPRICE, in F sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone—**Mrs. ARABELLA GODDARD**. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—**Mrs. ARABELLA GODDARD, HERR JOACHIM, and ELEANOR PIATTI**. *Mendelssohn.*
PART-SONG, "Slumber, dearest"—**THE ORPHEUS GLEE UNION**. *Mendelssohn.*
GRAND QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—(The first piece performed at the first Monday Popular Concert, Feb. 14, 1860)—**MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, H. WASS, HARRIS, and PIATTI**. *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR, - - - **MR. BENEDICT.**

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Box Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 80 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s. (transferable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, enrolling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two soft stalls for 10 concerts.

THIRD MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—**MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, H. WASS, and PIATTI**. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Sleep, thou infant angel"—**Mrs. BAKER**. *Glinka.*
SONATA, in D major (No. 21 of Halle's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—**MR. CHARLES HALLS**. *Mozart.*

PART II.

SONGS, "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, hark, the lark"—**Mrs. BAKER**. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Violin—**MR. CHARLES HALLS and JOACHIM**. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR, - - - **MR. BENEDICT.**

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE filz du Roy
de Florençe de Marcebo et de la Belle Grece, Site de Brulius, Empereur
de Constantinople, by HENRI MAUGIS, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perit copy
of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price).
Acquire of DUNCAN HAYSON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author
of "The Philosophy of Music." Those who may desire to become SUBSCRIBERS
to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at
67, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names
already received:—William Chappell, F.R.S., Augustus Sargant, Esq., John
Bacon, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 4s.: after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL
LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 Regent Street, corner
of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received
as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Pay-
ment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded
to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance,
except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—There is in reality no such thing as translation with respect
to literature properly so called. You may convey the meaning
of a legal or official document with exactitude, out of one language
into another, or the precise terms of a scientific or philosophic
treatise may be set forth in expressions conveying identically the
same sense. But in a literary production there are shades of delicate
intention produced by the choice of one word rather than another;
there is a more abundant reliance on the idiom and inner spirit of
the language in which the author addresses his readers; and so
much of that precise effect which depends on the atmosphere of
association, so to speak, belonging to words and idioms must be lost
in any process of translation. The question is, what is a translator
to do with difficulties and niceties of this kind? Is he invariably
to endeavour to find the nearest equivalent in his own language,
and to make the work, of a Frenchman say, read exactly like the
work of an Englishman? or is he to preserve a middle course between
literalness that must produce too foreign and uncouth an
effect on the mind, marring the artistic purpose of the original
author, and a total transmutation of foreign metal into English,
which makes the translator joint author, rather than faithful inter-
preter? The Horatian middle course will undoubtedly appear the
safest and wisest in this, as in all else. Where the exact sense can
be rendered by an equivalent expression, though departing from
verbal conformity with the original, by all means let it be used;
in the rest let the foreign author's meaning be literally rendered,
as smooth and current English as may be obtained. The trans-
lator of the *Médecin* has pursued this course, giving an exact Eng-
lish equivalent idiom where it was to be done, respecting verbal
fidelity to the text where not, and preserving intact throughout his
allegiance to the English *norma loquendi*. Blank verse, the adop-
tion of which has provoked question from his critics, leads him in
but very few instances to add a word; and when so, there results
no noticeable redundancy, the addition being for the most part some
natural expletive of common conversational currency. Had not
the lines been marked in the printing—the verse form might have
escaped notice. No one who has not tried can realize the difficulty
of finding words for such music as M. Gounod's, the rhythm of
which takes on occasionally such capricious modifications. French
has no accent, and a French word supports the musical stress any-
where; a word on the other hand in English, which suits one place
in the music, will in its subsequent change, or development, have
to sustain a stress on a syllable, which offends the ear. It must
either be changed, or the whole phrase remodelled. The wonder
is if the canons of good English are not violated, much more if
there is the least tincture of poetry preserved. Mr. Kenney is
always idiomatic and straightforward, rendering the sense attached
to the music in the original precisely—having the right word to
express the right feeling which resides in the accompanying tones;
and the general effect is neat, flowing, and readable—sometimes
even rising to poetical color and cadence. His fidelity to the text
is so conscientious, withal, that even the rhymes are precisely in
the same place and as frequently repeated as in the French. That
all this care has not been thrown away, resulting only in satisfaction
to the conscience of the writer, but producing no real outward
advantage, the effect shows. A more thoroughly satisfactory per-
formance could not be—the singers feeling a greater responsibility
in consequence of the very care which they observe has been taken
by the author; and an earnest, painstaking, spirited whole comes
out.

OTTO BEARD.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I believe it is well known that Handel regularly accompanied at the *Cembalo* the recitatives and songs of his composition. A very charming song, "*Pena tiranna, io sento al core*," has just come into my possession from an authentic source, as the composition of Handel. It is in score, in D minor, with an *obbligato* fagotto and oboe, and viol, viola and bass, Imo. 2nd and 3rd. The first movement is marked *Largo e Staccato senza Cembalo*, and the second part of the song is marked *con Cembalo*. Should the title of the song be unknown to your numerous readers as Handel's composition, or should any one know anything as to where it may be met with—I do not find it in any of his operas. 32 of which, in score, are in my possession—I shall esteem as a favor any information given respecting this beautiful contralto song. Your kind insertion of this letter may assist my enquiry, and oblige yours,

AN HANDELIAN.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

TO DION BOUCAULT, ESQ.

MY DEAR BOUCAULT,—I must take the liberty of calling your friend Shaun—the post to task for certain mispronunciations he indulged in on Wednesday night, which, proceeding from the mouth of a county Wicklow carman, came with any thing but true native propriety. Why, for instance, did Shaun say "slape" instead of "sleep," "kape" instead of "keep," "swate" instead of "sweet," and make other like substitutions? Your *Merus Hibernicus* never twists his tongue in this manner; neither should friend Shaun, who is as indigenuous as a potatoe and should smack of the soil only. As a rule the lower Irish never make two e's when they meet together sound broad; but almost invariably give *ea* the broad open sound. Thus they say—"Poor soul, she was as *weak* (weak) as wather all the *week*," pronouncing "week" narrow as possible, almost like "wick" indeed. So, too, they say—"Spake me that *speck*," following the same rule, as well as "meet me with the *mate* (meat)," "stale (steal) that lump of steel." I never heard a true Faddy say "chake" for cheek, "pape" for "peep" (fancy how "pape-o'-day boy" would sound?), "staipe" for "steep," or "paipe" for "people." And indeed in my Trin. Col. Dub. days, when George the Fourth was King, I remember an Englishman who was playing an Irish part at the Theatre Royal being roared at by the gods because he said he was "going to ride a *staipe*-chase." Moreover, I never heard Power, the Power, Tyrone Power, make a mistake of the kind, nor, for the matter of that, my respected compatriot John Brougham, to whom I refer Shaun-the-post. I am sure Shaun won't be angry with me—he is too much a brother of a boy—for tendering him a hint about the pure Leinster vernacular, and I can assure that hearty *bouchal* that I know something of the matter. I am sorry to tell him so, but really Shaun's semi-Saxon mode of pronouncing certain words on Wednesday night made my ears tingle and feel hot. I hope in future he won't lose sight of the fact that one may meet (not *mate*) the sweetest (not *swatest*) and most perfect brogue in Ireland echoing its sounds on the breezes (not *brases*) that sport and make music adown the slopes of the Wicklow mountains.

If Shaun would like to know what is my impression of the new play, you can tell him from me that I look upon it as a bouilly which might emphatically be denominated "JUSTICE TO IRLAND."

My dear Boucault, Yours very playfully, RIPPINGTON PIPE.

Friday, March 24.

THE copyright of Professor Bennett's May Queen produced at Messrs. Cock and Hutchinson's recent sale the sum of 549s. 8s. 6d.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

My pen must play the dullard this week, I fear, as far as news is concerned, and perhaps the best thing I could do would be, having nothing to say, to be silent altogether. I have little to add to what I told you in my last about the *Africaine*. The whole of the music, except the fifth act, has been gone through carefully, even laboriously, with band and chorus, and M. St. Léon, entrusted by the executors of Meyerbeer, has composed the dances—which, of course, I need not tell you, does not mean composed the music of the dances. The first performance of the *Africaine* is confidently anticipated about the 21st of next month. A flourish of trumpets has preceded the advent of a new Feudala in *La Muette*, who is expected in a few days at the Opera. Mdlle. Mirianda Nothas (is she Irish?) comes from the Burg-Theater at Vienna, and rumour proclaims her a "niece" of the first quality. Some special representations of the *Muette* will be given for Mdlle. Nothas's debut.

Mdlle. Adeline Patti appears to have created an extraordinary sensation in Lille. A private letter informs me that she gave two performances there—the *Barbier* and *Lucia*—and that each provoked an unheard of furor. At the latter performance, indeed, nothing would satisfy the audience, after the *dica* of the entertainment had been called forward some dozen times, but to summon M. Maurice Strakosch, Mdlle. Patti's instructor and brother-in-law, who after a long delay, was literally dragged on by the manager, and received with deafening acclamations. An immense crowd followed Mdlle. Patti home after the performance, and a serenade on a grand scale was improvised, in which the band of the theatre was joined by the Orpheons. Well might my informant say that the proceedings were quite unparalleled in Lille.

The information contained in some of the musical papers here is startling. The *Gazette Musicale* of last Sunday has the following bit of intelligence:—"The celebrated *impresario* Ullmann has terminated his series of concerts; Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has returned to Milan to take some repose previous to placing herself at the disposition of Mr. Gye on the 1st of May for *Mellon's Concerts*."

As everything which concerns the late Duke de Morny has more or less interest attached to it, I send you a list of the various pieces, dramatic and lyric, which he wrote. They are as follows:—*M. Chausser* *restera chez Lini*, opera; *Le Mari Sans le Savoir*, opera; *Les Bons Conseils*, comedy; *Il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu*, *un peu de feu*, *proverbe*; *La Manie des proverbes*, *proverbe*, after M. Theodore Leclercq; *Les Fineses du Mari*, comedy; *La Succession Bonnet*, vaudeville; and *Sur la Grand route*, *proverbe*. Two new pieces by the Duke de Morny were to have been given this season—*Le Comice Agricole*, (words and music by the Duke), and the comedy in one act which he had read lately to the artistes of the Theatre Français, and the action of which is placed in the Reign of Terror.

At the last concert of the Society of the Conservatoire, given on Sunday, the following was the programme:—Overture, *Pardon de Phœmil*—Meyerbeer; Chœur de Nymphes de *Psyché*—Ambroise Thomas; Fragments from Septuor—Beethoven; Chorus and air from the *Siege of Corinth*—Rossini; Symphony in D—Mozart; Finale to Oratorio, *The Creation*—Haydn.

The programme of the Fifth Popular Concert of Classical Music I subjoin as usual:—Sinfonia Eroica—Beethoven; Andante—Haydn; "Adelaide" (*transcrit pour le contrabasse*)—Bottisini; Polonaise de *Struensee* (*la Bel et l'Arrestation*)—Meyerbeer; Fantaisie pour le contrabasse—Bottisini; Overture, *Euryanthe*—Weber.

Signor Bottisini played the two contrabasse solos with prodigious effect.

Paris, March 22.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The following is the programme of Mr. Aguilar's fourth performance of piano-forte music:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; Funeral March, Chopin; Polacca Brillante, Weber; Evening and Last Look, 2 romances, Aguilar; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, Beethoven; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on "Lucia," Aguilar; Sarabande and Courante, J. S. Bach; Grief and Consolation, and Le Chant des Moissonneurs, Alfred Holmes; Serenade, Aguilar. The rooms as usual were crowded.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The last performance of the season took place on Saturday night. The house was thronged in every part. The opera was the *Rock Doctor*, which has kept its place in the bills since the night of its first representation. Scidion has a French play looked more naturally in an English dress. Much of this is due to the very skilful manner in which the adaptor, Mr. C. L. Kenney, has done his work; much to the close fidelity with which the plan and details of a great comic masterpiece have been followed out during the process of metamorphosing it into a lyric drama; but, perhaps, most of all to the vigour, freshness, and exquisite humour of the music. It is a great thing to say, but not the less a truth—that M. Gounod has given renewed life and popularity to one of the most genial creations of Molière. That *La Médecin malgré lui* would always have been heard of at periodical intervals, is certain; such a work could hardly under any circumstances pass into absolute oblivion; but that its characters and incidents should have once more become familiar to the play-going world of Europe is unquestionably due to the genius of the present worthiest representative of musical France.

The performance on Saturday was more than usually good. The overture, finely executed, was much applauded; the quiet address of Dominique to his consolatory bottle ("Soft and low"), sung with genuine gusto by Mr. H. Corri, was encored; and the same compliment was awarded to the finales of Act I and Act 2, and to the song of Jacqueline ("Go wander"), which Madame Fanny Huddart got well with her accustomed power. After the opera, and when the principal singers had been summoned, the National Anthem was sung—the first verse in solo by Madlle. Mariorelle, the second in duet by Messrs. Weiss and Perrin, the last in solo by Madlle. Pareja. There was then a loud call for the able and zealous conductor of the orchestra—Mr. Alfred Mellon—who on appearing received the tribute of applause most justly his due.

That the first season of the "English Opera Company Limited," should have been one of checkered fortune, is not at all surprising. Rome was not built in a day; nor can a national musical theatre be firmly established in a year. Amid all its vicissitudes, however, there has only been one prevalent opinion as to the manner in which the new enterprise has been conducted. The best talent available was secured; the operas, whether native compositions or adaptations of foreign works, were placed upon the stage with the utmost care and completeness, and everything was tried to merit if not invariably to insure success. It must be borne in mind that what is most naturally expected from an undertaking styling itself "Royal English Opera" is the production of original operas by English composers; and when we remember that two grand operas by English composers of acknowledged fame (Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn* and Mr. J. L. Hutton's *Love's Ransom*), which, operated by Mr. Frank Morris—not to forget Mr. Benedict's *Bride of Song*, which had never been heard previously, except in a concert-room—were successively brought out, the management can hardly be charged with want of enterprise in the right direction. If all these were not quite pecuniary successes, it was rather the mishap than the fault of the new company; and if their occasional ill-luck was in a great measure retrieved by the extraordinary success of the Christmas pantomime, no one can grudge them this particular stroke of fortune. With, on the whole, an efficient working company, they have further introduced two new singers likely to make for themselves a name—Mr. Charles Adams, who appeared at the beginning of the season in *Manuel*, and Mademoiselle Mariorelle, who, both as Amina, in the *Sonambula*, and Leonora, in the *Troatore*, won marked distinction. Credit, then, should be awarded to them for what they have already done, which is more than enough to deserve the confidence of the musical public and to warrant a belief that they intend acting up to their other professions.

NEW YORK.—To judge by the houses hither-to, M. Maretzek's Italian operatic season bids fair to be a highly successful one, despite the war, or rather on account of the war, for, of course, "Shoddy" has lots of money and must have its stalls and its boxes. Its example is scrupulously imitated by its rival "Oll." Among the operas first given were *Il Troatore*, *Fanci*, *Norma*, *La Traviata*, and *Ernani*. Signor Verdi's last production, *La Forza del Destino*, is promised. Signora Caruzi-Zucchi produced a most favorable impression as Norma.

MADLLE. STERNBERG.—The *Pretreux* of Antwerp, in a notice of a *matinée musicale* given by the *Société Royale de l'Harmonie*, says of this young vocalist:—"Madlle. Sternberg, already highly appreciated in Brussels, sung the grand air from the *Barbier de Sévillia* and two lighter compositions by Gordiniani. Madlle. Sternberg possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable freshness of lovely quality, and of extensive compass; its flexibility is also remarkable. Madlle. Sternberg is in truth a genuine vocalist, who may rely upon her talent to secure her a high position in her art."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Although the programme of the first concert (53d season) contained no new feature, it was in every respect good, as the following will show:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, Letter I.	Haydn.
Aria, Mr. Senwick ("Faust")	Sp-br.
Concerto, Violin (No. 9), Herr Ludwig Straus	Sp-br.
Sema, Madlle Liza Pyne ("Lore's Triumph")	Sp-br.
Overture, "Beethoven der Götter"	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4)	Beethoven.
Air, Miss Louisa Pyne ("Domino Noir")	Auber.
Overture, "L'Alcade de la Vega"	Oswald.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Scidion has more variety been compressed within such narrow limits. The symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven have absolutely nothing in common but a certain cheerfulness of character which with Haydn's music is a rule and with Beethoven's an exception. Perhaps in no long work by the epic poet of the orchestra are there so many traits of humour—coarsely, in short, of animal spirits, surprises not less playful and charming than they are wholly unanticipated—as in the symphony No. 4. But how different the mirth of Beethoven from that of Haydn! The "Father of the Symphony," as he is styled, and justly, has never an *arrivée-régarde*. When he laughs, he laughs right merrily. When he weeps, it is an April shower; the placid smile soon peeps out again, and the brief sorrow is dispersed, like the mist by the sun. Beethoven laughs even more unreservedly than Haydn, but there are tears in his laughter which come from an opposite source; while his sorrow lies far deeper, and at periods is as absorbing as that of the other is evanescent. Compare, for instance, the slow movements of the two symphonies under notice. Each contrasts forcibly with what has gone before and with what is to come after; but while Haydn appears simply as if in a passing reverie, the soul of Beethoven is plunged in address. It is pleasant to contemplate an art capable of giving eloquent utterance to such widely different sentiments; and surely no two men were ever more clearly reflected in their music than Mozart's great contemporary and the one who survived and in a certain sense surpassed both that contemporary and Mozart himself. The two overtures were equally well chosen as examples of very antagonistic modes of thought. The fiery inspiration of Weber, that of high, if not of the highest, genius, has always found, and indeed is always likely to find, favor at these concerts. The less imaginative but more scholarly prelude to Oswald's little-known opera deserves to be heard oftener. The overture to *L'Alcade de la Vega* composed strictly in the school of Mozart; and every bar of it might have been written had Beethoven been unborn—who, nevertheless, began by sedulously following in the same path. In the overtures, as in the symphonies, the fine orchestra, under the vigilant control of Professor Sterndale Bennett, greatly distinguished itself. Two changes were observed in the ranks—Herr Ludwig Straus is now joint leader with Mr. Blagrove, while to Mr. Pollard has been added the place of first clarinet. Both appointments are satisfactory.

Spohr's Ninth Concerto, which had already been introduced at the Philharmonic by M. Sainton and other violinists of renown—is excepting the two very remarkable achievements of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, each of whom endowed the art with but a single evidence of his genius in this particular direction—equal to any work of its class by which the library of the fiddle ("king of instruments") has been enriched. More solid and masterly playing than that of Herr Ludwig Straus—who in Spohr's music has few rivals—scarcely a superior—could not have been brought to the honourable task of interpreting so pure and classical a work. It is difficult to say in which movement Herr Straus shone most to advantage. A thorough adept in "*bravura*" the vigorous passages of the *allegro* were given with an accent and precision beyond praise; while the *rondo allegretto*, with its profusion of double-stopping—as pretty a pastoral as we know in music—was read throughout with an unobtrusive simplicity that would have satisfied the composer himself, one of the most exacting of judges. But if compelled to award a preference, it would be to the exquisitely graceful and melodious *adagio*, in which the phrasing, tone, and expression of Herr Straus were alike faultless. A more legitimate success was rarely earned. The audience, charmed in an equal measure with the composition and the performance, were liberal in their applause; and had Herr Straus repeated the *adagio* he would have done no more than respond to the wish of the large majority. We cannot take leave of the concerts without paying a well-merited tribute to the members of the band and their conductor for the extraordinary delicacy with which the orchestral accompaniments were played. However ready and skilful a "*vi-tuoso*," the importance of this auxiliary to the effect he aims at producing cannot be over-estimated.

The scene from Mr. Wallace's opera of *Love's Triumph* was especially welcome on account of the slow movement, which is both genuine and beautiful. That it was admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne will be as easily credited as that the delivery of the sparkling "patter song," from Aubert's delicious *Domino Noir*, by the same accomplished artist exhibited the plot and variety for which it is invariably held in remark. Mr. Kenney was a trifle overtaken in the air from Spohr's *Fuori*; but his fresh and earnest manner would have condoned far more serious shortcomings than were noticed in his performance.

Professor Bennett, on appearing in the orchestra, was welcomed with the hearty enthusiasm which is but a just acknowledgment of his zealous exertions and eminent ability. On the whole, the time-honoured conservative society, to whose uncompromising spirit the musical public is indebted for nonconformable part of its acquaintance with the orchestral *chef-d'œuvre* of the most illustrious masters, has seldom begun the season with fairer promise.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert of the season took place on Tuesday evening in the Small-hall, St. James's, and was numerously attended by the members. The following programme proved highly interesting:—

PART I.—Quartet in F. Op. 18, *Mozart*: scene with chorus—"Chi mal dell' Erebo," *Gluck*; *Andante* from a concerto (clarinet, Mr. Lazarus), *Mozart*; song—"Gandine, pour Noël," *Adieu*: *Soprano*—pianoforte and violin—in E minor, J. S. Barnett. Part II.—Soprano in C, Hummel; song—"Voi che sapete," *Mozart*; *Andante*, Spätaut and Polonska; *Andante*, Chopin; *Cavatina*—"Ah quel giorno," *Rossini*; part song—"I know not what comes o'er me," *Volkslied*.

Herr Mollins's quartet was admirable played by Messrs. Rice, Amor, Hann, and C. Onid. It is a work replete with interest, and exhibits throughout, not only the skill of the consummate musician, but the genius of a master. The next feature in the programme was the sonata for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, played by the composer and Herr Rice. This sonata is perhaps the most effective composition of the young composer. Its performance met with very great success, and Mr. Barnett was recalled, and received a well-merited ovation. In the clarinet solo, Mr. Lazarus played as he invariably does, and this is saying a great deal since he has no equal. In Hummel's septet, the pianoforte playing of the lady amateur (Miss Bennett) would have done credit to an established artist. Miss Bennett possesses a beautiful touch, phrases well, and plays with the *élan* and refinement of an accomplished pianist. Miss Bennett, we understand, is a pupil of Dr. Wylde. The vocal music was sung by Mdlle. Zeiss, from the Conservatoire at Brussels, and by an amateur member (Miss Ibrahim), whose beautiful voice might well make an "artist" envious. By an arrangement with Dr. Wylde, all the members of the society have admittance to his concerts; the first of which takes place on April 5th. Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be performed, and Herr Joachim is engaged.

M. JOULAIN, the new tenor engaged by Mr. Mapleson for Her Majesty's Theatre, has been reaping laurels in Dublin, where he has appeared with Mdlle. Titens in the operas of *Lucia*, *Lucresia Borgia*, and *Fuori*. The *Irish Times*, writing of his Edgemoor, says:—"Though he missed no opportunity of proving the flexibility and sweetness of his voice, his version of 'Fra poco' came upon the house with the effect of a surprise. There were many present who remembered the noble voice of Reeves, the pensive grace of Mario, and the dulcet ease of Giuglini. M. Joulain came nearer the rendering of the great English tenor than any other artist we recollect, and he showed that thorough sympathy with the theme which in the result and evidence of a real inspiration. Such an exquisite utterance of this delightful air was not looked for, and therefore all the more welcome, and there was a refined skill in the execution of the closing passage which evoked a proper enthusiasm in the audience." And again, writing about his representation of *Fuori*, the same journal remarks:—"M. Joulain made so agreeable an impression upon Tuesday night that much was hoped from his representation of *Fuori*. But he greatly surpassed any that had been formed. He possesses a *tenore robusto* of considerable range and power, but it is capable of being modulated to the finest sweetness, and is always skilfully and agreeably used. Finishes and careful in vocal execution, he is also a clever and graceful actor, who knows how to make an impression of ability without resorting to exaggeration or falling into flatness."

Multoniana.

DEAR QUEEN,—I find, in *Shue's* absence, you attempt to fill his place. I am neither sorry nor glad—like a dog at his father's wake. Nevertheless, accept this edict:—I am tired of the controversy about the Crystal Palace Band. Let there be no more, after this issue.

Given at my (or rather Napoleon's) Palace of the Tuileries—March 23, 1865.

To Dr. Cornelius Phillips Tacitus Querc.

Sp. Mullen.

Dr. Querc unhappily, ungloriously, and unshoes, in fear and shivering. Nevertheless, he does not opine that the foregoing requires elucidation.

ABOUT THE "MOCK DOCTOR."

SIR.—The season at the Royal English Opera came to an end on Saturday evening. Her Majesty's Theatre closed some time ago, then opened again, and then again closed. According to Alfred de Musset, *Il faut qu'un poète soit couvert ou fermé*, and the doors of Her Majesty's will now remain *fermées* until the arrival of Mr. Mapleson and his Italians. They are not expected, we believe, until Easter. Easter, however, falls so late this year, that, if (as seems to be expected) Parliament is dissolved in July, the Easter week, instead of marking the beginning of the London season, will divide it into nearly equal portions. Mr. Gye has already recognised the propriety of moving with the times; and, instead of waiting for Easter Tuesday, his usual opening day (or night), has determined to commence operations at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the 28th of March. This is not progress—for Easter Tuesday falls on the 18th of April—but it is reason. Indeed, if the arrangements with the Royal English Opera Company would have allowed it, I believe Mr. Gye might have begun with advantage a week earlier. The people who are in the habit of attending the Italian opera (its "patrons," as they are sometimes called) are already in London in large numbers, and have been obliged, since their arrival, either to have no operatic music at all or to attend the English performances at Covent Garden. I cannot pity them; for, however unfashionable it may be to "patronise" a theatre at which English singers are engaged, and in which the operatic language employed is also English, *The Mock Doctor* will have amused them. The music, too, is the work of a foreigner, which is at least one recommendation in favour of the piece. The success of *The Mock Doctor* as a drama ought to suggest to our managers that there are a few other of Molière's plays which might be produced with advantage on the English stage. Until the production of Mr. Kenney's excellent version of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Le Tartuffe* (why "*Le Tartuffe*," by the way, for such, whatever it means, is the title of the comedy?) was the only one that had been performed in England, and in English, within the memory of the present generation. I believe that nearly every one of Molière's comedies, dramas, and farces would succeed in England. They ought not to be brought out as "adaptations," however, in the sense in which that word is now generally used, but as translations; and not only ought the French original to be adhered to as closely as possible, but it would even be advisable to copy the costumes of the characters from those worn at the Théâtre Français. Any attempt to modernise or Anglicise the plays would give much trouble to the persons undertaking the work, and would end inevitably in failure. Such originality as is shown in *The Hypocrite*, by dragging into the piece a character who is in the work from which *The Hypocrite* is adapted, has no existence, would not be appreciated in the present day. Molière must be taken as he is or left alone.

The great merit in Mr. Kenney's version of *Le Médecin malgré lui* is its fidelity to the original. I do not speak so much of verbal fidelity, for it would be impossible to translate Molière word for word and at the same time render him into idiomatic English. It is necessary to imitate rather than to copy him. An exact copy, a word-for-word translation, would be cramped and stiff; whereas the original is full of naturalness and ease. Molière's plays abound in phrases which have become proverbial in France; and Molière to literally translated would be like the literal translation of a French proverb. Of course, however, the libretto, to which M. Gounod has composed the music, is not Molière "*pure and simple*." It is Molière as arranged by M.M. Barrière and Carré; and those ingenious librettists have had the decency to respect their great national dramatist. They have not treated him as they treated Goethe, in arranging *Fuori*, and their *Médecin malgré lui* is only Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*, with additional songs, and with portions of his prose dialogue turned into verse. To translate verse-written for music, so that in the translation the music shall still suit them, is one of the most difficult and painful tasks that can be conceived. To write a libretto at all, *ex parte creditur*, is bad enough; even for that, a good deal of hard copywriting is required before the words can be got to fit the music, which, nevertheless, has been manufactured ex-

pressly for them. But to translate a libretto which has its own music fastened to it is like dancing in fetters. Mr. Kenney, in translating the verified portion of *Le Médecin malgré lui* does not seem to have felt their weight; and the songs read as flowingly as if they had been written without any reference to the quaint and clever, but not very flowing, music of M. Gounod.

By the way, did not some critic ask, the other day, why the Sganarelle of the original *Médecin malgré lui* became Dominique in *The Mock Doctor*? The reason is very simple. The English actors could not have pronounced such a word as "Sganarelle," whereas any body can say "Dominique." Sganarelle is not at all a nice word to sing, and this has been felt to be the case in France as well as in England. Thus there is one operative version of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, in which the woodcutter is called Bérnalé.

To Dr. Taylor Shad.

LAVENDER PITT.

Dr. Queer is glad to be made aware that the foregoing are the positive opinions of Mr. Pitt. At the same time he will lose no time in tossing the argument.

A CORNER FOR A MANHATTAN.

SIR.—May I have a corner in your paper to suggest that the next time Mr. Crozier, or any other member of HERR MANNS' band, appears in print, he should speak for himself and not for others. Not one of those who can play a solo wood. I am quite sure, require "earnestly entreating," and far less would they dare to absolutely decline." Can you picture to yourself HERR MANNS "earnestly entreating" any member of his band to play a solo? I cannot; and am, moreover, of opinion, that, ere he would stoop to "earnestly entreat," he would go without what your correspondent, "Gladwin Bush," felicitously calls "a bit of melody torn to tatters, with four variations." I am sure nobody in or out of the Palace would take such trouble to arrive at an obnoxious solo, or, indeed, any other solo. Very few are worth "earnestly entreating," and MANNS is not the sort of conductor likely to do it.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

A. MANFORD.

Dr. Queer vouchsafes the corner but cannot join in the praises of Sir Gladwin Bush. Dr. Queer was never given to solos of any description.

WHICH FIRST?—AND WHO'S TRITTO?

SIR.—Will you kindly inform me which of the two works—"Hymns Ancient and Modern," or "Chepe's Hymn and Tune Book"—was first published?—Who was Tritto? Yours truly, POMPORA.

Seeing that Porpora was born at Naples in 1687, was ungratefully treated by Haase at Dresden, was Handel's concurrent in London with Italian Opera (Farinelli), and died at Naples, 1767, Dr. Queer is surprised that there should be ignorance of the fact that Tritto was the master of Costa.

DR. QUEER.

"Dr. Queer went to bed last night very late and got up very late. Nevertheless, Dr. Queer being still detained from the West and West, Dr. Queer consents to shoot this present week's rubbish."—(Muttons, March 16.)

To the present Editor of Muttonsiana.

SIR.—I was sorry to learn by the prelatory lines of last week's Muttonsiana that Dr. Queer had consented to do away with himself and quit this world by explosion—he was just beginning to cupidate and to edit invitingly. However, it can't be helped, and I beg to send you the discourse I intend pronouncing over his solated body.

Yours, &c.,

AP'POODLE.

On this here bier

Lies the poor Queer,

Who with mind weak

And with only bobbish

Shot his self last week

'Top a brap o' rubbish.

His career was that of an M. D.

With head and pockets ever empty;

Never dry, but ever thirsty;

Ever tart, but not pungent;

Seldom wrath, but often crusty;

Always crafty and full of cant.

At his death all said: "Poor M— D—!"

Save his creditors, who cried: "D— Q—!"

This, you know, 'twixt you and me

Looks very like something askew—

His tailor said 'twas a shame he'd gone and hook'd it

With a spick and span coat on his mind,

And that he was a goose to have hook'd it;

D— Q— Q— again, and said it was unkind.

The baker - said he didn't call that dying, but loafing,

And that he didn't think it was at all well bred

In a gentleman to be, as he might say, sloping
Without settling with his baker for his bread—
And added that "he wished that he might bust
If he e'er a litery gent did trust."

A publican said he'd had his liquor and his beer,
But as he'd rather encourage him in his vice,

Why, he wouldn't say much against poor Queer;

He was caught in his own gin, and didn't care a pice.

The laundress shrieked she "knew'd" what 'twas all about!

And added that, tho' she "deplored the gentleman's demise,

She should at once forthwith proceed to spout

Decreated M. D.'s one solitary chemise."

Just here old Nick came to claim his dues

And kicked baker, tailor, and landowner posteriori.

"Depart, vile rascal!" quoth he—"hence to the deuce!

My claims, *ex officio*, *ex concessio* come a priori!

Sumus cuiusque! I take his soul, you his goods may sell,

Such chattels being useless where he'll now dwell!"

Nemine contradi-ente, the goods were seized pellimell,

And Nick took our poor Queer down into a flowery dell.

Requiescat in pace!

Dr. Queer was not aware of the foregoing. Nevertheless, he takes for granted that Mr. Ap'Poodle labors under a sort of hallucination. Dr. Queer is unaffected with *cacothetes* or he might be moved to retort doggerlically.

WHY THREE O'CLOCK A.M.?

DEAR QUEER.—I see that the Crystal Palace Company propose this year to commence the Handel Festival Concerts at three o'clock instead of one—why, I cannot imagine. Surely one o'clock is not too early either for artists or swells, while three will protract the performance to so late an hour, that country visitors (the majority of the audience) will find it difficult to get to any other place of amusement the same night they go to the festival, while the concentration of the entire audience at the railway-platform, all anxious simultaneously to get to town as soon as possible, will assuredly cause much annoyance and inconvenience, if not serious danger. I have spoken to numbers of people here, who all agree with me in this matter, and I think the subject worthy of editorial consideration in the columns of *Muttonsiana*. I hope you are quite well and able to face the season campaign, and that Mr. Queer bears up; and am, yours exceedingly,

New Brighton, Oldbridge Cove, March 25.

GEORGE GAIR.

Dr. Queer need not imagine the foregoing requires elucidation, or would write to Mr. Bowley. Nevertheless, Mrs. Queer bears up.

A NEW SABRINA.

To AP' MUTTON, Esq.

Remarkable man.—I addressed thee six weeks, two months ago, anent an accomplished artist, whom thou, without an effort on the part of thy wonderful memory, remembered, though years had elapsed since the sound of her liquid voice fell upon thine ear. Augusta Thomson, or if thou wilt, Miss Augusta Thomson, is the name of that singer, nay not only singer but actress. I told thee that she was wasting her sweetness on the desert air of the provinces, and thou in thy wisdom emphatically declared that her proper professional home is the great metropolis! Behold then, she is coming to London. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, of the Theatre Royal, Royal Lane, having read my former letter and your effulgent remarks upon it, have engaged the damsel for Sabrina in *Comus*, and at Easter she will be one of "Her Majesty's servants"—not one of Mr. Mapleson's servants, understand, great Ap' Mutton, but one of our Gracious Queen's. To you be homage paid for bringing about this great result. In my own name, and on the part of a discriminating British public, I thank you. I remain, yours as ever,

PATE MOIR.

Dr. Queer is persuaded that his deeply revered chief will be glad to hear what Mr. Moist states in the foregoing. At the same time Dr. Queer is of opinion that further elucidation is hardly called for.

A TRIBUTE TO AP'POODLE.

Ap'Poodle is a valiant knight,

A valiant knight is he,

With words he knows well how to fight,

As all the world may see.

His deadly thrusts all well may fear,

And crouch beneath his lance,

His name is dreaded far and near—

Who may abide his glance?

His features I did ne'er behold,
Ne'er heard his dreaded voice;
But feel that he is passing bold,
And do therest rejoice.

He wages war with all he meets,
As a true knight should do,
In search of him he scours the streets,
And often finds it too.

If worsted in an argument
He smiles in bitter mood,
For still his irony is bent,
For satire he is born.

Yet can be laugh at other's wit,
When not too like his own;
He winces not when *A* is hit,
Nor utters he a groan.

In warfare all is fair he knows,
None better knows than he;
Without remorse he deals his blows,
And laughs with savage glee.

That he can laugh I do admire,
In such a world as this;
While *Eng* with rage is all on fire,
And evens artists hiss.

Were I confronted with that knight,
To him I straight would say,
"Fight on, old boy, with all your might,
We know 'tis all in play."

But should *Ap'Poodle* poke his lance
In any solist's rib,
'Tis on the books he'd go to France,
Where "Lumbrious" plays his dice.

Dr. Queer humbly opines that the foregoing will be read with a certain amount of astonishment by Mr. Ap'Poodle, but does not imagine that further elucidation is on the books.

C. P. T. QUER.

Shoebury, Root and Hook—March 24.

MARC SOKOLOWSKA, a Polish guitarist of renown, will play London a visit this season. In Paris Mr. Sokolowska made a great sensation by his clever performances and by the novel construction of the instrument upon which he plays.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Great preparations are being made, under the direction of Herr Stiehl, for a grand performance of Handel's *Messiah*, by 200 singers and 150 instrumentalists. The solos have been entrusted to Madame von Kotschhoff, Madlle. Skordell, and Herr Otto, from the Cathedral, Berlin. The performance will take place in the Grand Hall of the Nobility, and the Grand Prince Constantine has lent for the occasion the large organ belonging to him.

THE LETHARGIC ELECTOR AND THE IMPREARIO.—Some of the German papers affirm that the Elector of Hesse has at length found his master—not Count de Bismark but M. Uhlmann, the agent of Carlotta Patti. The impresario having hired the Court Theatre at Cassel, the Elector's chamberlain mentioned that of course his highness would have free admission to his box. "Not at all," said M. Uhlmann, "if he wishes to hear Madlle. Patti, he must pay." "In that case," replied the chamberlain, "you must pay for the box of the theatre." "That is your business," was the answer, "and if you do not light up we shall perform in the dark." The functionary, finding that nothing could be got out of the director, went to inform his sovereign of the incredible audacity of the lessee. The Elector, usually so prompt to fly in a passion, only laughed and replied, "He is an ill-mannered fellow, but he pleases me; we will pay." His highness sent 16 Napoleons for his box, and had the theatre brilliantly lighted.

VIRESSA.—The company engaged by Signor Salvi for the Imperial Opera—or, more properly, The Theatre de la Porte Carlinza—this season includes the following artists:—Mesdames Galetti-Gianoli, Loth della Santa, Elisa Volpini, Desirée-Arion, Baratti and Fabiani, Signore Mougini, Ludovico Graziani, Guidotti and Tomaso de Azula (tenors), Everardi, Pandolfini, Boicolini, Angelini and Milesi (barytones and basses), and Fioravanti (bass). Two new operas are to be produced:—*La Forza del Destino* and *Tutti in Maschera*. The other operas to be given during the season are *Il Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Mose in Egitto*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Favorita*, *Leinta*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Traviata*, *I Lombardi*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*.

SIGNOR SIVORI.—An accident, which might have been attended with very serious consequences, happened, a short time since, to the above artist. As he was travelling with his secretary, Belloni, and his accompanist, David, in a private carriage, to Milan, the carriage, owing probably to the carelessness of the driver or the darkness of the night, was upset, and fell into a pond. All idea of raising it was out of the question. The travellers had to break the carriage windows and creep through the opening as best they could. Signor Sivori escaped without any bodily injury, but his violin was greatly damaged by lying so long in the muddy water, and is, probably, irretrievably spoiled. Signor Sivori's companions were not quite as lucky as he was, having been considerably bruised and shaken. They have not, however, sustained any permanent injury.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed have brought out an entirely new entertainment, in which, as usual, they and Mr. John Larry sustain the characters. It is entitled *A Peculiar Family*, and relates to the fortunes of one Mr. Barnaby Bounce and his kindred, on their arrival at a small town on the coast of France. While crossing the Channel Mr. Bounce has become possessed of a hat not his own, and this proves a source of infinite annoyance, for the hat has been used as a signal between a certain profligate Count and his friends, and therefore subjects the wearer to the surveillance of a German detective. Mr. Bounce himself is a thorough Briton, of a somewhat antiquated school, who is in the habit of swearing by Gog and Magog and other civic monuments, and he rejoices in two nephews, one a "fast" young man, Mr. Felix Flitter, who is always getting into debt; the other, Mr. Phoebe Bounce, a zany, who is vainly endeavouring to learn French. These three personages are represented by Mr. T. G. Reed with much humour, but a better marked character than them all is Grandfather Bounce, a very old man, capably played by Mr. John Larry. This extremely ancient gentleman suffers under the double infliction of deafness and a slippery memory, his favourite subject of conversation being Napoleon Bonaparte, while he is wholly unable to distinguish between the first and third bearer of that celebrated name. Miss Cherry Bounce, Barnaby's strong-minded sister, the "Countess" who is connected with the mystery of the hat, and wanders about disguised as a boy-gig, the French lady at whose hotel the Bounces are staying, and Miss Mole, a poor relation, are the characters sustained by Mrs. Reed. In all of these she displays her well known talent, but the last-named is the most effective. Miss Mole is an incarnation of female ill-humour and discontent, detesting the benefactors on whom she depends, and at the same time boasting of her gratitude. With that strong power of delineating character, in which she is scarcely to be excelled, Mrs. Reed brings out with full force all the unamiable peculiarities of this dreadful woman, whose confession of misery reaches its climax in a capital song, called "Situated as I am." The author of the "entertainment" is Mr. W. Brough, one of the most prolific and successful of farce writers, who has gone one step further than his predecessors at the Gallery of Illustration in removing the distinction between the "entertainment" and the farce. *A Peculiar Family* is a dramatic piece to all intents and purposes, with a regular plot, which, though a little obscure, is a plot nevertheless. The scene representing the exterior of an *Hotel moult*, with a view of the sea, is one of the happiest achievements of Messrs. T. and W. Oriere.

EDINBURGH.—The Saturday evening concerts continue to be well attended. Last week, the Edinburgh Volunteer Rifles, under the direction of Herr Lantlach, played a selection of operatic music very creditably. Mr. Frank Elmore, from London, was the vocalist. *The Daily Review*, speaking of this artist says:—"The tenor of the evening was Mr. Frank Elmore, whose songs were 'Reichardt's "Thou art so sweet," "Lover," "He's going away," and "Sweet Mary of the Vale." Mr. Elmore has a rich, pleasing voice, and sings with great taste and feeling. He received quite an ovation, and he certainly deserved it. He is clearly one of those artists who take the utmost possible pains with everything they undertake—making the utmost of the spirit as well as the words of their songs. He was *encored* for all his songs, and we hope to have him often at our Saturday Evening Concerts."

DUNDEE.—Mr. R. P. Darling, Jun., gave a concert on Tuesday evening at the Town Hall under the patronage of the Mayor and Alderman Burrows. Mr. Darling has organised a very tolerable orchestra out of the amateur element in Brighton, which executed several select pieces with precision and effect under his *baton*. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Chate, Miss Foster, Messrs Broadbridge, Jordan, Affleck and Redman. Mr. R. Bonner, Jun., was principal violin, Mr. J. E. Roe, harmonium, and Mr. W. Devin accompanied at the pianoforte. The soloists on the pianoforte were loved by Mr. Wither and Master Baker. The concert was conducted by Mr. Darling and Mr. West. The St. John's Choral Society have also given their third concert of the present season. The chief features were Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and Locke's music to *McBeth*.

STETTIN.—At the last concert given by the Association for Classical Sacred Music, the programme comprised "Stabat Mater," *Psalterium*; eight-part "Weihnachtsgefang," J. Ecard; Choral: Motet, *Hammerschmitt*; Motet, J. Christ. Bach; Cantata, J. S. Bach; duet from *Theodora*, Handel; and the 147th Psalm, Caldarà.

HERR CARL OBERHUTH, the harpist, has returned to London from a professional tour in Germany. On the occasion of the Princess's birthday he was honored with the commands of the Grand Duke to play at a concert, given at the Court of Weimar, in celebration of the anniversary. His Royal Highness and the Grand Duchess expressed their satisfaction in the most graceful terms of Herr Oberhuth's performances. "The pieces he selected were 'Una lagrima sulla tomba di Parich Alvar,' 'La Cascade,' and 'Meditation,' all favorite compositions. 'The Bonnie Scotland' was also performed and greatly admired. At this concert Herr Wöhle, a German violinist and pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, played, in finished style, Ernst's *Fantasia on Otello*, with other equally difficult pieces. In Dresden Herr Oberhuth gave a *Sacred Musicale* in the Grand Salle of the Hotel de Saxe, assisted by the Royal Chamber musicians, Messrs. Medford and Birkmann, on the violin and violoncello. In Erfurt he performed at a *Sacred* given in the theatre, which was crowded in every part, and had a great success. He was supported, among other artists, by Fraulein Heinrichs Garthe, formerly a pupil of M. Garcia in London, and possessed of a splendid voice and good method. At a concert at Weimar, given by the members of the Grand Ducal Chapel, at which their Royal Highnesses were present, Herr Oberhuth contributed his services, and was rewarded with warm applause and a recall at the conclusion. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, and again at Cologne, Herr Oberhuth appeared before select and intelligent audiences with equal success.—*Brighton Guardian*.

VERDI'S OPERA "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."—The New York public has been favoured with an opera not yet produced (singularly enough) either in London or Paris. I allude to Verdi's latest work, *La Forza del destino*. It has been given at St. Petersburg and at Madrid, but in no other European city. The opera was produced at the Academy of Music in this city on Friday, March 3, and has already been repeated five times. The opinion of our musical critics is about equally divided in regard to its merits. By some "professionals" it is declared the finest of Verdi's compositions, while others say that they would not exchange the violin passages in *Le Traviata* for the whole score of *La Forza del Destino*. It is evidently out of its composer's beaten track; Verdi seems to have made an attempt to assume the style so successfully followed by Meyerbeer and Gounod. The story is disconnected, incoherent, and, on the whole, supremely ridiculous. The music lies in the second and third acts, with the exception of the duetto in the fourth act, which is probably the finest passage in the opera. There is a good opportunity for a ballet, which is of course lost in New York, but will be neither in London nor Paris. On the whole, the opera has not achieved a success here; there has been no excitement over it in the musical public, and it could never become popular with us. (*New York correspondent of the Morning Herald*).

WIESENEN.—A novelty has been produced here in the shape of a new opera entitled *Die Feen von Elverslök* (*The Fairy of Elverslök*), music by Ernst Reiter. The fairy is a mermaid, who enjoys the privilege of visiting the land now and then, in order to entice away into the depths of the ocean the youth who has gained her love. Something similar to this, English opera-goers have seen in *Lurline* and elsewhere. In the first act, she endeavors to enthrall the young German, Aszur, by her singing, as he sails along. The result, however, rendered proof to all such attempts by his love for the fair Gerda, continues his course, "lancy-free." There is, however, some danger of his being lost, and Gerda, who has hurried down to the shore, implores the Knight Meginhart to send his retainers to Aszur's rescue. But Meginhart, a slighted admirer of Gerda's, refuses, not altogether unreasonably, to listen to her entreaties. At this juncture her father, Haid, appears, and some of his servants save Aszur, a number of them, who have remained, singing now while a prayer. But they have found the Fairy, also, and bring her, enveloped in her magic veil, back with them. In the second act, the Fairy has, by spells and charms, gained the affections of Aszur. But once again is Meginhart his rival. The wicked Knight carries off the Fairy and makes Aszur a prisoner. In the third act, Aszur's friends force their way into the Knight's castle, and Gerda, by tearing in two the magic veil, releases Aszur from the spell the Fairy has cast over him, while the Knight, annihilated by the deadly power of the Fairy's kiss, sinks with his supernatural mistress into the depths of the ocean. Such is the purport of the story, which contains much that is puerile and absurd. The music is an imitation of Richard Wagner and—of the classic writers, such as Mendelssohn, Weber, &c. Such being the case, it is not a matter of surprise that *Die Feen von Elverslök* is very unlikely to prove a permanent success.

BRUNSWICK.—A grand Musical Festival is to be held here on the 10th, 11th, and 12th June. Among the artists who will take part in it are Herren Juchin, Walter, Hill, Mesdames Dastmann and Bettelheim.

MARC SOKOLOWSKI, a Polish guitarist of renown, will pay London a visit this season. In Paris M. Sokolowski made a great sensation by his clever performances and by the novel construction of the instrument upon which he plays.

LE SORILLE DORIA.—We learn from the Italian papers that two young ladies who, under the above name, have been singing with the most marked success in Florence, Milan, Turin, Bergamo, Genoa, and other places, are now creating, in the legitimate acceptance of the word, no inconsiderable sensation at the Teatro Goldoni at Reggio, where they are both engaged. On the occasion of their benefit during the carnival they made their appearance in a new opera, *Un Giorno di Caccia*, composed expressly for them by Giannelli, a young and rising musician. Their reception is described as having been perfectly enthusiastic, and poems in their praise having been refused distributed through the theatre, many of them possessing much poetic merit. A shower of bouquets greeted them for the execution of their respective songs and for their share in the concerted pieces, and they were called before the curtain to receive the greetings of the audience again and again at the end of each act. Clara the elder is a soprano; Rosamond the younger a contralto. Both voices are said to be of excellent quality; unusually pure, full, and liquid in tone, and possessing great flexibility, their singing invariably true and thoroughly musician-like, while their unaffected, lady-like demeanour and strict propriety of conduct, have won for them golden opinions wherever they have sung. The tone of respect that is mingled with the admiration expressed in the sonnets and poems could not have been other than gratifying to themselves and to their friends. Our readers, we are sure, will not be sorry to hear that these accomplished young singers are countrywomen of their own. They are the daughters, we understand, of John Barnett, our well-known composer, who has spared no expense on their education, musical and otherwise. They are spoken of—one of them especially—as possessing considerable general attainments, intelligence, and accomplishments. Their musical training has been of the most thorough description; first at the hands of their father and afterwards at Leipzig, where they resided for some years studying under the first professor, and since then in Italy, with the result above described. It is, we believe, their father's intention that they should remain abroad some time longer, and then make an appearance before an English audience, by whom they are sure to be received according to their merits—not the less cordially for being Englishwomen and their father's daughters.

BIRMINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. E. de Paris' third quartet, concert on Tuesday evening, attracted a large audience to the Royal Pavilion, thus confirming the doctrine that perseverance in a good cause is sure to meet with its reward. The opening piece was Beethoven's quartet in E flat, op. 16, for pianoforte with stringed instruments, (originally written as a quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments), the executants being MM. de Paris, Pollitzer, Goodman, and Nibbs. This was followed by Mr. Benedict's song "The Colleen Bawn," by Mr. Montgomery, and a stirring quartet by Haydon, (MM. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodman and Nibbs). Miss Stabach then gave "The Merald's Song," (*Oberon*), and "Where the Bee Sucks;" after which Mr. de Paris and Herr Pollitzer played the *Andante Con Variazioni* from Beethoven's Sonata op. 47 (the "Kreutzer"), The duet "Crucel cherche," which followed was so well sung by Miss Stabach and Mr. Montgomery that the audience insisted on its repetition. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's *Trio* in C minor, op. 66, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, played in a most spirited manner by MM. De Paris, Pollitzer and Nibbs. The audience dispersed delighted with all they had heard.

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Vol. 43—No. 13.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Director, Pro-

Honor WYLLI, Mus. Doc.—Programme of the Public Rehearsal, Saturday afternoon, April 1, at half past 5 o'clock and Evening Concert, Wednesday, April 3, at 8 o'clock, will include: *Symphony No. 9*, by Beethoven; *Symphony No. 7*, by J. C. Strauss (Indiscrete); Madame Salome Dolly—Mozart; choral symphony (No. 9), for orchestra, solo-singers, and chorus; the principal parts by Madam Parepa, soprano; Mr. J. H. Williams, tenor; Mrs. E. M. Williams, alto; Misses A. G. Williams, soprano; and L. B. Williams, alto; violin, Herr Joachim—Vieux; aria, "Acton," Madame Parepa—Auber; fugue, sister, Herr Joachim—Belli; Polonaise for Orchestra—Meysner; Conductor, Dr. W. S. Williams. The programme of the evening concert will include: *Symphony No. 9*, by Beethoven and Choeir of 200 performers. The Choral Symphony of Beethoven, the peak and last which he composed, stands Op. 125 in the Catalogue of Beethoven's works, and it has been said that it was his last work. It is a masterpiece of full maturity. Beethoven had long cherished the idea of giving a musical expression to Schiller's Ode to Joy—a poem which, in glowing and harmonious numbers, apostrophizes joy as the highest good, and glorifies in the brotherhood of man, universal brotherhood, and glorifies the beauties of Nature. Such a poem was just the one to impress Beethoven, and it enjoyed his entire admiration, but whatever the poet's intention may have been, it was not fulfilled. Beethoven found the finest inspirations of the human mind. The subscription for the series of five concerts and five public rehearsals is £2, 2s. and £1, 1s.; single tickets for the first rehearsal, 6d., and for the other four, 3d. Tickets are obtainable from Messrs. Craner and Co., 204, Regent Street; Oliver & Co., Ltd., Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 40 New Broad Street; Messrs. Knott and Co., 10, Pall Mall East; or from the publishers, Messrs. Novello and Sons, 5, Abchurch Lane.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce that she will give a
GRAND CONCERT, on Monday Evening, April 17th, 1865, at St. James's-
Hall, Regent-street and Piccadilly, on which occasion the following Eminent Artists
will appear:—Louis M. Lablache, Tenor; Lawrence Lamb and Madeline Salsbery, Vocalists; Miss
Fanny, Violoncello; Maria Jennings, Modern Welsh; Mrs. Stirling, Miller, Harp;
Mdlle. Ercolani, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Louisa Payne. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Fumlingus,
Signor Cistafalta, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Revere. Violin. Hr. Strass; Pianoforte,
Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductors, Messrs. Plinnit, Frank Mor., Huchab., and
Benedict. Soft State, Sec. Ed. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. TENNANT, &
Messrs. Glynne, 10, Pall Mall East, or of the Ticket Office at the Hall; and of Messrs. CURRIE &
& Co., New Bond-street.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY'S MORNING CON-

1. CERTIFICATE COMMENCE Saturday, April 28th, at 3, in Willis's Rooms, St. James's. ARTICLES—Mellie, Ljehaart and Miss Susan Galt; Mr. Charles Hildil, Mr. Henry Biagrove, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Richard Biagrove, and Signor Platt. Conductor, Herr Wilhelm Gann. Director, Herr Carl Goffrie. Secretary, Mr. Charles Hildil. Tickets—10s. 6d. for the day, April 27th, 28th, May 6th and 27th. June 3rd, 16th, and 17th. For the series of eight consecutive seats, 10s. 6d. each. There will be an reserved seat, two galleys; professional reserved seat, one. Tickets can now be obtained of Messrs. Mitchell, Cramer and Co.; Addison and Lucas; Kolth, Petersen, &c., where a plan of the room may be seen; and of Mr. Willis, at the

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. VAN PRAAG has the honour to announce that his **BENEFIT** will take place on Thursday evening, May 11, on which occasion a **GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT** will be given. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

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C'T. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS HELEN HOGARTH

[illegible]

MISS ANNA HILES, "Prima Donna of the Royal English Opera, Covent-garden, and Her Majesty's Theatre," begs respectfully to announce that all communications, concerning Oratorio or Concert engagements, may be addressed, 9, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, E.C.

MIDDLE. EMMY POYET, Court-singer to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elève of Signor Romani, has the honor to announce that she will arrive in London from Florence early in April.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent-street, W.

MR. E. J. HOPKINS begs to inform his friends that he has removed from No. 9, Heathcote-street, to No. 18, **ANGLE SQUARE, KING'S CROSS, W.C.**

MISS EMILY SPENCER, Soprano. All communications to be addressed to 29, Westbourne Gardens, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she has removed from Osnaburgh-street, and requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Pupils, be addressed to her, at her new residence, 60, Burlington-road, St Stephen's Square, Baywater.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing (by particular request) "Adelaide" (Beethoven) and "Thou art so near and yet so far," (Reichardt), at the City Hall, Glasgow, THIS DAY, April the 1st.

MLE. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's ad-
mired Cradle Song "Peacefully Slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

MADLE. GEORGI AND MADLE. CONSTANCE
 GEORGI, having fulfilled their engagements at Barcelona and Madrid, have arrived in London. All communications for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her
Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20a, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADemoiselle LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Madlle Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Madlle Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing "PEACEFULLY SLUM-
BER," Composed by A. RANDEGGER, at the Hartley Institute, Southampton
April 31.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing Signor BEVIGNANI'S Rondo, Composed expressly for her, "La Fiera del Mio Gubbio," April 6.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce that he will return to Town for the Season, after his Scottish Tour, which terminates on April 3. Communications to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIES & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHAARDT begs to announce that he will arrive in London the second week in April. All communications may be addressed to Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow-square, Brompton.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing Proch's popular Lied "AT MORRIS'S BANQUET," at the Crystal Palace Concert, THIS DAY.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS, first Principal Tenor at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, will complete his engagement at the King's Theatre, Berlin, to-day, and return to London. All offers of engagements for the ensuing season, in town or country, must be made to Mr. MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

MISS ADELAIDE CORNELIS (Contralto), late of the Conservatoire, Brussels, and now of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, will receive engagements for town or country. All communications to be made to Mr. MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing the Principal Soprano part in "JUDAS MACCABEES," at the Choral Society's Concert, Worcester, April 4th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CONCERT.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY. Programme.—Overture, Scherzo, and Finale.—Schumann; Cavatina (Euphonium). Mendelssohn.—Violin Song, "Air des Jeunes Femmes." Mendelssohn; Concerto, Liszt.—Violin, E. Sal. Madame Arabella Goddard.—Beethoven; Aria, "Trübsal" (Prygane). Mendelssohn.—Viola Obligato, Mr. Stirling.—Waltz Song, "Nicht." Mica. Lavrenko.—A. Adam; Lied, "Das kleine Fensterlein." Mendelssohn.—Mandolin Melody.—Overture, "Midsummer night's dream." Mendelssohn. Conductor, A. Mann. Admission, Half-a-crown, or by Guinea season ticket free; Reserved Seats Half-a-crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Messiah, Monday, June 26; Selection, Wednesday, June 28; Israel in Egypt, Friday, June 30, 1864.

The ticket offices at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter-hall, open this day, from 10 to 5, for the issue of vouchers, securing numbered stalls, and for the inspection of numbered plans.

Blocks A, C, and G, three guineas the set for the three days, or 25s. for single tickets. Blocks D, H, and K, with corresponding double letters), and galleries, two guineas and half the set, or one guinea single tickets.

Cheques and post-office orders payable to the Organist.

The programme of arrangements, with book plan of seats, forwarded by post.

Application for tickets, whether personally or by letter, to the offices, or through agents in town or country, should not be delayed.

Crystal Palace, March 30th.

By order.

TO ORGANISTS.

THE Office of Organist of the Parish Church of Faversham, Kent, is vacant. Salary £10 per annum. The instrument is very complete. There are three services on the Sunday, and the Organist will be required to instruct the Choir. Applications, stating the candidate's age, and accompanied by Testimonials, must (in the first instance) be sent in writing, on or before 12th April, 1865, to FRANCIS F. GIBSON, Esq., Solicitor, Faversham, Clerk to the Trustees, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CONSERVATOIRE DE LA HARPE, 76, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. MR. AUTUMMAS has opened the above Institute for the purpose of facilitating the cultivation of the Harp. The advantages offered (by way of meeting the impediments to its rehabilitation) are—an improved Harp String, Instruction Book, simplifying the Tuning, Stringing, and the Pedals; Lessons at moderate terms. Reduction in the cost of Harps, accommodations for practicing, &c. Prospectuses may be obtained on application.

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THE LIQUID GEM.—Translated for the Piano-forte by HENSLY RICHARDS. 2s.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—March 27.)

Although we miss some familiar names, one of which more especially, that of Signor Tambrilich, can hardly be said to "shine by its absence," Mr. Gye's programme for 1865 is extremely inviting. The details in full having already been published in our advertising columns, a very few comments may suffice before the opening of the theatre, which is announced to take place to-morrow, with *Faust e Margherita*, for the debut of two singers unknown to England—Mdlle. Derini, or Berini (from Milan), and Mdlle. Ronconi (from Moscow), the former as Margherita, the latter as Siebel.

Mr. Gye dwells with accountable emphasis on the fact that the late Meyerbeer's eagerly expected grand opera, *L'Africaine*, talked of a quarter of a century since, as finished or nearly finished, will now at length be brought out at its establishment. Meyerbeer's predilection for the work, and his anxiety about the means to be obtained for its adequate performance, are generally known; and indeed, it is the belief of many, that his exertions in that direction, during his last visit to Paris, aggravated the malady which had been for many years slowly but eventually hastened his death. He that as it may, the production of an opera by the composer of the *Huguenots*, originated when his inventive powers were in their zenith, and submitted to the test and supervision of his ripest experience, is alone an incident of sufficient importance to give paramount interest to the season, even were there no other attractive feature in the prospectus. Happily there is one of scarcely less promise. We allude to the revival of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, after a repose of 14 years. About the "cast" of the *Africaine*, which includes the names of Mdlle. Pauline Luca, Madame Carvalho, Herren Wachtel and Schmidt, Signori Graziani, Neri Baraldi, and Attiri, we can of course offer no opinion, being unacquainted with the peculiar exigencies of the music; but for the effective distribution of characters in Mozart's imaginative work we think we may safely vouch. The melody that flows from the lips of Pamina, though much less luscious than its Orphean loveliness would make desirable, could hardly be allotted to a more sympathetic singer than Mdlle. Adolina Patti, one of the conspicuous attributes of whose genius is its universality. The exceptional voice of her sister Carlotta brings the singular and trying *bravura* airs allotted to *Astrafante*, "Queen of Night," readily within her means. The Sarastro of Herr Schmid, a Teuton *pur sang*, with a magnificent bass, may fairly be expected to rival that of Herr Formes; while Herr Wachtel, another Teuton *pur sang*, ought to be intimately versed in the traditions of Tamino. Last, not least by any means, the Papageno of Signor Ronconi is still remembered as a performance unique in its originality, overflowing humour, and artistic excellence, a Papageno which, if all we read of Schickaneder, Mozart's *impresario*, collaborator and boon companion, is gospel, must be something very like the ideal of that eccentric worthy's dream. Who is to be Papageno, the bird-catcher's wife, we are not informed. Few of those to whom the Italian Opera is an habitual necessity can have forgotten that Papageno was once impersonated by Madame Pauline Viardot, and that the duet between Ronconi and herself stood out as one of the most prominent exhibitions in a performance almost in every respect remarkable. We shall lose, it is true, the "O cara imagine" of Signor Mario; but in revenge we are promised that the still most graceful, dramatic and eloquent of stage tenors will undertake the part of Fra Diavolo, in the Italian version of that most genial and delightful of French comic operas, with Mdlle. Pauline Luca as Zerlina, Mdlle. Sonieri, another unknown "star" from the principal theatres of Italy (which are sufficiently numerous), as Lady Alceste, and Ronconi as Lord Alceste. If this be brought to bear—and there is no reason to doubt it—a third conspicuous incident is destined to commemorate the season 1865. But there is still a fourth in contemplation—nay, actually promised. We mean the revival of the greatest of all comic operas in which there is no admixture (as there is in *Don Giovanni*) of the tragic or the supernatural, element—Mozart's incomparable *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Here again we find the distribution of the *dramatis personæ* unusually effective. Adolina Patti brings a new argument in vindication of her oft-proved versatility in the assumption of Susanna, the embodiment of the comic sentimental and stately Countess Almaviva devolves upon Madame Carvalho; Cherubino falls to Mdlle. Luca; Bartolo to Signor Ronconi; and Figaro to M. Gassier, a deserter from the Haymarket camp to that of Bow-Street.

Among other operas proposed is *L'Boile du Nord*, with what cast? M. Faure no longer, owing to his indisputable presence at the Grand Opera in Paris, where he is to play, for the first 50 nights, in consequence of Meyerbeer's written testament, of the principal parts in the *Africaine*,—being a member of the company—are unable to gather. Mr. Gye is silent on this point—so silent that we are not even told whether the pettish, capricious and recalcitrant Mdlle. Pauline Luca will, by assuming that character, redeem her broken pledge of last

season. Next comes *Linda di Chamounix* (first time since 1850) with a Linda, in Mademoiselle Adolina Patti, who has been the chief *de die* of the Paris Italian Opera season, now about expiring; and Signor Brignoli, a tenor not unknown to Europe, who has, nevertheless, spent the most important period of his artistic life in America, as the lover. Then, the not unfamiliar *Norma* will introduce to an English audience a soprano with whose praises the Continent has long been ringing. Madlle. Lagras having seceded, it was incumbent on Mr. Gye either to re-engage Madame Gridi, or to find another lyric tragedian. He has secured the aid of Madame Isabella Galetti, one who, if report be not aliar of unblushing effrontery, is worthy not only to replace Mdlle. Lagras (our visitor some 15 years too late), but Madame Gridi herself. Two more singers unknown to fame are put down for Adalgisa and Pollione—Mdlle. Labou, and Signor Tassan, from Naples, from the "San Carlo," of course. Whether these are to make their mark, or retreat, as the Partisan bowmen, after launching their first dart, remains to be seen. The *Huguenots* and *Guillaume Tell* are naturally announced, *Lucresia Borgia*, with Mdlle. Galetti as *Lucresia*, Mdlle. de Alina (from Berlin, another fresh acquisition) as *Maffeo Orsini*, and Signor Saccomanno (from Milan)—Yet another as the Duke, follows in due course; but these, with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, may speak for themselves. *Le Proscrit*, however, is to be rendered freshly attractive by the appearance of Mdlle. Filippine de Edelberg (from Munich), as Fides, and for the redemption by Mario of the character of Jean de Leyden, which (in 1849) he was the first to impersonate in London.

To the ordinary catalogue of operas which have long maintained their position in the repertory it is unnecessary to refer. Enough that, besides the ten to which we have cursorily alluded, there are some 25 popular works always available at a moment's notice. This, remembering that the new theatre opened so recently as 1858, says no little for the spirit of the enterprise of the management, and the care with which the exceptions already specified (Tambrilich, Faure, Lagras, &c.), and some others who, if we except Signor Scasale and Mdlle. Marie Batto, will scarcely be missed, the whole of the effective "troop" that composed the company of 1861 will form part of the company of 1865. To add that Mr. Costa retains the post he has so ably and indefatigably filled since the Royal Italian Opera was instituted, that Mr. Augustus Harris is again stage-manager, and Mr. W. Beverley chief director of the scenic department, is equivalent to stating that when Mr. Gye has first-rate officers he is wise enough to keep them.

Of the ballet the prospectus says little more than that the principal dancers is once more to be Mdlle. Salvini; which, however, is quite enough to satisfy admirers of the Terpsichorean art.

(Times—March 29.)

The popular opera of the last two years was the work selected yesterday night for the opening of the 19th season of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye had already introduced to the public three Margheritas, each in her way commendable, one as nearly perfect as anything the stage has witnessed. None of these, however, was the Margherita on the occasion under notice, although we need hardly say for M. Gounod's *Faust*, or *Faust e Margherita*, was the opera performed. The actual representative of that very interesting personage was a singer new to this country, although evidently no novice in her profession. Mdlle. Berini (that, we find, is her real name, not "Derini"), "from the Scala, at Milan," made upon the whole a decidedly favourable impression. That she is a practised artist cannot admit of a doubt; and though it is always more or less dangerous to speculate on ladies' ages, theatrical ladies excepted, we think we shall hardly transgress the bounds of gallantry in stating that, in the person of Mdlle. Berini, that is, even "a date" as it is in the last movement of the duet in the "garden scene," it is with an effort that cannot be concealed. On the other hand, she is clearly a proficient in the vocal art, and so thorough a tactician that where she feels inadequate to execute a trait so well as to be in harmony with the general tenor of her performance, she substitutes something else. For example, instead of giving the shrike which should properly usher in the quick movement of the "Jewel-song," she merely sustains the leading note; and, when she is asked to clumny "a date" as it is in the last movement of the duet in the "garden scene," it is with an effort that cannot be concealed. On the other hand, she is clearly a proficient in the vocal art, and so thorough a tactician that where she feels inadequate to execute a trait so well as to be in harmony with the general tenor of her performance, she substitutes something else. For example, instead of giving the shrike which should properly usher in the quick movement of the "Jewel-song," she merely sustains the leading note; and, when she is asked to clumny "a date" as it is in the last movement of the duet in the "garden scene," it is with an effort that cannot be concealed. Mdlle. Berini has one admirable quality as a singer; she gives the correct emphasis to every note, and the legitimate significance to every word. Her phrasing, too, is without reproach, and her intonation seldom, if ever, at fault. As an actress she is graceful, easy, and intelli-

gent, and if we have seen more forcible delineations of M. Gounod's engaging hercule, more poetical in conception and more picturesque in the carrying out of details, we have seen none more earnest and, at the same time, natural. We cannot stop to particularize "points," nor, indeed, had we time and space at command, would it be also entirely requisite, seeing that the few remarks here offered convey a tolerably fair notion of a performance remarkable rather for well-balanced excellence than for any very striking characteristics. The audience judged it accordingly; for while they exhibited no sign of enthusiasm a feeling of serene satisfaction prevailed, which no particular incident appeared to disturb in any sense whatever.

Mlle. Honoré ("from Mo-cou"), the other *débütante*, may be remembered as having sung at Mr. Charles Hallé's "Piano-forte Recitals," in St. James's Hall, about three years since (June 13th, 1862). But those who listened on that occasion to her unobtrusive delivery of the Russian Glinka's charming *Berossé* (sung, by the way, to the original Russian words) would probably be surprised to find the young and unknown lady by whose talent they had been impressed but faintly, if not unfavourably, so entirely an adept as Mlle. Honoré showed herself last night. Rarely has the character of Siebel, that pale abstraction with which M. Gounod's librettists have thought to fill up a gap in the poetical drama of Goethe, by supplying Margherita with an ordinary lover, been made more prepossessing than by Mlle. Honoré. Rarely have the two pretty airs—"Le parlate d'amor" (sung while gathering the bouquet for Margherita, and "Quando a te," added expressly for Madame Santier,—been rendered with more unaffected expression.

Like the rest of the cast, she is going over old ground, to little or no purpose. Nevertheless, a whole column might be written about the *Faust* of Signor Mario, now one of the most highly finished, as it was from the beginning one of the most picturesque and attractive assumptions of that unrivalled lyric comedian. This was, moreover, one of those happy occasions not quite so frequent as of old. Sig. Mario's voice never once proved rebellious; his singing was almost everywhere perfect; and thus the whole performance was of a piece—unique and unsurpassable. In the unavoidable absence of M. Faure, a more competent substitute for that admired French baritone, in the part of Megistopheles, could hardly be named than the gentleman who undertook it last night, Signor Attili's Megistopheles was famous in Italy before he had been heard of in this country; and few who saw him in the character last season (on one or two of the "extra" nights) were inclined to dispute the favorable verdict of the Italians, who are not over partial in ordinary, to French music or to French singers. Such a voice as Signor Graziani possesses must give charm to any music, and for that reason alone his Valentine would be acceptable; but, in addition to this enviable recommendation, his great scene in the fourth act, that of the duel and the assassination, shows evident progress in dramatic conception. The small parts of Martha and Wagner, in the hands of Mlle. Ance and Signor Tagliacofe, left nothing to desire. The general execution of the music, by the splendid orchestra under Mr. Costa's vigorous control, was what it has always been; while the scenic spectacle, a joint triumph of Messrs. W. Beverley and A. Harris, was marked by the accustomed splendour and excited the accustomed admiration. M. Richard Wagner, the "Musician of the Future," tells us, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, that "Goethe's *Faust* was driven from the stage by a poodle"; what would he say to the two poodles which play so conspicuous a part at Covent Garden in the animated scene of the *Kennelhouse*?

There were the usual "demonstrations" inseparable from a first night; special greetings to Mr. Costa and Signor Mario; "calls" after almost every act; and the National Anthem at the end of the opera—trusting, happily, to the chorus alone. Not the least pleasant feature of the evening's performance was the fact that not a single "chore" was even asked for.

The *Trocatore* is to be given on Thursday, for the first appearance of Herr Wachtel; and on Saturday we are promised the immortal *Guillaume Tell*.

(Times—March 31.)

A few lines are all that is necessary to record the successful performance last night of *Il Trocatore*, the principal incident in which was the return of Herr Wachtel. The voice of the German tenor—the magnificent authority of the upper tones of which is sure, when the music contains suitable passages for display, to rouse an audience—was produced with the same effect and excited the same enthusiasm as on former occasions. Certain situations in Verdi's popular opera are admirably fitted for the exhibition of Herr Wachtel's most telling quality. The fierce outburst, "Di quella ira torrenziale fuoco," when Manrico is informed of the horrid death to which his supposed mother, the gipsy Azucena, is condemned, counts among these; and it was not merely the "high C" given out three successively with a force and

resonance not to be denied, but the energy with which the entire air was delivered, that justified the vociferous applause at the fall of the curtain, and the unanimity with which Herr Wachtel was called forward. Mlle. Fricci's Leonora was marked by the same characteristics that have won for it a certain amount of favour. Without any pretensions to genius, this lady, by earnest endeavour and studied correctness, genuine ability as a vocalist, zeal and intelligence as an actress, has earned for herself a legitimate position. To attain the first rank lies scarcely within her means; but for whatever character Mlle. Fricci is announced, from Valentine in the *Illeguenda* to Leonora in the *Trocatore*, her name, in the absence of "stars" of the first magnitude, must always be more or less welcome. Perhaps her most irreproachable effort last night was in the famous scene of the "Miserere," the latter portion of which—comprising "Ah che la morte," Manrico's complaint from the prison—was loudly encored, and repeated as a matter of course. The new Azucena—Mlle. Honoré, who, on Tuesday, made so good an impression as Siebel in *Faust*—was eminently acceptable. In appearance, even with the extrinsic aid of a painted face and imaginary wrinkles, she hardly realized the idea we have been used to entertain of the vengeful and unwinning old sorceress; but she sang the music—from the familiar "Stride la vampa," to the duet, "Si la stanchezza," with its delicious burden, "Ai nostri monti ritorneremo," murmured by Azucena in her sleep, while Leonora is striving to convince Manrico of her innocence in a style as charmingly unaffected as it was artistically perfect. Signor Graziani's Conte di Luna needs no description. Enough that the popular air "Il malin del suo sortito"—the most favourable point afforded by the music for the manifestation of the singer's art—was given to perfection, and loudly asked for again. The charm of such a melody, delivered through the medium of such a voice, is, and must ever be, irresistible. The part of Ferrando was sustained, as usual, by Signor Tagliacofe, who possesses a talent for conferring importance on comparatively small things of which very few can boast. Altogether, the performance, taking into consideration how hackneyed is the opera, was heartily enjoyed by the audience.

—O—

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREYERKOPF & HÄNDEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 176.)

Even where there is an abundance of critical materials, we still meet with certain passages which give rise to doubts and scruples, to be solved by internal evidence alone, and necessitating a sort of conjectural criticism. Such is the case, for instance, where Beethoven has made alterations in the work as a whole, and introduced them also into the principal parts or the leading passage, but, as may so easily happen with after-corrections, has forgotten that such alterations indisputably require other corrections, in order that the concordance and agreement of the separate portions of the work may be preserved. The original manuscript, under these circumstances, shows obviously where subsequent alterations have been made, and where the first reading, which no longer agrees with the rest, has been allowed to remain; it can, also, point out where a somewhat too striking discrepancy has been unaskingly got over, in the printed copy, by an officious correction; but in what manner Beethoven would have carried out his alteration through every detail is something which can only be guessed at, and the critical editor must, therefore, after carefully weighing in his mind all the facts, decide according to probability.

This is not the place to point out and to discuss what has been gained, in the new edition, for particular works by systematically turning to critical account existing materials; it is merely requisite to show clearly that a necessary and important task of this kind had to be accomplished. The result cannot be doubtful, when the task is undertaken with so earnest a will, with such valuable authorities, and with such decided talent. Very few pieces will remain entirely without corrections, while in the case of a very many, even of the greater and best-known ones, the corrections will be both numerous and important. As to what may be important in this respect, opinions will, it is true, vary. A false chord, of which the musician quickly dispenses as a fault of the engraver, may excite grave doubts in the mind of the dilettante, so that the correction of it is for him a matter of no slight moment; signs regarding the

Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grembeien*.

style of execution, ties, dots, &c., may strike the latter as trifles, though his conception and performance not unfrequently depend upon them, and a correction of this kind may throw an extraordinary light upon a subject in the case even of a professional. While, therefore, the new edition can boast of corrections of all sorts, it is, above all, an essential step in advance that they are *authentic*, and that we may rely upon the text, thus given, as one critically trustworthy.

The critical mode of proceeding being what it is, it is highly interesting to be enabled to follow it; it is important to know what sources of information have been available for every piece, and what use has been made of them. To satisfy this want, arrangements have been made for the publication of *supplementary critical articles*, in which detailed information will be given of all questions that may arise on this head. A careful list has been made of the autograph manuscripts, of the copies, and of the original impressions which were available in each separate instance; of their nature, and value; of the use made of them; and of everything concerning them that could be considered remarkable, each necessary particular is recorded; and separate passages, too, in any way critically interesting, are especially pointed out. By this method, there has been collected a rich stock of materials, which, judiciously edited, is able to answer and satisfy all questions of criticism, and fix the proper reading, without producing weariness and bewilderment by a load of superfluous variations.

The searching examination to which Beethoven's works, as handed down to us, have been subjected, has cleared up, moreover, many points relating to another difficult question, namely: the *chronology* of those works. We know that it has become the custom for composers to distinguish their compositions, according to the order in which they are printed, with a *continuous series* of "*Op.*" or "*numbers.*" These, however, furnish only an uncertain and vacillating guide for deciding matters of chronology. Even when the order of the series is scrupulously preserved—which it is not in Beethoven's case—it marks, at most, the order in which the works were published, and does not mark even this accurately when different publishers bring out works of the same composer simultaneously. The *time of publication*, however, is not even approximately given, since musical publications bear no date; we cannot guess what period intervenes between each work and the succeeding one, nor can we gather whether the publication proceeded quickly or slowly, or whether it varied at various epochs. Yet the solution of these material questions is by no means devoid of interest, for we learn therefrom what position the composer occupied with the public, what influence his works were able to obtain, and actually did obtain, under certain definite conditions of time. We find ourselves consequently left in the lurch as to the time when the various works were written, for this is decided neither by the "*Op.*" number, nor by the year of publication. Accidents of all kinds may delay or hasten the publication of a work; grand and important compositions are frequently kept back for a considerable period, while smaller ones are quickly engraved; sometimes forgotten works are tardily brought forward again, and again, only that portion which the composer has finished is engraved. All these contingencies exerted an influence upon Beethoven, and so, the task of determining the time at which the various works were written and that at which they were published, is often a difficult one. In a critical revision of his works, however, this question, like every other, had to be met, and it was highly desirable that the new edition should contain as much trustworthy information as could possibly be procured about it.

Beethoven had a habit, though, unfortunately, there were many exceptions to it, of marking upon his clean copies the date of his writing them, sometimes doing so with great preciseness. Thus, for instance, at the beginning of the B flat major Pianoforte Trio (Op. 97), he has written "March 3rd, 1811," and, at the conclusion, "finished the 26th March, 1811," adding subsequently "sent to the engraver, the 11th June, 1816." In not a few cases, therefore, an examination of the autograph manuscript, or of a copy thus annotated by Beethoven, has furnished dependable information as to the time when a work was written; but it is not every original manuscript which has such notices marked upon it, while frequently no original manuscripts exist at all. Nevertheless, in very many cases, by the combined aid of other authorities

and data, the time at which a work was written may, if it cannot be determined with absolute certainty or great probability, at least be brought within narrower limits, and approximately fixed. The most important aids in this matter are Beethoven's *Note-Books* (*Skizzen-Bücher*). Beethoven was accustomed to jot down, upon a number of sheets of paper bound together, not only notions and ideas, as they struck him, but the separate motives, passages, and turns of the compositions on which he happened to be engaged, working out and recasting them, one after the other, with indefatigable industry, and as he generally had several works in progress at one and the same time, the numerous sketches for the various compositions constantly run through, and side by side with, each other. Beethoven himself obviously valued these sketches. He preserved and had them bound up in their original order. Such a note-book affords not only a vivid picture of his labours, but supplies actual information of what compositions he was working on at a particular date. If it is possible to determine by any other authority the date of some of the compositions sketched out, or if any incidental notices elsewhere point to a certain time—and, as a rule, such landmarks are not wanting—we are enabled to fix the date of the remaining compositions with tolerable certainty. Had reasonable precaution been taken to preserve the Note-Books in as complete a form as possible, we should have now possessed invaluable materials towards a knowledge of the history and the art of the great master; but they have been dispersed and lost leaf by leaf, and it is only with great trouble and by good luck that the investigator can obtain the scattered remains that he requires for his task.

Of decisive weight in fixing the time when a work was written is occasionally the period of its first performance. Many compositions were written for a special reason; many a concert derived all its attractiveness from the performance of new compositions; and many works are of such a kind that of necessity they found their way to the public immediately after they were terminated. The period therefore of the cause which gave rise to them and of their first performance, enables us to form an idea of the time at which they were written, though great care is always needed in such calculations. Thus, to take a case in point, Collins' *Coriolanus* was performed for the first time on the 24th November, 1802, while Beethoven's overture was not written until subsequently for a performance in 1807. Finally—leaving out of consideration the indications afforded by casual remarks in letters, and by literary aids of a similar kind—the particulars of the time of publication, even when they afford no more definite information, are so far of importance, that, at any rate, they fix the latest date beyond which we must not go, and this may be a matter of moment especially with the earlier works. Trustworthy facts of this description are to be obtained only by laboriously and minutely searching through play-bills and concert-bills; announcements and advertisements in magazines and newspapers; and in fact the corners and dust-heaps of literature, great care and minuteness being requisite to arrive at sure results. What can be done by these means for the chronology of Beethoven's work will be shown by Alexander Thayer, who has devoted himself to the certain and unconditional demonstration of the truth with the genuine and enduring enthusiasm of the indefatigable investigator, in which character he has done some wonderful things in the way of research.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Miss Emma Busby gave a matinee on Thursday, at Mrs. Fitzgerald's residence in Portland-place. The elegant rooms were fully and fashionably attended. Miss Busby, having a predilection for classical music, selected compositions by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., for performance, and acquitted herself to the evident satisfaction of a discriminating audience.

Bismarck.—M. Edouard de Paris' last quartet concert was equally as interesting as the previous one. The concert commenced with Beethoven's string quartet in B flat (celebrant—M.M. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodman, and Nide). This was followed by Weber's pianoforte quartet in B flat, capably executed by M. E. de Paris, M.M. Pollitzer, Goodman, and Nide; Haydn's "God save the Emperor"; and May-seder's trio in B minor for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. In the trio of May-seder's, M. de Paris' excellent qualification as a pianist were brought out to great advantage. Fraumeni Mehlhorn was the vocalist.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own correspondent.)

A certain place, we are informed, is paved with good intentions. If such be really the case, and no one has ever adduced any proof of the contrary, the authorities charged with the task of looking after the *trovatas* and *chaucisses* of that place must feel considerably indebted to me for the incredible amount of paving materials with which I have supplied them during the last two months or so. Week after week have I intended to write you a letter, and week after week have I deferred carrying out my intention, until, at last, I was so thoroughly ashamed of my remissness as seriously to contemplate never addressing you another line, and allowing you to suppose I had been shot in a duel by my friend Dr. H— of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, who had come over from London expressly to pistol me, or that I had fallen a victim to an outburst of repentment on the part of some one or other of the German readers of the MUSICAL WORLD, who think I do not invariably speak with becoming reverence of musical matters and musical individuals in their beloved Fatherland. But such is not the case, as the receipt of this epistle will convincingly prove. The fact is that—I—well, I may as well make a clean breast of it. I have been rather lazy. There, the murder is out. Nevertheless, in self-defence, I must inform you that there has not been much doing in the way of novelty. Things have continued to go on in the old humdrum, jog-trot fashion which appears to be one of the most prominent characteristics of this sandy capital, the inhabitants of which, however, are generally believed—by themselves—to be the most go-a-head, at the same time that they are, of course, the most refined, persons in Germany, nay, more: in Europe. Dear me, what sad mistakes people fall into, and what moral blindness is the result of too much vanity! However, just as an alderman, when sharp-set, may make a very good meal off a plain joint, or even simple bread and cheese, if he cannot feast on turtle soup and venison, so you, perhaps, may like to hear a record of comparatively trifling events, seeing that it is out of my power to chronicle the production of another Pastoral Symphony, or the debut of a second Albin.

Herr, or Mr. Adams—your readers pay their money, so let them take their choice of the two appellatives—has returned long since from London to the Royal Operahouse, and been extremely well received. He is a great favorite here, despite his being English, though, in justification of the Berliners, I must inform you they generally suppose him to be American. He has appeared as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*; Elvino in *La Sonnambula*; Alina in *Il Barbiere*; Alfredo in *La Traviata*; the Duke in *Rigoletto*; and Marco in Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro*, which last, after having been allowed to slumber for a considerable period on the shelves of the library was revived on the 16th February at the particular request, or rather order, of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince. It was never very successful, and I do not fancy we shall see or hear it more than once or twice again for some years to come. What on earth could have induced the Crown Prince to command a performance of it is something beyond my capabilities to divine. Did you ever sit out a performance of it? It is one of the most dreary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, specimens of what a thoroughly experienced musician is capable of producing when nature has not endowed him with imagination. As a musical production, it is, I should say, about equal in merit to what a romance from that celebrated grammarian Lindley Murray would have been in literature. But Lindley Murray, wiser in his generation than Herr Lachner, was mindful of the old adage: "*Ne satis ulra eripiam.*" Would that Herr Lachner had possessed the good sense to imitate Mr. L. M.'s example. We then should have been spared such an exhibition of utter feebleness and vapidity as *Catharina Cornaro*.

Madlle. Artôt has revisited us. She opened as Antoinette in Anler's *Ambasadrice*. Of course you will not expect me to enter into a detailed account of her performance, but you may not object to learn that she sang on this occasion in German, while in the second character she selected, namely Amina in *La Sonnambula*, she preferred the Italian tongue, as did, likewise, Mr. Adams, who sustained the part of Elvino, though both she and the gentleman have made considerable progress in their German, which they now pronounce tolerably. All the other solo parts, and the

choruses, were given in German. I have already adverted more than once to this vocal harlequin's-jacket sort of business; this patchwork-quilt system tolerated in the sphere of opera; this singing polyglottism, which I consider both offensive and absurd. Let us have one idiom or the other: German or Italian, but do not let us have them together. Tea is a pleasant beverage, and Edinburgh ale generally admired, yet I will venture to assert that a combination of the two would not prove a very palatable drink. "Never mix your liquors" is a maxim highly appreciated by everyone who ever violated it, and found himself, in consequence, continually falling over immense imaginary precipices and dashing down profound ideal abysses the moment he laid his head upon his pillow. "Never mix your languages" is a precept equally entitled to respect. Let us trust that the pernicious practice, which has obtained in opera, may never be introduced—at least, not generally—into the drama. I say: "at least, not generally," because it has been introduced into it. That celebrated African tragedian, Mr. Ira Aldridge, who is such a tremendous favorite with the Czar, and other continental potentates, has long been in the habit of enacting the leading characters of the "immortal bard" in the idiom in which they were written while the remaining personages of the drama support him in pure Russian, or German, as the case may be.

La Traviata is not a popular opera here, and had not been represented for some time when it was revived in order that Madlle. Artôt might play the part of the frail sufferer, Violetta, which she did to the great satisfaction of the audience. She has appeared, likewise, with equal success as the heroine in *La Figlia*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *Il Barbiere*.

The management, as usual, are on the look-out for a good tenor. If you should happen to know of such a rarity at leisure give him a hint to come over here. To translate literally the German "*er würde gute Geschäft machen.*" he would make good business." Anglice: He would do very well. On that he could rely. A knowledge of the German language would, as he might see from the last paragraph save one, be quite unnecessary. Indeed, considering the unintelligible manner in which most singers pronounce their words now-a-days, I have serious doubts as to whether any regular language at all would be requisite. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, given with appropriate gesture and expression, would save a good deal of unnecessary trouble now expended in "getting" the words, and answer all practical purposes. The management would very much have liked to secure the services of a certain Herr Hacker who appeared as Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, sharing the honors of the evening with Mlle. Luca who was the Valentine. Herr Hacker is very far from being a perfect singer; he has all the faults contracted by artists in small theatres, and his voice is of no great strength, yet, as I have said, the management would have liked to engage him. They find him a desirable acquisition on the same principle that the Persian King declared a draught of muddy water out of a helmet the sweetest draught that ever passed his lips. There was no other at the moment to be procured. But Herr Hacker happens to be engaged for the natural term of his life, or, more properly speaking, of his voice, at the Court Theatre Dessau, and as Prussia does not think the time yet arrived for absorbing the Duchy of which Dessau is the capital, and conferring upon the fifty or sixty thousand human beings who own the dual sway the privilege of participating in Prussian taxation and swelling the ranks of the Prussian army, at Dessau Herr Hacker must make up his mind to remain. I have no doubt though, he will be granted leave of absence pretty frequently to come and give a "Gastspiel" here. Another promising—and performing—young tenor, by the way, is Herr Deutsch, at present a member of the theatre at Stralsund. Luckier than Herr Hacker, he is not bound by a voice-long contract, so, having, as I am informed, treated the management to a taste of his quality at a private interview, he has been engaged here for three years on a progressive salary. Before quitting the subject of tenors, I may as well state that, according to rumours afloat, there is some probability of Herr Wachtel's favouring us with a professional visit.

When speaking of Herr Hacker, I incidentally mentioned Mlle. Luca. That charming young lady is still one of the main supports of the Royal Operahouse, and may truly boast of having all Berlin at her feet. How fortunate for Berlin that it is not so

smoky as London! If it were, it might lose its pretty but petulant *prima donna*, who to the already thick wreath of laurels which has long encircled her fair brow has added several sprigs gathered at Hanover. She sang, some short time ago, there in *Les Huguenots* and *Faust*. Her performance created, according to the papers, a perfect *furor*.

There was some talk about Madame Harriers-Wippen leaving the Royal Operahouse. Matters have, however, been amicably arranged. The lady, having made a fresh engagement and had her claim to a pension allowed, will now remain.

From a return issued by Herr Lavallade, the stage-manager, I find that during the year 1864, the Theatre Royal, which include the Operahouse, were closed on the 22nd January, the day on which Frederick William IV. died, as well as on the 24th, 25th, 26th March, the 20th April, the 7th June, from the 17th of that month to the 1st August, on the 3rd, 6th, 8th August, and on the 24th December; that is on 54 evenings in the course of the year. The holidays of the opera and of the ballet lasted from the 18th June to the 29th July. There were altogether 526 performances, 167 of which were of opera, 44 of ballet, 26 of a miscellaneous kind, and one a concert. In memory of Meyerbeer, there was a special performance on the 8th June between the last two acts of *Le Prophète*. The number of different operas was 45, of ballets, 15; and of *Divertissements* 2. On 9 evenings there was *pas seul*. Two operas were produced for the first time. The operas most frequently represented were *Marguerite (Faust)*, 19 times; *Die Judgen Weiber von Windsor*, 10 times; *Robert le Diable*, 8 times; *Fra Diavola* and *Oberon*, 7 times each, and *Die Zauberflöte*, 9 times. There were 47 performances of classical works; 3 were devoted to Gluck; 19 to Mozart; 6 to Beethoven; 12 to Weber; 1 to Méhul; 2 to Cherubini; and 5 to Spontini.

Of concerts, we have had galore; good, bad, and indifferent. A complete catalogue of them would suffice, alone, to fill a whole column of the MUSICAL WORLD; a detailed account of them would require an entire number. Die Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, or Society of the Lovers of Music, has been particularly active. Among the works performed by it was a novelty in the shape of Raff's "Orchestersuite," op. 101, which was favourably received. This Society, as I fancy I told you in one of my former letters, was founded for the express purpose of regaling the public with the works of the Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt School. But its programmes include compositions by other, and better masters, among whom I may mention Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and Chopin. By the way, Meyerbeer's Grand Festival Overture written for the Great London Exhibition was performed by the Society for the first time in Berlin. It was very well rendered, and, I need scarcely add, pleased immensely. Some of the most popular concerts in Berlin are those given by the Royal Cathedral Choir. They have been exceedingly good this season and fully sustain the reputation of the Choir. In the list of concert-givers is included Mdlle. Charlotte Dekker, from Hungary. The lady is a very respectable violinist. I am informed, but, not liking female violinists, I did not go to hear her, so I cannot personally vouch for her talent.—I must not forget to state that our old friend, Leo Lion, has once more turned up.

Homer sometimes nods, and even the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* is not invariably quite as wide-awake as it should be. Since the beginning of the year it has published, every week, an article headed "Journal-Review," in which it gives, or professes to give, an account of the contents of the various English, French and Italian musical papers. Let us hope it is more correct in its information about the foreign contemporaries of the MUSICAL WORLD than it is in the case of the MUSICAL WORLD itself. In its number for February 8, it says: "Die 'musical world' bringt eine Mebersetzung des Artikels unter dem Titel 'Furiato,' Sehen aus dem Leben Beethovens, aus den letzten Nummern des vorigen Jahrs der Westermarscher Monatshefte." ("The 'Musical World' contains a translation of the article entitled 'Furiato,' Sehen from the Life of Beethoven, from the concluding numbers of Westermarsch's Monthly Magazine of last year.") Now of two things one is certain: either that the gentleman entrusted with the task of getting up the "Journal-Review" does not read the foreign papers of which he writes, or, if he reads, does not understand, then, in so far, at least, as the MUSICAL WORLD is concerned. To call such an able "pitch-in" as the criticism on *Furiato* a translation, shows

an amount of carelessness, or betrays a degree of ignorance, which should render the editor of the *Neue Berliner* more careful in future whom he employs. If he can find no one in Berlin capable of keeping him *au courant* of what appears in the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, he should not mention that paper, unless, indeed, he could prevail upon my admirer Dr. H.—, to come over from London and undertake the task. But, whichever course he chooses to pursue, *so viel stiel fest*: the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* has found a gigantic mare's-nest. VALE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Thanking you for the kind manner in which you spoke about my recent professional visit to Germany, would you kindly permit me to correct a slight error? I did not play my "Elegie on the death of Pariah Alvars" at the Grand Ducal Palace in Weimar, but I played there my "Concerto with Orchestra," which I afterwards had the honor to repeat at the grand concert given by the members of the Grand Ducal Chapel, where the above named "Elegie" was introduced likewise.—I have the honor to remain, Sir, your truly obedient,
London, March 25th, 1865. CHARLES ORBERTON.

HERR ERNST.

SIR.—A concert was given on March 23rd, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, this renowned violinist, now labouring under a most severe affliction; indeed he has been deaf to his art for some time, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be able again to play on the "king of instruments," of which he was so noble an ornament. His compositions performed on this occasion seemed to echo the feelings of his heart, and in a measure illustrated the melancholy and despair which appears to surround him in his present unfortunate position. His brothers in musical art, MME. Joachim and Hallé, together with C. Hallé's admirable band and chorus rendered their services gratuitously, as did also Mdlle. Fies, quite a lady possessing extraordinary ability as a vocalist. She contributed great lustre to this excellent concert by her artistic rendering of the pieces allotted unto her. The centre of attraction, however, rested upon Herr Joachim's superb violin playing, which enchanted the large assembly, and elicited from their thunders of applause and loud bravos from a multitude of enthusiastic admirers—in fact M. Hallé appeared as highly delighted as the humblest amateur was entranced by the sound of wonderful joy. Herr Joachim's dexterous bowing, masterly manipulation of fingering, exquisite phrasing, delicious expression, and the consummate power he exercises over his instrument produces an effect which commands profound admiration; his intellectual soul speaks through the tones of his instrument, and he inspires a charm that captivates the most critical of critics. M. Hallé played Beethoven's Choral Fantasia for pianoforte, with band and chorus, with masterly ability, illustrating all the beauties of this towering to artistic perfection. The exhilarating joy of this genial composition turned all hearts present to notes of gladness, such as may be felt while rambling through the woods and fields on a bright May morning. The band and chorus was worthy of all commendation. Every person, from the humblest to the greatest in this array of talent, appeared to be impressed with one feeling, and that was to do their best for the individual they came to honour. They all gave freely of their notes, for which an appreciative audience exchanged for ready cash, thus enabling the committee inaugurated to conduct this benevolent object to hand over to their respected musical brother Herr Ernst—an artist who elicits the deepest sympathy from all musicians for the services he has rendered to the musical art—a noble sum of money. Executive Committee, Mr. Hallé, Mr. Hecht, Mr. Langton, Mr. Leo, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Stern. T. B. BIRCH.
Sloppet, March 27, 1865.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—A new piece entitled *Good Purposes* was produced at the Strand Theatre on Monday. Miss Milly Palmer sustaining the only female character in it. *The Morning Star* critic says:—"The agreeable element of the story was brought into strong relief by the very delicate and charming acting of Miss Milly Palmer, whose power of delineating womanly tenderness and gentle pathos renders her a precious acquisition to the London stage. She portrayed the pettish capriciousness of the spoiled child with a great deal of vivacity and point, but it was in the passages of quiet but intense feeling that her talent found the fullest scope for its display, and the feminine grace and thoughtfulness of her performance were worthy of the heartiest praise."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIRST CONCERT,
(FIFTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON).

Monday Evening, April 3, 1865.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F minor, No. 11, Op. 95, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBER, and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land?"—Miss HANES. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLS. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G minor, Op. 8, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLS and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The farewell"—Miss HANES. *Beethoven.*
ROMANZE, in F, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM. *Beethoven.*
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR, — Mr. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Both Halls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 2s. Freelyhill; Chappell and Co., 66 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

FOURTH MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SECOND CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C, No. 8, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBER, and PIATTI. *Mozart.*
SERENADE, "In youth's season" (Mock Doctor)—Mr. CROMBIE. *Gounod.*
SONATA, "The Invocation," Op. 17, for Pianoforte alone (Repeated by general desire)—Madame ANABELLA GODDARD. *Dussek.*

PART II.

SONG, "Through the night"—Mr. CROMBIE. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer)—Madame ANABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR, — Mr. BENEDICT.

J HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
FLORENCE DE MACROBIO et de LA BELLE GRISE, fille de Remon, Empereur
de Constantinople, by LEAN MAUGIN, dit LE PETIT ANGEVIN. A printed copy
of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price),
acquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author
of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become subscribers
in the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at
61, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names
already received—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustus Bargard, Esq., John
Bossey, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL
LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 Regent Street, corner
of Little Aylett Street (First Floor). Advertisements received
as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Pay-
ment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be for-
warded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Perform-
ance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES MEAKIN.—We believe Mr. Sima Reeves was last in Italy
in 1847, when he was engaged at the Scala Theatre, Milan.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

IN No. 7 of the MUSICAL WORLD we published an article
entitled "The Personal Relations of Great Masters to each other."
We therein spoke of Weber and Beethoven. In connection with
this the following particulars respecting Weber and Meyerbeer,
gathered from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, may not be
without interest to our readers:—

It is well-known that Weber and Meyerbeer were the two
musicians to whose education the Abbé Vogler gave the finishing
touch, of which he was reasonably not a little proud.

At Vogler's in Darmstadt, Weber became acquainted with
young Beer, then sixteen years old. The youth resided with
Vogler, where he created a sensation by his wonderful talent and
his incredible quickness of intellect. He was, at that period,
not only a distinguished virtuoso on the piano, but one of the first
score-players that ever lived. His four-part "Geistliche Lieder
von Klopstock," too, had already been published. Though
Weber, who was eight years older, did not form so close and
intimate a friendship with him as with Gottfried Weber and
Gänsbacher, this period of study laid the foundation of friendly
personal relations between the two, which were never inter-
rupted, even when the course pursued by the one diverged so
much from that followed by the other.

Even when he was *Musik-Director* in Prague, Weber produced,
with the greatest care, Meyerbeer's first opera: *Almirante*; wrote
preparatory paragraphs about it; had eighteen rehearsals of it;
and did everything to secure for it that success which it had
failed to achieve in Stuttgart, Vienna, and elsewhere. In Prague,
as in other places, it did not please at the first performance,
but as Weber persevered and had it repeated several times, it
eventually succeeded in finding favor with the public. How sin-
cere he was in what he did, besides being evident from the trouble
he expended on the work, appears from a letter to F. Rochlitz, to
whom he wrote (November 7th, 1815): "The success of Meyer-
beer's opera was a source of endless satisfaction to me, and I beg
you to give this notice of it a small place in the *Musik-Zeitung* as
soon as possible."

As *Capellmeister*, in Dresden, he displayed the same sentiments
towards his friend and companion in art.

As we are aware, Meyerbeer had gone to Italy, and, towards the
end of the year 1819, his opera *Emma di Resburgo* had created a
great sensation in Venice.

Weber, however, desired to introduce Meyerbeer to the Dresden
public in a work which still bore the stamp of fundamentally
German character, and had begun to get up *Almirante*.

Painfully as he was affected by the new course his friend had
struck out, yet, fearful lest he might be reproached with one-sided
partiality for what had been effected in the way of purely German
art, he did not hesitate to begin the preparations for *Emma di
Resburgo*, simultaneously with those for *Almirante*, directly he
heard that there was a desire in a high quarter to see represented
in Dresden the former opera, which had created such a sensation.
He even carried the triumph over himself so far as, also, in con-
formity with what he heard was desired, to get up the opera with
Italian words, and, after fourteen carefully conducted rehearsals,
brought it out on the 26th February, with the co-operation of the
artists in the Italian company, Cantu, Benincasa, Decavanti, the
Misch, and the Funk. *Almirante* followed it on the 22nd
February. Both operas met with a brilliant, and the Italian
Emma di Resburgo even with an enthusiastic, success. Weber did

not know whether to feel glad or sorry at this. He writes, on the 27th January, to Lichtenstein:

"Yesterday I gave Meyerbeer's newest opera *Emma di Resburgo*, in Italian. It was received with enthusiasm. I fear this will not be the case in Berlin. We are here quite Italianised. My heart bleeds to see a German artist, endowed with creative power of his own, degrade himself into an imitator, for the sake of the wretched applause of the multitude. Is it then so very difficult, I will not say—to despise, but at any rate, not to consider as superior to ought else, the applause of the moment," etc.

The more trouble Weber had taken with the performance itself, the less pains did he give himself to conceal from the world and from his friend what he thought of the whole business.

Previously to the production of *Emma* and *Almeidek*, he had written an introductory notice, printed in No. 17 and 18 of the *Abendzeitung*. In this, he deprecates the part taken by Meyerbeer when composing *Emma*, and casts some side-glances of dissatisfaction upon the stand-point of Italian art generally. Among other things, he says in the article:

"There must be something most radically wrong with the power of digestion of Italian art-stomachs, when the genius of Meyerbeer, which was certainly capable of original creation, felt it necessary to place upon the table not only sweet and voluptuously swelling fruit, but compelled also to sweeten it still more with these fashionable forms."

To this notice, the Italians, headed by Morlacchi, not only published a short answer in the *Literarischer Merkur*, but actually lodged a complaint with Count Einsiedel to the effect that "they were insulted in their artistic honor!" The answer contained spiteful insinuations against Weber's artistic services in Dresden, and the motives of his conduct, sharp censure of his tendency towards attempting to lead the taste for art according to his own notions, etc.

The affair created the greatest excitement, and all the members of the company were in a state of commotion. In every social circle of the city the Italian and the German theatrical party formed more sharply defined groups than they had ever done before.

In our day, affected by more practical streams of ideas, by industry, politics, and trade, people can no longer form a notion how important was an open conflict about theatrical matters at that period, when there was a rest from great movements and commotions, or how it could excite men's minds as profoundly and stormily as an election contest or an important debate in the chambers at the present day.

Weber, ailing and excitable, allowed himself to be moved far more than the events justified, and, in feverish heat, to be accused into writing an article which, penned in a tone scarcely more moderate than the attacks of his opponents, did not, in every instance, array justice and public opinion on his side.

Count Einsiedel estimated the complaint of the Italians at its proper value; he calmed Weber, and advised him to let the matter die silently.

The excellent Beer family had hardly heard of the annoyances in which Weber had become involved by what he had done for the productions of Meyerbeer's operas, *Emma di Resburgo*, and *Almeidek*, than they resolved to procure him a moment of pleasure by the fulfilment of a pet wish of his, with which they had accidentally become acquainted through Herr Kraft the violoncellist, who had received from him an introduction to them. The joyous admirer of splendor had once said that all that was wanting to complete the decoration of his table were silver candelabra. A chest, containing candelabra of the sort, was despatched to him, on the 28th February, by the royally rich family, with a kind and grateful letter, placing in the most pleasing light the motives of the gift.

Weber was placed by this in the most painful embarrassment, especially as he had been publicly reproached with his partiality for Meyerbeer's works, and as it was to be foreseen that the receipt of the costly present could not remain unknown, and, when known, would, probably, give rise to the most uncharitable interpretations. In order not to give himself, and above all, Caroline, cause for regret, by the sight of the splendid objects sent him, he preferred not opening the chest at all, but returning it with the annexed letter, wherein is exhibited, in the most amiable form, his delicate tact, and the honesty of his views on art, combined with the sincerest wish to avoid in any way doing ought hurtful to the feelings of the highly respected couple:

"Dresden, the 2d March, 1820.

"To my dear and highly respected Father and Mother Beer.

"With a very heavy heart do I take up the pen to answer your kind letter of the 26th February, for I cannot help dreading what is almost the most painful of all things to your friend—to offend you and hurt your feelings. But I follow my sentiments and my duty, and am too well convinced that you yourselves are too just and delicate to be long angry with me—when you are once acquainted with my motives. Permit me, therefore, my dear friends, not to accept the gift, without doubt a handsome one, which your kindness intended for me. I am firmly convinced, and I have known you both long enough to be so, that the purest desire to cause me and my wife pleasure induced you to offer this additional proof of your love. But times and circumstances often change wonderfully in the world. Might not a doubt as to the purity of my interest for your family and for some day spring up in your breasts? Can you rob me of the soothing thoughts, that, at a time when real friends, acting without ulterior objects, are so rare, I may be allowed to prove myself such a one to you? Ah, I am not so disinterested after all; I would only obtain a larger share of your tried friendship. How much I should like to call you my debtors. But such is not the case; I repeat what I said in my last letter but one to Mother; what I can never sufficiently thank you for is the interest you have invariably manifested for me. And when my gratitude rendered doubly pleasing my duty as an artist, namely to exert myself for the purpose of causing a talent like Meyer's to be known and appreciated, this was pure gain for me, etc.

"Pardon, dearest Beer, but I would only defend myself and endeavour to prove to you that I owe it to my repose to decline this fresh proof of your kindness. My gratitude for it is quite as profound and sincere. Do not fancy, for a moment, that my zeal for Meyer's works will cool down, because he has struck out a different path. When you write, do not say anything to him about the subject, or about this letter. I know by experience what an irritating effect such things have upon him. Ah, if I could but speak to him, with my eye glancing into his, he should read in mine the truest friendship, while, perchance, my lips would be telling him serious and bitter truths. But upon paper they look cold, and make one appear desirous of playing the master. To you I have laid open my heart and feelings. Can you be angry with me? Will your love towards me be diminished? God forbid! I think I do what I must do.

"The second performance, also, of *Almeidek* went very well, drawing a full house and pleasing the public. *Emma* has reached Frankfurt and Munich.

"In July, I hope to embrace you, if you, too, have not to go to some watering-place. But it is a long time to then.

"My wife desires her kindest remembrances, and I remain, as always, loving and respecting you with really filial love,
"Your faithful friend,
C. M. von WEBER."

This letter did not reach the hands of the honoured pair. The sons, Heinrich, Wolf, and Michael Beer, sent the chest back again, with a letter in which they endeavoured to persuade him to accept the present.

Without a woman's hesitation Weber once more returned the chest, still unopened, to them, and wrote as follows:

"My dear Friends, Dresden, the 9th March, 1820.
"I can assure you that I appreciate your filial love, which would protect your esteemed parents from everything disagreeable; your intention is entirely laudable, and your love for your fatherly warmth which would exhibit to a friend the purity of your partiality towards him. But the first duty of a friend is to take into consideration the circumstances of a friend, and not, by any action, however kindly meant, place him in such a position with respect to his enemies, that that action might afford some seeming cause for sullying his honour.

"And this is the present position of matters here. You have seen the mortification and insults to which I have been subjected on account of these operas, and which have reached such a pitch that I am resolved to tender my resignation."

"Have I refused to accept former proofs of your parents' affection when they were offered me? Would it not have been a ridiculous pride that would only give to friends and receive naught from them in return? This would be a pride that must annihilate all true friendship. We are both rich; I in resources of art, by which I can afford you pleasure, and you in the gifts of fortune, with which you would do the same for me. Had the present come a year later, or on the occasion of some domestic celebration, I should really not have ventured to refuse it—but now, immediately after all that has taken place, I own it to my honour, to my position here, and, likewise, to your friendship, so to do, and it would be a very bad thing if I could not hope that the love of my friends would see the force of this and honour my scruples."

"Between us, there can never be any question of tittle-tattle or mistrust, and I think that I spoke out most frankly in my first letter. Of course you understand that I expect you to hand my letter to Father."

"You, also, will, by this time, have become calmer, and, I hope, see more clearly into the business than your offended feelings at first permitted you to do."

"I embrace you all with the warmest affection, and remain unchangeably,—Your most faithful friend,
C. M. VON WEBER."

No answer having been sent to this, and a letter from Meyerbeer's parents having been received, in which, surprised at Weber's silence, and in doubt as to the fate of their valuable present, they write in an anxious tone, he could not refrain from presmilingly begging the sons to lay the matter before their parents, because he had hopes that the latter's good sense and affection would settle this painful difference more satisfactorily than aught else.

The result proved the correctness of his views. Herr and Mad. Beer, took back, though with sincere regret, but honoring his sentiments and motives, their present, and not a dissonance was left in the harmony of their friendship, which was proved on many a subsequent occasion.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg permission to offer a remark relative to the consecutive fifths in the following passage from Rossini, which appeared in *The Musical World* for February 25th:—



Your correspondent, Mr. Goddard, in the number for March 11th, alluding to the above, observes:—

"I believe the reason the *fifths* in the above passage lose the harshness generally characteristic of consecutive fifths is,—the upper notes of the first triads in question are also upper notes of intervals of a *sixth*, of which interval the bass of the passage constitutes the lower notes."

Perhaps, Sir, the following explanation may be admitted as being the simplest:—The passage is obviously a sequence of chords of the 2^d, or third inversion of the dominant seventh. The dissonant interval, the seventh of the root, being struck by the bass alone, before the other notes of the chord, necessarily first attracts notice, and the attention being diverted, the ear becomes in a great measure insensible to the series of consecutive fifths, which otherwise would not, in all probability, have the "charming effect," of which Herr Engel speaks. Apologising for intruding on your notice, I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
S. T.

Southsea, March 28th, 1865.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

If I had to complain of a dearth of news last week, assuredly I have more than enough this week to gratify the most curious of your readers. Since my last there have been produced at the Théâtre-Italien the new opera of M. Graffigna, *La Duchessa di San Giuliano*, the libretto of which I sketched for you a short time ago; at the Théâtre-Lyrique, a comic opera in one act, entitled *Les Mémoires de Fanfanchette*, words by M. Nérée Desobres, music by M. le Comte Gabrielli; and at the Bouffes-Parisiens, a *bouffonnerie*, called *Une Vengeance de Pierrot*, the music composed by M. Bianchini, fairs, and an operetta, *Les Crêpes de la Marquise*, book by M. Turpin de Sansay, and music by M. George Donay. Moreover, there are concerts and "auditions" innumerable, of which, however, I need only note especially the sixth concert of the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire;" the last concert of the present series of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music; and the sixth and last concert of the Society of Sainte-Cécile—enough and to spare to fill with consequential matter my hebdomadal contribution.

I have given you a sketch of the legend from which the plot of *La Duchessa di San Giuliano* is taken. Your printer, by the way, has made me refer the period to the *fifth* instead of the *fifteenth* century, a mistake which no doubt occurred from my abbreviation. In reality, the story of *Veronica Cibo* belongs to the seventeenth century and is mentioned by the Florentine chroniclers as having taken place in 1637. As the legend has undergone considerable modification in its lyric adaptation, I shall give you an account of the libretto in as condensed a form as I possibly can. The Duke Salviati, a Florentine nobleman, is married to Veronica Cibo, daughter of Carlo Cibo, Prince of Massa. The Duke soon tires of his spouse and transfers his affection to Caterina Canacci, a young girl in humble life, and carries on an intrigue with her under the disguise of an artist. A confidant of the Duke, Marguto, also loves Caterina, and, being rejected by her and knowing the cause to be her love for the Duke, vows vengeance against the pair. Marguto finds a ready tool in the Duchess, whose jealousy is fired to madness by her lord's *trahison*, and she and Marguto murder Caterina, just as the Duke, wearied of his new caprice and repenting of his folly, has bid farewell to Caterina, having first informed her he was no artist but a right noble personage whom it would ill behoove to wrong a poor girl further than his passion necessitated. Upon this fine piece of morality the authors of the book have disdained to deal poetical justice. The dead body of Caterina is secretly conveyed to the bed of the Duke, whose sensation in finding the bloody trophy nestling in his bed-clothes when he retires for the night may be conceived; the Duchess poisons herself in presence of her husband; and the gallant Duke and vengeful Marguto are suffered to live, to betray more women and perpetrate more murders. The principal difference between the legend and the libretto consists in the catastrophe. In the legend, as I have already told you, the Duchess has Caterina's head chopped off and served up to the Duke at dinner, garnished with parsley and cut paper. It would require stronger nerves than are possessed by the refined and sensitive audiences of the Italian Opera to stand the perfect realization of this scene. The marked exhibition of the dead body is as far as the authors could possibly go. To recommend these insane and incongruous horrors music of a far grander and more dramatic character is required than that provided by M. Graffigna, who is a clever musician, but certainly a long way from an inspired writer. The opera had but a partial success and will be laid aside after a few performances. Everybody says that the music resembles strongly that of Donizetti and Verdi. To Donizetti certainly there is frequently suggested a faint resemblance, but rather in the want of power and elevation of style generally attributed to the composer of *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Marino Faliero*, and to a certain grace and fitness in writing for the voice, than to the melodic flow and invention which so strongly characterises the author of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale* and *la Figlia del Reggimento*. As to any resemblance to be made between M. Graffigna and Signor Verdi I think such must be left to purely imaginative minds. The opera was remarkably well executed, the singers being Mesdames Charton-Demeur and Denicé-Lablache,

Signors Frascini, Delle-Sodie and Agnesi, all of whom showed good real and some of whom showed great talent in the performance. Madame Charton-Demour was best. She sang and acted like a thorough artist, and made as much as could be made of the character and the music. Signor Frascini and Signor Delle-Sodie may be allowed to plead for themselves. The most effective "bit" in the opera is a *cantilena*, given to Caterina, which Madame Demerich-Lablache sang with unusual neatness and expression. It was admirably fitted to her voice. The other pieces which told were an air for Margoto, especially the *andante*, sung by Signor Agnesi; a romance for the Duke, given in his most forcible manner by Signor Frascini; and the cavatina for the Duchess, brilliantly sung by Madame Charton-Demour. Of the rest, I remember nothing. The *Memoires de Fanchette* is not worthy of the Opéra-Comique, and the *Cripes de la Marquise* little worthy of the Bouffes-Parisiens.

I do not think that Madame Miolan-Carvalho, although announced and "underlined" in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, will honour that establishment with her presence this season. Mr. Frederick Gye, however, has secured an admirable substitute in the person of Madame Vennehœvel-Duprez, who will make the subscribers and the public more than amends for the loss of Madame Carvalho in the part of Caterina in the *Étoile du Nord*, Mathilde in *Giselle*, Tell, the Princess in *Robert le Diable*, and Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Why Madame Carvalho does not join the Covent Garden Company this season is, I understand, that she and Mozart have made so great a hit in the *Fiôte Enchantée* that the success of the Théâtre-Lyrique would be seriously imperilled should the opera be withdrawn, and as, of course, another Pamina could not be found, England is hopelessly deprived of the gracious countenance and voice of—in the opinion of Madame Miolan-Carvalho's greatest admirers—the Queen of French dramatic singers. Perhaps Madame Carvalho expected that she, and not Adelina Patti, should have been allotted the part of Pamina in the *Flauto Magico* at the Royal Italian Opera? Who knows? But—

If Adelina
Be Rosina,
And Amina,
And Norina,
And Adina—
Why not Pamina?

Q. E. D.

Among the numerous concerts of the week to which I have alluded let me name that given at the Salle Herz last evening (March 29), in memory of M. G. Onslow, for the benefit of the Association of Artist-Musicians of which Institution Onslow was an ancient member. The programme was made up entirely of that composer's works, and included selections from his most popular operas, such as *Les Étoiles de Blois*, *Le Colporteur*, *L'Acadé de Vêpa*, &c., &c.

Voici le programme du sixième Concert Populaire de Musique Classique (3^e Série):—Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn; Turkish March—Mozart; Concerto for Pianoforte, in C minor, Op. 37—Beethoven; Overture to *Hamlet*—Gade; Symphony in C major—Beethoven. Mozart's march was orchestrated by M. Prosper Pascal and M. Théodore Ritter played the pianoforte concerto.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, March 30.

MADAME LORINI.—Letters from Havannah state that Madame Lorini died there a short time since. Madame Lorini may be remembered as having appeared some years ago at the Royal Italian Opera.

DEATH OF SIGNOR NEGRINI.—Signor Negrini, who was in his day one of the most celebrated tenors of Italy, died recently at his villa, near Naples. He was for many years victim to a malignant sore throat, which prevented him from singing. He appeared some fifteen years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, but his voice failed him, and he left this country without, we believe, being heard.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gave a recital of classical pianoforte music, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday evening, with great success. Our correspondent's letter will appear next week.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The quartet-playing of Herr Joachim has lost none of its charm. On the contrary, it exercises a more powerful influence than ever on the generous amateurs who frequent St. James's Hall, in crowds hardly less remarkable for discrimination than for enthusiasm. So increasing, indeed, is the attraction of these healthy entertainments that the director has found it necessary to include in his scheme for the current year a series of morning performances, where the same kind of music may be heard, for the express accommodation of those who, residing at a distance, find it more or less inconvenient to attend habitually in the evening. Three have already taken place, quite as numerous as attended as the ordinary concerts; and, though it seems almost enough to be invited to a "Monday Popular" *soirée* on a Saturday afternoon, the good effect is precisely of the same nature. Since we last wrote, Herr Joachim has given us a whole library of good things, incomparable as he is universally recognized to be in Beethoven, his leading of Mozart's Quintet in G minor, the first movement of which, especially, is, perhaps, its author's *capo d'opera* in chamber music, would have made the worshippers of that extraordinarily gifted musician believe that the master of Herr Joachim's predilection was the composer of *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. But then follow a *Chaconne*, or solo *Fugue*, by John Sebastian Bach, a vigorous and playful quartet by Haydn, and so forth, executed with no less genial humour, unaffected taste, and mechanical perfection; so that it would really be puzzling to guess with which particular composer Herr Joachim feels most sympathy. All these oratorios have been recently passed. Yet, again, to hear him play the Quartet in E flat (Op. 44), at the third morning concert (on Saturday), one would have felt inclined to decide in favour of Mendelssohn, the intimate friend and affectionate counsellor of his early youth; and on Monday (at the 170th concert), when the announcement of a "Mendelssohn Night" brought such a host of Mendelssohn's admirers to St. James's Hall as showed that to no one of the great classical composers does Mendelssohn yield in popularity, this impression was further strengthened by a truly magnificent leading of the Overture in E flat, one of the earliest, and of the Quintet in E flat, one of the latest, inspirations of that wonderful genius. The quintet was the last piece in a programme less remarkable for variety than for varied and unflagging interest, one of the richest, in short, Mr. Chappell has on any occasion prepared for the gratification of his zealous and constant supporters. The audience, notwithstanding, happily without effect, to obtain a repetition of the *adagio*, one of the grandest and most pathetic slow movements in existence.

But, as we have more than once stated, and cannot state too often, the singular charm that attaches to Herr Joachim's playing is derived more than from any other of his admirable qualities, whether as an intellectual musician or as an incomparable "virtuoso," from his utter forgetfulness of Herr Joachim in the author whose music he is charged with interpreting. We hear Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr—even Schumann, as the case may be, but never Joseph Joachim. In the possession of this most rare quality, it is only just to say that he finds a sympathetic rival and conductor in Signor Piatto, whose equal cannot be cited as a violinist's playing is any true sympathizer with the highest order of chamber music, since quartets have been popular in England. It is very well to talk of Lindley, &c., but not one of his predecessors or contemporaries, for two generations at least, have had any right to be named with Signor Piatto. Of Madame Arabella Goddard's claims as an incomparable player of classical pianoforte music we need not speak. She was on Monday night associated with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatto in Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor (No. 2), a beautiful work about which we have heard much of since the first Julius Rietz, in his catalogue, can tell us nothing. To a more splendid execution of this trio we have never listened. At the end the performers were aporically called forward. Madame Goddard's solo was the *Cyprie* in F sharp minor, Op. 5 (first time) an early work, and yet as an example of the *moto continuo prestissimo* without parallel. Her execution of this very original and extraordinary composition was prodigiously fine, and as mechanically faultless as it was intellectually expressive. Such *prestissimo* playing is almost as unparalleled as the *prestissimo* that was played. The other players in the Quartet (Herr Joachim and Signor Piatto have been named), were Herr L. Riez (second violin), Messrs. H. Weld and Hann (violas), M. Piquet (violinello). In the quintet the viola playing of the two gentlemen just mentioned was all that could be wished; and, indeed, with Herr Joachim at the top and Signor Piatto at the bottom, it is no more than truth to say this noble composition was never at any time more nobly rendered.

The instrumental pieces, although offering too much interesting variety to stand in need of "rehearsal," were agreeably contrasted by two of Mendelssohn's most beautiful part-songs, so well given by the members of the Orpheus Glee Union that both were asked for again,

and repeated. Altogether, the concert was one of the best that could be imagined. But Mendelssohn, like Mozart and Beethoven, may be heard without admixture, and without an instant's *ennui*, through a programme of anything like reasonable duration; and while the performance of Monday night was not precisely short, it was by no means unreasonably long.

The next concert is to be exclusively devoted to Beethoven, the grand feature of the programme being the superlative *Quartet in F minor* (No. 11)—one of those for which Herr Joachim has shown a strong liking, and one of the two (the other being the first "Bassoonoffski"—in F major) which Mendelssohn used to say were of all Beethoven's works "the most characteristically Beethovenish."

Muttoniana.

Dr. Queer begs to inform whomever it may concern that after this current issue the correspondence about the Crystal Palace Band must be dropped. Perhaps the *Pall Mall Gazette* might like to go on with it; but after Mr. Ap'Mutton's recent edict, Dr. Queer is incapacitated. Moreover, Dr. Queer is sick (*sic*) of the subject.

CRYSTAL PALACE BAND.

No. 1.

Sir,—The members of the C. P. band having been placed in a very unpleasant position in consequence of the recent correspondence respecting them and their conductor, why should not those who really did write those letters come forward and say so? I, for one, have not the remotest objection to claim those signed "Bartle Old" and "Gog," for they, none of them, contain the slightest misstatement. I am not indebted to any member of the band for any information relating to the subject in question. Having been a daily visitor to the Crystal Palace for three years, and possessing, moreover, innumerable programmes, I am quite independent of any aid from members of the band. My statements have never been contradicted, not even by Mr. Crozier in his intemperate letter, and every daily visitor to the concert room knows that they are not inaccurate. Suspicion having rested on Mr. Crozier in consequence of his acquaintance with "the presumed writers," allow me to state that he has discontinued his weekly practice, and shall never resume it. I am indebted to the C. P. band for some of my happiest hours, and regret that any letters of mine should have exposed them to unpleasant observations, though I am indisposed to believe Mr. Crozier's assertion about their having incurred the "resentment of the entire band." Surely, those who never have played solos cannot care a fraction about the subject. Sincerely hoping that others may follow my example, and thus rescue the C. P. band from their present humiliating position.

I am, Sir, &c.,

Gipsey Hill.

A. F. BARLOW.

Dr. Queer has perused the foregoing, and is more than convinced that it is self-elucidating.

No. 2.

Sir,—I have just been reading the back numbers of the *Musical World* to see all the letters about the soloist and the conductor which have made the sea run so high in the Crystal Palace ten-cup. Mr. Ap'Toddle seems to me to have mistaken the point in question, for it's not an affair of whether the members of the band can play, but merely whether those who are so seldom brought forward don't play quite as well as those who are so very often down for a solo, and to despise Watson because he isn't Joachim is as silly as to snub chop because they are not otolulus. I am one of those who dissent in *toto* from the manner in which you have suffered the subject to be treated, but there's truth at the bottom of it. I also think it scandalous for a beggarly German to be so exalted in the Crystal Palace, the very spot of *spectacle* adapted for the display of foreign art. His salary is monstrous, and his testimonials most truly disgusting, but of course it's no business of mine. I don't value him at a thousand penny, let alone pounds. I fancy Ap'Toddle only visits the Palace on Saturdays, when the first horn has never a very conspicuous part to play. He would alter his opinion when he had heard him every day spilling everything as he did *Semiramide* yesterday. Has he ever heard the leader play a few *lars superio*? If he has and still calls him steady I wouldn't give much for his opinion. You see your flute solo never came off. The fact of Mr. Flabby needing no encouragement is surely no reason for his never playing a solo. Mains is not likely to believe those little-dick-dick of the members of his band, for they are not very likely to write and say, "We wrote those letters." This is not meant to print, but you may print it if you like, but you won't like. Your obedient servant,

ANDREW BROOKMAN, 3 Clapham Common.

Reading Room, Crystal Palace, March 22, 1865.

Dr. Queer does not like; nevertheless, he prints what he cannot but regard as a silly and intemperate communication. Dr. Queer may be wrong, but he is right for all that. Mr. Brockman should peruse (carefully) Godwin's *Essay on Spulchres*. Mr. Secretary Grove will lend him a copy.

A PRESENTATION TO THE B. M.

Sir,—Mr. Coventry Patmore has presented to the MS. Department of the British Museum a Collection of MS. Plays, or parts of plays, about 160 in number, which formerly constituted the theatrical chest of Drury Lane Theatre while under the management of R. Brinsley Sheridan. This chest was deposited by Sheridan, soon after the fire in 1809, with the late Mr. John Marshall, of Soho-square, as security for a loan of £800. The loan was never repaid, and Mr. Marshall eventually parted with the collection to Mr. F. G. Patmore, the father of the donor.

Yours respectfully,

BUSHOR BLAKE.

Dr. Queer, if not glad, is far from being sorry.

THE BRADFORD FESTIVAL.

Sir,—At a meeting of the executive of the festival committee a report was presented from which it appeared that the amount received from the sale of tickets, donations, and in other ways, exceeded 5,900*l.* while the expenses were about 5,500*l.*, leaving a surplus to go to the Bradford Infirmary and Dispensary of upwards of 700*l.* The expenses included 270*l.* as a charge made by the St. George's Hall Company for the use of that building and for the gas consumed, besides which the company receive a certain percentage upon a portion of the receipts, which percentage also forms part of the expenditure in the above calculation. As donations to the Infirmary and Dispensary in connexion with the late musical gathering are still coming in from persons who were unable to be present at the festival, the executive committee have considered it desirable to postpone for a few days the closing of the accounts, in the hope that the net surplus for the charity will be augmented to 1,000*l.* The Bradford Festival of 1865 resulted in a loss of more than 800*l.*, but that festival was not held for a charitable purpose.—I am, Sir, very obediently yours.

X. MARE SMITH.

Dr. Queer, if not sorry, is far from glad.

TO DR. QUEER.

Sir,—Again I ask the question, which of the two works, "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and "Chevy's Chase and Tune Book," was first published? If you cannot give a decisive answer, confess your ignorance like a man, "without evasion or equivocation." If you will not—say "no." Thanks for the news of Tritto, of whom I knew nothing, indeed, how could I, having been dead near a century! How much longer will Ap'Mutton desert his flock? Is he going to be everlastingly judding at the Tulleries.

PONTORA.

Dr. Queer says "no." Mr. Ap'Mutton will fuddle *ad libitum*, without leave from Mr. Porpora.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, &c. &c.

Sir,—Perhaps you are aware that for many months all Paris has been humming the "Ronde du jeune homme empoisonné," from the Palais Royal burlesque, *Les Diables Bores*. This catching air was rascally imported by Mr. Sothern into *The Women in Mauve*, Mr. H. J. Byron writing words for it. In spite of this, the song from the *Women in Mauve* is published by a respectable house, with the name of an English musician as the composer of the music, though he merely arranged the pianoforte score for a band; the clever M. Champtagne the real composer, being in no way mentioned. I simply ask if this is honest? Our dramatists now have been shamed into giving the name of their French authorities, and why should musicians not do so? Such tricks of trade verify Napoleon's sneer at our shopkeeping nature, and make honest folks blush for their countrymen.

Faithfully yours,

POSTIFIX FOURCRADES.

Dr. Queer was not aware, but thinks the argument of Mr. Fourcraes tight.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

DEAR MR. AP'MUTTON.—Will you permit me to inform your numerous readers of the person who has done me the honour of reflecting on some expressions used in my letter to the *Musical World*, relating to Mr. Mains and his orchestra, has also written a most insulting note, in a similar strain, to one of our gentlemen, in which remarks of the *current* nature are indulged in, and which, in my opinion, no person of ordinary respectability would write to one, who, as in this case, was an utter stranger to him; and that this gentleman who pretends to give his real name and address as a guarantee of good faith, is nowhere to be found; a letter sent to him having been returned here from the dead letter office. As regards the words "would absolutely decline, however earnestly entreated," inadvertently used by your correspondent, I wish to say in explanation that the observation was intended to be taken generally—the solicitations of friends and admirers for instance, not as applying exclusively to Mr. Mains as conductor of the

orchestra. I thank Mr. Mansard, or, as he terms himself in his scurrilous note to my friend, "a regular John Bull" (a regular ass in a lion's skin would be nearer the mark), for his kind suggestions to "speak for myself and not for others," and recommend him in return to adopt the like course himself, and not to be so sure "for others" that "nobody in or out of the Palace would take much trouble to arrive at an obse solo;" and to bear in mind that the *mischievous* complained of in my note when I first ventured to write on the subject, was brought about by over anxiety on the part of some to hear solos on particular instruments more frequently. Begging your insertion of the above I am, yours obediently, W. CROZIER.

Cystal Palace, 29th March, 1865.

Dr. Queer (feeling queer) must now retire to roost. O by Abs! O by Adnan!

C. P. Tacitus Queer.

Shoebury—Doot and Hook—March 31.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Madame Arabella Goddard will play at the concert this afternoon Beethoven's grand concerto in E flat.

THE BRIDE OF DUNKERBON.—Mr. Henry Smart's Cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerbon*, is to be performed a second time very shortly, by the Philharmonic Society, Liverpool.

St. Petersburg.—*(From a correspondent.)*—Lent is generally here the season of concerts, the greater number of which are worthless, but some of them are very good. The Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg is famous for the splendor of its entertainments, and this year it has devoted one of their concerts to a performance of the *Messiah*. The soloists were Madame Kochetoff, Mdlle. Scordillo, Herren Otto and Sabath, the two last mentioned singers having been invited from Berlin expressly for the concert. The orchestra consisted of 151, and the chorus of 200 performers. The organ was presented by the Grand Duke Constantine. The *Messiah* proved to be the greatest success ever known in St. Petersburg. How could it be otherwise? Half an hour before the oratorio commenced the hall was quite full, and many persons were compelled to go home sadly disappointed at not being able to obtain places. The oratorio, on the whole, was performed tolerably well. Mdlle. Scordillo, with her fine contralto voice and highly expressive singing, captivated and delighted the public. Madame Kochetoff, who has got a voice, but which she does not know how to manage in the least, and, as you say, therefore, fully believe, does not in the least understand the Haudican style and manner, rendered her part miserably ill, and the exquisite beauties of the soprano airs, more particularly "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was entirely lost. Here the song with great expression; but, unfortunately, he has little or no voice. It was infinitely better, however, to listen to him than to Madame Kochetoff, with a voice both powerful and of excellent quality, but incapable as a singer. Her Sabbath has a fresh voice, though not a strong one. The choruses were excellently performed, more especially "For unto us a child is born," which was received with thunders of acclamations. Herr Stiell, the organist of the Lutheran church, was the conductor, and he managed to take it very comfortably. For instance, in the middle of the performance of an air, he put down his lute, left the theatre to take care of itself, wiped his face at his leisure, and when he was convinced that a turn or two had done him some good, returned to direct the band. The public was so enchanted with the oratorio that by general desire it was repeated some days afterwards. The music-loving public of St. Petersburg ought to be very thankful to the Philharmonic Society for producing the *Messiah*. And truly it is desirable that such concerts should be given as often as possible, because, in this capital of frosts, not only Handel, but Haydn, J. S. Bach, and even Mozart are very little known and cared for.

St. Petersburg, March 25.

ENTERTAINING HOURS, ST. PETERSBURG.—Madame Alice Mangold gave a *Métode d'Institution* at the above Rooms on Monday last, the 27th inst. The programme was of moderate length, well selected, and seemed to afford much gratification to a numerous and fashionable audience. In the first piece, the trio in B flat of Beethoven (the fourth—Op. 11.) Madame Mangold enjoyed the co-operation of Herr Louis Diehl (violin), and Signor Pezzo (violinello). All three artists did full justice to this great composition. Madame Mangold sang as solo, the "Gavotte," in G minor, Bach; and the "Jagdlied" of Schumann, in the latter piece obtaining a unanimous encore, when she gave the "Tarentelle" in A flat of Chopin. One of the most interesting features of the concert was the performance of the grand duo of Mendelssohn and Moscheles for two pianofortes by two very young ladies, the Misses H. and C. Engellach, pupils of Madame Mangold. This elaborate and difficult work was performed with so much intelligence and precision that it was received with hearty

applause. Although the Misses Engellach were announced in the programme as amateurs, the amount of artistic feeling and the developed execution they displayed would have done no discredit to many professional players. Miss Harriet Engellach also played a solo. The remaining instrumental piece was Weber's "Moto continuo," given with much brilliancy and neatness by Miss Pepperell, a pupil of Herr Louis Diehl. The vocalists were Mdlle. Liebhirt and Mr. Patey. Mdlle. Liebhirt delighted the audience with her charming singing in "Voi che sapete," and the inimitable manner in which she sang Franz Abt's two songs "Good morning," and "The Cuckoo." Mr. Patey was warmly applauded in "Miserere," "Il sogno," with violinello obbligato by Signor Pezzo, and in Weber's "In sheltered vale." The conductor was Herr Louis Diehl.

LIVERPOOL.—*(From our correspondent.)*—The first performance of *Faust* in this town attracted a densely crowded house to the Theatre Royal on Wednesday, when Gounod's *chef d'œuvre* was produced by Mr. Mapleson, under his own personal supervision. The result was an unmistakable success, for the opera was admirably acted and sung, and Mr. Mapleson, wise in his generation, brought with him a well-trained chorus of 40 voices, which, with the addition of a local brass band and a portion of Mr. Copeland's *corps dramatique*, gave unusual vigour and animation to the scenes in which the chorus have to take prominent parts. Of the *Marguerite* of Titienis—though perhaps not altogether a poet's ideal—it will suffice to say that as a dramatic and vocal performance it literally left nothing to be desired. The "Jewel Song" especially was given with an *entrain* and brilliancy which brought down thunders of applause, as did also the magnificent duet with *Faust* in the garden scene. M. Joulin, who originally made his English *début* in our town, was the *Faust*, and when it is considered that he is almost new to this most difficult character, his performance was worthy of the highest praise. He is, indeed, no *artiste* of the first rank. His voice, wonderfully like that of Sima Ileres, is both sweet and virile; his style is manly, yet exquisitely refined; and he combines in a most satisfactory degree the best points of a *tenor robusto* and a *tenor* of the purely sentimental school. As a specimen of the best style of Italian vocalism, we have rarely heard anything more elate and impassioned than his rendering of "Salve Diana," and the tender portion of the duet with *Marguerite* in the above-mentioned garden scene. Bossi made a good though rather too genial *Mephistopheles*, singing, however, like a true artist, as he is. The part of Valentin could hardly have been in better hands than those of our townsmen Santley, who, on making his first appearance amongst us as an operatic and dramatic singer, received a well-merited and hearty welcome. His performance told dramatically and vocally, was worthy of his great reputation, and his manly and artistic vocalism of an air in the first act, composed especially for him by Gounod, was received with genuine enthusiasm, and nothing but the singer's modesty and the exigencies of the scene prevented its repetition. Mdlle. Zandrina, a niece of Titienis, and who is, we believe, almost a novice on the stage, made a modest and graceful *Sebel*. Her acting was, in spite of her nervousness, unaffected and piquant, and her singing of the pretty air "Le parole d'amour" evoked a genuine burst of applause. The minor parts were all well filled, and the whole performance, considering the difficulties of getting up such an opera in a provincial theatre, was a genuine and well-merited success. The *Troisième* was given on Thursday and "Faust" was to be repeated last night. The Mapleson party are to sing at a morning concert at the Philharmonic Hall to-day (Saturday.)

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE OPERA SEASON, 1865,

WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

Mr. MAPLESON has the honour to announce to the Patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre that the Season of 1865 will commence on the Saturday in Easter week, the 22nd of April.

During the recess Mr. Mapleson has not only devoted his energies to the arrangements necessary for maintaining the high reputation which Her Majesty's Theatre has achieved while under his management, but he has also turned his attention to effecting certain improvements in the interior of the house, which will, on the one hand, secure increased comfort to his patrons, and on the other, permit the most effective representations of the great works of the lyrical drama.

The first of the improvements alluded to, consists in the enlargement of the picture boxes throughout the house, by reducing the number and carefully studying the space at command; Mr. Mapleson has thus been enabled to make each box half as large again as hitherto, and considerably loftier. He has also newly furnished the boxes, so that he believes enjoyment has been done to secure the comfort of the occupants. The second improvement is an entirely new stage, fitted with all the modern appliances necessary for scenic effect.

It will be seen that while the principal artists who were engaged last and preceding seasons have been re-engaged, the names of several artists new to this country are included in the programme. Of those who have already appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre it is unnecessary to do more than point out that the very fact of their re-engagement is a proof of their merits having been recognized by those who honour the Theatre with their patronage. Of the new engagements Mr. Mapleson feels that it is not for him to speak. He has exercised his judgement in selecting them, but it remains with the patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre to pass the verdict upon their merits. Mr. Mapleson thinks, however, that he will not be accused of egotism if he points out the fact, that so anxious has he ever been to afford the patrons of the Theatre an opportunity of hearing artists of Continental reputation, that each season not only did he bring out those whose names appeared in the programmes, but in addition he secured the services of others who had not been previously announced.

The Repertoire of the forthcoming season will include several important works which will be given for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The orchestra, which is now second to none in any European lyrical establishment, will remain under the direction of Signor Arditi, who has so largely contributed to the high reputation it enjoys. The chorus has been numerically strengthened.

MOZART'S IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

This work of the great German master will be given for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, and every ear will be taken to produce it on a scale of completeness worthy of so important a composition. It is needless to state that the opera will be given precisely as left to the world by the illustrious composer, Mozart.

CHERUBINI'S MEDEA.

Emblemized by the success of *Fidelio* last season, Mr. Mapleson has determined to produce, for the first time in England, an opera that is considered by musical amateurs one of the finest dramatic compositions ever written. No musician, perhaps, ever exercised more influence on his art than Cherubini; his compositions are regarded as authorities, and no musical library, whether of the professor or of the amateur, would be considered complete without them. Mr. Mapleson believed that in producing the grand opera of *Medea* he will be meeting the wishes of the public. The part of *Medea* will be represented by *Mlle. Titiena*. The opera having been originally written with spoken dialogue, Signor Arditi, to suit the exigencies of the Italian Lyric stage, has set the dialogue to accompanied recitative.

TANNHAUSER.

Owing to the production last season of Gounod's new opera, *Mirella*, Mr. Mapleson was unable to redeem his promise of introducing to England an opera which has given birth to so much controversy in musical circles. This year, however, it will be given; and, as while in *Medea* and *Il Flauto Magico* the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre will comprise two operas emphatically belonging to the classic school, in *Tannhäuser* it will possess a well-known masterpiece of a musician who is regarded as the founder of a new style of dramatic composition.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Prime Donne Assolute.—*Mlle. Titiena*, Madame *Harries-Wippen*, *Mlle. Leibhart*, *Mlle. Sinesio*, *Mlle. Laura Harris* of the Academy of Music New York, her first appearance; and *Mlle. Irma de Murka* (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, Berlin, &c.) her first appearance.

Prime Donne Mezzo-Soprani e Contralti.—*Mlle. Eleonora Groat*, *Mlle. Beitelstein*, and *Mlle. Miya* and *Mlle. Redi*.

Secondo Donne.—*Mlle. Miya* and *Mlle. Redi*.

Primi Tenori Assoluti.—*Signor (Guglielmo) Signor Morini* of the Teatro Linceo, Barcelona, his first appearance; *M. Gunt*, *Signor (Gardoni)*, and *M. Joulain* (his first appearance).

Prima Baritone.—*Signor Foli* of the Italian Opera, Paris his first appearance; *Signor Zecchi* of the Teatro Apollo, Rome, his first appearance; and *Mr. Steiner*.

Primo Buffo.—*Signor Scuderi* his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Primi Bassi.—*Signor Basso* and *Signor Basso* (his first appearance).

Primo Basso Profondo.—*M. Woolrich* (of the Imperial Opera, Prague), and *Signor Koltanaki* of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and principal theatres in Italy, his first appearance.

Secondi Tenori.—*Signor Manfredi*, *Signor Bertacchi*, and *Signor Casaboni*.

Director of the Music, Composer and Conductor.—*Signor Arditi*.
Chorus Master.—*Signor Bacci*.
Accompagnatore.—*Signor Bevilacqua*.
The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey.

For the diversissements.

Mlle. Adeline Theodore (her first appearance), and
Mlle. Urbaine (of the Opera, Paris; her first appearance).
Signor Cesare Paul.
Cuoregato, *Signor Diani*.

Stage Arrangements.

Scenic Artist, Mr. Teibin, assisted by Mr. Henry Teibin and Mr. W. Teibin.
Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.
Suggestioner, *Signor Fontana*.
Engineer, *M. Trua*.
Artists, *Chamberlain*, *Miss Dickinson* and Mr. R. May.
Machinist, *Mr. Sioman*.
The appointments by Mr. Bradwell.
Gas Engineer, *Mr. Basse*.
Acting Manager, *Mr. Jarrett*.

The opera will commence at half-past 8 o'clock each evening, and the doors will be opened half an hour previous.

The following grand operas will be produced during the season:—

Il Flauto Magico.—*Pamina*, *Mlle. Titiena*; *Regina della Notte*, *Mlle. Irma de Murka*; *Papageno*, *Mlle. Sinesio*; *Three Fairies*, *Mlle. Beitelstein*, *Mlle. Urbaine*, *Mlle. Zandrus*; *Papageno*, *Mr. Santley*; *Sarastro*, *M. Woolrich* (his first appearance in England); and *Tannhäuser*, *Signor (Guglielmo)*.

Cherubini's grand opera.—*Medea*, *Mlle. Titiena* (her first appearance in that character).

Tannhäuser.—The most celebrated dramatic composition of Herr Richard Wagner, whose merits have been a topic of discussion throughout Europe for the last fifteen years. The romantic story of *Tannhäuser*, founded upon one of the most ancient and picturesque of the Teutonic legends, has made this opera popular with the most exacting opponents of what is styled "the music of the future." Musicians, however, are unanimous in pronouncing it the masterpiece of its composer, and the director of Her Majesty's Theatre thinks that the production of this work, which, though it has engaged attention and invited controversy for nearly a quarter of a century, is still comparatively unknown in this country, will afford an opportunity to the patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre. *Tannhäuser* will be brought out with the utmost splendour and completeness.

Ernani.—*Ernani*, *M. Joulain*; *Carlo Quinto*, *Mr. Santley*; *Emy Gomez*, *Signor Joulain*; and *Elvira*, *Mlle. Titiena*.

Beethoven's grand opera FIDELIO, with *Mlle. Titiena* as *Leonora*, will be given with entirely new scenery, painted by Mr. Teibin.

Le Nozze di Figaro.—*Suzanna*, Madame *Harries-Wippen*; *Cherubino*, *Mlle. Irma de Murka*; *Contessa*, *Mlle. Titiena*; *Figaro*, *Mr. Santley*; *Basilio*, *Signor Morini*; *Bartolo*, *Signor Scuderi*; and *Figaro*, *Signor Foli*.

Les Huguenots.—*Valentin*, *Mlle. Titiena*; *Margherita*, *Mlle. Irma de Murka*; *Urban*, Madame *Trebil*; *Nevers*, *Mr. Santley*; *St. Bris*, *Signor Foli*; *Marcel*, *Signor Koltanaki* (his first appearance); and *Reynaud*, *Mr. Santley*.

Linda di Chamounix (first time in London for six years). *Carlo*, *Signor (Gardoni)*; *Prefetto*, *Signor Joulain*; *Antonio*, *Mr. Santley*; *Marchesa*, *Signor Scuderi*; *Pierrot*, *Mlle. Groat*; and *Linda*, *Mlle. Irma de Murka*.

In addition to the foregoing, selections will be made from the subjoined extensive Repertoire:—

Il Partisan	Belini.	Bisbetto	Verdi.
Il Crociato	Verdi.	La Fuglia del Baggio	Donizetti.
Robert le Diable	Meyerbeer.	La Zingara	Baile.
Lucresia Borgia	Donizetti.	Marta	Piotow.
La Traviata	Verdi.	Semiramide	Bosini.
Il Barbiere di Siviglia	Rossini.	La Sonnambula	Belini.
Gli Ugonotti	Meyerbeer.	Faust	Gounod.
Le Nozze di Figaro	Mozart.	Paolo e Francesca	Verdi.
Un Ballo in Maschera	Verdi.	Paolo e Francesca	Niccolai.
Lucia di Lammermoor	Donizetti.	Mirella	Gounod.
Il Don Giovanni	Mozart.	Fidelio	Beethoven.
Norma	Belini.		

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MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her
 Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her
 friends and pupils that she has removed to 26a, Prince's Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADMOISELLE LIEBHART.—All letters
 respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Mlle.
 Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Mlle.
 Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing "PEACEFULLY SLUM-
 BER." Composed by A. RANDEGGER, at the Hartley Institute, Southampton,
 April 21.

MISS EMILY SPENCER, Soprano. All communica-
 tions to be addressed to 29, Westbourne Gardens, W.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that
 she has removed from Osnaburg-street, and requests that all communica-
 tions respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Fairs, be addressed to her, at her new
 residence, 60, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, Baywater.

MISS ANNA HILES, "Prima Donna of the Royal Eng-
 lish Opera, Covent-garden, and Her Majesty's Theatre," begs respectfully to
 announce that all communications, concerning Oratorio or Concert engagements,
 may be addressed, 9, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, E.C.

MADLE. EMMY POYET, Court-singer to Her Royal
 Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elvire of Signor Roman,
 has the honor to announce that she will arrive in London from Florence early in
 April.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 165, Regent-
 street, W.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished
 honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to
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MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce that he has
 returned to Town for the Season. Communications to be addressed to care
 of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHHARDT begs to announce that he will
 arrive in London the second week in April. All communications may be
 addressed to Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow-square, Brompton.

MADAME PAREPA begs to announce that, although
 shortly going a tour, she has made such arrangements as will enable her to
 accept engagements, for town or country.—Address—17, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde-
 park.

MADAME HELEN PERCY begs to announce her
 removal to 161, Ledbury-road, Baywater, where all communications respect-
 ing engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., are to be addressed.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing "Je voudrais
 t'offrir" song, with harp accompaniment, composed by CHARLES ORATZKY, at
 Miss Elvira's Matinée, April 29.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his MATINEE
 MUSICALS will take place at his residence, 17, Westbourne-square, on
 Friday, May 19th, to commence at 2 o'clock. Tickets 16s. each.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL will return to England, after
 his Continental Concert Tour, on the 15th April. All letters respecting
 Harmonicon Lessons, or engagements, to be sent to his residence, 31, Grosvenor-
 street, Grosvenor-square, W.

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BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTHEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Concluded from page 191.)

For the sake of brevity as well as of consistency, it was necessary that the editors of the new edition should restrict themselves to giving, in the first instance, the chronological details undoubtedly established by proven authentic documents, with the headings of the titles of all the works. When such headings can be arrived at only by combination, and when, consequently, they are based on reasons which cannot be at once recognised and proved, but possibly may be doubtful or erroneous, they had to be excluded. Everything, however, that could be determined with a tolerable degree of certainty, might, with a short account of the reasons for its insertion, be appropriately comprised in the critical *supplementary numbers*, which will be the suitable place, moreover, for numerous other matters, both historical and bibliographical, such, for instance, as the publication of the exact titles and dedications. It might appear that the most simple plan would be to reproduce the title and dedication of each work as they were originally printed. But in a large collection no little consideration must be paid to economising space, and, still more, to preserving consistent uniformity. Though many of the titles of Beethoven's compositions were undoubtedly drawn up by himself, and are distinguished by something characteristic, which ought not to be obliterated, in their form, the far greater majority are worded after the usual model, and at great length, comprising, for instance, in various languages, a list of all the instruments for which the various pieces were written. A reproduction of them, therefore, in a long series, would be attended with great inconvenience. For this reason, the same sort of heading has been given to each piece, and this heading comprises all that is material in the title, the idea of the dedication, and the "Op." number. The bibliographically exact reproduction of the titles and dedications, when these are of any interest, are better reserved for the critical supplementary parts, which, also, are the most fitting place for many remarks connected with this part of the subject. This is the place for titles written in Beethoven's hand, but altered when printed; examples of these have been added. Thus Beethoven gave the magnificent Quartet in F minor (Op. 95) the title of *Quartetto serioso*; while the Ottet for Wind-Instruments (Op. 103) bore the title of *Partie dans un concert*, as indicating the time at which it was written. Many alterations, too, made by him in dedications are deserving of notice. The first Mass in C major (Op. 86) was originally dedicated to Prince Nicolas Esterházy, at whose house it was first performed—the copy with Beethoven's dedication is preserved among the archives at Eisenstadt; being annoyed, however, at the coolness with which the work was received at the Prince's, he dedicated it, when it was published, to Prince Kinsky. The graceful Rondino in G major (Op. 51, 2) was originally dedicated to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, who, at Beethoven's desire, waived her right to the dedication in favour of the Countess Henriette Lichnowsky; as compensation, he dedicated to her the C sharp minor Sonata (Op. 27, 2). We are all aware what importance both the Sonata and the Dedication obtained after it was known that Beethoven was bound to Giulietta Guicciardi by the most tender partiality; knowing this, let any one compare the Rondino with the Sonata.

We have been imperceptibly led to the more material questions connected with the work. The first requirement of every good edition is naturally *correctness*, in order that the results arrived at by careful criticism may be faithfully and reliably communicated to the public. How seriously the publishers have set about their task is proved by the fact that they called in, cancelled, and replaced with other and correct copies the parts of the earlier *quartets*, which had been struck off without being finally revised, and, consequently, were not free from faults. Quite free from faults no work, it is true, has ever issued from the Press; even when the most unheeded of care has been taken in correcting the proofs, typographical errors have been subsequently discovered.

The peculiar custom which obtains in the music-trade, however, of having the engraved plates preserved, and the editions not more than sufficient to supply the immediate demand, admits of subsequent corrections, and each member of the musical public can, by sending notice of any faults he may notice in practice, contribute his part towards a degree of accuracy increasing with each successive edition.

The *getting up* of the work is most admirable, and will more than satisfy even extravagant demands. Every thing like mere display, however, especially such as founds upon waste of space and paper the claim of the work to rank among "splendid editions" is most properly avoided, the object in view being the greatest possible circulation among all classes. The form is the long folio, usual at the present day, and is well adapted for the music-staff and not inconvenient to read; the paper is good and white; and the notes are clear and well-formed, those intended for the executant being exceedingly bold and striking. Those in the scores, being meant rather to be only read, are naturally smaller, but even they are distinct and taken in at a glance. The distribution and arrangement of the work are throughout such as to convey the impression of gentlemanly and agreeable liberality, while, at the same time, space has been skillfully economised. The price of each sheet, which, owing to the adopted plan, contains more than is usually the case, is fixed at three groshens, that is: about half the ordinary price.

A material recommendation of this edition is, finally, the great energy with which it is being pushed forward, and carried on towards a rapid conclusion. When a man subscribes to a serial in several volumes, he must be prepared for a long succession of years to pass by before he can see his serial completed, and must console himself with the reflection that, should he not live to see its completion, he has, at any rate, contributed his quota towards a work which will delight a succeeding generation. When, in opposition to this kind of experience, founded upon absolute fact, a distinct promise was given in the prospectus that this Edition of Beethoven should be completed in three, or, at most, four years, many a person received that promise, probably, with mistrust. However, the work was begun at the commencement of 1862, and, after the lapse of two years, the following compositions named in the prospectus are already completed and published:

- Series 1. Symphonies, Nos. 1–8.
- " 2. Orchestral Works, Nos. 10, 12.
- " 3. Overtures, Nos. 18–28 (complete.)
- " 4. For Violin and Orchestra, Nos. 29–31 (complete.)
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- " 6. Quartets for Stringed Instruments, Nos. 54–58 (complete.)
- " 7. Trio for Stringed Instruments, Nos. 54–58 (complete.)
- " 8. For Wind Instruments, Nos. 59–64 (complete.)
- " 9. For Piano-forte and Orchestra, Nos. 65–70, 71, 72.
- " 10. Piano-forte, Quartet and Quintet, Nos. 74–78 (complete.)
- " 11. Trios for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, Nos. 79–91 (complete.)
- " 12. For Piano-forte and Violin, Nos. 92–103 (complete.)
- " 13. For Piano-forte and Violoncello, Nos. 106–111 (complete.)
- " 14. For Piano-forte and Wind Instruments, Nos. 112–119 (complete.)
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- " 20. Dramatic Works, No. 206.
- " 21. Canzons, No. 209.
- " 22. Vocal Pieces with Orchestra, No. 210–214 (complete.)
- " 23. "Lieder" and Songs, with Piano-forte, Nos. 215–227 (complete.)

Thus of the 264 numbers contained in the catalogue, 212 are already published. It is true that among those still to appear there are some exceedingly important and comprehensive works, but we must bear in mind that the preparation of them required a longer time than that of the others, which could be got ready more rapidly, and that it is proceeding simultaneously with them.

We may, therefore, confidently look forward to the speedy completion of an undertaking, which, by the grandeur and

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

importance inherent to it, as well as by the spirit and vigour with which it is being conducted and carried out, has a right to be regarded as a national undertaking, and which will be a splendid monument honoring the master who produced such great works, and the generation that understood and admired him.

OTTO JAHN.

LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

CHAPTER I.

If ever there was a family in which an extraordinary disposition for the same art seemed to be hereditary, it was certainly the family of Bach; through six successive generations there were scarcely two or three members of it who had not received from nature the gifts of a very distinguished talent for music, and who did not make the practice of this art the main occupation of their lives.

The ancestor of this family, which has become so remarkable in the history of music, was Veit Bach. He was a baker at Freiburg, in Hungary; but on the breaking out of the religious troubles in the 16th century, he was obliged to seek for another place of abode. He saved as much of his property as he could, and retired with it to Thuringia, where he hoped to find peace and security. The place in which he settled was called Wechmar, a village near Saxe Gotha. Here he soon recommenced his trade of a baker and miller; but in his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into the mill, and played upon it amidst all the noise and clatter of the mill. He communicated this inclination for music to his two sons, they again to their children, till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all the branches of which were not only musical but made music their chief business, and soon had in their possession most of the offices of chanter, organist, and town musicians in Thuringia.

All those Bachs cannot possibly have been great masters; but some members, at least, in every generation, particularly distinguished themselves. Thus already in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, three grandsons of their common ancestor were so eminent that the then reigning Count of Schwarzburg-Arnstadt thought it worth while to send them at his own expense to Italy, at that time the great school of music, to perfect themselves. We cannot say how far they may have answered the expectations of their patron, since none of their works have come down to our times. In the fourth generation there were some members of this family who were still more distinguished, and several pieces of whose composition have been preserved, by the care of John Sebastian Bach. The most remarkable of them were

1st. John Christopher, court and town organist at Eisenach. He was particularly happy in the invention of beautiful melodies and in the expression of his text. In the archives of the Bachs, as they were called, which C. Ph. Emanuel possessed, in Hamburg, there was among other pieces a Motet of his composition, in which he had ventured to make use of the extreme sixth, which in his day was considered as an extremely bold attempt. He was also an uncommon master of full harmony, as is proved by a piece of church music, composed by him for Michaelmas-day, to the words, "Es erhub sich ein Streit," &c. which has twenty-two obligato parts, and yet is perfectly pure in respect to the Harmony. A second proof of his great skill in Harmony is, that he is stated never to have played on the organ and clavier with less than five necessary, or obligato parts. C. Ph. Emanuel had a particular esteem for him. It is still quite fresh in my remembrance how good-naturedly the old man smiled at me, at the most remarkable and hazardous passage, when he once gave me the pleasure, in Hamburg, of letting me hear some of those old pieces.

2d. John Michael, organist and town clerk, in the balliage of Gehren. He was a younger brother of the preceding, and, like him, a very excellent composer. In the archives just mentioned, there are some motets of his, among which is one for a double chorus with eight voices, and several single pieces of church music.

3d. John Bernhard, musician to the prince's chapel, and organist at Eisenach. He is said to have composed remarkably fine overtures in the French style.

Not only the above-mentioned but many other able composers of the earlier generations of the family, might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, and a more brilliant fortune, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, Thuringia, and to make themselves known in other countries, both in and out of Germany. But we do not find that any one of them ever felt an inclination for such an emigration: temperate, and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live, and the intellectual enjoyment which their art procured them enabled them not only to be content without the gold chains, which used at that time to be given by great men to esteemed artists,

as especial marks of honour, but also, without the least envy, to see them worn by others, who perhaps without those chains would not have been happy.

Besides this happy contentedness, which is indispensable to the cheerful enjoyment of life, the different members of this family had a very great attachment to each other. As it was impossible for them all to live in one place, they resolved to see each other once a year, and fixed a certain day, upon which they had all to appear at an appointed place. Even after the family had become more numerous, and many of the members had been obliged to settle out of Thuringia, in different places of Upper and Lower Saxony and Franconia, they continued their annual meetings, which generally took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt. Their amusements, during the time of their meeting, were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chauters, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the church, and as it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did, when they were assembled, was to sing a hymn in chorus. From this pious commencement they proceeded to drolleries, which often made a very great contrast with it. They sang, for instance, popular songs, the contents of which were partly comic, and partly licentious, all together and extempore, but in such a manner that the several songs thus extemporised made a kind of harmony together, the words, however, in every part being different. They calld this kind of extempore chorus a "Quodlibet," and not only laughed heartily at it themselves, but excited an equally hearty and irresistible laughter in everybody that heard them. Some persons are inclined to consider these facies as the beginning of comic operas in Germany; but such quodlibets were usual in Germany at a much earlier period; I possess, myself, a printed collection of them, which was published in Vienna in 1542.

Yet the above-mentioned cheerful Thuringians, as well as some of their later descendants, who made a more serious and worthy use of their art, would not have escaped oblivion, had not, at length, a man arisen among them whose genius and reputation leaved forth with such splendour that a part of this light was reflected upon them; this man was John Sebastian Bach, the ornament of his family, the pride of his country, and the most highly-gifted favourite of the musical art.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Times, —April 8.

On Saturday night, the opera being *Gaillaume Tell*, the house was crowded in every part. Not a box, stall, or chair, was unoccupied; while the gallery and its dependant balconies were so thronged that we doubt if it would have been possible to squeeze in another person. However accommodating his physical configuration. Here, it may be safely asserted, sat, or stood, as convenience ruled, the largest number of those who came with no other object in view than that of hearing and enjoying the gorgeous music through means of which Rossini has given vitality to perhaps the dulllest *libretto* ever constructed out of really promising materials. To these ardent amateurs, moreover, we were indebted for a repetition of the last movement of the overture, which made a very long performance unprofitably longer. But the appeal was too emphatic to be disregarded, and Mr. Costa is rarely disinclined to accept a compliment spontaneously offered to his magnificent band of instrumentalists.

About the performance generally a few remarks may suffice. There was but one absolutely new feature, and upon that we are unable to dwell with unqualified satisfaction. The part of Mathilde rarely falls to the lot of a first-class singer; or rather, perhaps, a first-class singer rarely falls to the lot of Mathilde. Granting Mdlle. Miola Carvalho, one of the most accomplished living mistresses in a certain department of the French school, to be an exception, the music which Rossini has apportioned to his Austrian Princess is not precisely in the style that becomes her most. Even less does it lie within the means of the new lady to whom the character was assigned on Saturday. Allowing for "nervousness," &c., the impression created by Mdlle. Bonieri was such that it is fairer as well as more courteous to withhold criticism until a more favourable opportunity may present itself of judging of her. Her Wachtel's Arnold was marked by the same peculiarities that distinguished it last year. With a force of lungs to which no other tenor, baritone or bass, we know of, can lay claim, he unites extraordinary earnestness. It is difficult to be angry with one who incessantly strives to do his best, and though Herr Wachtel is unendowed with the quality of self-restraint, and either wants or systematically ignores the *sra celare artem*, he exhibits such an abundance of good will, and enters into all the important details of his task with such downright heartiness, that he as frequently infects the audience with his own enthusiasm as he astounds them with the power and sonority of his voice.

Although compelled to dissent from his adopted reading of the famous apostrophe to Mathilde, in the duet with Guillaume Tell, conceiving as we do that a gush of amatory tenderness might be more appropriately and dramatically expressed with far less obtrusiveness, we are, nevertheless, bound to admit that in this particular instance the mere emission of the vocal tones carries everything before it. The wonderfully resonant and penetrating upper notes seem irresistible; and "the hearers," in conventional phrase, "are electrified," probably before they have had time to reflect upon the meaning which the words are intended to convey. This was the case on Saturday. The passage in question was declaimed with overwhelming force, and the house rang with applause almost as unanimous as it was deafening. The no less celebrated grief in the trio with Tell and Walter, where Arnold is induced by the story of his father's cruel treatment to forget Mathilde and join the patriotic insurrectionists, though equally earnest, was too artificially strained to produce a like effect, and so fell rather tamely on the ear. The final air, "Corraim! corraim!" which, when Duprez first played Arnold, revived the fortunes and deposed the last act of a masterpiece written expressly for Paris, but to the shame of the Parisians, suffered to pass into neglect, was interrupted in its progress by an inexplicable "hitch." Mr. Coan, however, rarely asleep at his post, proceeded at once with the chorus; and here Herr Wachtel, three times in succession, gave out his superb high G, to which, as well as to a C sharp in the last movement of the trio already named, we had previously been treated at the end of the duet with Mathilde. In the unprecedented dearth of good tenor voices, at home and abroad, Mr. Gye has good cause to regard Herr Wachtel, despite certain manifest artistic shortcomings, as a valuable acquisition to his company; and it is by no means improbable that the experience gained through prolonged association with some of the most legitimate of the very few Italian vocalists still in existence may enable the energetic Teuton by degrees to tend and husband his resources as eventually to become a good singer no less than a vigorous and powerful declaimer.

The Guillaume Tell of Signor Graziani, notwithstanding that the music, for the greater part, lies somewhat low for his means, is in a vocal sense extremely good. His is the pure Italian method of delivery which knows no ritual, and which he possesses, we imagine, by a kind of instinct. So rare are the examples of this method now to be met with, that they naturally win sympathy from those who can distinguish between genuine singing and the mere arbitrary emission of vocal sounds; and thus, while he cannot justly be called a perfect artist, Signor Graziani must always be listened to with more than common satisfaction. The touching and beautiful appeal which the Patriot addresses to his son, before leaving the tyrannical ordeal to which he has been condemned, and which, before Signor Graziani, a capital chance of displaying the almost exceptional quality of his voice; and of this, although in the historic branch of his art he can scarcely be said to progress as might be wished, he takes advantage with eminent ability, showing himself master of what is professionally termed "cantabile," and fairly vindicating his power not alone to sing with taste, but to throw pathetic expression into his song. Signor Atti, for the first time, undertook the part of Walter, and with a lively remembrance of his several predecessors at the Royal Italian Opera, we find it only just to assert that his performance gave no cause for regretting any one of them. The versatility of this gentleman is noticeable: but even this of secondary importance when weighed against the conscientious labour he evidently bestows upon the musical and dramatic significance of every character with which he is intrusted. Signor Atti possesses the two commendable habits of being invariably note-perfect and invariably what the French call *en scène*. Signor Polonini still declaims the recitatives of old Metelich in the true and unspeakable Italian style. Signor Neri Baraldi sings the charming little air of the Fisherman, in the introduction to Act I, as unobtrusively as of yore; and Signor Tagliafico, as Gessler, contrives, with his accustomed tact, to create a picturesque something out of what, whether in a lyric or historic sense, is little better than a nonentity. Tell's wife, Edwidge, is again represented by the useful Madame Tagliafico; while Madame Ruderodoff (Jenny) still nimbly treads the boards as the striding youth from off whose head a provokingly young-looking father, Signor Graziani (Tell), dexterously robs us of the apple.

The ballet, despite the inevitable entanglements which rob us of much that is beautiful, and in the bridal dance with chorus make Rosini, the great master, look as if aware that the key of A minor or major owned "relatives," presents its attractive attractions. In the *Polonaise* the graceful dancing of that well-known favorite, Mdle. Salironi, was on Saturday as graceful as before, and the rest was to match. Of the scenic spectacle which can be written that has not been written over and over again? (The answer Mr. V. B. Haver's incomparable Lake of the Four Cantons, placidly reflecting the beams of one of the most serene and irreproachable of stage moons, lay stretched

before us, and refreshed the eye with its limpidity; once more the picturesque and life-like groupings of Mr. A. Harris gave animation and reality to the opening scene, and, above all, to the culminating point—the rendezvous of the patriots, the consultation, and the oath of liberty. The band and chorus were what they never fail to be in *Guillaume Tell*; the exciting *finale* to the second act bringing down the curtain amid such loud and unanimous demonstrations of approval that we could not but inwardly ask why, to save about two minutes in performance, the *finale* to the first, in every way its equal, should be persistently shorn of its fair proportions. A theory of operatic "cuts" might surely be invented to accommodate itself to inevitable circumstances, without the necessity of mutilating works that are imperishable in their normal condition.

Faust, the *Traveller*, and *Guillaume Tell* are to be repeated during the current week; and on Saturday* we are to have the *Prophète*, with a new Fides in Mdle. Philippine de Edelsburgh, from Munich. Seldom has Mr. Gye presented so much variety in such quick succession during the early part of the season.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Queer has been favored in the interim with no less than one hundred and sixty-nine communications. He regrets the loss of Mr. Ap'Mutton's wire. That was a sad blow; but it is rumored there is not an impossibility of obtaining repossession of it; and many believe that this is one of the major reasons for Mr. Ap'Mutton's prolonged sojourn in a place where one of his nearest seas is the Adriatic. Nevertheless, Dr. Queer is in a corner to understand the following statement from the musical columns of the *Athenæum* :—

"We submitted last week to an authority we had reason to trust, with the view, as we thought, of rectifying the statement put forth in our Carlsruhe report concerning the two *Mykistophiles schenckii* of Dr. List, which were presented to us as two distinct compositions. After all, it proves that we were right and the correction wrong. The pianoforte and orchestral pieces are identical, belonging to Dr. List's illustrations to Lenan's *Faust*."

Now, either the *Athenæum* must have seen the pianoforte piece, or not have seen it. If not have seen it, how could he undertake to say that this and the "orchestral piece" were "identical." If have seen it, he must, in a Pickwickian sense, be a musical zebra to have a moment's doubt on the subject, else why presume to criticise music and musicians? Fancy a critic, who affects universal infallibility, appealing to "an authority" he had "reason to trust" (trustfulness of his own?) about so simple a question. Either a man understands music or he doesn't. If he doesn't, he has no business to criticise. And if having seen a pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral piece, which he afterwards hears by an orchestra, he can entertain an instant's doubt as to whether the two be "identical," or the contrary, he might take a lesson from the smallest Academy boy. Perhaps, however, he may see without understanding. But Dr. Queer is *an* *Athenæum*; and at the same time does not profess to read the *Athenæum*.

A PENNARCA'S PLAIN.

Sir,—The universal celebrity of pens has induced certain disreputable makers to foist upon the public a spurious article, bearing the mis-spelled name of the patentee and sole-manufacturer, thus, "Gillott," omitting the L; and in some instances the omission of the final T is fraudulently resorted to, in order to retain the same sound as GILLOTT; but observe—none are genuine but those marked as GILLOTT.

JOSEPH GILLOTT.

Ocean Ap'Mutton, Esq.

Dr. Queer uses pens manufactured by a manufacturer named Gilliott. Will Mr. Gillott dispute the genuineness of his pens on the strength or weakness of the H; in spite whereof Gilliott sounds "as Gillott," as Gillott, and more "as Gillott" than Gillott? Dr. Queer imagines not, but will with pleasure accept a bunch of pens.

"An old Tenterdenstreet-anvers-quarionian"—by which Dr. Queer would understand an ancient student in the Royal Academy of Music—has forwarded a report of a concert some time held by the members of that institution, with a request for its insertion in *Muttoniana*. Dr. Queer assents, but will not be responsible for the fairness of the criticism. He also murmurs at its prolixity.

The fourth and last concert of the season, for the exhibition of the

* The *Prophète* is 1901 used until Tuesday.—Ed.

students, took place on Saturday, in presence of a very numerous audience. The programme was not only better than at any of the preceding concerts, but more in consonance with the principles upon which the institution was originally founded. The performances began with an overture in A flat by Mr. Banister (Associate), entitled *Cymbeline*, which does not carry out the promise indicated in other works of the same young composer. It is too fragmentary; there are too many stops and too many forced contrasts; and these give an unsatisfactory effect to the whole. The instrumentation is wanting both in tone and brilliancy. What relation, however, the overture bears to Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* is left entirely to the imagination, which must be exercised very keenly to find it out. Mr. Banister should try his hand again. Let us warn him, however, not to write too fast, and not to be too easily satisfied with what he produces. An overture by Mr. Cousins (K.S.), which opened the second part of the concert, was much better. Besides being spirited and cleverly arranged for the orchestra, it has the advantage of a clear and well defined plan. Of the two principal themes we prefer the second, the first being somewhat trite. They are nicely contrasted, however, and treated in a concise and effective manner. What we have stated on former occasions about the talent of Mr. Cousins, one of the students who do most credit to the Royal Academy, is more than justified by this overture, which evinces unquestionable signs of advance. A song in D minor, "The withered heart," by Mr. T. Nunn (student), carefully sung by Miss Freeman, is ably written, but unusually sombre. A pastoral ballad, by Mr. J. Thomas (Associate), from an opera called *Alfred the Great*, of which the first *finale*, executed last year, was a favourable specimen, pleased us unconditionally. Miss Helen Taylor sang it charmingly, and we have nothing to reproach her with except a tasteless cadenza at the end. Besides these compositions, which were welcome to everybody as signs of the progress the students are making, the programme contained an interesting selection from Mr. Macfarren's *serenata* entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, comprising the duet in D, "Ho, guards!" for Zuleika and Hassan, in which occur the beautiful ballad, "The hour when first thy glance met mine," and the introduction, including the chorus, "Applaud him," the *duettino* for Hassan and Zuleika, and the prayer, "Mighty Allah," one of the most striking pieces in the *serenata*. The execution was on the whole very good, especially on the part of the band and chorus. Miss J. Baxter sang the ballad with the right sort of expression, but neither Mr. Swift nor Mr. Quinlan was in the first duet. The *duettino* went better. The more we become familiar with the music of *The Sleeper Awakened*, the more we are convinced that its proper place is the stage. It is essentially dramatic in character, while the story is quite as theatrical as it is interesting. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Webster to bring out a work of real merit, by an English composer, at the Haymarket Theatre, where opera is at present, and will possibly be for some time to come, the leading attraction.

The instrumental solos were all deservedly successful, Miss Parker displayed a light touch and remarkable neatness of execution in Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo*, Op. 98, a work very rarely heard, although one of the master's most graceful contributions to the piano, in spite of the polka-like theme of the second movement. Mr. Simmons, in the *Andante and Rondo*, from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, in E minor, showed signs of steady improvement. His execution has gained in sureness, while his tone is full and agreeable. The *Rondo* was delivered with a vast deal of animation, accompanied by unflinching neatness. Mr. Simmons does credit to his eminent master, M. Salomon. A fantasia for the violinello—*Sorna Pastorelle*—by one Kraft, was only objectionable on account of the length and dullness of the music. Mr. Ayllward (K.S.), though his tone is thin, displayed considerable command of the instrument. He would do well, on another occasion, to select a piece of less pretension and better calculated for effect. The other solo was Mendelssohn's song, "The Last Violet," arranged for cornet-a-pistons, and very well played by Mr. Hay, the adapter.

The vocal music, on the whole, was better selected than usual, although there was not much novelty. In the first part Mr. Marshall sang "Va, dit elle" (*Robert le Diable*); Miss Isabel Oakley, "Tanca di piu conbaltare" (*Mariani*); Mr. Blake, "Qui sdegno," (*Zauberflöte*), and Miss Browne, "Vedrai carino." We should have liked the latter very much, but for the too-lengthened *appoggiatura* in the second bar of the melody. In the second part Miss Mary Hoar introduced the *aria* "Ich son viler" (*Adieu, Zeno*); Miss Emily Trickett essayed Gluck's "Cio fan" (*Mis. Blanche*); Young sang Vaccai's "Vale per me" (*Giocanna Grey*); Mr. Hancock sang from *Die Freischütz*, and Miss Sophy Law, a young student of decided promise, "Ah quel giorno" (*Senza amore*), which, nevertheless, she should be informed is at present beyond her powers. The full pieces were the introduction from the *Grand Mass* of Spohr's *Faust*; a somewhat tame madrigal by Nicholson (1694); "Spring comes again," and the chorus and quintet, "Bella vita munita," from *Così fan Tutti*. We have no particular remarks to offer

upon any of these performances. For the future, it would be advisable to exclude such music as that of Mariani and Vaccai, which has neither school nor excellence of any kind to recommend it. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Salomon occupied his habitual post of *chef d'orchestre*.

We are glad to remark, in the last concert of the season, so decided an improvement, and so emphatic a move in the right direction. It depends upon those in authority to make the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music instrumental both to the progress of the student and to the credit of the institution, failing in which they must remain without utility or public interest. We have faith, however, in the future, and reason to believe that the directors have determined to institute some stringent and necessary reforms.

Dr. Queer is stricken with an idea—the foregoing report has scarcely been composed in haste. Mr. Webster has not managed the Haymarket Theatre for—? years.

The following apostrophe to Mr. Charles Salaman has been furnished by Dr. Probe (I.O.U. Club, limited to Non-Liquidators). As Dr. Queer will well be to his friend Salaman, he accords to it the width of the Muttonian circulation:—

SAL.—Mr. Salaman is giving a very interesting series of lectures, at the Marylebone Institution, on "The History of the Opera in Italy, England, Germany, and France." The series consists of four lectures, of which three have been delivered. The fourth, on "The Opera in France," will be given next Thursday evening. Mr. Salaman "illustrates" his lectures by means of singing and pianoforte music, without which an historical account of the opera would be no more intelligible to the general public than an historical account of painting without pictorial illustrations. I attended the lecture on "English Opera" last week, and listened to a most lucid account of the introduction of this admirable form of art into England. To us it came direct from Italy, but with many modifications. In Italy the origin of the opera was an attempt to revive in Italian theatres the drama of ancient Greece, which attempt was a part of the great Renaissance movement caused by the taking of Constantinople and the flight of Greek artists to Italy; so that, after all, we are indebted, indirectly, for the existence of Italian, and all other opera, to the Turks. In England our first operatic experiments were brought to an end by the Great Rebellion and the establishment of the Cromwellian system, by no means favourable to music. Under Charles the Second's reign our ignorance and dependence upon France, and the taste for everything French by which it was accompanied, brought troops of French musicians and one good French composer to this country. Then appeared one of our greatest national composers, Purcell, whose music according to some good judges, is the best dramatic music of a thoroughly English stamp that exists. "What, however," asks Mr. Salaman, "is English music?" And may we not wish our own land many foreign styles, as in the English language words of Celtic, Saxon, French, Latin, and Greek origin are found mixed together? This illustration of Mr. Salaman is very amusing. Between the language and the music of a country there is, or ought to be, a very great analogy. It seems to me that when any given country this analogy exists in a marked manner (as it most certainly does in Italy) then that country may be said to possess a characteristically national style of music. But do we not recognise certain forms of instrumental music, or of vocal and instrumental music combined, as being eminently German? Here the language of the country has nothing to do with the matter. German music suggests the German musician much more than it recalls to us the German language. Indeed, a great deal of German music, even of that which is intended to be sung, is written without any regard to the forms of German poetry. It is pure musical thought; whereas the operatic music of Italy has been suggested by, and takes the form of, Italian words. It is certain that in the seventeenth century England possessed composers whose music was very English indeed, the most remarkable of the number being Henry Purcell and Matthew Locke. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Italian music was re-introduced by the great German composer Handel who, however, was almost as much an English composer as Napoleon was a French General. After Handel we come again to an admirable English composer, Dr. Arne, then to Shield, Storace, and Michael Kelly; to Sir Henry Bishop, who has a period to himself; to Balfe, Barnett, Lord, Macfarren, Wallace, and the numerous operatic composers of the present day. The examples from the most characteristic English operas of the last two centuries and a half were highly interesting, thanks, in a great measure, to the manner in which they were presented by Miss Eliza Hughes, ex-vocalist, and Mr. Salaman and Miss Emma Lewis, pianists.

Yours, &c.,
TO O. ARMITAGE, Esq.

JOSEPH PROBE.

Dr. Queer congratulates Mr. Salaman, who, nevertheless, gave his fourth lecture last, not "next" Thursday evening. Dr. Queer

was "absent from indisposition," and therefore, though absent, well disposed.

TO OWAIN AP MUTTON, ESQ.

SIR,—The children who will sing at the Crystal Palace at 2 o'clock on Wednesday next are from seventy-four public and private schools of the Tonic Sol-fa method by their own masters or mistresses. They have been rehearsed by the two leaders in district rehearsals, every school of the twelve districts having had three rehearsals, some four. There has been no general rehearsal, no two districts even having rehearsed together. The tenors and basses are members of the adult classes who have met in three rehearsals. I have the honor to send you by this post, book of words and one of our instruction books. The C. P. Co. will no doubt send you free tickets.

I am, Sir, truly yours,

JOHN CRAWES.

Plaistow, London, E.

Mr. Ap Mutton being absent, and Dr. Shoe on furlough, Dr. Quier will attend the C. P. on Wednesday. He regrets, nevertheless, that "there has been no general rehearsal, no two districts having rehearsed together." Dr. Quier is as prone to the rehearsals of districts as was Samson (an old Muttonian) to the carrying of gates.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,—Introduced by overture to *St. Paul*, M. Gounod's "St. Cecilia Mass" formed part of Philharmonic programme Tuesday night. Verdict was not enthusiastic, though mass is full of scraps of musical value. It is matter of doubt whether prevalence throughout of an equal with chorus contributes to revelation of its perfection. Certain it is that solo and *ad libitum* elements, which constitute so great charm in grand ritual music of Roman Church as usually rendered, seemed lacking, and not compensated by power of chorus, though music assigned them contained some of most remarkable beauties of mass. Classic simplicity of Gounod's melodies, and classic choiceness of his scoring, are in this mass as remarkably evidenced as in any other of his productions, and use of instrumentation is exceedingly fine. On the other hand, fault which tells most against general acceptance of his works is here again illustrated. He does not make enough of his studies,—and for loss of tune no amount of orchestral beauty can thoroughly compensate musical taste any more than popular ear. *Agave* itself is fine example of Gounod's skill in making most effective and useful display with smallest expenditure of actual melody. All effects of tune are got out of new combinations, which also secure, in Gounod's happiest manner, charming surprises, and piece culminates in grand *soprano* burst, surmounting and dominating with grand degradation other parts of trio and full chorus. *Gloria* is adorned by corset passages and *trémolo* on organ (Mr. Hirst), and *soprano solo* is succeeded by massive Mendelssohnian chorus. Then follows grand ascent, with striking division into separate exclamations of phrase, "Domini Deus." Delightful oboe passage next preludes *andante* (Santley and Joulain), concluding with chromatic passage. Last movement of *Gloria*, exceedingly grand, has beautiful minor phrase interposed once or twice by chorus. *Credo* very powerful piece of rhetorical and declamatory composition, in which are transmitted into musical shape all elements of noblest elocution, while at word, "resurrexit," distinctly musical effect is introduced by repetition, in what may be called straining manner, of this mysterious article of belief, as if singers were confessing inability to cope with them. Mysterious dissonances at words, "And I look for resurrection of dead"—are also very beautiful and striking, while transition into ordinary church style at "And life of world to come" is equally subtle, suggestive, and devotional. *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, jewels of melody and harmony, used to be heard, not described; but we may just mention perfect loveliness of opening theme (often repeated) of *Sanctus*, and drum accompaniment, representing, we presume, firing of cannon. A "still, small voice" passage, for corset, if we remember, concludes *Sanctus* with most lovely effect. In *Agnus Dei* (solo, Joulain) ***** Concluding *Domine Nativum fac* in choruses for church, army, and people; first grin, second martial, third cordial and fluent. At end of mass, every one confessed Gounod was Gounod; but many were heard to mutter, he was neither Haydn nor Mozart.

I have unfortunately left myself no space to speak of second part of concert. Happily, much of it—Middle, Titiani, and Mr. Santley's Haydn and Mozart, *mercureus* notably—as absolute perfection; and quartet from Mozart's *Requiem* once again proved Mozart's music, greater or less, can give sensations no other produces.

I cannot help mentioning curious incident arising out of vain concessions to Protestant feeling of assembly. Words of Curschmann's trio, "Ti prego, madre mia," were altered in programme to "Ti prego padre eterno!" but singers sang piece as originally written in honour

of Virgil. Call you this cheating—?—I am Sir, your obedient and humble LIVERPOOL POSTSCRIPT.

LAST OF THE LAST.

DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Ap Mutton kindly permitted the correspondence concerning the C. P. band to open with a letter of mine, I trust you will not think me impertinent if I request that a letter of mine may close it. More "last words" from some new and offensive quarters having already been inserted after your tardy prohibition, perhaps you will extend the same indulgence to an older if not less offensive correspondent. One of your recent contributors (Mr. Crozier) seems so entirely to have misapprehended the purport of the many letters, in re the C. P. band, that it is perhaps worth while to state briefly what was their object, not merely for Mr. Crozier's benefit, but also for the enlightenment of others who may be similarly in the dark. I wrote (and believe others wrote) not because I am "anxious," far less "over-anxious" to hear any solo on any instrument. All my musical requirements are satisfied in a symphony, and, provided a symphony (not one of Gade's) is in the programme, care but little what precedes or follows it. I have stated before that I hear far too many solos at home to care much about them anywhere else, unless indeed played by Joachim. My object in writing to you was to call attention to a glaring preference exhibited in the English "People's Palace" for foreign artists. Both at first sight and at second sight it seems reasonable that there of all places English talent should be warmly encouraged, and without being at all "over-anxious" to hear any solo I continue to think it both unjust and ungentlemanly to exclude those Englishmen from the programme whose proficiency upon their respective instruments is certainly such as to entitle them to be placed on an equality with Herr Hape and Mons. Doornieus.

I am, Sir,—Yours faithfully,

A. F. B.

Gipsy Hill.

Dr. Quier, in pure gallantry, accords the favor asked by Miss A. F. B. Nevertheless, the other day he fell over an argument which obstructed his intellectual progress.

Cornelius P. F. Quier.

Shoebury—Boot and Hook—April 7.

NEWCASTLE.—(From a correspondent.)—A large and highly respectable audience gathered to the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening last, drawn by the irresistible attraction of a Pianoforte Recital, at which Madame Arabella Goddard was the queen. Visitors came from all points of the compass, and the array of beauty and fashion was truly imposing. Madame Arabella Goddard is universally allowed to be the most eminent performer on the pianoforte of her day, and, wherever she plays, not only maintaining her position but astonishes and delights more and more by the ease with which she makes her fingers glide through the maze of the most intricate and difficult passages. The programme on Wednesday comprised selections from the works of the great masters, several of which, we believe, were first introduced by Madame Arabella Goddard, in *propria persona*, at the "Monday Popular Concerts" at St. James's Hall, London. The performance of the selections from Handel and Bach exercised a powerful influence on the audience, and the "X. Plus Ultra" Sonata of Woelfl—which literally teems with difficulties—was played with the greatest apparent ease. Benedict's *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks," and Thalberg's on "The last rose of summer," were both superbly given. The last two created an extraordinary sensation, and the audience were so delighted that they would have kept Madame Goddard in the orchestra the whole night. For the encore to the last *fantasia* she gave "Home, sweet home," and finally retired from the platform amidst a tumult of applause. The Newcastle Choral Union announce *The Messiah*, with Miss Helena Walker, Miss Thompson, Mr. Whitehead and Mr. David Lambert, as principals, on Wednesday the 12th April.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—(From a correspondent.)—Mr. Franz Groeninga gave his second subscription concert, on Friday evening the 17th ult., in the Oddfellows' Hall, which was well filled. Miss Helena Walker was encored in "The Echo" and "The last new leaves," and Mr. David Lambert maintained his high reputation in Bellini's "I vider those scenes so charming," and Liszt's new song "I always feared a married life," both of which were encored. Herr Holzapfel was much applauded in his piano solo, as were Herr Schmidt and Mr. Donohoe for their performances on the flute and corset. Mr. Franz Groeninga officiated in the double capacity of accompanist and conductor.

FRAGUE.—At a recent general meeting of the Lovers of Church Music (Freunde der Kirchenmusik), for the purpose of electing honorary members, Herr Leopold Hiller, a Protestant, was proposed as a candidate. This gave rise to an animated debate as to whether a Protestant ought to be admitted into a Society of which the object is to promote the music of the Roman Catholic Church. The question was not decided, but adjourned *sine die*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SECOND CONCERT,
(EXHIBITION OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
Monday Evening, April 10, 1865.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 130, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire)—MR. JOACHIM, L. RISS, H. WASS, and PIATTI. *Beethoven. Grand.*
SONG, "Venez sur moi cor"—Miss RUTH WYNN. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in C sharp minor, Op. 37 (the Moonlight), for pianoforte alone (by desire)—MR. CHARLES HALL. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (by desire)—MR. CHARLES HALL, HERR JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI. *Schubert.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EDITH WYNN. *Schubert.*
RONDEAU BRILLANT, in B minor, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MR. CHARLES HALL and JOACHIM. *Schubert.*

CONDUCTOR, MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Both Stalls, &c.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall 2s. Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

FOURTH MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THIRD CONCERT).

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C No. 6, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MR. JOACHIM, L. RISS, H. WASS, and PIATTI. *Mozart. Grand.*
SERENADE, "In youth's season" (Mozart)—MR. CROMBIE. *Duett.*
SONATA, "The Invocation," Op. 37, for Pianoforte alone (Repeated by general desire)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. *Duett.*

PART II.

SONG, "Through the night"—MR. CROMBIE. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR JOACHIM. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR, MR. BENEDICT.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
FLEURETTE DE MACDONALD et de LA BELLE GELISE, fille de Remiclaire, Empereur
de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy
of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price).
acquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 34, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author
of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers
to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at
41, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names
already received.—William Chappell, F.R.S., Augustine Bargood, Esq., John
Borsey, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Prior to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL
Lectures to dispose of—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S, 244 Regent Street, corner
of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements received
as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Pay-
ment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be for-
warded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Perform-
ance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the
wife of WILHELM GANZ, Esq., of a daughter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notices of the Musical Society of London, Monday Popular Concerts,
&c., are in type.

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD JAMES LODGE.

On Wednesday, at 101, Balacon Street, Great Portland
Street, after an illness of more than six years' duration,
EDWARD JAMES LODGE, one of the most eminently gifted
of English musicians, expired peacefully and resignedly, at
half-past one, p.m.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Ego nec studium sine divite verba,
Nec rodo quid possit vides ingenium; alterius aie
Altera possit open res, et conjurat amice.

SIR,—I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the subject of *Genius*,
sensible as I am of the risk I incur of being charged with
presumption in differing from more than one respectable authority.
In the first place it appears to me that the question as to the
materiality or immateriality of the soul has but little connection
with the subject under discussion; for genius, being only a property
of the soul, may be either acquired or innate, whether we consider
the latter immaterial or not. We find, accordingly, that both
materialists and immaterialists, among the latter of whom may be
classed Johnson and Burke, have maintained the hypothesis that
genius is only another name for great talents which have been, by
accidental circumstances, applied to a particular object, and culti-
vated by practice.

I am not aware that any writer has maintained the doctrine
(mentioned by "the immortal Jackson,"—as the singer Incedon
was used to call him) that "A child just born may be made any
thing you please—an orator, poet, painter, or musician;" and that
"if you wish to be a genius the means are in your power." So
monstrous a proposition is contradicted by the experience of
every day, and I think can never have been seriously held forth to
public belief. I have not heard of its being denied that men are
born with different degrees of mental capacity, and it is not
pretended that genius can exist without this qualification. But it
seems useless and unphilosophical to give to this genius a distinct
and independent existence, to describe it as a sort of *offitus* or
inspiration; and thus to multiply faculties and laws of action,
when those whose existence we are assured of are sufficient to
account for the phenomena of the mind. I think I may claim
the authority of Locke, no feeble aid it will be admitted, in support
of the view I have taken of the question. He says, in speaking of
the powers of the mind:—

"As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it
is, and most even of those excellencies, which are looked on as natural
endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be
the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated
actions. . . . Many a good poetical vein is buried
under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement."

It may, perhaps, be objected that these remarks apply only to
talents and not to *genius*, considered as an *invention*, which is the
distinction "the immortal Jackson" made. But I am inclined to

■ The immortal Jackson of Exeter.—D. PETERS.

consider invention as only a higher degree of talent, which is equally with the other capable of improvement by cultivation and practice. History and experience I think, will testify that the first attempts at invention in any science by the greatest geniuses have been but feeble in comparison with their later productions, and they have only reached the summit of fame by their exertions, aided in most cases by adventitious circumstances which called forth and encouraged them.* The first poems that Shakspeare and Milton wrote were probably not above mediocrity. Haydn would, in all probability, have never been heard of as a composer, had he not been stimulated to exertion by the applause of the comedian Bernardon. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, tells us, that the latter had his attention turned to poetry when a child by reading Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which lay in the window of his mother's apartment. "Such are the accidents," says he, "which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called *genius*. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

An indispensable ingredient in the composition of genius remains, however, still to be considered; I mean *feeling* or *sensibility*. Without this quality we often see men possessed of great talents, but they cannot be said to have genius. Feeling is the immediate impulse of nature, who is the source and end of all that is great and sublime, and, without possessing feeling ourselves, we cannot call it forth in others, nor have those nice perceptions of beauty which are necessary in order to attain to the higher degrees of excellence. The idea I have formed of genius, therefore, is, that it is an union of the requisites before-mentioned, with delicacy of feeling; and a want of genius may always be accounted for by the absence of some one of these requisites.

The state of the argument between "the immortal Jackson" and myself appears to be as follows: we agree on the main point, that genius does not depend on ourselves, inasmuch as it is necessary that certain qualities should be inherent in us from our birth before we can lay claim to it; but we differ in our ideas as to the degree in which it is dependent on external circumstances, and capable of increase afterwards. I can, however, perfectly coincide with him in his observations on the different effects produced in the world by talent and by genius (adopting for a moment his distinction) and the different reception they meet with. I fear it will always be one of the disadvantages attendant on genius, that the world requires time to understand and encourage its productions, as they come before it in a new shape, and must often work their way through hostile feelings and prejudices.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, OTTO BEARD.

THE following account of an Italian *basso*, Pellegrini, a famous artist in his day, may prove interesting to our readers. Those among them who are fortunate enough to have known the great singers of the old school, such as Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache, men who owed to their study of the art of singing in all its details, as well as of music generally, the excellence by which, but a few years ago, they towered over all their rivals, will receive our anecdote in a believing spirit. Such persons, however, as are acquainted only with the majority of modern first tenors will look upon it as a fable.

* If Genius were, as "the immortal Jackson" considers, a separate and independent property, might we not justly infer that it would not admit of different stages of excellence, but would rather burst into light at once and display itself the same at all times and in all circumstances.

Pellegrini was engaged, between the years 1820 and 1830, at the Italian Opera, Paris. He troubled himself little about the opinion of the public and the critics. On the other hand, however, he judged himself very severely, praising himself; whispering remarks in his own ear; and, when necessary, even hissing himself. In his drawing-room, there was a full-length portrait of himself, and every evening, on his return home from the theatre, he stopped, as he went through his drawing-room to reach his bed-room, before the portrait, for the purpose of telling himself what he thought of himself. If he had sung well, and played irreproachably, but found the audience chary of their applause, he praised the worthy artist, in impressive terms, for his courage, and exhorted him to continue in the same path of conscientious exertion, and not attach too much value to the indifference of a capricious public.

When, however, the contrary was the case—when Leporello had made some dull, dramatic or vocal—when Figaro had sung a note out of tune—woe to the unhappy portrait! the good-natured, indulgent Pellegrini was transformed into a perfect devil. With eyes flashing fire; with hair on end; with clinched and menacing fists, he would stand before his portrait and thus address it: "Yes—yes! that's right! play the grand there with your fine clothes, instead of creeping into a corner for shame, as you ought to do! Miserable blackguard, you sang again out of tune; you were pitifully bad! You are the celebrated Pellegrini, are you? A good idea! You are only a makeshift barytone of a country theatre! If the audience had been just, they would have pelted you with rotten apples, instead of calling you on!" He would then, perfectly contented with this self-given lecture, go to bed, with the intention of repairing his fault next day, and, as the famous Pellegrini, obtaining and *deserving* the heartiest applause.

Where is the singer who would now behave in this manner? Who could bear to be blamed, or actually find fault with himself? If your readers look upon the anecdote as a fable, we cannot quarrel with them for doing so.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

Through my own unaccountable forgetfulness, or through the negligence of your printers—I really cannot say which—my *bon-mot* last week about Adolina Patti was totally spoiled; or, if not totally spoiled, was seriously injured, by the omission of the name of Mozart's peasant girl; Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* being, I need not tell you, one of the young artist's most popular performances. As, therefore, I pride myself somewhat on the aptness and completeness of my *bon-mot*, I will, *ex volente*, reproduce it with the necessary restoration, merely premising that the reader will have to bear in mind that Madame Miolan-Carvalho is supposed to feel it as an iniquity that the part of Pamina in the *Flauto Magico*, to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera, has been allotted to Mlle. Patti and not to her, the doggerel verses being offered in excuse of the assignment of the character by the management. Here are the verses in full:—

If Adolina
Be Rosina,
And Zerlina,
And Amina,
And Adina,
And Norina—
Why not Pamina?

Q. E. D.

There is much speculation as to when the *Africaine* is likely to be produced. The latter end of the month is confidently talked about. I cannot think it will be ready by that time. Three acts have undergone full rehearsals, but even these are not quite prepared, and something still remains to be done with them. At the last general rehearsal certain "cuts"—"*des coupures*"—were proclaimed expedient, and M. Fétis, after a long consultation, was

empowered to make them. So that even thus early it has been found necessary to clip the wings of Meyerbeer's inspiration. Indeed every one who has attended the rehearsals exclaims against the extraordinary length of the work and asserts that, even though the opera should begin at seven o'clock the performance cannot be over until long past midnight. If this be the case, how is your Royal Italian Opera to proceed in its representations of the *Africaine*, the curtain rising an hour and a half later? They manage these things better in England—at least at Covent Garden Theatre—and do not trouble their consciences much with reverence and regard for masterpieces and the preservation of great works—ride the freedoms taken with *Guillaume Tell* and the *Huguenots*! Among his numerous causes for solicitude in the bringing out of the *Africaine*, M. Perrin sometimes entertains a fear that one of the three singers especially enjoined for the performance of the first fifty nights by Meyerbeer may be indisposed, in which case, as a matter of course, the production of the opera must be postponed. And, to speculate further, how if Mlle. Saxe, Signor Naudin, or M. Faure, the three singers designated, were to be incapacitated altogether—what would then happen? Nor is such a result an impossibility, seeing that Mlle. Saxe has been recently very ill, and that the weather is the most trying for singers which has been remembered in any season for a quarter of a century. That the director of the Opera is doing all he can to expedite the production of the *Africaine* no one can doubt.

A new comic opera was brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique last week and obtained a genuine and well-merited success. It is entitled *Le Mariage de Don Lope*; words by M. Jules Barbier, music by M. Edouard de Hartog. The composer, who, as his name intimates, is a Hollander, has been long known in Paris as a very clever writer of overtures, quartets, *lieder*, &c., and an opera from his pen has been for some period one of the musical expectations of the French capital. M. de Hartog has not disappointed his friends, while the public have received him in the most flattering manner. Fortunately for the furtherance of his music M. de Hartog has been provided with a very merry, intelligible, and interesting book, and the subject seems congenial to his talent. The story is by no means new but has been made to assume some novel features. A hot-headed Spaniard has two daughters, one considerable older than the other. He has engaged a vow that he will not have the youngest married before the eldest is taken off his hands. Now this interferes directly with the love suit of the youngest daughter, and she and her sweetheart lay their heads together and contrive to persuade a certain simpleton that the elder sister is in love with him, and, *vice versa*, to persuade the elder sister that the simpleton is in love with her. The double scheme turns out satisfactorily: the elder sister is first married and the father no longer withholds his consent to the settlement of the younger. The scenes are well disposed for music, and the incidents are decidedly comic. I cannot assert that M. de Hartog possesses the true *ris comica*; but his invention is always ready and frequently happy and he uses the orchestra with the adroitness and ease of a master. The pieces which seemed to attract most attention the first night were a quintet for three sopranos, tenor and bass; a bolero for soprano, which constitutes a brilliant coda to the preceding; the complete "Morbleu, corbleu!" duo for soprano and tenor; and, best of all, a very charming air, "Quel Malheur," for the elder sister. The piece is well supported by MM. Gabriel, Legrand and Gêrpré, Mlle. Albrecht, Mesdames Villéne and Faure-Lefebvre.

At the Italiana the new opera *La Duchessa di San Giovanni* does not attract. *Don Giovanni* is announced with the following moderate cast:—Donna Anna, Madame Frezzolini; Elvira, Mlle. Vanderbeck; Zerlina, Madame Marie-Lalache; Don Giovanni, Signor Delles-Selle; Leporello, Signor Zucchini; and Don Ottavio, Signor Brignoli.

Herewith is a memoir in little of your friend—or rather, Mr. Alfred Mellon's friend—Ali-Ben-Soualle, who has been creating a sensation recently in Paris and has been enchanting royal and polite ears at the Tuileries—even, happily, those of the renowned Mr. Ap'utton himself. Ali-Ben-Soualle is a true Frenchman and was born at Arna where he first made his musical studies. Admitted to the Conservatoire of Paris he gained the first prize for clarinet playing. He then proceeded to London and was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, and devoted himself

particularly to the study of the saxophone. Ali was a rover in his heart and quitted England to travel in the East, where he became director of music to the Rajah of Mysore. The desire to revisit his native home and to make his great talent more thoroughly appreciated has brought him back to France, having first paid a visit to England and been presented to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who deigned to accept from him a musical album of his own composition. I am sorry I cannot send you at the same time a counterpoise sketch of the life of Ali-Ben-Soualle's great rival, the other renowned saxophonist, Ali-Ben-Jenkins.

Paris, April 6.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Paris, 3rd April.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read the number of the 4th March, in which Mr. Montague Shoot does me the honour of pouring so much rubbish on my name, so full of "esprit" and of so distinguished taste that it is certainly not worth answering. I will, however, say so much for him: he says that writing good English does not imply writing common sense. Well he proves what he says so brilliantly through his own article that certainly no one will disbelieve him. I have arrived here only two days ago, and don't think I shall stay to the end of the week. I am thoroughly disgusted. Do you know who reigns and what reigns in Paris at this moment? Therea, the most vulgar singer of a café chantant, "habitué aux bois," a pantomime more deprived of common sense than any pantomime ever seen, though splendidly put on the stage, and "La Biche Helleine," an "immense success," only on account of the indecency of words and movements, etc. You know I am not a saint, and I don't wish to cast my eyes down when I see a low dress, but the frivolity of this city "marching at the head of civilisation," really goes to a degree far exceeding the limit of what is tolerable, and if anybody tells you the success of the "Biche aux bois" rests on the contrary, tell him it rests just to the contrary on the ——— "no costumes." One of the great literary critics of Paris says he is certain the director of the Porte St. Martin meant to kill the Pantomime, since no one will wear "five hours costumes and décors" without a word worth listening to; well all I can say is that the public "le plus spirituel du monde" runs so much to see the piece that until Easter Monday every place is taken. Another instance of the importance of "decors" in this. The *Africaine*, which was to be given on the 17th for certain, is in a state of such disorder in this moment, there is only one thing certain, that it will not be possible to give it before the end of the month. M. Fétis has taken upon him to cut the third act to pieces, but so fearfully that Faure, who, to the acknowledgment of all who know the music, was to lose several "bijoux" of his part, energetically protested and insisted on maintaining the most important pieces of that part. M. Fétis said to him that he had passed five hours cutting out what he thought proper, and M. Faure, who, adding Meyerbeer like a great artist of his standing naturally must, told him — You have really spent so much of your valuable time in so doing? Well, I am sure that Meyerbeer had seen the necessity of making these cuts, would not have spent at least as many days doing such enormous work as you have spent hours. It may be just as well to mention here that M. Fétis, who, in judging German music and quoting German authors (known to him only by translations which, for ought he knows, may be thoroughly wrong), has written monstrous things, for instance about Beethoven's symphonies, when he has been looking out unprepared intervals, &c., has never been mentioned in Meyerbeer's last will as an authority to be trusted with the arrangement or anything like leading his music, and I have heard different things which made me doubt whether his aid was so very desirable at all. But, if you are anxious to know what is the reason of this cruel cutting of the last masterpiece of one of the greatest composers who lived I'll tell you that it is again a "Décor." It is the great ship which is to wreck on the stage which requires three quarters of an hour to be put on and half an hour to be taken off the stage; so naturally, as the "décor" are made to support the music the best thing to be done is, to replace the music by the ship.

Now let me ask you a little more for another business. A Viennese paper publishes, in a so called correspondence of London, a paragraph beginning with these words:—

"Joachim is here, and even the musical press, the most despicable of all, is bowing low before him. We'll see what these Italianised gentlemen will have to criticise again in Mr. Wachtel, &c., &c."

I have therefore taken the liberty of writing to the editor of that very wide-spread paper the following short note; but since I don't know whether he will be impartial enough to print it exactly as I wrote it, I give you in *extenso* what I have got to say about it.

"Sir.—In your impression of Friday last I see an article supposed to be a London correspondent's in which, ad *voem* Joachim, the London musical press is described as the "most despicable" of all, and italicized to a degree because it is expected to be rather severe towards Mr. Wachtel. Allow me to state that it is, first of all, perfectly impossible to conceive how a man so respectable as you are can without hesitation print a slander of the kind, throwing the most insolent offence into the face of a series of most honorable and reliable judges, who, as a generally, are to the best of my experience—since you will allow still I must write the London musical press as well as the Viennese musical press—ten times more apt to judge than your critics are, most of whom do not understand how to write and still less what they are writing about. There are only a few individuals excepted. As far as Joachim is concerned the London papers have done him every possible honor from the moment he was first there, and, as to Mr. Wachtel, you were present and I was present, a few weeks ago, when in Vienna he was outrageously hissed by a public certainly impartial as to his being a German, and unanimously criticized by a press decidedly not Italianized. To attack the English for their preventing professional people getting a standing because they are Germans, is an absurdity to be qualified by the simple quotation of the career which Titiens, Caillag, Lieblart, Roderodt, Benedict, Hallé, Pauer, Schloesser, Kuhn, and every artist of talent has made in England, be he Italian, Chinese, or German. But allow me to say one word about the Viennese critics. I will say so much for them as to admit of several writers who know their own language and at the same time understand music, but they are incomparably less than in England; and believe me that, if anyone in London should dare insult the work of no less a man than Meyerbeer with such arrogance and with such total ignorance of what he is about as the musical critic of the *Viennese Presse* did *Dinorah*, the universal indignation would show itself in such demonstrations that it would be an utter impossibility for the editor to keep the man on writing in his paper. In a city like London where your microscopic proportions entirely disappear, where public opinion is of such enormous weight, and where the importance of newspapers is of a little more consideration for an artist than what is printed in Vienna and read in the suburbs, it would be an impossibility for a "despicable press" long to exist, and I have no hesitation in saying that only a despicable man can have written an insult entirely unfounded on a number of gentlemen, every one of whom is probably worth more than he is. I trust to your sense of equity and honor, as the line in question may have escaped your eye before being printed, to publish this letter in one of your next numbers."

I can't say what will be done, but I hope, in some way, shorter perhaps than my letter, satisfaction will be given.

By the bye, as I am pretty certain that a number of English gentlemen will come over to see the *Africaine*, let them know that there is not only no seat to be had for the first three performances, 200*l.*—say two hundred pounds having been refused for ten stalls, but there is no *kat* to be had, the workmen being on strike, so let every gentleman be in possession of a good opera hat besides his walking hat, for the strike lasts already three weeks and is not likely soon to finish. Au revoir soon, yours very truly,

L. ENGEL.

VIRTUOSO AND VIRTUOSITY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir.—Will you answer me a question—or, strictly speaking, two questions? What is a virtuoso? What is virtuosity? The *Reader* (March 18), speaking of Herr Joachim, says:—"Against this vice of 'virtuosity' such playing, such a career is a magnificent protest,"—having previously defined "virtuosity" as "a passion for seeming,"—"the desire to astonish the vulgar world by the flash of a passing celebrity," &c., &c. The *Times* (also speaking of Herr Joachim) says:—"The singular charm that attaches to his playing is derived, more than from any other of his admirable qualities, whether as an intellectual musician or as an incomparable 'virtuoso,' from his utter forgetfulness of Herr Joachim in the author whose music he is interpreting," &c., &c. Now, putting these remarks side by side, what am I to gather as to what is or is not virtuosity—and am I to infer that Joachim is or is not a virtuoso? Perhaps you or some of your numerous readers can inform

GEORGE GRIF.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second concert on Monday night was graced by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince Alfred, and the Princess Helena. The distinguished party arrived punctually at 8 o'clock, and were welcomed on entering the room with the familiar strains of the National Anthem, performed by the orchestra under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. Whether the programme was selected by the honored visitors we are unable to say but, if it was, they may fairly be complimented on exemplary judgment. The several pieces, vocal and instrumental, of which it consisted were all more or less interesting, and, as may be seen by the subjoined, a variety of schools was represented:—

PART I.			
Symphony in E flat	Mozart.
Aria, "Ab! Renditi quel core,"	Maria Emma Heywood	...	Rossini.
Overture, "Oberon"	Weber.
Aria, "Non parevate" (Il Flauto Magico)	Madame Parepa	...	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim	Mendelssohn.
PART II.			
Symphony in C minor	Beethoven.
Duet (Jesondan) Madames Parepa and Herr Heywood	Sporer.
Overture, "Le Philir"	Auber.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. B.	

As the Royal visit, though private, had been pretty generally anticipated, there was a brilliant and fashionable assembly. On such occasions the applause is generally less frequent and demonstrative than usual; and on Monday the only performance which induced the audience to forget they had come to the Hanover Square Rooms for any other purpose than that of listening to good music, and to give a free expression to their enthusiasm, was the violin concerto of Mendelssohn. But that this was the privilege of melos, each will be readily admitted when it is stated that the executant was Herr Joseph Joachim, and that he never played more splendidly. The symphonies, both masterpieces, were admirably performed, and listened to with keen enjoyment. It would be scarcely possible to find two other great works with so little beyond their consummate excellence in common. True, the slow movements are both in the key of A flat; but here all resemblance ceases, and to attempt to assign the joint of identity to which they owe their union, each is an inspiration, and each breathes the very spirit of the master-mind from which it sprang. So also of the other movements—admitting that the marvellous *schizzo* of Beethoven belongs to a world with which the stately minuet and melodious trio of his illustrious predecessor has no sympathy. Equally well contrasted were the overtures—the orchestral prelude with which the imaginative and thoughtful Weber has adorned his fairy opera, and that to the *Philir* of Auber, who in the genial and charmingly naive and unassuming element to the story of the Love-draught, rivaling if not surpassing that which Donizetti afterwards produced. It is agreeable to find that the spirit of pedantry which used to banish the overtures of Rossini and Auber from the Philharmonic Concerts is no longer tolerated.

The Royal party remained until the termination of the performance. At the next concert (May 1) Professor Sterndale Bennett's new MS. symphony in G minor, so favorably received last season, is to be repeated.

LIVERPOOL.—It is difficult to know what to say about Italian opera in Liverpool. No one can speak dispassionately of performances in which such names as Arloti, Titiens, and Santley appear; nor can one pretend to be uninterested in the first hearing of such a singer as Joulan, especially when, to all appearance, he is likely to prove the chief tenant of the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre. On the other hand, who can be commonly respectful towards representations in which one hears the choruses of Gounod twittered into fragments and the choruses of Verdi deliberately cut into lengths of discord? One is not so proud of the Philharmonic; but its band is excellent, and its chorus contains the making of several opera choruses of a far higher class than those which are engaged for the Theatre Royal. Why, then, the vast discrepancy between the minor attractions of the two places? If there is a fate in it that cannot be escaped—if it is impossible for the second town in the kingdom to have even one week in a twelvemonth of thoroughly-appointed opera, we suppose we must be reconciled to our lot, shut our ears when the chorus open their mouths, and resign ourselves to the solid efficacy of an inadequate band. But when the heart of the new opera season is a month and its two or three months of opera, it occurs to us to ask whether the directors mean this or something else; whether, if they mean something else, they have counted the cost of doing things better; and whether the calculations which justify them in promising operatic perfection might not warrant our present managers in taking the wind out of their sails by doing Italian opera even now with at least a chorus that can keep in time, and a band of sufficient power, especially in strings, to do some justice to good orchestration?—*Forcipene*.

We understand that the "Albert Smith's Room" at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, has been secured for a series of mysterious performances, and which will commence on Easter Monday.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Dr. Wyld began his 14th season on Wednesday night in St. James's Hall with brilliant success. His programme could hardly have been better:—

PART I.

Overture (Mæra)	Cherubini.
Aria, "Per pietà non ridoete," Madame Salines	M. St. Cyr.
Symphony in D, No. 9 (The Choral)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Dramatic Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim	Spohr.
Cavatine, "E tu sola l'aspetti," Madame Parepa	Meyerbeer.
Pugue, violin, Herr Joachim	Bach.
Overture (Prestosa)	Weber.
Conductor	Dr. Wyld.

Varied as was the selection it was by no means found too long, and this doubtless in a great measure because it did not comprise a single piece which was not executed legitimately to enhance its attraction. Whatever the cause, however—and probably to say nothing of the Ninth Symphony, Herr Joachim, announced to play both a concerto and a fugue, had no small influence—we have rarely seen St. James's Hall more densely thronged. About this gentleman's performance of Spohr's admirable *Scena Cantante*, which Dr. Wyld, accepting an indefensible precedent, styles "Dramatic *Concerto*," we have had frequent occasion to speak; and to say that he never played it more subtly, with more undomestic expression, more vigour, fire, and perfect mechanical adroitness, is all that is requisite, further than that it made the usual impression, and was greeted enthusiastically. The *solo Fugue* in G minor of John Sebastian Bach, or rather Herr Joachim's incomparable manner of playing it, is, thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, no more a novelty than the other. This was the one chosen by the genial fiddler on the present occasion—chosen by himself, it may be presumed, inasmuch as no particular *Fugue* was named in the printed programme. At the end of the *Fugue*, as at the end of Spohr's *Scena*, the audience unanimously called him back.

The colossal symphony of Beethoven, years ago, earned for the "New Philharmonic Society" its first great victory. Difficult, nay almost insurmountable, as are some of the passages it contains, in the choral part especially, Dr. Wyld does well to present it from time to time. The execution on Wednesday, under his direction, was for the most part extremely effective. The three instrumental movements were remarkably well given, the *adagio* perhaps best of all. We should have preferred the recitatives which preface the choral *finale*, in *tempo giusto*—it being scarcely accorded to string basses to share in sentimental expression; and again we are of opinion that, looking at Beethoven's own indication as authority, the leading theme, first announced in unison, should have been taken decidedly quicker. The choral parts, with slight exceptions, however, were highly satisfactory, and the quartet of vocal soloists—Madame Parepa, Madame Saint-Dolby, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Weiss—almost all that could be wished. Their task was by no means either an easy or a grateful one; but they accomplished it with ability, zeal, and proportionate success. The impression created by this marvellous work of genius was what it never fails to be, or what it has never failed to be since orchestras have improved and audiences become intelligent. The applause at the end of every movement was hearty and general. The fine orchestral preludio to Cherubini's greatest serious opera, which we are promised this season at Her Majesty's Theatre—and the less pretensions though not less genuine overture to Weber's gipsy melodrama were not the less acceptable because already familiar to the majority of the room.

The vocal music was good. Madame Saint-Dolby showed classical taste in selecting the fine aria from Mozart's very little known work, *Il Curioso indiscreto*, and Madame Parepa a desire to astonish by her choice of the *bravura* from Meyerbeer's *Robert*, which she rendered still more elaborate by her cadences, touching high D's and C sharp *ad libitum*. Dr. Wyld, was warmly greeted on appearing in the orchestra.

OBITUARY.—The death of Herr Joseph Schmidt, composer, violinist and chapel-master to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, is announced to have occurred on the 15th of March, at Buckeburg. Herr Schmidt was born in 1795, and had two and twenty children. —On the 16th of March, died at Seltzboung Herr Wenzel Bielzicki, formerly tenor at the Royal Opera of Dresden, and who, like Tschatchek, was one of the most celebrated singers of Germany.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The last of Mr. Aguilar's pianoforte recitals took place on Wednesday. The following programme was gone through:—Sonata in C—Aguilar; Ophelia (romance)—Aguilar; Caprice in E—Mendelssohn; Study—Aguilar; Sonata in A flat—Beethoven; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on Faust—Aguilar; "Appel," and "In a wood on a windy day" (transcriptions)—Aguilar; 5th Nocturne—John Field; March—Aguilar. The rooms as usual were crowded.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The second subscription concert of the season attracted an audience which filled to repletion every part of St. James's-hall. Having regard to the Lenten period of the year, the selection of music was exclusively sacred, and comprised a more than usual profusion of novelties, among which may be enumerated the following:—Anthem, "O have mercy upon me" (Henry Leslie); anthem, "As we have borne" (Joseph Barnby); anthem for double choir, "In thee, O Lord" (Sturdead Bennett); part song, "The pilgrims" (Henry Leslie); part song, "The resper bell" (Henry Smart); part song, "What bells are those" (Brinsley Richards); all of which were performed for the first time. In addition to these, selections were given from M. Gounod's mass for male voices—a work so little known in England that there is no doubt that this also fell for the first time on the ears of by far the largest part of the audience. If Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" (the soprano part of which was given to perfection by Madame Parepa) does not bear the charm of novelty, it carries with it the still higher recommendation that each successive hearing develops fresh beauties, and the execution upon this occasion was in every respect worthy of the work. The single encore of the evening was awarded to Mr. Henry Leslie's "Pilgrims," a part song, treated with all the composer's well-known ability, and received with the strongest marks of satisfaction. How pathetically Mr. Sims Reeves renders the recitative "Deeper and deeper still," with its pendent air "Waft his angels," our readers need not be reminded, and rarely has our great tenor sung more genuine tenderness and expression. Handel's oratorio *Susanna* is one of the least familiar works of the great master, but Madame Parepa nevertheless showed herself thoroughly at home in the recitative and air "If guiltless blood be your intent." The accompanists were, Mr. J. G. Callcott at the pianoforte, and Mr. I. C. Ward at the organ. The next performance is announced for the 1st of June.

C.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From our own correspondent.)

DEAR SIR.—I wanted to write yesterday to give you interesting news about *Dinorah*, which has been performed in a most magnificent way, as you will soon hear, but was prevented from so doing first, because nothing is easier than to give up working be it whatever, and then because I waited for the debut of Mr. Steger, whose debut I saw first very nearly twenty years ago. Well then, I have heard him again, and I think it would be more charitable to use the common phrase, "the young tenor being under the pressure of emotion, or sudden nervousness, or indisposition, &c.," it would scarcely be fair to judge him without allowing him the chance of another trial, and so out. Suffice it to say that the management of the Royal and Imperial Opera is so capital, having tenors of the first water to such an extent, that I for one had the gratification of hearing one tenor hissed in the *Prophet*, another in the *Tannhäuser*, and one very nearly so in the *Huguenots*. There are *en revanche* so nice tenors of the second rank that wanting a tenor *legere* for *Dinorah* they were obliged to borrow one from Graz, a little provincial town, as you know. Now this tenor is simply what people call here a "comic singer," who arranged poor Corentin after the Graz fashion to make people laugh, never aided by what means. There is, however, another little tenor in the last act, having got an air of small importance to sing, and part in the quartet. Having so light tenor for Corentin—whenever saw Sautefoy in Paris or Gardoni in London would find a strange difference—you should at least expect the director, who has allowed his great tenors to be hissed after each other, to exhibit, at least, a little one, after having had to borrow one of the two. But even my small expectation is not to be gratified since the latter part of the mower was confined to the care of a Mr. Campa, an extremely meritorious artist as far as his air goes, which he left out entirely; but not so meritorious in the quartet in which he unfortunately took part in a manner which made people fair to be grateful for his splendid leaving out of the air. Midie, then de Murska, who is the only singer in this once so admired operahouse who could take the part of *Dinorah*, sang as she always does, in a splendid way. If I did write to you about her, you know the following: if I did not, it may as well be stated that Mlle. Murska, who I hear is going to sing in England, has got a capital voice, great facility, much vivacity, but withal, the most audacious way of honoring the composers with *forture* that may them make turn over in their graves. She has at any rate great qualities, and as there begins to be a scarcity of first rate singers, I see the time approaching when anyone asking

for an accomplished singer will be called over scrupulous, never to be contented. &c. Miss Bettelheim, who certainly is far from being a first rate singer notwithstanding her fine voice and her being a better musician than loads of singers, has dictated her own terms, £1000 a-year for ten years, three months leave, and after the ten years an annuity of £186 whether she makes a new contract or not. By the bye, some one writes to say your Paris correspondent pitches into me awfully—he will lose nothing due to him as soon as I see what it is. There is a stray talk of gaining back Mlle. Liebhart, and I'm told offers are being sent to her. Yours, EXOR.

THE OPERA AT MILAN.

(From our own correspondent.)

Since my last, the season at the Scala has been brought to a close, and taking it altogether it has been anything but a successful season. The operas given have been seven, *La Contessa D'Amalfi*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *L'Ebreu*, *Norma*, *La Favorita*, and the new opera, by Villani, *Bianca degli Albizzi*, with the ballets *Flik a Flok*, *Leonilda*, and *La Maschera*. Of the operas by far the most successful has been *L'Ebreu* of Halévy, the cast of which was exceedingly good, and the "mise-en-scène" worthy of the Scala. *La Favorita* was the next successful opera, and but for the continual changing of tenors would have been even more successful. Fernando the first (Pancani), on account of indisposition, abdicated after eight performances; Fernando the second (Lorio), for want of voice, reigned only one evening; Fernando the third (Tartini), was deposed by the populace in a most ignominious manner after two acts; and Fernando the fourth (Signor Tasca), (who by the way is engaged at Covent Garden) only sang two evenings. As you will have an opportunity of hearing Signor Tasca in London, I will content myself with saying, that whatever he may be in other operas, *La Favorita* is neither adapted to his voice nor means. He certainly has a good voice, and, if he knew how to use it, he would, I have no doubt, become a good artist. His rendering of the lovely Romanza "Spirito Gentil" was so cold, so apathetic, that it was received in solemn silence; the duet with Galetti in the 4th act also suffered from the same cause. I think that *Norma* will be more adapted to his means. *Rigoletto* was given only 5 times, *Norma* only twice, *Faust* about 15 times, the *Contessa D'Amalfi* 15 times, and the *Ebreu* I think 12 or 13 times. *Bianca degli Albizzi* was a colossal fiasco, and was only given one night. The most successful of the ballets was *Leonilda*.

For the next season at the Scala, Carnival and Quaresima, the direction wish to have Adeline Patti, and have already made her an offer of sixty thousand francs, 2400*l.*, for the season of three months. I think this a liberal offer; we shall see if she accepts it. Talking of Adeline Patti reminds me that her sister Carlotta is here, and a few evenings since sang at a concert given by the Marquis Lampugnani to a select circle of friends. The songs she selected were the "Carnival of Venice," Auber's laughing song, and the *Aria from Linda*, "O Luce di quest'anima." She was received in a very flattering manner, and, I think, astonished the audience with her flexibility, and remarkable compass of voice. The other singers were Signor Pancani, Signor Varese, the Buffo Frizzi, Signora Patiscino (a Spanish prima donna with a really magnificent voice), and Mr. John Morgan, an English tenor, who has been singing in Italy with considerable success. Signor Antonio Sangiovanni was the conductor. Selections were given from *Lucia*, *Il trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Favorita*, *Udella* and *Il Barbiere*. A Signor Gennaro Perelli has given two pianoforte concerts here, and has astonished the Milanese public with his wonderful tone and execution. At the theatre "Cannobiana" we are to have a dramatic company for the Spring season, at the "Re" a French dramatic company. The only musical entertainment will be at the "Carcano," where they are going to give *Semiramide* or perhaps *Don Giovanni*; if the latter is cast well, and placed upon the stage in a becoming manner, it will make a great success.

Negri, the celebrated tenor, died of apoplexy, at Naples, on the 14th ult., in his thirty-eighth year. At La Scala next year an opera by Felicien David will be produced. ARGUS.

DUSSEK'S SONATA L'INVOCATION.

(From the "Illustrated Times.")

The world of music has lately been agitated by a discussion on the subject of Dussek's *Invocation Sonata*. Who in these latter days first played it in public? who has made it popular with London audiences? who has caused the music-publishers to bring out new editions of the work? are the questions asked; and, to the two last, the only answer that can possibly be given is—Madame Arabella Goddard. Herr Pauer maintains that he introduced the *Invocation Sonata* to the London public, some years ago, at his Historical Concerts. But this seems to have been an affair between Herr Pauer and a certain number of pupils and subscribers. Say, however, that Herr Pauer was dealing with the public properly so called; even then, to introduce a sonata to the public is one thing, to make the public acquainted with it, another. It is only since Madame Arabella Goddard has played the piece in question that its beauties have been understood and appreciated by the public at large. This is a matter, not of opinion, but of fact; and the fact is proved by the applause with which each performance of the sonata (when played by Madame Arabella Goddard) is received, and by the demand for the music experienced now, for the first time, at the music-publishers'. The critic of the *Athenæum*, who can explain most things, cannot make out why the *Invocation Sonata* is now played so often in public. The reason is that it happens to be a favorite piece of Madame Arabella Goddard, and that she plays it to perfection. This, however, is too simple an explanation for the *Athenæum* critic; and he has therefore invented a new and abstruse one, according to which the public applaud Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of the *Invocation Sonata* in consequence of the inordinate praise lavished upon it by the newspapers. This does not apply to us, for we have neglected the Monday Popular Concerts, where the *Invocation Sonata* has been so much applauded, for some time past. Neither does it apply to the *Athenæum*, whose great rule in noticing the Monday Popular Concerts has always been to say that the kind of music played there can be played just as well elsewhere, and to abstain from praising Madame Arabella Goddard. As for the *Times*, for the last five or six years it has made a point of never passing any opinion whatever on Madame Arabella Goddard's playing. The only journal which has ever found fault with it is the *Athenæum*. That may have done Madame Goddard some good, but not to the extent of prejudicing audiences of two thousand persons in her favor. Let us be content with simple reasons when simple ones are sufficient; and, in spite of the silence of the *Times* and the perversity of the *Athenæum*, let us recognise the discernment and good taste of our English audiences, who are quite capable of telling good pianoforte-playing from bad, and who can appreciate the best kind of music when the best pianists execute it.

HEAL.—(From a Correspondent).—On Friday evening last, a second performance of Handel's *Messiah*, which was produced by the Hull Harmonic Society with such marked success a fortnight ago, took place at the People's Hall. The proceeds were appropriated to the Hull Ragged and Industrial School; and in order to avoid disappointment (as hundreds were unable to obtain admission at the previous performance), on the present occasion two thousand tickets only were issued, with the announcement that none but ticket-holders would be admitted before a quarter-past seven o'clock, the oratorio commencing at half-past seven; and shortly after seven the building was filled. The choruses were well and powerfully performed, and the accompaniments excellently played. The chief vocal parts were sustained by Miss Wilson and Miss Harrison, sopranos; Miss Carrodus, contralto; Mr. Price, tenor; and Mr. David Lambert, bass;—the last two from the Cathedral, Durham. Mr. J. W. Stephenson conducted. Miss Wilson received great applause in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Miss Carrodus was very successful in the contralto music. Mr. Price, principal tenor of Durham Cathedral, has a voice of golden quality, and was much applauded in "Behold and see" and "Thou shalt dash them." One of the special features of the performance was the singing of Mr. David Lambert, which was characterized by great taste and artistic expression. Mr. Lambert was loudly applauded in "Behold darkness" and "Why do the nations," and in the "Trumpet Song" he finished on the low D, creating quite a sensation. The quartet, "Their sound is gone out," admirably sung by Miss Wilson, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Price, and Mr. Lambert, was unanimously applauded. The "Hallelujah" Chorus was also repeated. Upwards of 80*l.* will be cleared for the funds of the deserving charity for whose benefit the performance was given.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT NEWCASTLE.

(From the Newcastle Daily Journal, March 30).

Last evening, Madame Arabella Goddard gave one of her most charming concerts in the Assembly Rooms. There was a numerous and thoroughly appreciative audience. As a lady pianist, Miss Goddard stands pre-eminent; and although Thalberg, Liszt, and one or two others have achieved the highest perfection of skill on the piano, for delicacy of touch, elegance of fingering, rapidity of execution, and, above all, a thorough comprehension of the spirit of the various composers whose works she so wonderfully places before her audience, it may be questioned whether she does not, in her many qualifications, excel them. It is to Miss Goddard's refined taste that the musical public are mainly indebted for popularising the magnificent works of Beethoven. The productions of this wonderful composer are too frequently condemned as being heavy, sombre, and too difficult to thoroughly understand. There is some truth in this, but when once they have been heard, as performed by Miss Goddard, it is impossible not to be delighted with their harmony, their grandeur, and the wonderful amount of alidity displayed by their composer. The music of such masters as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, and others, requires a little more careful study and application than that of modern composers, to give a taste for the purely classical; and how rarely has a modern composer written anything so simple, yet so charming as "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Madame Goddard commenced her recital by two movements from a grand sonata of Woelfl, "*Al Plus Ultra*," commencing with the *Andante* in C major, leading to *Allegretto* F major. It was a fine performance, and in the movement containing the air, "Life let us cherish," and variations, her wonderful skill on the piano was pre-eminently displayed. This was followed by a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, and is an exceedingly pretty piece of writing, and was as prettily played. The next was a "Suite de Pièces" by Handel (No. 5), *Prelude, Allendale, and Courante*, all in E major, concluding with an *Aria*, with five variations, in the theme of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," on the same key. The celebrity of this beautiful air is mainly indebted to the exquisite variations which accompany it. The delicacy and intricacy of the variations were most exquisitely rendered, and, with the exception of Beethoven's G sonata, was the gem of the evening, and called forth the hearty approbation of the company present. The magnificent Grand Sonata in G major, No. 1 Op. 31 by Beethoven, was the introductory piece for the second part of the concert was divided, in this fine composition contains three movements, *Allegro vivace*, in G major; *Adagio grazioso*, in C major; concluding with a *Rondo Allegretto*, in G major. The opening *Allegro*, with its melodious middle subject and the graceful *Adagio*, are delicious movements, but more attractive is the final duode, whose harmonious and taking pastoral theme is constantly recurring in some fresh form, with an entirely new character and expression. The performance of it was all that could be desired, both in expression and execution. A Fantasia on "Where the Bee Sucks," is a very chaste arrangement, and received full justice from the talented lady. A Sonata, by Mozart, in A major, finishing with "Turkish Quick Step," was an excellent specimen of that master's style of composition; and the rapidity of some of the passages afforded Madame Goddard an opportunity of showing what can be done on the piano. The concert was brought to a close with Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." The intricate and beautiful variations introduced during the playing of this pretty and popular air, are peculiar to all this composer's works; and they were rendered in such a superb style as to produce an encore, when the composer's "Sweet Home" was performed, much to the gratification of the audience. It is seldom such a treat is provided for the public, and we can only suppose that inclement weather was the cause of the room not being crowded. Madame Goddard was loudly applauded at the end of each piece, and the audience had the good taste to refrain from encoring, except as above named.

MADRID.—Mlle. Adolina Patti made her *reentrée* on the 23rd of last month, at the Teatro Real as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*, and had an uproarious reception. The crowd was immense, and hundreds had to be turned away from the doors. The enthusiasm during the performance is not to be described, and Mlle. Patti was called for fourteen times in the course of the evening. So triumphant a success ensured for the *Sonnambula* an early repetition, and at the second representation the furor was even more marked and enthusiastic than at the first. Signor Baragli was *Elvino* and seemed to please much. M. Bagier, who was present, and was naturally desirous to prolong the season for a month, made application to the authorities to that effect, but was peremptorily refused.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Active preparations are being made for Good Friday, when a Sacred Concert will be held. Madame Redersdorf, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves, are engaged. Mr. Reeves will sing the celebrated War Song from Mr. Costa's *Eden*, besides the two tenor solos in Mendelssohn's *Elphig*. Mr. T. Harper will play the Trumpet obligato to "Let the bright Seraphim," which will be sung by Madame Redersdorf. Very extended arrangements are being made on the various railways for the accommodation of visitors. Besides the trains of the Brighton Company from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington—connecting also with the Metropolitan and North London railways—very frequent relays of carriages will run to Sydenham Hill from the Blackfriars, Elephant and Castle, and Victoria stations of the Chatham and Dover Company. The South Eastern, as well as the Chatham and Dover, will also run excursions by their main lines. An excursion by this latter Company will convey passengers from Chatham to the Palace and back, a distance of nearly fifty miles, including admission to the Palace, for two shillings. Additional trains will be opened at Penge, and at the north end of the Palace.

MME. ALICE MANGOLD'S *Matinée*, at the Beethoven Rooms, was fully and fashionably attended. Mme. Mangold is a pianiste of very considerable ability, and she had ample scope to show it in Beethoven's trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (assisted by Herr Louis Diehl and Signor Pezze). Mme. Mangold did not throw the chance away, but proved by her fine playing and intelligent recital that she was an artist of the first rank. In a *grotto* and *nocturne* by Bach, Mme. Mangold showed herself an adept in a different style of music, and again showed her proficiency in the "modern school" by her elegant performance of a *Capriccio*, by the late Robert Schumann, which was unanimously encored. Mme. Mangold was assisted by two clever pupils (pianists), and by Mlle Liebbart and Mr. Patey, vocalists. The lady gave an agreeable rendering of Mozart's "Voici le Sapete," and two characteristic songs by Abt; and the gentleman, Mercadante's "Il sogno" (violinello obligato, Signor Pezze), and Formes's popular *Lied*, "In sheltered vale," which he sang admirably. Herr Louis Diehl accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte—just as he had played the violin part in the trio—with genuine ability.—*The Press*.

NEW ORLEAN.—The congregation of the New Baptist Chapel, in Sansome Walk, Worcester, are about getting an organ in their handsome chapel. The organ is to cost £300, of which amount £100 has been subscribed. Among the subscribers are the mayor (J. D. Perrins, Esq.), and Messrs. A. C. Sheriff, F. Lyett, W. Lobell, H. Allopp, W. Carter, W. Haigh, J. Matthews, jun., C. W. Newth, W. Price, E. Waters, the Rev. H. E. von Surmer. On Monday a tea meeting in support of the undertaking was held, when, after reading the report, a selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed by the members of the choir, under the superintendence of Mr. H. Brooks, of the cathedral choir. The organ is being built by Mr. Nicholson, of this city, and it will consist of the following parts:—Great organ, C₂ to G₄, 26 notes; 1, open diapason, 8 ft.; 2, viol di gamba, 8 ft.; 3, stopped diapason bass, 8 ft.; 4, Clarabella treble, 8 ft.; 5, principal, 4 ft.; 6, flute, 4 feet; 7, fifteenth, 2 ft.; 8, Sequialtra, three ranks; 9, preparation for trumpet, 8 ft. Swell organ, tenor C₂ to G₄, 14 notes; 10, bourdon, 16 ft.; 11, open diapason; 12, stopped diapason; 13, principal; 14, fifteenth; 15, spare slides for flute; 16, coropcan. Pedal organ, C₂ to E₂, 25 notes; 17, bourdon, 16 ft. Couplers: 18, swell to great; 19, great to pedals; three composition pedals.—*Berroe's Worcester Journal*.

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VOL. 43—No. 15.

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MRS. TENNANT begs to announce that she will give a

GRAND CONCERT, on Monday Evening, April 18th, 1865, at nine o'clock, at the Royal Albert Hall, on which occasion the following Eminent Artists will appear:—Vocalists, Madame Florence Lancelotti and Madame Sainton-Doddy. Miss Palmer, Madame Louise Vinning, Madame Weiss, Miss Niblack, Madlle. Liebard, Miss Emeline, Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Louise Frey. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Cummings, Signor Clabatta, Mr. Paley, and Mr. Sims Hewick. Violin, Herr Strauss; Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Conductors, Messrs. Pinatti, Frank Mott, Bachmann, Emil Berger, Benedict, &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. TENNANT, Grosvenor-street, W.; at Mr. ACTON'S Office at the Hall; and of Messrs. GRIFFITH & Co., 20, New Bond-street.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a

GRAND CONCERT, at his residence, 11, Westminster-square, Friday, 19th May, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Parola, Mrs. Francis Tatford, Miss Grace Lindo, Signor Clabatta, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr Strauss; Violoncello, Signor Pinatti; Harp, Herr Overbury; Piano, Mr. Aguilera. Conductors—Herr Wilhelm Ganz, &c. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. ACTON, 17, Westbourne-square, and of Messrs. CRAMER, BEAL & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON begs to inform the Nobility, Gentlemen, and Subscribers, that the OPERA SEASON will commence on Saturday in Easter week (April 22nd). The prospectus, which will contain features of musical interest, will be issued in due course.
March 14th, 1865.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S

HALL.—Season 1865.—The Second Concert of the Fourteenth Season will take place on Wednesday Evening, April 26th, to commence at Eight o'clock. The Public Rehearsal on Saturday Afternoon, April 22nd, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock; when will be performed Schubert's Symphony in C, Spohr's Overture to Faust, Mendelssohn's Piano-forte Concerto, D minor, and Beethoven's Overture, Men of Prometheus. Piano-forte, Madame Schumann; vocalists, Miss Bettelheim and M. Joubin (By permission of the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre). Conductor—H. Wyld. Tickets for the Concert—10s. 6d., 1s. 2s. 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets for the Public Rehearsal—10s. 6d., 1s. 2s. 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets for the Public Rehearsals to be had at CRAMER & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; CHAPMAN & Co., 55, New Bond-street; KERN, PETERS, & Co., 44, Cheapside; and at ACTON'S Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly. Reserved Seats for the Concert to be had only at CRAMER & Co.'s, and at ACTON'S Ticket Office.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—EGYPTIAN HALL, (the

late Mr. Albert Smith's Room) (entirely redecorated), WILL OPEN on MONDAY with Colonel STODART'S new Entertainment, MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM. Every evening at 8, and Saturday afternoon at 3. Stalls, 2s. Admission, 1s. The Box-office is now open daily from 11 till 6.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The

Ticket Office at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall OPEN daily from 11 till 6, for the issue of Vouchers securing Numbered Seats and for the reception of Numbered Plates.

NOTE.—The alterations in the former galleries in blocks W, and W.W. being completed, intending purchasers of tickets can now inspect these eligible seats.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Vocalists—Madlle. Elzevict, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Emily Soldene, and Mr. Paley. Solo Violin, Herr Grün (first appearance). Kammer-virtuoso to the King of Hanover. Programme includes Symphony in D (No. 5), Haydn. Allegro from Concerto Militaire Liplkai. Adagio and Rondo, Viotti's Opera. Overture, "Naisade," Sterndale Bennett, &c. Admission, Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets free. A few reserved seats Half-a-crown.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce that his annual

Matteos for Classical Piano-forte Music, will take place at Messrs. COLLARD'S, 15, Grosvenor-street, on May 26th and June 16th, at 3 o'clock, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent artists of the season. All applications, and also engagements for lessons, to HERR LEHMEYER, 2, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANO-FORTE PER-

FORMANCES, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday Mornings May 6th, May 27th, June 13th.

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WANTED, a young man of good address and abilities, who knows the retail music trade thoroughly, and can play a Piano-forte and Harmonium well. Good references indispensable. Address, stating age, qualifications, &c., to PATRICK & SONS, 21, George-street, Edinburgh.

MR. HERBERT BOND (Tenor), of the Royal English

Opera, Covent Garden, can now accept engagements for Town or Country. All communications to be addressed to Mr. MARTIN CARWON, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

HERR ALFRED JAEHL will arrive in London about

May 15th. Address, Messrs. ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished

honour of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 7, Soho Square.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce she will give a series of Three Piano-forte Recitals at her residence, 204, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W., on Friday, April 26th, Thursday, May 26th, and Friday, June 24th. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-guinea. To be had of Miss SCHILLER, and all the principal Music-sellers.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce that her First Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, the 26th MAY. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 204, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MR. HERBERT BOND (Tenor), of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, can now accept engagements for Town or Country. All communications to be addressed to Mr. MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 8, Soho Square.

MADLE. EMMY POYET, Court-singer to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elève of Signor Ronaldi, has the honor to announce that she has arrived in London.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 129, Regent-street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the Season. Communications to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHHARDT begs to announce that he has arrived in London. All communications may be addressed to 10, Somerset-street, Portman-square.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing "Je voudrais être" song, with harp accompaniment, composed by CHARLES OSERSTUCK, at Miss Elliot's Matinée, April 29.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MADemoiselle LIEBHART.—All letters for Madlle. Liebhart to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "ALICE WHERE ART THOU" (Acher) and "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR." (Hildebrandt) at the concert for the association in aid of the deaf and dumb, at the Hanover-square Rooms, Tuesday evening, May 2nd, and at Mr. George Forbes' concert, Hanover-square Rooms, Thursday evening, May 4th.

MADLE. LINAS MARTORELE begs to announce, although engaged for an operatic tour in the Province, she can accept engagements for Public or Private Concerts.—Address to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing, "THE SONG OF MAY," by W. VINCENT WALLACE, at Colliard's Rooms, May 11th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing, "HARK THE BELLS ARE RINGING," by HENRY SMART, at Miss MADELINE SCHILLER's recital, April 26th.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing "REST THOU BABE," (Lullaby) composed expressly for her by C. J. Hargitt, at Mr. Van Praag's Concert, St. James's-hall, Thursday Evening, May 11th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. VAN PRAAG'S CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Evening, May 11th.

HANDEL.—"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL," and "I WILL EXTOL THEE," adapted by R. AVERTON. Sent post-free for 2s stamps. Orders to ANDREA'S Music Repository, Manchester.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI having returned to London for the Season, after his provincial tour with Madlle. TRINNY, requests that all communications be addressed to him, at No. 8, Marlborough-hill, St. John's Wood.

MR. WILLIAM BOLLEN HARRISON will play the *Linda* Overture with Mr. ARTHUR, at his First Concert, at 74, Harley-street, on Tuesday Evening next, April 23.

MR. HENRY C. SANDERS, BARITONE of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, the National College of Music, &c.—Address, 19, Regents Square, W.C.

Just published,
MISS MARION PITMAN's New Song, "VARIATIONS ON THE ELFIN WALTZ" (With portrait).

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing on the 28th of April and 2nd of May, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and on the 11th of May at St. James's-hall. For Terms, for concerts, &c., and for lessons in singing, apply at his residence, 14, High-street, Cavendish-square.

HERR ALFRED JAELL will arrive in London about May 15th. Address—Messrs. ERARD, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.—"The other accepted National Anthem."—*Vide Daily News*, August 8, 1864.

GEMS FROM THE SACRED WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.—Arranged for the Piano-forte by Geo. F. Wess, in 24 books, 2s. each. Also a similar series from their Secular Works, in 24 books, 2s. each. Contents of each series gratis and postage free.

THE LIQUID GEM. Transcribed for the Piano-forte by BENJAMIN SCHUBERT. 3s.; 6s. for 15 stamps.

"The composer has treated this piece with that nice attention to the details which characterizes all his efforts. When we say that it is eminently sweet and beautiful, we need not say one word more."—*Vide Standard Chronist*, Feb. 25.

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MONS. GEORGES PFEIFFER
Will arrive in London MAY 1st. All letters, respecting engagements, lessons, &c., to be addressed to his Residence, 81, Brompton-street, S.W.

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Consisting of Chants, Sanctuses, Kyries, Doxologies, Antiphons, Hymns & Vespers FOR THE ORGAN,

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"THE OCEAN QUEEN,"
SONG.

Sung by MISS ANNIE BARTON
At the Concerts of THE GLASS AND OPERA UNIONS;
Words by C. H. WOOD, Esq.

MUSIC BY BENNETT GILBERT.
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LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(Continued from page 222.)

CHAPTER III.

John Sebastian Bach's manner of playing the clavierchord is admired by all those who have had the good fortune to hear him, and envied by all those who might themselves pretend to be considered as good performers. That this mode of playing on the clavierchord must have been very different from that in use among Bach's predecessors and contemporaries may be easily imagined, but hitherto nobody has explained in what this difference properly consisted.

If we hear the same piece played by ten equally skilful and practised performers, it will produce, under the hand of each, a different effect. Each will draw from the instrument a different kind of tone, and also give to these tones a greater or less degree of distinctness. Whence can this difference arise if all the ten performers have sufficient readiness and practice? Merely from the mode of touching the instrument, which, in playing on the clavierchord, is the same thing as the pronunciation in speech. In order to make the delivery (as it may be called) perfect in playing, as well in speaking or declaiming, the greatest distinctness is required in the production of the tones as in the pronunciation of the words. But this distinctness is susceptible of very various degrees. Even in the lowest degrees we can understand what is played or said; but it excites no pleasure in the hearer, because this degree of distinctness compels him to some exertion of his attention. But attention to single tones or words ought to be rendered unnecessary, that the hearer may direct it to the ideas and their connection, and for this we require the highest degree of distinctness in the production of single tones as in the pronunciation of single words.

I have often wondered that C. Ph. Emanuel Bach, in his Essay on the true manner of playing on the clavierchord, did not describe at length this highest degree of distinctness in the touch of that instrument, as he not only possessed it himself but because in this consists one of the chief differences by which Bach's mode of playing on the clavierchord is distinguished from all others. He says, indeed, in the chapter on the style of performance, "Some persons play as if they had glue between their fingers; their touch is too long, because they keep the keys down beyond the time. Others have attempted to avoid this defect and play too short, as if the keys were burning hot. This is also a fault. The middle path is the best." But he should have taught and described to us the means of attaining this middle path. I will endeavor to make the matter plain, as far as such things can be made plain without oral instruction.

According to Sebastian Bach's manner of placing the hand on the keys, the five fingers are bent so that their points come into a straight line over the keys, lying in a plane surface under them, in such a manner that no single finger has to be drawn nearer when it is wanted; but that every one is ready over the key which it may have to press down. From this manner of holding the hand it follows, first, that no finger must fall upon its key, or (as often happens) be thrown on it, but must be placed upon it with a certain consciousness of the internal power and command over the motion; second, the impulse thus given to the keys, or the quantity of pressure, must be maintained in equal strength, and that in such a manner that the finger be not raised perpendicularly from the key, but that it glide off the fore part of the key by gradually drawing back the tip of the finger towards the palm of the hand; third, in the transition from one key to another this gliding off causes the quantity of force or pressure, with which the first tone has been kept up, to be transferred with the greatest rapidity to the next finger, so that the two tones are neither disjoined from each other nor bleeded together. The touch is, therefore, as C. Ph. Emanuel Bach says, neither too long nor too short, but just what it ought to be.

The advantages of such a position of the hand, and of such a touch, are very various, not only on the clavierchord, but also on the pianoforte and the organ. I will here mention only the most important. First, the holding of the fingers bent renders all their motions easy. There can therefore be none of the scrambling, thumping, and stumbling, which is so common in persons who play with their fingers stretched out, or not sufficiently bent; second, the drawing back of the tips of the fingers, and the rapid communication thereby effected, of the force of one finger to that following it, produces the highest degree of clearness in the expression of the single tones so that every passage performed in this manner sounds brilliant, rolling, and round. It does not cost the hearer the least exertion of attention, to understand a passage so performed; third, by the gliding of the tip of the finger upon the key with an equal pressure, more time is given to the string to vibrate; the tone, therefore, is not only improved, but also prolonged, and we are thus enabled to play in proper connection even long notes on an instrument so poor in tone as the clavierchord is. All this together

has besides the very great advantage that we avoid all waste of strength by useless exertion, and by constraint in the motions. In fact, Seb. Bach is said to have played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers that it was hardly perceptible. Only the first joints of the fingers were in motion; the hand retained, even in the most difficult passages, its rounded form; the fingers rose very little from the keys, hardly more than in a shake, and when one was employed the other remained still in its position. Still less did the other parts of his body take any share in his play, as happens with many whose hand is not light enough.

A person may, however, possess all these advantages, and yet be a very indifferent performer on the harpsichord, in the same manner as a man may have a very clear and fine pronunciation, and yet be a bad declaimer or orator. To be an able performer many other qualities are necessary, which Bach likewise possessed in the highest perfection.

The natural difference between the fingers in size, as well as strength, frequently seduces performers, wherever it can be done, to use only the stronger fingers and neglect the weaker ones. Hence arises not only an inequality in the expression of several successive tones, but even the impossibility of executing certain passages where no choice of fingers can be made. John Sebastian Bach was soon sensible of this; and to obviate so great a defect, wrote for himself particular pieces, in which all the fingers of both hands must necessarily be employed in the most various positions, in order to perform them properly and distinctly. By this exercise he rendered all his fingers of both hands equally strong and serviceable, so that he was able to execute not only chords and all running passages, but even single and double shakes with equal ease and delicacy. He was perfectly master even of those passages in which while some fingers perform a shake, the others, on the same hand, have to continue the melody.

To all this was added the new mode of fingering which he had contrived. Before his time and in his younger years, it was usual to play rather harmony than melody, and not in all the twenty-four major and minor modes. As the clavierchord was still what the Germans call "gebunden," so that several keys struck a single string, it could not be perfectly tuned; people played therefore only in those modes which could be tuned with the most purity. From these circumstances it happened that even the greatest performers of that time did not use the thumb till it was absolutely necessary in stretching. When Bach began to unite melody and harmony, so that even his middle parts did not merely accompany, but had a melody of their own, when he extended the use of the modes, partly by deviating from the ancient modes of church music which were then very common, even in secular or chamber music, partly by mixing the diatonic and chromatic scales, and learnt to tune his instrument so that it could be played upon in all the twenty-four modes; he was obliged to contrive another mode of fingering better adapted to his new method than that hitherto in use, particularly with respect to the thumb. Some persons have pretended that Couperin taught this mode of fingering before him in his work published in 1716, under the title of "*L'Art de toucher le Clavier*." But, in the first place, Bach was at that time above thirty years old, and had long made use of his manner of fingering; and secondly, Couperin's fingering is still very different from that of Bach, though it has in common with it the more frequent use of the thumb. I say only, the more frequent; for in Bach's method the thumb was made the principal finger, because it is absolutely impossible to do without it in many of the most difficult keys: this is not the case with Couperin, because he neither had such a variety of passages, nor composed and played in such difficult keys as Bach, and consequently had not such urgent occasion for it. We need only compare Bach's fingering as C. Ph. Emanuel has explained it with Couperin's directions, and we shall soon find that with the one, all passages, even the most difficult and the fullest, may be played distinctly and easily, while with the other we can, at the most, get through Couperin's own compositions, and even them with difficulty. Bach was, however, acquainted with Couperin's works, and esteemed them as well as the works of several French composers for the harpsichord of that day, because a pretty and elegant mode of playing may be learned from them. But he considered them as too affected in the frequent use of the graces or ornaments, so that scarcely a note is free from them. The ideas which they contained were, besides, too flimsy for him.

(To be continued.)

MR. VAN FRANK, the well-known concert-agent, announces his benefit at St. James's Hall for Thursday, May 11th. The extraordinary courtesy which characterizes Mr. Van Frank will no doubt have due weight with those to whom he appeals, even should his polyglot accomplishments and the array of popular favorites whose names are announced in his programme prove insufficient attraction.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—April 17.)

The annual reappearance of the *Prophète* is not likely to incur the risk of being supposed for want of a tolerably adequate representative of Fides. Since Madame Viardot Garcia, in 1849, first impressed the public with her earnest and vivid impersonation of the character, Madame Grial, Madame Tolzow, Madame Colling, and Madame Nanter Didiée have successively essayed it, with more or less credit and applause. Last season it was intrusted to a new singer, Mdlle. Destinn, whose assumption, though inferior, both in a dramatic and a musical sense, to that of any of her predecessors, was yet not devoid of a certain merit; and now we have to record the appearance of another new candidate, in Mdlle. Fillipine von Edelsberg, from Munich. On the night of her *début* although suffering from indisposition, and in the earlier scenes of the opera occasionally overpowered by nervousness, Mdlle. von Edelsberg displayed such unquestionable ability as a singer, and so thorough an acquaintance with the dramatic requirements of the part, as to produce on the whole a by no means unfavorable impression. This was greatly strengthened by her second performance on Saturday, which warrants us in speaking of her with the greater confidence. That Mdlle. von Edelsberg is destined at any time to occupy the first rank in her profession it would be premature to assert. Her Fides at present is characterized rather by a uniformly well sustained respectability than by any very striking excellence. Her voice possesses the necessary compass to enable her to master without effort whatever Meyerbeer has set down; but, while the middle and higher notes are strong and telling enough, the lower ones have not the genuine *cantabile* tone, and are altogether deficient in richness of quality. She sings best in passages where force and energy are demanded. Thus, in the scene of the Cathedral, her denunciation of the "Re Profeta," and in that of the Prison, the last and most brilliant movement of her grand air, when the heroic mother, awakened to fresh hope by the expected interview with her son, appeals enthusiastically to Heaven to point out the error of his ways. Mdlle. von Edelsberg was heard to more eminent advantage, on both occasions, than in any other part of the opera, and the interest of the audience was aroused in proportion. These, as it happens, are precisely the most trying ordeals for the singer, and we are therefore justified in believing that the fact of their having been successfully passed betokens powers from which a good deal may reasonably be anticipated.

Signor Mario's Jean de Leyden, all circumstances taken into consideration, is little short of prodigious. Judged from the point of view of its historic significance, there has been no such impersonation of the character in our experience since 1819, when M. Roger first played it in Paris and Signor Mario himself in London. Every scene in the hands of this truly great lyric comedian becomes pregnant with meaning. The dialogue with Fides, so rich with affectionate solicitude; the first interview with the three Analysts, in which Jean's hesitation and ultimate resolve are portrayed so naturally and so well; the rebuke to the turbulent soldiers, followed by the solemn prayer to Heaven, with its choral "Miserere nobis," and culminating in the ecstatic song of praise, "O del cielo e de' beati," as dignified and noble as it is picturesque; and last and greatest, inasmuch as the situation is the most dramatically absorbing, the pretended miracle—by which Fides is confronted and abashed, while the false prophet, in seeming triumph, but inwardly borne down with mental agony, quits his disconsolate mother amid the fanatical adulation of the crowd,—the poetical realization of which no other actor but Signor Mario has approached, are more admirably done here than we can remember them of yore. To criticise the physical shortcomings of such a superb performance would be an ungrateful task; and we shall merely add, with regard to the vocal part of it, that many a singer in full possession of his means might take a lesson from Mario's consummate skill in husbanding what remains of a voice once absolutely peerless, and still, though too often rebellious, instilled with a charm that is indescribable.

Mdlle. Soulier as Bertha differs so immaterially from Mdlle. Sonier as Mathilde (*Guillaume Tell*) that a criticism on the one would serve just as well for a criticism on the other. The three Analysts find highly competent representatives in Signora Neri-Baraldi, Polonini, and Caproni; while the Count Horal of Signor Tacchini, like his Gessler and other parts, gives a flat contradiction to the accepted axiom, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. The trio for Oberlin, Zachariah, and Jonas, in the tent of Jean de Leyden, is one of the most effective examples of concerted singing in the whole performance.

With respect to the chorus and orchestra, the execution of the *Prophète* is as striking and remarkable as ever. Mr. Costa's admirable band invariably shines in this gorgeously colored and elaborately constructed music, and the Coronation March is played in such a style as to cause regret that the extreme length of the performance renders the introduction of the overture originally composed by Meyerbeer for the opera impracticable. Of the scenic spectacle it is unnecessary to

say more than that the animation and bustle of the skating scene, with the favorite Mlle. Salvini, Mdlle. Duchateau, who recently made so agreeable an impression at the Royal English Opera, and Mdlle. Schilling, a new acquisition, as principal dancer, and the pomp and splendour of the coronation, in which the ecclesiastical and military pageantries are so effectively commingled, retain all their old attraction.

The operas announced for the current week are *Faust* (to-night), *Il Trovatore* (to-morrow), *Le Prophète* (Thursday), and *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Saturday), for the *début* of another new singer, Mdlle. Bianchi, in the part of Amalia.

[Owing to the indisposition of Mdlle. von Edelsberg, *Un Ballo in Maschera* was substituted on Thursday for the *Prophète*.—D. PETERS.]

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BUCKINGHAM.—Out of the 66 millions composing the expenditure account of last year's budget, a small grant was for the first time made to a useful public institution. I allude to the 500*l.* voted to the Royal Academy of Music. The policy of renewing even this subsidy will doubtless be questioned when the House of Commons takes into consideration Mr. Gladstone's coming financial statement. I propose, therefore, if not trenching too much on your valuable space, to submit to you my reasons for thinking not only that the present government subsidy to the Academy of Music should be continued, but that its amount should be considerably increased. First, however, let me state that I am not in any way, either directly or indirectly, connected with this institution, but that I advocate its cause because I am desirous that the same facilities for musical education should be afforded to students in England as fall to the lot of those in other countries, and because I believe that the Royal Academy of Music is capable of effecting this object if properly supported.

A few words giving the history of the academy may not be out of place. It was founded in 1823 by private exertions, the main credit of its establishment being due to Lord Westmoreland. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1830, the charter being granted gratuitously, which was the sole government aid received by the institution up to last year. The education was at first gratuitous, the students being elected by ballot and residing on the premises. Subsequently, the funds of the institution being found unequal to meet its expenses, a charge was made for education, which varied at different periods, but for the last eight years has remained at the uniform rate of 33 guineas per annum for the senior, and 21 guineas for the junior pupils, none of whom now reside upon the premises. Since its opening the academy has educated about 1,500 pupils, the number last year being about 75. The great drawback that has stood in the way of the academy ever since its foundation, and which has hindered it from taking, as it deserves, its place by the side of the continental Conservatoires, has been the want of adequate funds. Its accumulated capital never at any time exceeded 10,000*l.*, while the amount of the annual subscription, which even at the palmiest time was only 775*l.*, dwindled down at last to 206*l.* This state of things caused the academy to abandon its original and useful scheme of gratuitous education, but even the students' payments were insufficient to increase the revenues of the establishment to the amount required to meet its expenditure. The annual cost of maintaining the institution is about 3000*l.*, and would be considerably more were it not for the liberality of the professors, all of whom teach in the academy for at most one-half of what they demand elsewhere. This amount exceeded the revenue from all sources by about 600*l.*, and this deficiency had to be made up by the appropriation of part of the capital of the academy, which has thus been reduced to about 4000*l.* Had this state of things continued, the academy would very shortly have ceased to exist. Last year, however, government aid, to which the much lauded foreign music schools principally owe their vitality, was, for the first time, extended to the Royal Academy of Music in the shape of a grant of 500*l.* This, combined with new subscriptions to the extent of about 100*l.*, enabled the academy not only to live within its income, but to have a balance of about 200*l.* in its favour at the close of the past financial year. Having thus accepted public money, the academy becomes, to a limited extent, a public institution and amenable to public criticism. No one can, however, accuse the direction of this institution with a want of public spirit. Not content, apparently, with the indirect good they have, ever since their foundation, been doing this country by keeping on foot an English school for music, they seem to have determined to apply their surplus funds directly for the public good. They have offered gratuitous instruction in harmony and wind-instruments to persons who either occupy, or are desirous of qualifying themselves for, the post of bandmasters of regiments. The utility of this scheme

should contribute, but the plan fell to the ground. Now the academy offers gratuitously instruction by such men as Lazarus for the clarinet, Horton for the oboe, and Harper for the trumpet, all of whom are professors at the institution. This plan has been, I believe, communicated to the commander-in-chief, and meets with his warmest approbation. This is but a specimen of what the academy would do had it the opportunity.

The main thing which limits the sphere of usefulness of the academy is the expense entailed upon a course of study for all except those whose parents are resident in London, compared with the cost of similar advantages abroad. For example, the annual payments at the academy are 21 or 33 guineas per annum, but the terms at the Conservatorium of Leipzig are only 80 thalers (12*l.*) per annum, while board and lodging at the latter place costs only about one-half of what it does in London. While this is the case, English students will select the foreign in preference to the home institution; but do away with the difference as far as you can, i.e., reduce the cost of the academy education to the level of that of the Conservatorium, and you will then induce students to stay at home. Money that would otherwise be spent abroad will circulate in England. Musical studies will be commenced at an earlier age. Students will not be compelled to expatriate themselves in order to follow economically the profession of their choice. But to effect this permanently and completely, it will not do to rely on private munificence alone, for though much is done through that channel that otherwise would be left undone, experience convinces us almost daily, and not only in the case of the academy, of the fluctuating and uncertain nature of such support. It must be done by a grant of public money. For these purposes 500*l.* is too little. Though that sum has saved the academy, it is insufficient to enable it to do its work as it ought to be done. The amount of the subsidy should be 5000*l.* at the least, with which sum the academy would be in a position to offer gratuitous education to those who are poor, and yet exhibit great musical talent—a practice adopted in the continental schools—whereby many persons have been fitted for an honorable and lucrative profession from which otherwise they would have been debarred; to lower its terms to those of its foreign rivals, and to found scholarships and prizes for the encouragement of the study of music. The want of scholarships is at present greatly felt by the institution. The only things of the kind being two King's Scholarships, the value of each of which is two years' schooling in the academy, tenable for two years; a Westminster Scholarship, value 10*l.*, tenable for one year; and a Potter Exhibition, value 12*l.*, tenable for the same period. Were the present subsidy of 500*l.* supplemented by an additional sum of a like amount, to be devoted to establishing ten scholarships of 25*l.* apiece, tenable for two years, it would be an appreciable benefit both to the academy and also to the rising generation of English musicians. A subsidy to a public institution is, however, so diametrically contrary to both precedent and practice in this country, that it will, I fear, be a hopeless task to attempt to induce parliament largely to increase its present grant—at any rate until the good effects which will, I am confident, flow from it are fully appreciated.

Still the Academy of Music, like the sister Academy of Painting, might be supplied with a local hall-tuition rent and tax free. This would be a saving to the institution of about 270*l.* a year, and would leave it more funds to apply to the carrying out of its objects.

I trust, therefore, not only that Parliament may be induced to lend more material aid to the Royal Academy of Music, but also that the number of subscribers may be very largely increased. By supporting this institution several desirable ends are promoted, to wit: the cause of English music advanced, but facilities for musical education will be placed within the reach of those to whom they are now practically denied. So that the academy appeals not only to the musical portion of the public, but to all benevolent persons. It has now and always has had Royal sanction. Her Majesty is not only a patroness, but a liberal subscriber, while the Prince and Princess of Wales have very recently promised an annual subscription of ten guineas each. Before concluding, I would suggest to those who believe in the cause of English music at heart, that union is strength, and that the best way of promoting their common object is not by establishing rival schools of music, however useful and efficient such schools may be, but by combining to support, and, if necessary, modify, the Royal Academy of Music, the vitality and value of which have already been proved, so as to place it on a level with, and ultimately above, all existing institutions of the kind.—Yours faithfully,

London, April 18.

LAVERNE PITT.

UNKNOWN.—Handel's *Judas Macabreus* was given last week by the members of the Philharmonic Society. The vocalists accomplished their task in a highly creditable manner. Mr. Birch presided with great ability at the harmonium. The attendance was good, though not crowded.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Communicated.)

(Concluded from page 230.)

The committee can refer to this event with a feeling of satisfaction (not, however, unmingled with regret), as it was on the special recommendation of H.R.H. The Prince Consort that the Society's proposal for enlarging the Musical arrangements at this great national ceremonial was concurred in by the authorities. And as this interesting occasion may be regarded as the precursor of the more extended and complete Choral representations, which have since excited so much public attention, it is due to the memory of H.R.H. to bear in mind how this extended employment of Sacred Choral Music as an important adjunct to a great public ceremonial has tended to its more general cultivation. This allusion will not be thought unduly intruded here, when it is remembered what an ardent and zealous patron Choral Music lost by the removal of the Prince Consort. In the early poignant grief of the nation for the heavy bereavement sustained, it was only natural that attention should be more especially directed to the Prince Consort's public duties and services; and that, while his devotion to art and science and literature was prominently acknowledged, little should be said concerning the beneficial influence he had exercised as regards Music, and particularly Sacred Choral Music. The records of the Society, as well as the experiences of many of its members, will bear ample testimony to the reality of such an influence; and, whenever the rapid growth of Choral Music during the last quarter of a century comes under review, recollections of the judicious example set by H.R.H., in the patronage he bestowed on the highest musical efforts, as well as by the personal cultivation of musical science, will assuredly cause his name to be associated with the advancement of the musical art as it has been with more prominent objects and with other artistic and scientific pursuits.

To continue the list of the Society's great undertakings in Choral Music, the next in order was the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 10th of June, 1851, by about 1700 performers. This event was remarkable, as the first occasion of Mr. Costa becoming associated with such an undertaking, and as that association necessarily ensured the erection of an appropriate great Orchestra, and that judicious balance of power and systematic arrangement of performers so needful at such gatherings a grandeur of performance being attained which was previously unlooked for. The preliminary Handel Festival of 1857, with its 2500 performers, the Commemorative Festival of 1859, the opening of the 1862 International Exhibition and the Triennial Handel Festival of the same year, are events too recent to require notice, beyond the single remark that these great public musical celebrations have awakened an interest in Sacred Choral Music which is rapidly extending throughout the world.

Those who have taken an active part in such proceedings for a series of years may occasionally derive considerable gratification from the reflection that their labours have not only yielded pleasure to themselves, but have bestowed like enjoyment upon an immense number of other persons, of whom the audiences have been composed; while every one will feel it to be a pleasurable circumstance that the interests of the musical profession have also been largely promoted by the operations of the society, which, amongst other advantages conferred, has been the medium of discharging, for professional engagements and for the purchase of music, nearly a hundred thousand pounds. It is well to bear in mind that, in these lengthened and important labours of the society, neither personal private advantage, nor large accumulation of funds by the society, has been the object of its members: as amateurs, they all render musical service in a purely honorary spirit, and the funds of the society, as will be seen by the statement given in another part of this report, are such merely as are considered necessary to its stability. It may be also called to remembrance that the benevolent inclinations of the society—frequently called into exercise—have led to the formation of a "benevolent fund," with a capital of nearly £2,500, and that the very valuable, and in many respects unique, library of reference, belonging to the society, may challenge comparison with any collection of similar character and standing.

It is not in a spirit of exultation, merely, that this retrospect of the society's operations has been indulged in. Other motives have had their influence; and amongst them, an earnest desire to keep in remembrance the labours and achievements of the society, as a perpetual incentive and encouragement to those who may, at any time, be entrusted with the management and control of its affairs, to cherish the aims and act upon the principles which have hitherto ruled its administration—which have aided so essentially its progress and stability, and contributed towards the attainment of that important and exalted position which it at present holds, and which it is earnestly to be hoped it may long continue to merit and enjoy.

A hearty vote of thanks was carried to Mr. Costa, coupled with an

may be seen at a glance. It was attempted some time ago to establish a separate school for bandmasters, to which all colonels of regiments expression of anxiety on the part of the members of the society to exert themselves to the utmost in aiding in the production of his new Oratorio, *Naaman*, shortly after Easter. The retiring members of the committee being unanimously elected, thanks were given to the officers of the society, those to the president being warmly spoken to by several members, who took that opportunity of alluding to his well-known exertions to convince—unfortunately for the society and the public, without success—his co-directors at Exeter Hall of the urgent need of additional means of entry and exit in that building.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The programme of the first concert (Wednesday evening, March 29th) was full of interest, as the following will show:—

PART I.

Symphony in C (No. 1) Beethoven
Dramatic Cantata (*The Bride of Dunkerron*) . . . Henry Smart

PART II.

Concerto in A minor (violin) J. S. Bach
Trio, "Tremata" Beethoven
Recitative and arioso from concerto No. 4 (violin) . . . Spohr
Overture (*Lustig*) Auber

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

Beethoven's maiden symphony had not been played previously by the Musical Society of London, and was heard with all the greater interest on that account. Nor could it well have been more effectively performed.

Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* is one of those works which gain by closer acquaintance. Every part of it is instinct with grace and beauty, and finished with a care that shows the composer to have been in love with his task. Not a number but has a characteristic purport.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our *Stockport Correspondent*.)

Sin.—*Fidelio* was performed at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the 13th and the 15th of April, with Madlle. Tietjens as the heroine. Her performance of Leonora commands universal approbation. Language is inadequate to illustrate the grand effect she produces on the hearts of those who love and appreciate Beethoven's opera. *Fidelio* is admired by all musicians as a creation in musical art; it is indeed one of the noblest achievements genius has bequeathed to the lyric stage. The music of *Fidelio* illustrates and depicts the various emotions of human nature with a power of expression that few composers have ever equalled, while the beauties of Beethoven's masterly instrumentation, scholarly contrivance of part-writing, and the originality of harmonious effects, charm the educated ear and realize a pathos that goes direct to the heart. Madlle. Tietjens was in excellent voice, and her performance created a profound impression. From her very entrance through the wicket-gate to her final emphatic triumph over the demon-spirited Pizarro, she is in the full sense of the word grand. In the dungeon scene she is really sublime. Here her transcendent genius rises to the level of Beethoven's conception of the character she so faithfully pictures. When Leonora enters Don Florestan's gloomy cell, with Rocco, to assist him to dig the prisoner's grave, although she is dressed in male attire, the heart of the faithful wife is never for one moment disguised; her whole thoughts, looks, and actions appear to be concentrated on one single object, and that object is the deliverance of her husband bound in chains, a prisoner to the cruel tyranny of Don Pizarro. Her bosom heaves and seems ready to burst as she glances round the cell to find him so tenderly loved; a conflicting trial takes place with her feelings when she gazes upon him, as he lies upon his hard bed, apparently suffering from great exhaustion of spirits; her strength seems to falter; her sorrow is overbearing and almost paralyses her noble undertaking; she seems half inclined to cast herself in her fond husband's arms and die with him. When Rocco hands her in the grave to aid him in removing a large stone therefrom, a feeling steals over her audience as if the scene before them was indeed reality; presently Fidelio's dejected spirits and troubled looks suddenly pass away; a momentary joy reanimates her countenance, when she sees Florestan raise his head from his hard couch; she instantly tells Rocco, and he goes to the prisoner while she stands tremblingly listening to the accents of her husband's voice; in this state of agony her feelings give way, and a cold shudder again passes through the audience as she faints and falls by the side of the

grave; her pure acting illustrates the depth of devotion she bears towards her persecuted husband. Her hope now seems hopeless, until the sound of Don Pizarro's name acts as a restorative to her bewildered senses, and reanimates her with new vigour. She inspires Rocco to exhibit acts of kindness towards her husband, while Florestan is in ignorance of his guardian angel being near him. Alas! Don Pizarro enters, and Fidelio is commanded to leave the cell. A spirit of reluctance instantly besets her, and she succeeds in hiding herself behind a pillar, in the dungeon. When Don Pizarro approaches, to assassinate Florestan, with a sudden bound she rushes between him and her husband, with a shriek that pierces the hearts of all present, causing their blood to run cold through their veins. Fidelio triumphs, and then bursts forth an exhilarating emotion of glorious joy betwixt husband and wife. The solemn and impressive scene is enhanced by the splendid acting of Mr. Santley, as Don Pizarro. The vocalization of this gentleman is incomparable, and he never appeared to better advantage than in this arduous and difficult character. Signer Bossi's careful singing in the part of Rocco helps out the ensemble. M. Joulain appears to greater advantage as Don Florestan than as Ernani. He sang and acted with fervor, and in the celebrated duet with Madlle. Tietjens elicited loud applause. Madlle. Sinico was really excellent as Marcellina. The band, under the guidance of Signor Arditi, played Beethoven's overture right well. The weak point of the performance was exhibited by a chorus inadequate to represent Beethoven's music.

Stockport, April 18, 1865.

T. B. B.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY AT BOSTON.*

The termination of the current year will complete the first century of the existence of this association. It is proposed to celebrate this memorable epoch in its history by a Grand Musical Festival, to be given in the Boston Music Hall, sometime in the month of April next, occupying the greater part of a week in duration, and comprising in its programme—in addition to popular miscellaneous selections of a high order, both vocal and instrumental—some of the greatest and best works in oratorio and symphony. The choral force of the society will be increased for this occasion to six hundred competent and efficient voices, the orchestra enlarged in corresponding proportion by the addition of the best available skill and talent of the country, and each solo ability engaged from amongst our distinguished artists at home, with the aid of some of the London celebrities, if practicable, as shall be wholly adequate to the occasion. It is hoped and believed that with such resources and materials, together with the unrivalled organ now at command, the society may be able, with proper and timely preparation, to interpret the compositions of the great masters of choral and instrumental music with a significance and completeness hitherto unapproached on this continent. To carry such plan fully and satisfactorily into effect, must of necessity involve a large expenditure of money. It is unnecessary to say, however, that the utmost consideration and economy will be observed to bring the expenses within as small a compass as is consistent with the magnitude and completeness of the plan proposed.

It is hoped, indeed, and confidently believed, that the enterprise will in itself be largely remunerative. But before the society can feel warranted to enter upon the preliminary preparations for the important contracts that must be made at once, a fund must be provided as a security against possible pecuniary loss. Such provision, unfortunately, they do not at present possess; and they therefore appeal to the music-loving citizens of Boston and vicinity for the formation of a subscription of a guaranty fund for that purpose, to be assessed, in the event of a deficiency, in proportion to the individual sums subscribed. And in order that so interesting and significant an epoch in the annals of the society may be associated with an object worthy the event, it is proposed that one half the net proceeds of the festival shall be divided, in equal proportions, between the two great national charities, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, the other half being reserved as the nucleus of a fund for the permanent support of the society itself. The occasion thus becomes one that appeals both to our pride and our patriotism, and will prove, as we believe, worthy the regard and patronage of all who have at heart the musical reputation and advancement of our city and country.

With this brief statement of the plan and objects of the festival, the undersigned, in behalf of the society they represent, would respectfully solicit your subscription to the fund. J. Baxter Upham, President; D. F. Faxon, Vice-President; L. B. Barnes, Secretary; M. S. Parker, C. H. Chickering, George F. Carter, I. Woodward, W. O. Perkins, S. L. Thorndike, Edward Faxon, George Fisher, G. W. Palmer, J. S. Sawyer, Trustees.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1864.

* Massachusetts.

MEMOIR OF EDWARD LODER.*

(By G. A. MACFARREN.)

Edward James Loder was born at Bath in 1813. His father, J. D. Loder, a violinist of repute, was at the head of all musical matters at Bath, when that city was the chief resort of fashion; and he used to come to London for some of the most important concerts. When Bath went out of vogue, he took up his residence in the metropolis, and there he died. Edward Loder had two brothers—John, a violinist, and William, a violoncellist—of average ability, who are both deceased; and he has two sisters, both in the musical profession. Having manifested an unusual aptitude for music he was sent, in 1826, to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to study with Ferdinand Ries, with whom, during his long residence in England, the elder Loder had been intimate. Edward Loder returned in two years, and was there for a while unsettled as to his pursuits; but he at last determined to adopt medicine as a profession, and he accordingly went back to Germany in 1829, to qualify himself for practice. After a time his love for music returned, strengthened by the many promptings with which a resident in Germany is surrounded; and, abandoning physic, he again placed himself under Ries, with whom he remained until his period of scholarship was completed. When he came back to England he was commissioned by Mr. J. S. Arnold, proprietor of the English Opera House, to write an opera for the inauguration of his new theatre (the present Lyceum) which was then in the course of erection. The subject chosen, *Nourjahad*, was an old drama of Mr. Arnold's, which had been played, with small success, many years before, and it underwent little modification beyond the insertion of some songs, &c., to adapt it for lyrical purposes. The absence, in the *libretto*, of opportunity for dramatic music, was unfortunate for the young composer, who was to found his fame as an operatic writer upon the setting of his initial work. His natural and finely cultivated talent, however, was not to be repressed, as was proved by the abundant beauties in *Nourjahad*, which was produced in July, 1834, though the success of the music was clogged by the uninteresting character of the drama. Still, the opera must be considered as having opened a modern school of dramatic music in England; and the several composers who have won reputation in the course thus cleared for them, owe a debt of gratitude to Edward Loder as a pioneer of their fortune. In 1835 Edward Loder wrote for the same theatre, music to a drama by Mr. Oxenford, called *The Dice of Death*. It was after this that he entered into an engagement with D'Almaine and Co., by which he had to furnish them with a new composition every week. A consequence of this arrangement was, the production of the beautiful twelve sacred songs, dedicated to Mr. Sterndale Bennett, which alone might have established the high pre-eminence of their composer. A low happy result of his weekly compact was, that when he had supplied the publisher with a large number of songs, duets, and so forth, they, in order to give publicity to these, had a drama constructed to incorporate them, which, under the name of *Francis I.* was brought out at Drury Lane in 1838, with only such success as might be expected from the circumstances of its construction. Edward Loder's best dramatic work, *The Night Dancers*, was first performed at the Princess' Theatre in 1846; it was reproduced at the same establishment in 1850, and revived at Covent Garden in 1860. The cantata of *The Island of Calypso* was written in 1850 for a series of performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, called the National Concerts; but the dissolution of the management prevented its production, and it was first heard at the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1851. *Puck*, a ballad opera, was given at the Princess' in 1848; and *Raymond and Agnes*, an opera of far higher pretensions, was brought out at Manchester in 1855, and again at St. James's Theatre, in London, in 1859; but on the latter occasion with so contemptible a performance, that no one could possibly judge of its merits.

Edward Loder has also written several unpublished quartets for string instruments, which show his consummate musicianship; many interesting pieces of pianoforte music; and an enormous number of single songs—among the most popular of which are "The Brave Old Oak," and the "Old House at Home;" and among the most deep of purpose, the "Invocation to the Deep."

His perfect knowledge of the orchestra and mastery in its treatment give a rare grace and power to his music, which in this kind of coloring, is not to be surpassed. Edward Loder was for some years engaged as conductor at the Princess' Theatre, and subsequently at Manchester; for which office he evinced the greatest ability, and, save but for the foible of unpunctuality, he would have been unrivalled in this capacity. About 1856 he was attacked by mental infirmity, which for a long time deprived him of the use of his faculties. Recovered from his calamity, he has not yet done anything to prove the full restoration of his powers, but let us still hope that this admirable musician has not terminated a career in public, which has hitherto been far from unimportant in the progress of his art.

[Unfortunately, the hopes of the biographer, who wrote this article a year or two since, and was one of the warmest friends and admirers of the composer, were not realized. The mental infirmity with which Edward Loder was attacked in 1856, and which occasionally yielded to medical treatment, and held out promise of an ultimate cure, became confirmed in the past year; and within a few months left no possible hope of the patient's recovery. He expired on Wednesday, the 5th instant, in the most calm and peaceful manner possible. Besides the known works written for the stage by Edward Loder, we may mention the following operas which he composed, and which were never produced:—*Little Red Riding Hood*, written, we believe, expressly for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre under Mr. Haumond's management, some twenty years ago; *Pizarro*; *Leila*; and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, for which Mr. Desmond Ryan supplied the *libretto*.]

HERR JOACHIM IN PARIS.—Herr Joachim's success at the Conservatoire, on Sunday, seems to have been triumphant. The following is from a private letter:—"Le grand événement Parisien est le triomphe de Joachim au Conservatoire, et nous sommes bien heureux de faire fête à cet immense talent." We are not at all surprised. Mendelssohn created a furor in 1832; why not Joachim in 1865?

MISS MILLY PALMER IN "CROSS PURPOSES."—*Cross Purposes* cannot with propriety be called a comediola, but is undeniably a most diverting piece, neatly and smartly written, and full of droll situations, with a tinge of serious interest which pleasantly relieves its lighthearted fun. This agreeable element of the story was brought into strong relief by the very delicate and charming acting of Miss Milly Palmer, whose power of delineating womanly tenderness and gentle pathos renders her a precious acquisition to the London stage. She portrayed the pettish capriciousness of the spoiled child with a great deal of vivacity and point, but it was in the passages of quiet but intense feeling that her talent found the fullest scope for its display; and the feminine grace and genuine though unobtrusive emotional force displayed in these portions of her performance were worthy of the heartiest praise.—*Morning Star*.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening this society held a *conversazione* (the fourth of the season) at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. The company was very numerous, and the rooms, brilliantly lighted with gas and hung with the pictures forming the exhibition of the year, presented a gay appearance. On this occasion the silver medals awarded last season were presented by Mr. Percy Doyle, C.B., who presided in the unavoidable absence through indisposition of the noble president, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. The prizes awarded were as follows:—Historical Painting: To Mr. J. Pettie, for his "George Peck refusing to take the Oath at Boulker Hall, A.D. 1660" (Royal Academy, No. 471). Genre: To Mr. E. Nicoll, for his "Waiting for the Train" (Royal Academy, No. 508). Landscape: To Mr. G. Cole, for his "Harvesting in Surrey" (Society British Artists, No. 106). Water-color: To Mr. Walker, for his "Spring" (Society of Painters in Water-colors, No. 92). Water-color: To Mr. G. Shalders, for his "Evening near Dorking" (Institute of Painters in Water-colors, No. 60). Architecture: To Mr. H. W. Lamb, for his "Design for St. John's Church, Carlisle" (Architectural Exhibition, No. 228). Poetry: To Mr. Robert Buchanan, for his volume of poems, "Undertones." The musical arrangements which always form so agreeable a feature at these réunions, included the services kindly volunteered of Mme. Gordon, Mlle. Louise Van Noorden, Miss Emma Jenkins, Mme. Harrietta Lee, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Van Noorden, vocalist; and Mr. H. T. Parker, M. Euile Berger, Mr. Van Noorden, and Herr Lehmyer, pianoforte.

* From the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

On Monday Evening, May 1.

The programme will include Mozart's quartet in D minor; Beethoven's trio in E flat, op. 70; Beethoven's sonata in E minor, op. 90, for pianoforte alone, &c. Violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piat; pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor—Mr. Barnard.

Programmes and tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59, New Bond-street.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

MORNING PERFORMANCES

On Saturdays, April 29th, May 13th, and 27th, to commence at 3, and finish at 5.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIXTH CONCERT.

On Saturday, April 23rd, the programme will include Mendelssohn's Quintet for stringed instruments, in D flat, op. 87; Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, with the Funeral March, for pianoforte solo; Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet in B minor. Pianoforte, Mme. Arachella Godard; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piat. Vocalist, Mr. Cummings. Conductor—Mr. Barnard. Tickets, 3s.; 2s.; 1s. 6d. Programme and tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59, New Bond-street.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
Florentin de Macédoine et de LA BELLE GRACE, fille de Remède, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN LAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANOUEIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for Six Geneva, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 211, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become subscribers in the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 61, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received—William Chappell, F.R.S., Augustus Sargood, Esq., John Henry, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. Price to subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of—138, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, April 11, the wife of R. C. ROSEY, Esq. (HELEN HEORANTH) of a daughter, prematurely.

On Easter Sunday, the wife of W. G. CURSIN, Esq., of a daughter.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the wife of BRINLEY RICHARDS, Esq., of a daughter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MUSICAL ENGLISHMAN.—We shall be glad to hear from "A Musical Englishman" on any other subject, but it is against our practice to take up controversies which have been started in other quarters.

AN ADMIRER OF PASTA.—No. It was the *Medea* of Simon Mayr. Cherubini's *Medea* has never been given in England.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

THE BEETHOVEN RELICS.

(Continued from page 228.)

MEANWHILE, three weeks had passed by, without anything having been effected for the principal object in view. Herr von Humboldt next is being humbly submitted to the King, so

that the latter's influence might be secured. He wrote to me on this subject under the date of the 14th July. The following is, word for word, the conclusion of his letter which extends over four entire pages:—

"... I am innocent of any delay, since your letter was left for me at my Berlin residence, and his Excellency, Count von Arnim, had promised me to request you to send me here the statement drawn up for the King. The corrections in Beethoven's hand, showing the attention he paid to the rhythm, and the Conversation-Books which you possess appear to be of paramount importance. Respect for the great man renders it imperative on the Government to preserve such monumental monuments as something holy."

It will interest the reader to learn that Humboldt expressed a desire to examine some of the relics (even the musical ones, although he confessed his entire ignorance of everything relating to music). Three numbers from *Fidelio*, neatly copied out by some other person than the composer, but with innumerable corrections in the latter's own hand, affecting the rhythm, the orchestration, and, also, the vocal parts, as well as several of the Conversation-Books, which contained the daily communications of the deaf master with those around him, excited Humboldt's attention in the highest degree. "I do just the same," he exclaimed, as he was turning over the leaves of the *Fidelio* music; "and that is why it costs so much to publish my books, because many of the sheets have to be completely set up again, on account of the corrections." He called the Conversation-Books a "Unicum," and asked me for more, after I had gone through with him those I had brought at first, and given him the explanations necessary for the comprehension of the obscure passages. He kept all these books for a long time; in fact he did not return me the three pieces from *Fidelio* till 1850. He repeatedly expressed a wish, when reading the Conversation-Books, to have such works of men in the other branches of art and science, adding:—

"My best thoughts often escape me in the course of conversation; when I try to recover them at my desk, I cannot do so, or, at any rate, they present themselves in a different shape."

Immediately Herr von Humboldt had taken up the matter, Herr Dehn was called upon to make an official report as to the artistic value of the principal portions of the relics. This report was intended to accompany the memorial to the King, and also to serve the illustrious advocate of our plan as a sure and certain guide. Humboldt had, moreover, expressed a wish that all the persons interested in the business should come to some agreement as to the *modus acquirendi*, so that diversity of opinion might not prove an obstacle in his dealings with Royalty. A meeting, to which Rungtshagen received an invitation, was held to advise on the subject, and it was decided that an annuity would be most advantageous for the State. I will give an exact quotation of the principal part of Dehn's report, since it will convey a clear notion of the importance of the matter at stake, and is of universal interest.* The learned musician speaks as follows:—

"An artistic analysis of the scores of acknowledged masterpieces has always been recognised and recommended—not only by teachers, but also by those artists who are continually bent upon improving themselves—as the essential basis of the higher or real theory of composition, after the grammatical portion has been thoroughly mastered. A person who is a competent judge in matters of art enjoys the production of a master's mind, when perusing that production; he obtains a clear idea of it, and thus the score is, for several reasons, interesting to him, according as it is his intention to combine profit, pleasure, or both, with his reading. If, now, this holds good of an ordinary score printed or written in full, and showing what the master has done, many of the scores mentioned under the head of No. 1, must be all the more interesting, because in them we perceive not only what a great and unapproachable genius like Beethoven has done, but also we see

* This report bears the date of the 18th July, 1843. The writer of the present article has lying before him a copy of the report, attested by Dr. Petz, Upper-Librarian of the Royal Library.

moreover, how; after how many attempts, and varied, well-considered turns, and subject to what stern criticism of his own efforts, he produced his greatest work; how, in many instances, he scours the apparently insignificant germ, and from it develops, as if atom by atom, the subsequently gigantic work of art, which he at last presents to us as a perfectly rounded whole, one and indivisible (wie aus einem Guss). No less interesting and instructive are the sketches for musical compositions under B, and the Conversation-Books under D.

Were all these objects in Herr Schindler's collection systematically and critically arranged, an immeasurable advantage might be gained for the knowledge of the art. Up to the present period, and after the most persevering researches in the largest libraries, both in Germany and foreign countries, I have never met with such a collection; and, indeed, it would, probably, be a difficult task to find so many and such interesting relics, in one collection, of such a master as Beethoven. A volume of the score, marked A. 1., and a volume of the sketches for the Ninth Symphony are sufficient to enlarge our previous doctrine of musical rhythm, of melopoeia generally, and, lastly, of musical rhetoric, by the most interesting examples—amply sufficient to prove very plainly that even such a genius as Beethoven, when creating his works, did not trust wholly and solely to his imaginative powers, but always confided to his understanding the task of purifying the genial spark, and fashioning it into a consistent whole.

As early as the 19th July, I placed this official report together with my petition to the King in Humboldt's hands. I was not kept waiting long for the result. A royal cabinet-order, bearing date the 16th August, was addressed me, declining the purchase of the relics, "on account of the high price."

On my showing this cabinet-order to my distinguished advocate, he became greatly excited at the alleged grounds of refusal, and expressed his opinion that we had been opposed by a gentleman attached to the King, a privy councillor, "who threw away large sums for the purchase of Egyptian mummies, earthen pots, vases, and mediocre pictures, while national art and sciences were obliged to content themselves with the crumbs of Royal favor," etc. When he had become calmer, he called the King's refusal a mistake, that might have arisen from the clumsy manner of bringing the matter forward. He expressed a wish that I would allow him a little more time, for the purpose of making a reconnaissance of the ground from another side, as, after having done so, he might see fit to advise another petition to the King.

Dehn, who was not less skilful in weaving plots than in imagining contrapuntal combinations, now came forward with a modification of his original plan. The purport of the modification was that, "above all things, steps must be taken to secure for Schindler the place of director at the Royal School of Music; he might then, for a small sum down, make over to the State the Beethoven relics, and a memorial to this effect might be drawn up for the King." At first, Herr von Humboldt hesitated, but afterwards thought the plan plausible (though I did not, on the grounds already mentioned), and promised his co-operation, provided the Minister of the Interior would support him in whatever steps he might take. Count von Arnim, however, stated that his co-operation was out of the question for certain reasons, which he communicated to me in writing, under the date of the 4th September. At length, Humboldt put an end to all this shilly-shallying with a categorical imperative. "We are not authoris-," he said, "to depreciate the importance of so great a matter in the eyes of the King," and, at the same time, he called upon me to draw up immediately and take him a second petition, as far as regarded the principal passages, in the very same words as the first. Meanwhile, he said he would make sure of one of the members of the Privy Council.—I had not to wait long for the result of the second petition any more than I had had to wait for that of the first. As early as the 25th Oct., came the royal "regret" that the reason already assigned rendered the purchase "impracticable."

This unexpected turn of affairs could not fail to affect me, at first, painfully. It affected in an almost similar manner a number

of thorough musicians, who were as desirous of retaining me in a position beneficial to art at Berlin, as of securing the Beethoven relics themselves. And what about Herr von Humboldt? My meeting with him—which occurred soon afterwards—was a most remarkable one, and I might, if I chose, say a great deal about it, for he completely opened his heart—it is true, he was in a state of great exasperation—concerning his position at Court, a position which, he said, was unworthy of him. In the final result of his exertions, he perceived a personal slight to himself, because, the King, in the first place, and, subsequently, the members of his council, had given him every reason to believe that he would be successful. Some adverse influence, he said, must have been at work, but from what quarter did it come? This, he added, he must and would discover. I did not dare to tell him that, shortly after the appearance of the first cabinet-order, Dehn asserted that he knew "from a sure source," that the project had been directly opposed by Felix Mendelssohn, and he now for the first time boldly made this assertion, which found credence with a great many. But this was not all. Shortly afterwards, this grave charge was openly made against Mendelssohn in a Berlin paper. Such reports could not, however, mislead those who were not ignorant of the mutual sentiments of Dehn and Mendelssohn, and were aware how little those distinguished masters of musical harmony understood the gentle art of reciprocal forgiveness and forgetfulness. During the whole period, however, that the first act of this attempt to secure the relics for the State was being played, Mendelssohn was basised with his removal from Leipzig to Berlin, besides which he had never seen any portion of the relics, as would, at any rate, have been necessary had he endeavoured to oppose the project in the highest quarter. More was certainly not necessary to clear him from the slightest suspicion.—On the other hand, I have heard many very estimable men give it as their opinion that, if there really was any opposition, this, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, could have emanated only from the Royal Library.

Here I will close the first act of this story which, though not very edifying, is not uninteresting in certain of its relations to art, merely adding that I saw my distinguished patron Humboldt for the last time, previous to my departure from Berlin, on the 9th December, and that at the end of the year I again reached my residence at Aix-la-Chapelle, some 700 thalers poorer, but, on the other hand, much richer in experience, and that, too, partly of a kind for which I felt no desire.

ANTON SCHINDLER.

MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON.—It is gratifying to observe that English artists are rapidly gaining the respect of the continental public, and that the latter are willing to acknowledge this country to be capable not only of patronising, but also occasionally of producing, musical ability. As an instance that such of our young competitors for fame as display really superior merit meet, as well as our older celebrities, with fair appreciation at the hands of our continental neighbours, we notice that Mr. Horton Claridge Allison of London is the student to whom the first prize has just been awarded by the Leipzig Conservatorium; an honor which must gain additional value from the circumstances of his being the first Englishman upon whom it has been conferred.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At a meeting of the directors on the 27th inst. (Sir George Clerk, bart., chairman), Mr. J. Bradbury Turner was created a member of the Royal Academy of Music, and thereby becomes entitled to the privileges of a membership of that royal and national institution.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned from Boulogne-sur-mer.

SIGNOR RONCONI.—The illustrious *buffo*, *tragic*, and *melodramatico* has arrived in London.

SIGNOR C. ANDREOLI, the pianist, has arrived in London for the season.

PARIS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Paris, Wednesday.

[Joachim—the Conservatoire band—Rossini's Mass—the *Africaine*—the story about the decorations—Benedict and his new opera—Felicien David and the great concert.]

SIR,—I have not left after all, as three grand things kept me back. Joachim for one, the rehearsal of Rossini's Mass, and that of the *Africaine*. As for Joachim, he was expected here with the greatest anxiety, and his enormous reputation preceding him so long ago might have proved a great obstacle, had his talent not been so high up to the mark that nothing could shake it. Old Rossini was the first to receive him, and was so happy to see him, and Joachim was so pleased to be so extremely well received by him, that they both seemed extremely well satisfied with each other. Rossini was astonished to find Joachim looking so young, and Joachim wondered at the unceasing vigor and youth in the conversation of that world-renowned composer. In the concert there was, as there usually is in the Conservatoire, the *élite* of all that has got a great artistic judgment, and the expectations were driven up to such a pitch that certainly it was enough to give anyone taking interest in his success the most tremendous emotion. The concert began with Beethoven's *A* Symphony (the 7th), and was splendidly performed up to the last part, but that last part was played in such a nonsensical rate of 80 miles an hour that it scarcely was recognisable, and the whole piece ran off like a polka, all loud, all monotonous, no refined details, all in one hurry, and a great pity it was, for a more perfect performance than the *Andante* I never heard.

Then came Joachim (after a very indifferently performed chorus), and, let us say it at once, a more legitimate, more astounding, more triumphant success never has been within the precincts of that sanctuary called the Conservatoire. Have you ever perceived in a concert the different ways of listening, looking at the artist or staring through the opera glass, or, as it was now the case, everybody bending forward, not a respiration to be heard in the room until the last bar, when an enormous sigh of relief bursts out in cries and screams and applause, the whole band, composed, mind, of the first professors living, rising up, and Joachim not knowing which side to bend to, first bowing to the public and to the artists, and again forward and backward, and then going on again, majestically dominating everything with the night of his song—it was a grand thing, and I must say I was off at once after that, as I did not feel able to stand any more music.

Rossini's mass, which the Marchisios came on purpose for, from Italy, where they return again on Wednesday next, is to be rehearsed to-morrow and on Sunday, and performed, as last year, in the hotel of Count Hillet Will, with the same performers as last year (Gardou, Agosti, the Marchisios, the famous Mathias presiding at the pianoforte, etc.). The *Africaine* was for the first time rehearsed (all the 5 acts) last night. I refrain from saying anything, for several reasons, for the present. Benedict is going to compose an opera for the Theatre Lyrique, the story being based on Sir Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*; his *Life of Killarney* being about to be performed, but having met with the difficulty of having been performed as a drama at the Ambigue Theatre. Felicien David is starting his Grand Concert with a view of performing classical and young living composers' works, with band and chorus, fourteen first violins, fourteen second, fourteen altos, twelve violoncellos, twelve double basses, three flauti, two clarinets, etc., etc., in all about eighty-five, and a chorus of four hundred. Band and chorus to have 10 per cent. off the clear benefit. 3000 seats, half at one and two francs, and half at four and five francs, like the Monday Popular Concerts. L. ENGEL.

Paris, April 19.

P.S.—Now one word about my decoration anecdote, which you quoted in your last number from the *Constitutionnel*. I would not have thought of doing what I did, but I was positively told by a very good singer that the servant wanted him to go up the back staircase, and when he afterwards complained, he was told it was the rule of the house to send the musicians who played the dance music up the back stairs. So I said "we'll see whether they send me there," and that was the reason I put on all my splendours and took them off immediately in the drawing room, to show the gentleman that an artist knows how to keep his dignity.

REVIEW.

Sacred Harmony, consisting of Chants, Sanctuses, Kyries, Doxologies, Anthems, Hymns and Voluntaries for the Organ, arranged and edited by E. BUNNETT, Mus. Bac., Cantab. (Cocks & Co.)

THERE is a general interest manifested in the present day in the subject of church music, which has almost entirely arisen within the memory of those whose recollection extends over a quarter of a century. In concurrence with increased attention to the manner of performance, choirs have been formed in almost every parish and district throughout England, where education exists; the importance of the art as an adjunct of divine service has been duly recognised in the church; and clergymen, many among them accomplished amateurs, are taking the lead in the movement, as a labor of love, as well as of duty, as promoting prayer and praise, and binding those who worship together. To meet requirements thus called forth, admirable collections of anthems, chants and psalms have been formed by capable musicians, and enjoy extensive sale—so many that we might suppose enough had been gathered together for all practical purposes; but the almost boundless resources of the art, in themselves incentives to continual production forbid this narrow view, and assure us that the tale has not yet been told. Attempts have been made to introduce the Gregorian cadenced recitative into our service, which would have done much to limit production in relation to our church music; but the genius of the Teutonic languages has never taken kindly to the "songs" of Gregory and Ambrose. Hence the predilections of the Reformed churches, from the time of their being founded, to metrical psalms and hymns. Martin Luther himself has left us one of the most noble of these measures in "Ein feste Burg," even among the many fine chorales the German people count as heirlooms. Bach used many of them as subjects or themes for his wonderful polyphonic structures. Mendelssohn has followed Bach's illustrious example by introducing them in his oratorios and other works. But to return to English soil, we may claim Handel, on account of his great works, produced among us, as much as Germany can for merely owing the place of his birth. This giant among composers did not disdain to lean to us for a simple psalm tune, as well as imperishable anthems, which his own acquaintance with organists and the quire-men of St. Paul's, with whom he is said to have spent many Saturday afternoons after service, serves to show the liking he had for English sacred music and those who made it. There is no question of our possessing a treasure, a capacious storehouse of cathedral music, composed by our own countrymen, as learned and beautiful as it is extensive and varied, which we perhaps think too little about in these days of abnegation of all national style in English music, and seeking for novelty abroad, but which will call for attention from time to time as able men add to its riches or insist in other ways upon its recognition. East Anglians have not to be reproached of Mr. Buck's eminent services in the good cause of our ritual music. Devoting himself from his youth upwards to the training of the Norwich choir and perfecting the performance of the service of our cathedral, he has, in doing so, founded a school of organists and composers that has become known and has spread its influence throughout the land. Some of the cathedral, and very many important parish church organs, are now held by his former pupils, among whom there are not a few honored by musical degrees, and many who have done much for the cause of our national sacred music. One of the foremost among these gentlemen must be Mr. E. Bunnett, a bachelor in music at Cambridge, and assistant organist of Norwich Cathedral, who, by the publication of the handsome volume the name of which heads this notice, has done much to advance his own reputation and credit of his country. Mr. Bunnett's *Sacred Harmony* deserves a place in every organist's library. Barely has a work of the kind possessing so many features of excellence, come under our notice. The compositions and arrangements being nearly all published for the first time, the work is to be regarded as original, and not as a mere selection, although Mr. Bunnett, in his preface to it, modestly claims originality in design only. Several good tunes, most of them known to Norwich, appear in the list of contributors. Dr. Buck's share will be doubtless looked for with mutual interest, as whether from lack of time owing to the engrossing attention he has bestowed upon his choir and duties as a teacher, or what is more probable, from a rare modesty and self-criticism which has restrained him from giving his productions to the world, by this self-denial he has kept from us sources of worthy pleasure, which, from the specimens of his composition given us by Mr. Bunnett, we feel assured his more frequent appearance as a composer would have afforded. Witness the beautiful unaccompanied anthem, "O Lord give thy holy spirit." Where shall we find hymn devotional feeling more truthfully expressed? Again, in the hymn for Good Friday, set to poetry by the Rev. Professor Schofield, and also unaccompanied.—Where shall we find purer part-writing allied to more unaffected pious sentiment? The hymn tune "My soul inspired

with sacred love," should find place in all future collections. To further particularise the Doctor's share in this work, beyond the beautiful hymn from Bishop Hind's sonnets, entitled, "Come hither, Angel tongues invite," would be to name each piece separately that bears his name. We therefore recommend the musical reader to seek them out for himself; it will repay the search. We may refer to other contributors before coming to Mr. Bunnett. The first chant which commences the book, by the Rev. E. L. Farr; the major and minor chants by Mr. H. S. Oakley; and one in E by the Rev. J. C. Gilling, are prominent by their excellence. A "Sanctus" and "Kyrie" by the late Dr. Bekeford, and a hymn to words from Heber, by the Rev. E. Belmer, are each as noticeable. Naturally, Mr. Bunnett's compositions are numerically strongest, and he has shown his taste as an arranger not less than his talent as a composer. His adaptation of "But the Lord is mindful of his own," from *St. Paul*, as a "Kyrie" is most happy in the juxtaposition of lovely and appropriate melody with profoundly devotional works: so also an Epiphany Hymn to one of the most beautiful of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Among Mr. Bunnett's original compositions let us mention his chant in the second page in E flat and one for Easter Day, to be used instead of the "Venite." As in reference to Dr. Buck, so must it be with Mr. Bunnett, the enumeration of some pieces that please us most must be here accepted, but as not excusing the musical reader from becoming acquainted with the whole. The hymns on pages 84 and 88 are of admirable character and writing; and the short full anthem, "Teach me, O Lord," is not less so. Mr. Bunnett favors us with an appendix exclusively for the organ, with *obbligato* pedal part, in which he has written most at length, and with an uniform elegance and skill that renders the facile executant as well as the master of harmony. The "Fantasia alla Marcia," written for the special service held in the cathedral on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, makes a worthy close to the volume. We have dedicated this notice rather to praise than to blame, the general excellence of the work being so striking that we pass by the few points to which we might have taken exception; and glad to welcome Mr. Bunnett in a new sphere of activity, we do so with best wishes for the success of his present venture, and with the hope that we may frequently have to announce new works of his production. H.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In compiling a work, due regard should always be paid to the tastes of readers who will take the trouble to make deep researches; and, moreover, it is due to them (the readers) that our production should hold good under their closest criticism, especially in its authenticity.

I have before me the preface to the Emperor Napoleon's "History of Julius Cæsar," and find the following excellent remarks:—"Historical truth ought to be no less sacred than religion."

"If the precepts of faith elevate our soul above the interests of this world, the lessons of history in their turn inspire us with the love of what is beautiful and just, the hatred of that which opposes an obstacle to the progress of humanity. To be profitable, these lessons require certain conditions."

It is necessary that the facts should be reproduced with rigorous exactitude.

I have italicized the latter portion of the above extract of Napoleon's preface in order that your readers may the more fully understand why I put the following questions to the author of the "History of the Harp." I should, however, have made you acquainted with the fact of the arrival of Orpheus with his brother Ixion by Reuter's Express, which interesting event took place last night.

To attempt to describe the wonderful adventures of Orpheus in his journey to, and rambles in Hades, would take too much of my time, and occupy too much of your valuable space,* therefore I will proceed at once to put the following questions to the historical author of the harp:—

1. Will the learned author state upon what authority he rejects "the self-condemned tales of *Krating* and *O'Flakerty*?"

2. Will he state how "Mr. Blunting makes startling surmises," and name a few of those "startling surmises?"

3. Why does he (the author) in his contracted account of "the harp of Erin" purposely neglect mentioning the Howe monument, which was so much easier of access than the monument in the old Kirkcubbin Church?

* Orpheus has sent me a description of Pluto's private band, but as it is written in the *Irish* language, I will send it to a friend of mine, *ye-hyph* *Harper Hiller*, who resides in a magnificent marine residence on the borders of the *Hellpoint*, to translate and return to me, upon receipt of which I will forward it to "our mutual friend," Oswald Ap Nutton, Esq.

4. Why does he say "that the Irish have carried their pretensions of authenticity as high," &c., &c.?

5. Why does he assert that the elaborate account given in Irish history (and which account has been deemed worthy of a place in the pages of that wonderful compilation of the greatest geniuses of the age—"The Encyclopedia Britannica") of the harp of King Brian Bôru, has been fabricated to raise its antiquity, &c., and denounce it as "a clumsy forgery?"

6. Why does he not endeavour to prove this account of King Brian Bôru's harp to be "a clumsy forgery," and (if possible) give the world some idea (never mind how clumsy) of the date of manufacture of this truly delightful and interesting specimen of the Celtic Crotta?

It now remains with the author of the "History of the Harp" to reply to the above questions in a frank and honorable manner, otherwise his history (which I candidly confess has some merit in it) will sink "in the shade of public estimation," and become a work "self-condemned" and utterly unreliable as a referendary, as also a work evidently written to extol the harp of one country to the detriment of all others.

Fuller, in his account of the Crusade conducted by Godfrey of Boulogne, says "yes, we might well think that all the concert of Christendom in this war would have made no music if the Irish Harp had been affiant."*

Caradoc writes that the Welsh received the harp from Ireland, substituting gut and hair in preference to the metal strings used by the Irish; hence the name of *Telyn*, given to the harp by the Welsh, is from the Irish language, and pronounced *Taelin* or *Telin*, according to the celebrated philologist, General Vallancey.

In the eleventh century the musical code of Wales was regulated by harpists from Ireland.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth the Irish harp was assumed as the national arms, and by him adopted on the coins.

The Irish harp is magnificently developed on the new coin of Queen Victoria—the florin; we may, therefore, take the harp, called Brian Bôru's, as the model, as to form, of the Irish harp down to the seventeenth century; and from this linked series of dates it is seen that from A.D. 1621, when the magnificent so-called Dalloway harp was constructed, back to the Anglo-Norman invasion, in 1180, the Irish were in possession of a harp of sufficient power and compass to perform those airs "with appropriate basess," and to produce those instrumental effects so highly eulogized by Cambréni and other writers.

It is to be observed that the harp had never borne the Teutonic name of *Harpa* among the ancient Irish, a fact rather indicative as to its derivation.

Taking the harp in Trinity College as the model of the Irish harp, Mr. Beaufort has given us the solutions of some interesting mathematical problems, by which he demonstrates that this harp was constructed on the true principles of harmonic science.

He observes that "the Irish bards, in particular, seem from experience derived from practice to have discovered the true musical figure of the harp, a form which will, on examination, be found to have been constructed on true harmonic principles, and to bear the strictest mathematical and philosophic scrutiny."

In Moore's dedication of No. 3 of the National Melodies of Ireland to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, he says:—"A singular oversight occurs in an essay upon the Irish harp, by Mr. Beaufort, which is inserted in the appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs." "The Irish (says he) according to Brontion, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of harp, *Hibernici tamen in duobus musicis generis instrumentis, quævis præcipitem et velocius suæven tamen et jucundam*. How a man of Mr. Beaufort's learning could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable.

The following is the passage as I find it entire in Brontion, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyra tympano ac choro, ac Whallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musicis generis instrumentis, quævis præcipitem et velocius suæven tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam."—Hist. Anglie, Script. page 1075.

I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the dissertation on the harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunnett's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

O'Halloran says that "in every house was one or two harps, from travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music," *Belgravia*, Feb. 27th, 1835. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

(To be concluded in our next.)

A. J. P.

* History of the Holy Wars.

† G. Petrie, Esq., M. R. I. A.

‡ Can you or any of your readers inform me why the Irish harp is omitted on the copper coin of the present reign?

Muttoniana.

Dr. Queer has been favored by Mr. Dishley Peters with the subjoined not uninteresting document:—

THE TONIC SOL-FA.

SIR,—I was both puzzled and amused to see a letter with my signature in your paper of 8th inst. It is five or six years since I had anything to do with the management of the juvenile concerts of the London Tonic Sol-Fa Association at the Crystal Palace. The letter therefore must be a very ancient one. The "next Wednesday" referred to, must have been a long time ago. If I had known that you valued my communications so highly, and preserved them with such care, I should perhaps have troubled you more frequently.—I am, Sir, truly yours,

JOHN CUNWEN.

Plumtree, E. April 13, 1865.

Unfortunately *Muttoniana* was not in existence at the period specified. Nevertheless, Dr. Queer gives Mr. Curwen entire credit for good faith, and should be glad to hear from him again. Dr. Queer has himself invented a new system of notation, which he has hitherto withheld out of consideration for the great masters, whose works must of necessity, should it come to light, be all re-estimated.

A CASTLE OF ITS.

DEAR QUEER,—I am sorry to disturb you so early. Perhaps, however, you are already up. If you will just let me know where you will be in the evening, I want to ask you for a line to Villemessant and two lines to Bossini. If you are going to the Opera and have a vacant place in your box, I will look in upon you there. If you are not going to the Opera, where shall you be at Opera-time? If your old woman, with her usual determination, maintains that you are not at home, will you leave a message for me when you go out, and I will call myself at about eight. My letter is built up entirely of "ifs." *C'est un vrai Château d'If.*—Yours ever,

PITT P. HILL.

Dr. Queer does not consider six o'clock "early." Moreover, he was "already up." Dr. Queer will not let Mr. Pill know where he intends being "in the evening." The "a line" to Villemessant and the "two lines" to Bossini may be forthcoming. Dr. Queer may or may not be "going to the Opera," and may or may not have "a vacant place." If Dr. Queer intends "not going to the Opera" it is possible that "at Opera-time" he may be somewhere else. Dr. Queer's "old woman" has stringent orders at all times to exert "her usual determination" and to "maintain" that Dr. Queer, &c.—Moreover, Dr. Queer does not see why, when he goes out, he should "leave a message," or why Mr. Pill should call "at about eight." A Château d'If, forsooth. Dr. Queer considers it a Castle of Impudence.

G. F. FLOWERS & SINGING-MASTERS.

SIR,—It is unedifying to publish private communications written to another party. I sent a letter for publication to you about two months ago, which was not inserted; had it appeared it would have explained the reason of vocal defects, which I no longer attribute to nasal and mental inaptitude, but to the imperfect training of the *Vox Humana*. Masters treat this instrument as if it were a clear tuned flute; they pay no regard to the disordered mechanism, and work on, under the impression that if it is out of order, no training can put it right; the consequence is if it be wrong, then straining for effects must be resorted to, in order to bring out public vocalists; in other words, sound must be pushed through the depraved secretions which line the inner walls of the bronchial tubes.

So vain and slow to learn are vocal teachers that they prefer to go on teaching their wonderful continental systems, and refuse to enquire into a method which gives strength and health to the organs of voice. Who then, may I ask, is the enemy of the art; he who risks the health of his pupils, or he who promotes it by a British method of voice development and restoration? Who is the enemy of public singers, or of the art? We may pause long for a reply, for alas his only shield is silence! I might ask singing masters what is the cause of bad voice? and silence is kept to cloak their confusion. If you ask the teacher of the piano how his pupil cannot make good turns and shakes, he will at once tell you because the fingers are not sufficiently flexible; but ask a singing master the same question, and "mum's the word!" But some will advertise a beast of having made one or two great singers. Has it never occurred to them that all the bright vocal stars had robust constitutions to begin upon, and that thanks are due to God, not man, for this blessing. In my humble opinion, therefore, more care is required now than ever to develop voices before cultivating the art of singing, because the blood of man is sadly poisoned by his artificial

life and remedies for health, and if you, sir, be an honest friend to public vocalists, you will help me to impress this fact upon them. Hail not at them, but at those who dare not argue against the physiology put forth here, and which I had the honor of laying before the British Association at Bath which was "accepted" by that learned body.

I am, Sir, yours obliged,

G. F. FLOWERS.

Id est—as Dr. Queer reads—the British Association at Bath was "accepted" by that learned body" (the British Association at Bath). But, as Mr. Flowers says pointedly—"Mum's the word!" If it was Mum's champagne Dr. Queer wouldn't mind. Nevertheless, he recommends Mr. Flowers to persevere, and that with diligence, Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

AN INSTRUMENT ADAPTED TO ALL KEYS.

SIR,—An important invention in music has lately been made in the Netherlands. Mr. S. Tesselhoff, a music master at Soest (a village in the neighbourhood of Utrecht), has produced an instrument by means of which the improvisations of a pianist are committed to paper simultaneously with his performance. His instrument is adapted to all keys, and marks every bar, in whatever measure the performance may be even the diminuendos and crescendos are indicated. In short it fully answers the purpose.—Yours, &c.,

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

Id est—as Dr. Queer reads—the "improvisations" and the performance are simultaneously "committed to paper." Prodigious! That is to answer "the purpose" with a vengeance. Nevertheless, Dr. Queer is inclined to think that "the purpose" had better have remained unanswered. There is already a great deal too much of bad music on paper, in the shape of deliberate composition. If now, we are to add all the bad improvisation, the civilized world will likely either run mad, or run away to some region where music as an art exists not. Such an instrument as that with which Mr. S. Tesselhoff, music-master at Soest a village in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, menaces mankind, would be no less than a curse. Let us hope that the dykes in Holland may give way, and the whole of that flat land become water, and Mr. Tesselhoff, of Soest, nosed thereby, before he can cross the boundary line between Holland and Belgium, or the boundary line between Holland and Germany, or the boundary line between Holland and any other land. O Mr. Mutton! Dr. Queer is in a cold perspiration, and shivers the while. Nevertheless, Manfredo Maggioni wrote not ill when he wrote:—

"It is he, it is he, I feel

"Within my breast

"Arising the aspect

"Of his tremendous powers."

in the second act of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. But the communication beneath would pose even Drs. Shoe and Wind, anybody in short, short of Mr. ApMutton. Dr. Queer gives it *literatim et notatim*:—

SIR,—Supposing a Society of 40 or 50 members (20 ladies and the remaining male males) were giving a Concert, the programme of which Consisted of 2 parts, 1st and second, And between each part say there was an interval of from 5 to 10 minutes, The Company leaving the platform during that time and retiring to an Anti room which hardly allows all to get in. "What would you consider as best, to entertain or refresh the company during that time, bearing in mind that they are immediately to return to the platform and there sing for An hour and a quarter," whether would Tea, Coffee or a Glass of Wine and a biscuit or so be best, handed round, no Table, without thinking of expense.—You kindly answering this will much oblige, W. K.

Dr. Queer is unable to answer the foregoing without knowing in what town the concert would be given. Each town has atmospheric and epidemic peculiarities. Supposing, for example, the concert given at Dumfries, Dr. Queer would then confidently recommend wafers. Nevertheless, Dr. Queer has telegraphed W. K.'s communication to Richmond, in Virginia, where Mr. ApMutton was but now holding council of war, with Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

APPODIE'S OLLA.

SIR,—I have just terminated a fortnight's "blow" in the country, and return to town hale and vigorous, ready to tackle the legion of morning concerts which generally make their appearance simultaneously with the swallows. (C—K— would say something very neat about "morning concerts" and "swallows" being thus approximated; and H—M— would listen but not understand.)

You know that I purpose attending every morning concert given the season—a privilege I have undertaken to perform; and I implore the prayers of the faithful and faithless that if I ever return I may

not be immediately incarcerated in Harwell, or receive an appointment as musical reporter to the *Athenæum*—for I love to choose my company. I inform you of my intentions that you may not trouble yourself for a special reporter this season; if, however, as is currently reported, you have secured the services of Herr Engel, then consider my demand as not come to foot (as Dr. Shoe always has it). The fact is I never read more profound and earnest communications *à propos* de . . . music than those sent and written by Herr Engel to the *M. W.*; and they have this curious property, that they increase the volume of your pages ten-fold, inasmuch as it is necessary to read them twenty times over before you become at all aware of the astute remarks and opinions the writer has enwrapped in a few (some might think) disconnected phrases and sentences. Herr Engel's style is clear and easy, fresh and racy, and just excites your curiosity sufficiently to make you exclaim after reading his letters: "What the deuce does it all mean?" He, Dr. Quer, is exactly the reporter you want—a man that writes something nobly can ever catch hold on; and as I said above, if you have made arrangements with Herr Engel, I retire. *Revenons à autre chose.* I am glad to see we are to have peace in these columns. Do you know that I was just thinking of purchasing the Slang Dictionary to meet the cabinniac expressions some of your correspondents were using in their letters? . . . Thank gold! Ap!Mutton has spoken, and forcefully prescided ephantropy in his columns! Adieu C. P. I land! No more from your Ap! . . . But as to you, my would-be's, I know you now, and denounce you all as . . . Solidians! There, that's the worst out I could give you, and I flatter myself that it's a precious witty one—(ahem!) Pray, Dr. Quer, inform me whether Mr. Ap!Mutton has any objection to my pitching into something else at the C. P.?—say Mr. Manns, or the Secretary, or the whole concern—it's quite immaterial to me, and I should do it with pleasure.

Let us resume; you like Madame de Girardin and Méry, don't you? I know you do, so don't out of prevarication, or because you are sleepy, say you don't. I take you no longer to say yes than no;—so as you like Madame de Girardin and Méry, I presume you like each, which I have translated or adapted (as you please)—although, after C. Kenney's work of *The Mock Doctor*, fellows ought to be careful how they style themselves translators and adapters. I found the following written on a book of words at Evans's, a few nights after the first performance of Gounod's *Mock Doctor*:—

"Kenney (Charles Land) nous aml
Quand il est, traduit;
Les autres (qui le disent les emportent)
Voyez un peu comme ils se comportent!
On les jette par terre, à bas, à bas,
On les laisse traîner tandis qu'on devrait les traduire."

I showed it to P.—d—y G.—t—n, who pronounced Kenney "a dear boy," and said that H.—a—e M.—y—w and C.—l—y had just gone out arm in arm, and that he had no doubt . . . had written it to annoy H.—a—e M.—y—w, who, you know, tried his hand at one of Gounod's operas, and achieved a most astounding book.

Let us now throw a retrospective glance at the future. At the very moment I am writing this, hundreds of carpenters, bricklayers, gas-fitters, upholsters, and decorators are re-building the interior of Her Majesty's Theatre. They work night and day, and no doubt will have to do so for ten days more. The fact is, Mr. Mapleson felt bound to do you for the patrons who have so zealously supported him, and *conté qui coûte* in money and time he was determined to respond to the liberal support he has ever received from the public. I do not blame him; but I feel inclined to call him to account for making us fast two whole weeks after Lent. Just as we went lamb on Easter-Sunday, so we want our Tietjens this time—our Santley—our Glinglin—our Wippeny, Junca, Gross, and the others. Liverpool and Manchester are very nice places no doubt, and we are glad Mr. Mapleson makes money there; but, as he makes just as much money with us, and perhaps a little more, supposing he gives us our due, lest we go elsewhere! Her Majesty's Theatre will be rebuilt inwardly, re-decorated, re-comfortabilized, &c., &c., &c., but we shall have lost at least a month of opera. When I think of Muska (whom I know), Joulain, and Laura Harris, I find the compensation of comfortable seats and boxes not sufficient for the loss of time. Had Mr. Mapleson consulted me (which he couldn't, because he don't know me) I should have told him that Muska, once heard, his joy would have been content ever to listen to her, even if their seats were stuffed with cork-seeds and fish-ing-bones. However, *passons à autre chose.* Mr. Mapleson, I presume, knows his own business best (unless J.—f—t knows it better, which is not at all unlikely), and if he can afford to lose a month of the season,

all that I can tell him is, that I cannot, musn't, won't, and sha'n't. Elsewhere I go, unless Tietjens, Mar-ka, Santley, and the rest appear forthwith. To sum up the foregoing in a few words, I beg to inform you that I shall attend the C. P. Saturday concert, on your account, and let you know what I think of "the Choral;" consequently, you may shortly expect a letter from me containing my opinion of the practice at the C. P. of prostituting the magnificent land by making it play to nigger jiggers, acrobats, tumblers, and such like. Fic on it! Manns! where art thou?! does it not make thee weep to see it?!

—Seigneur, dit-il, je le parie,
Cet air-là vous met en courroux;
Main parlez-moi, je vous prie,
Je ne l'aurais pas fait pour vous!

Lullu se trouvait à l'église
Quand tout à coup on y chanta
Un air qui causa sa surprise;
Il l'avait fait pour l'opéra.

And now, Dr. Quer, I beg to conclude this rather long letter by premising that it is the first of a series which I promised Mr. Ap!Mutton I would write on the current events of the season. Consequently, I remain, yours, &c.,

To C. P. T. Quer, Esq., M.A.D.

Ap!FOOBLER.

Dr. Quer's head reels. Nevertheless, he does not care a stone for Madame de Girardin nor a stick for "Méry." Why not Mr. Méry? Nor does Dr. Quer care a leaf for the *Athenæum* or a wheel for the Solidians. Why not Philologists? Nor does Dr. Quer care a chair for Herr Engel or a boot for Herr Manns. Nevertheless, Dr. Quer accepts the translated epistles and cannot understand the subtext:—

WORCESTER GLEE CLUB.

Sir.—The season—a most successful one—was brought to a close on Tuesday, when a crowded audience assembled at the Crown Hotel. Mr. R. Mason was musical steward of the evening, and the entertainment was as follows:—Overture, *Figaro*; glee, "With sighs sweet rose;" duet, "Home to our mountain;" (Vérdu); "The village blacksmith" (sung by Mr. Price); selection from *Macbeth*; "Fill high" (Vérdu); "A father's love" (Mr. Price); overture to Amber's *Croon Diamonds* (by desire); "Come where my love lies dreaming" (Mr. Hodges and chorus); "National Anthem." Mr. Jabez Jones conducted the programme was admirably carried out, and one or two encores were insisted on. The singers were Messrs. Mason, Smith, Pugh, Hodges, Price, Brooks, &c.; the instrumentalists Messrs. Brooks, Cross, Price, Brooks, jun., &c. At the conclusion of the programme several toasts were proposed, including the health of Mr. Hood, President, who has been connected with the club for 40 years, the musical members, the secretary (Mr. Thomas), and Fuggle.

Humblly yours,

S. T. TABLE.

To Dr. Taylor Shoe.

Dr. Quer thanks Mr. Table and congratulates Fuggle, whose name, if he also possess humor, would admit him a Muttonian, and therefore a member of the I O U club, Limited to Non-liquidators. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe is at Tadcaster.

EXQUISITE BIT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SHOE.—The enclosed exquisite bit of correspondence has just come to my offices, and, as I think it is too good for us, I present it to you for Ap!Mutton. I shall tell the writer he will find his answer in *Muttonian*. Yours very truly and occasionally,

Full Mail Gazette Office, April 20.

JOHN URB FRESH, D.D.

Dr. Quer is obliged, but no "exquisite bit of correspondence" has come to mail. Nothing but the foregoing, which he would give a precept if Dr. Urm Fresh would explain. Nevertheless, three days since Dr. Quer ran over a paradox, which almost gave him the *ignorantia elenchii*.

Cornelius Quetz.

Fish and Volume, Teakbury Point, April 20.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

(By Lightning Telegram.)

DEAR QUER.—Having helped to get Dacius out of Richmond and Lee with his army safe among the hills, I have returned to the *Tuleries*. Napoleon will not go to Algeria without me, and I have (perhaps foolishly) consented. *Feier (Eugene) also goes, and (as I hear it whispered) Pot IX. This (between ourselves) was my advice.* Salute Peters, Shoe and Wind. Thine,

J. P. Mutton.

Dr. Quer stops the press to super—or rather sub-add the foregoing very important news. O by Adnan! Nevertheless, Caesar was an ass to recognise Potemky Autlets.

* Si un ignorant, un folliculaire, ou même de critiquer à tort et à travers, vous pouvez le confondre; il ne s'appelle LE BARREMENT, de peur de souiller vos écrits.—(Voltaire, *Die. Phi.*)

M. VIVIER, the well-known and extremely humorous horn-player, is to accompany the Emperor Napoleon III. in his approaching visit to Algeria. What with the batts of Constantine and the *bon-mots* of Vivier, His Imperial Majesty will have *de quoi s'amuser*.

M. EDOUARD TOFFOLI, a well-known theatrical agent, died lately in Paris.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.—At the concert to-day Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be given, for the first time in the Crystal Palace.

L'AFRICAIN.—The date for the first representation of the *Africain* is now definitely fixed, we understand, for Monday, May 1st.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN gave an "Evening at the Pianoforte" on Wednesday last, in the spacious theatre of the "London Mechanic's Institute." The programme included well chosen quotations from the best composers for the instrument, which gave full scope to the accomplished pianist for the display of her mastery of the keyboard, and elicited the sympathies of an audience numbering nearly 1000 persons. The vocal pieces were executed with much sweetness by Madame Gilardon, who was called upon to repeat two songs, one of which, Mr. Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea," rendered popular by the singing of Madame Sainton-Dolby, so attractive in her hands, was shown by Madame Gilardon to be no less effective transposed from its original key to the register of the soprano voice. Mrs. John Macfarren won unlimited applause for her own fantasia, "The Pearl of Erin," and was enthusiastically encored in Brissac's caprice, "The Butterfly."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The *Messiah* was given on Wednesday in the New Town Hall, by the members of the Newcastle Choral Union. The singers were Miss Helena Walker, of Leeds, *soprano*; Miss Thompson, of Newcastle, *contralto*; Mr. Whitehead, of the Durham Cathedral Choir, *tenor*, and Mr. David Lambert, of the same choir, and late of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, &c., *bass*. Miss Walker gave her solos with great judgment. Miss Thompson sang "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised," in such a way as to divide the honors with the *soprano*. Mr. Whitehead's voice told well in "Thy rebuke," and "But thou didst not leave." Mr. Lambert never sang better and in "For behold darkness," and "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound," acquitted himself admirably. The choruses went remarkably well. Mr. Rea, as usual, presided at the organ; and it is unnecessary to say how greatly the success of the performance was due to him. The audience large, the spacious hall being filled in every part. This shows what Mr. Rea and the Choral Union are doing to promote a knowledge and love of classic music in the town. Mr. Pennian was conductor.

MUSIC, &c. RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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Maestro, Signor EMANUELE Carrion (his first appearance in that character in England); M. Costa di Luna, Mr. Bosley; Fernando, Signor Rossi; Du Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Riva, Signor Filippi; Arcevalo, Mdlle. Bethelheim; Ines, Mdlle. Redi; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titien.

Conductor—Signor ABBATI.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight o'clock.

SACRED MUSICAL SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Mr. COSTA'S NEW ORATORIO, "NAAMAN," will be PERFORMED, for the first time in London, as a Subscription Concert, on Friday next, May 12. Conducted by the Composer.

Principal vocalists.—Mme. Rodersdorf, Miss Edmonds, Mme. Salomon-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeve, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Sealey.

The band and chorus, complete in every department, the largest available in Exeter Hall, consists of nearly 700 performers.

Half-price on reserved stalls and 5s. gallery reserved tickets, at 6, Exeter Hall.

The last Full Bazaar, this Evening, at St. Martin's Hall, at half-past 7 for 8 o'clock precisely. The attendance of all the members of the orchestra specially requested. Subscribers to the Society admitted to the galleries on presentation of subscription tickets.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT, June 21, under the immediate patronage of

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MR. BENEDICT'S Thirtieth Annual Grand Morning Concert, at the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 21st. Early application is solicited for the few remaining seats and balcony stalls. The full programme will be published on Thursday, 1st June.

MUSICAL UNION, TUESDAY, MAY 9TH, at HALF-PAST THREE, St. James's Hall. Quartet, B flat, 24.—Mozart: Sonata, A minor, Op. 23. Piano and Violin (duet time): Beethoven: Quartet, A major and C minor, Op. 11.—Mendelssohn: Grand Trio, D flat, 36.—Beethoven: Sonata, Piano, Op. 10.—Paganini, Riva, Weiss, and Piatini. Pianist, Hall. Visitors tickets to be had Half-a-Guinea each, at Cavers & Co., CHANCERY & Co., OLIVER & Co., ANDREWS & PASSANT, and Agents at the Hall. Members can pay for visitors at the Hall.

J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover-square.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST GRAND OPERA CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE, THIS DAY, SATURDAY. Principal Artists.—Mdlle. Carolina Patti, Mdlle. de Kélerberg, Signor Ronconi, Signor Medini, Signor Washili. Solo, Piano, Mdlle. Kreutz. The Band considerably enlarged, with chorus of 150 voices. Conductor—Mr. Manne. The Concert will take place on the front of the Grand Handel Orchestra. Ample accommodation for all.

Commence at Three. Great Afternoon Promenade at Half-past Four. Admission Five Shillings, or by New Guinea Season Ticket, free.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Spohr's Grand Symphony, "Die Weiss der Töne," (The Power of Sound) will be performed by the orchestra of the New Philharmonic, commencing under the direction of Dr. Wyde, at the Public Rehearsal, 7.15 P.M., Saturday, May 6, and at the Evening Concert, WEDNESDAY, May 10th. Tickets at popular prices for Public Rehearsal and Concert, viz., 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s., and 10s. 6d., at Cavers & Co., 201, Regent-street, and at Astor's office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W.

Master of the theatre.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY

(The Late Albert Smith's Room).

COLONEL STODARE'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

Great Success of the Startling Illusions, the

GREAT INDIAN BASKET FEAT and INSTANTANEOUS GROWTH OF FLOWER TREES.—These two entirely new and extraordinary illusions, as performed by Colonel Stodare's nightly, create the greatest sensation and enthusiasm at his Theatre of Mystery, Egyptian Hall. Open every night at Eight, and Saturday afternoon at Three.

A. NIMMO, Acting Manager.

THURSDAY EVENING, May 11.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Under Distinguished Patronage.

S.—MR. VAN FRAED begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place at the above Hall, on Thursday evening next, May 11th, 1865, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Elvira Behrens, Miss Poole, Mdlle. Esquillet, Miss Pyne Dalton, Miss Banks, Miss Emily Spencer, Miss Emma Jenkins, Madame Weiss, Miss Louise Van Noorden, and Madame Louise Liebhart. Miss Palmer, Madame Emma Heywood, Miss Emily Solheim, Miss Julia Elliot, and Madame Salomon-Dolby. Mr. George Purves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Frank Elmore, and Mr. David Miranda. Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. G. Fatey, Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. L. Walker, and Mr. W. H. Waite. Instrumentalists.—Violin, Herr Ludwig Strauss; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Harmonium, Miss Louisa Cornish-Paterson, Mr. Lervy. Pianoforte, Mdlle. Mariot De Beauvilliers, Miss Kate Gordon, Mr. Sydney Smith, Herr Willem Coenen, and Mr. Charles Hall. The celebrated pianist, Solodowski, will make his first appearance in England. Conductors.—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, A. Rindgeberg, Frank Mott, Wilhelm Gann, Emilia Berger, Aguilier, C. J. Hargitt, and Mr. Benedict. Tickets at a special concert price, 1s. and 2s. Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of the principal Musicians in Regent-street and Bond-street; of Mr. FARR, at the Hanover-square Rooms; of Messrs. FARR, Parsons, and Co., City Agents, at Chesham; of Mr. VAN FRAED, at Messrs. Drury, Pearce and Co.'s, 244, Regent-street, and of Mr. ASTOR, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

THURSDAY MORNING, May 11.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—

Herr JOSEPH LASON (blind) (Pianist to His Majesty the King of Hanover) has the honor to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE, will take place at the above rooms, on Thursday next, May 11th, 1865. On which occasion he will be assisted by the following distinguished artists.—Miss Banks, Herr Grun, (Solo Violinist to His Majesty the King of Hanover) and M. Fagot (Violoncello). Tickets.—Herr Great Tower. To commence at Three o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. Tickets to be had of the principal Music-sellers; of Herr LASON, 11, Duke-street, Portland-place; and of Mr. FARR, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—FULL RE-

HEARSAL, Friday, 2nd June.

Five Shilling Admission Tickets.

Immediate application required. After the issue of the first few thousands, the price of the latter will be 10s. 6d. By payment on the day 10s. 6d. At the Crystal Palace and at 3, Exeter Hall.

SATURDAY, May 6.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE

PERFORMANCES, Hanover Square Rooms, Saturday Evening, May 6, May 27, and June 17, at Three o'clock. First Programme, May 6th, to be given in D minor.—Bach: Sonata quasi Fantasia in E flat, Op. 27.—Beethoven: Mazurka and Tarantelle.—Walter Macfarren: Sonata in D (two pianofortes). Mr. Walter Macfarren and his pupil, Mr. G. E. Hambridge.—Mozart: Sonata in A minor.—Schubert: Skerzo a Vivo, Mrs. Joseph Robinson; Capriccio in A minor, Op. 35.—Mendelssohn: Selection, Walter Macfarren. Reserved Seats for the first five performances, 7s., of the principal music-sellers, and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, 3, Osnaburgh-terrace, N.W.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a MATINEE, at his residence, 17, Westbourne-square, Friday, 15, May, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists.—Madame Parpa, Mr. Francis Talford, Miss Graham, Signor Ciabatta, and Signor Rossi. Instrumentalists.—Herr Willem Coenen, Violoncello, Signor Wally; Herr Herr Oberthur; Piano, Mr. Aguilar. Conductor.—Herr Wilhelm Gann. Tickets 1s. each, to be had of Mr. COHEN, 2, Westbourne-square, and at Messrs. CHAMBER, BAKER & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMAN'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, Saturday, May 13th, at 3 o'clock. Programme includes:—Bach's Sonata A major, piano and violin; Beethoven's sonata; Mendelssohn's sonata B flat, piano and cello; Schumann's quintet; vocal and pianoforte compositions of Miss A. Zimmerman, 20. Artists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Adelaide Corbille (by kind permission of the opera company), Mr. W. H. Cummings, Messrs. David, Wilson, Walter, Signor Pizzati; pianoforte, Miss A. Zimmerman. Conductor—Signor Randegger. Stall, 16s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s. each—at the Hanover-square Rooms, and of Messrs ZIMMERMAN, No. 13, Dorchester-place, N.W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce she will give a series of Pianoforte Recitals at her residence, 20, Princess Square, Hyde Park, W., on Wednesday, May 3rd and Friday, June 24th. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-guinea. To be had of Miss SCHILLER, and all the principal Music-sellers.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce that her First Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, the 26th MAY. Full particulars will be duly announced.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce that his annual Matinee for Classical Pianoforte Music, will take place at the Conservatoire, 12, Overstone Street, on May 26th and June 16th, at 5 o'clock, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent artists of the season. All applications, and also all engagements for lessons, to HERR LEHMEYER, 2, Fovey Street, Bedford-square.

ATOMMAS' RECITALS AT THE CONSERVATOIRE DE LA HARPE (16, Harley-street, Cavendish-square) on the Evenings of Tuesday, May 8th and 22nd, and June 6th. Programmes and prospectuses of the Conservatoire (with terms of instruction, &c.) may be obtained on application, and at the Music-sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Madame Santini, pianoforte, will play a Violoncello Concerto, at the Public Rehearsal of the New Philharmonic Concerts, THIS DAY, Saturday, May 6th, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday, May 10th.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Madlle. TITLERS and Mr. SANTINI will sing at the Public Rehearsal of the New Philharmonic Concert, THIS DAY, Saturday, May 6th, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday, May 10th.

GLASGOW CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Secretary, Mr. Arlie, will be in town on Wednesday, 10th inst., to remain for Eight or Ten days, and may be communicated with at SEARLE'S Hotel, 37, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

MADLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN'S PIANO-FORTE RECITAL will take place at WALLIS's large room, St. James's, June 2.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she will give an Evening Concert on Tuesday, May 23rd, at the Hanover Square Rooms. All communications to be addressed to her at her new residence, 64, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, Baywater.

MADLE. MARIE WIECK, sister of Mde. Schumann, has arrived in London. Applications, respecting engagements or pupils (either for the pianoforte or singing), to be addressed to Messrs. CHAPMAN, music publishers, 46, New Bond-street, or to her residence, 23, Fulham-place, Maida-hill.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN will play his two new compositions, "Harebells" (Mazurka) and "Taranella," at his first pianoforte performance, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Saturday Morning, May 6th.

MADLES. EMILIE AND CONSTANCE GEORGI. All communications respecting engagements for public or private Concerts, &c., are requested to be addressed to the care of Mr. J. J. Jazart, at Messrs. DUNNAN Davidson and Co., 24 Regent-street.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing "BEST THEN BARE," (Lullaby) composed expressly for her by C. J. Hargitt, at Mr. Van Praag's Concert, St. James's-hall, Thursday Evening next, May 11th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. VAN PRAAG'S Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Evening next, May 11th.

MADLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce, although engaged for an operative tour in the Provinces, she can accept engagements for Public or Private Concerts.—Address to the care of Messrs. DUNNAN Davidson and Co., 24, Regent-street.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing, "THE SONG OF MAY," by W. VICTORY WALLACE, at Collard's Rooms, May 11th.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing "Je voudrais fire" sung with her accompaniment, composed by CHARLES OVERSTROM, at Miss Elliott's Matinée, May 18.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MADMOISELLE LIEBHART.—All letters for Madlle. Liebhart to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MR. HERBERT BOND (Tenor), of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, can now accept engagements for Town or Country. All communications to be addressed to Mr. MARRY CLAWSON, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honour of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 1, Robt Square.

MADLE. EMMY POYET, Court-singer to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elvire of Signor Roman, has the honor to announce that she has arrived in London, and offers to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCURRY & Co., 108, Regent-street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the season. Communications to be addressed to one of Messrs. DUNNAN Davidson & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 24, Regent-street.

HERONYMUS, OR GRAND AMATI VIOLIN. A splendid specimen, of fine tone, and in excellent preservation. To secure speedy sale will be offered a bargain. To be seen at Messrs. WITKINS and Co., 31, Coventry-street, after 10th April.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing, "THE DREAM HAT Evening, May 11th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia "WAVELAND," at Crocydon, April 18th, and Leighton Buzzard, April 19th.

MADLE. LINDA will sing at Richmond, on Monday, "An! Non Chandra," Arditi's "L'OSFANELLA," and the great, "SWAN MURDER," with Miss JULIA ELYON. Communications for engagements, &c., to be addressed to Messrs. DUNNAN Davidson & Co., foreign music warehouse, 24, Regent-street.

TO ORGANISTS.

WANTED, for All Saints' Church, Nottingham, in June next, an Organist qualified to train the Choir, and to conduct the musical part of the services efficiently. Salary £35 a year.—Apply by letter, enclosing testimonials, to the Incumbent and Churchwardens, All Saints', Nottingham.

WANTED, a First-class Pianoforte Tunner for the Country, from Broadwood's preferred.—Apply, by letter only, to Messrs. WHITSTONE'S, 26, Coombe-street, W.

Just published, price 2s.,

MISS MARION PITMAN'S New Song, "VARIATIONS ON THE ELITE WALTZ" (With portrait).

O! YE TEARS! O! YE TEARS! (Poetry by Dr. Mackay.) Arranged for two voices by the composer FRANK AUB. 2s. 6d.

KATHLEEN AROON.—Poetry by Miss CRAWFORD. Arranged for two voices by the composer FRANK AUB. 2s. 6d. London: Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington Street.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERINGTON will sing FRANK AUB's popular ballad "O! ye tears! O! ye tears!" (Poetry by Dr. Mackay) at Mr. Van Praag's concert, on the 11th inst.; at Miss ZIMMERMAN's matinee on the 13th; and at Mrs. Holme's matinee on the 29th May. Programmes at Robert Cooks and Co.'s.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY'S
EDITION OF
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Arranged for a Contralto Voice, and sung by
MADAME SAINTON DOLBY.
Price Three shillings.
London: RAZAFAN & Son, 1, Prince Street, Oxford Circus.

Just Published,

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SERVICE BOOK, comprising 30 Psalms and the 72 DUM, pointed for Chanting, by CHAS. HASTES, the Liturgy noted, the Commandments, and a Medical Responses, a General Responses, a Anthem, and 104 Hymn Tunes. Compiled by J. A. BAKER, Hon. Organist and Choir Master of Edgmont Congregational Chapel, Birmingham. Price 2s. cloth.

S. B. HOWELL, 42, New Street, Birmingham.
SHIRKIE & MARSHALL, London.
A superior Edition, on large paper, price 5s., and an Edition of the words only, price 6d., cloth 6d., in paper covers, are in course of publication.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

By Dr. HEINRICH KREISLE VON HELLDORF.*

I.

Heinrich von Kreisle,—as we learn from an interesting article in the *Niederösterreichische Musik-Zeitung*—published, three or four years ago, a *Biographical Sketch of Franz Schubert*, which, despite its unpromising character, was the best of the kind which had, up to that time, appeared concerning the great composer, similar productions, given to the world shortly after his decease, being only short notices, scattered in various periodicals of the day. It was, by the bye, Schubert's strange fate, that, for more than thirty years after he died, and despite the fact that the creations of his intellect had achieved a triumph over the entire educated world, while the appreciation of his fertile talent had risen till it had become a perfect Schubert worship, no attempt had been made to bring out an actual biography, and everything relating to his life, his mode of working, his existence apart from his art, etc., was introduced to the public partly in the garb of fantastic invention, and partly in the shape of anecdotal gossip. There was no dearth of projects to give an account of his life and works: thus, we know from Liszt's list that after he had published his book on Chopin he was collecting materials for a life of Schubert, and took a great interest in the task. We learn also, from Kreisle's preface, that Herr Anselm Hüttenbrenner, a friend of Schubert's, had furnished Liszt with materials of this kind, and, furthermore, that certain gentlemen in Vienna likewise entertained the purpose of writing the life of Schubert. But nothing came of all this, and the reasons are very correctly explained by the present biographer in his preface. After acknowledging that the publication of the sketch already mentioned was the cause of his receiving from many persons unknown to him welcome information, and that, thanks to this information as well as to his own exertions, he gradually became possessed of a comparatively rich stock of materials, he continues thus:—

"The difficulties with which we have to contend in writing an account of Schubert's life remain, it is true, the same. They culminate in the impossibility, when dealing with a life in which there were neither mountains nor valleys, but only a well-worn level where, on our composer moved forward with rhythmical regularity, of rendering that life interesting and important without offering the reader, instead of truth, traits of fancy which for the moment might perhaps excite and amuse him, but would in no way advance the object in view." This is precisely the reason why even persons who had it in their power to afford us a great deal of trustworthy information concerning Schubert's life, have, after repeated attempts at more extensive works of this kind, finally fallen back upon the assertion that a biography of Schubert was nothing more nor less than an impracticable undertaking, because in consequence of his outward existence being so completely detached from everything relating to his intellectual life he is to be represented and understood only by his musical inspirations. There is certainly a grain of truth in the assertion: on account of the absence of intimate intimacy between inward and outward life, every biography of Schubert's bears, more or less, the stamp of sketchiness, and the enumeration and appreciation of his artistic efforts always lay claim to a disproportionately large space. This view of the case, however, just because it asserts too much, did not exert the slightest effect in restraining me from again venturing with increased strength upon the attempt thus deprecated, and endeavouring to carry it out to the best of my endeavours. It is my conviction, based upon experience, that, at no distant time, in consequence of the death of the still living witnesses of Schubert's outward existence, a biography of him will become an impossibility, and further, despite so many unavoidable gaps, that all essential particulars it would be difficult to offer more than is contained in the present work, necessary one, taking up his station upon purely musical ground, felt the inclination, and had the leisure critically to dissect Schubert's compositions, which number about one thousand."

After a perusal of the book we feel bound to declare that the author is perfectly justified in stating that we can scarcely expect

* Vienna, published by Karl Gerold's son, 1865. VI. and 630 pages, in 8vo., with Schubert's portrait and Autograph of the tenth July 1821.

† Such poetical "Fancies," colored by the feelings of the authors, have actually appeared in print. By far the greater part of their contents belongs to the domain of fancy, and is merely calculated to cause [the composer to appear in a light very different from that of the reality.

to see a more complete stock of information concerning Schubert's life than that now published. The musical world is, therefore, greatly indebted to him for the publication of the work, because, to the best of his knowledge and ability, he gives us the historical truth without being in the least swayed by the fact of its dispelling favorable and dreamy notions or annihilating unfavorable and calumnious ones. If, in pursuance of this plan he sometimes descends to trivial instances of conscientiousness in the reproduction of unimportant statements concerning Schubert, only indirectly and outwardly, may more, if he exposes himself to the danger of being reproached by many readers for dryness, we, on the other hand, confess that though the book might certainly have been less voluminous, and consequently the circulation of it, which is so desirable, have been facilitated by greater cheapness, this copiousness, even when it refers to matters of more narrow interest, or to economical questions, is, in our eyes, far preferable to the so-called florid style of a biographer, who colors with his own personal views everything relating to his hero. Then again, "The absence of intimate intimacy between inward and outward life," as the author says in the preface above quoted, renders, we must say fortunately, another kind of artistic biography impossible in the case of Schubert. We allude to the psychological explanations of the process pursued by genius from the outward circumstances, adventures, nay, bodily condition of the poet or of the composer; the construction of his "I" from the first manifestations of his mind to the highest exertions of the latter; the proof of the necessity not only of his development according to definite and general tendencies, but even of the origin of isolated works, and a multitude of other enigmas, which human pride arrogantly undertakes to explain by the dissection of a divine nature. But even the boldest psychological commentator, most skilled in dialectics, will in the presence of the thousand works of a purely musical genius like Schubert, strike his forehead and be fairly brought to a standstill.

And does not very frequently a statement of naked facts speak to us more instructively and more impressively, nay does it not more deeply move us than mere reasoning and sentimental declamation? Can we receive a more plain notion of the lot of a musical genius in his relations to the music trade than by the reproduction of letters addressed by publishers of repute to the composer, such for instance, as the letter of H. A. Probst, of Leipzig, who (April, 1828, half a year before Schubert's death!) paid him for the E flat major trio, Op. 100, 20 florins, 50 kreutzers, "because a trio is as a rule only an honorary title, and there is seldom much to be got by it!" (Page 434.) Besides asking about the Opus number, he requested information concerning some dedication or other, and Schubert replied:—

"The Opus of the trio is 100. The work will be dedicated to no one, except to such as are pleased with it. This is the most laudative dedication." (Page 435.)

And what shall we think, too, on reading that the property left by Schubert at his death was valued by the authorities (the manuscripts of course counted for nothing) at 63 florins, and that his father himself, in poverty, paid for him debts to the amount of 269 florins, 19 kreutzers, incurred during his illness and for his funeral, while Haslinger, according to his own admission, had up to 1860 made 27000 florins by the song of "Der Wanderer." Should we not, too, attach value to the simple letters of his brother Ferdinand to his father, and of the latter to Ferdinand, with whom Franz lived, letters which give us so touching an account of the last moments of the dying man; and are not these letters both more beautiful and more trustworthy monuments of the love of his relations for him than the loudest protestations of strangers?

His father (a schoolmaster in the Roman, Vienna) writes on the morning that Franz died—the 19th November, 1828—to Ferdinand:—

"My dear son Ferdinand, the days of sorrow and grief weigh heavily upon us. The dangerous illness of our beloved Franz painfully affects our spirits. There is nothing left for us in these days of sorrow except to seek consolation from Almighty God, and to have with steady resignation to His holy will every misfortune that strikes us, in conformity with His wise dispensation; the end will convince us of His wisdom and goodness and bring us peace. Therefore, take courage and have a lively faith in God: He will strengthen you so that you shall not succumb, and his blessing will assure you a happy future. Do only what you can that our good Franz shall immediately

receive the Holy Sacraments of the dying, and I live in the consolatory hope that God will strengthen and preserve him. Sorrowing, but strengthened by my reliance in God, I remain your affectionate father.

FRANZ."

And this was Ferdinand's letter of the 21st November, 1828:—
 "BELOVED AND RESPECTED FATHER.—Very many persons express a wish for the body of our good Franz to be buried in the Wahringier Churchyard. Of these many persons I am decidedly one, because I think I have reason to be so on account of Franz himself, since, on the evening previous to his death he said to me, as he was in half-possession of his senses: 'I entreat you to carry me into my room, and not to leave me in this corner under the ground; for do I not merit a place above ground?' I answered: 'But Franz, may you not speak easily, believe in your brother Ferdinand, in whom you have always believed, and who loves you so dearly. You are in the room in which you have always been up to the present time, and are lying in your bed.'—And Franz said: 'No; that's not true, *Beethoven* does not lie here!—Is not this an indication of a most earnest wish on his part to rest by the side of *Beethoven*, whom he so honored? I have spoken, therefore, to *Hindler* and enquired how much it would cost to have him buried there, and it would amount to about 70 florins sterling.—A great deal! A very great deal!—But for Franz certainly very little!—For my part I could spare for a time 40 florins, for I received 60 yesterday. If, my dear father, you are of my opinion, a great weight will be taken from my heart. But you must make up your mind immediately, and let me know at once by the bearer of this, so that I may arrange about the hearse. You must also take measures to have the clergyman in Wahring informed of the fact this morning.—Your sorrowing son,
 FERDINAND."

"21st November, 1828.—Six o'clock in the morning."

The father acted immediately upon the suggestion and thus the wish of Schubert, who, even in his feverish dreams, expressed his desire to rest by the side of *Beethoven*, was fulfilled as far as possible; his grave (No. 225) being separated by only three others from that of *Beethoven* (No. 290) in the garden-like Wahringier churchyard.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR TEACHING THE BLIND TO READ.—The anniversary meeting of the above society took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday, the 27th ult., and a crowded assemblage testified to the general public interest in the welfare of the society. The proceedings may be described as oratorical and musical—speeches being supplied by the Earl of Shaftesbury, J. Colquhoun, Esq., Major General Nuttall, Rev. Dr. Peille and others, interspersed by a good selection of music carefully interpreted by the pupils of the society. The familiar duet and choros, "I wait for the Lord," from the *Lodgeng*, the ever-welcome "We watching over Lazar!" from *Elizah*, and a part-song by J. L. Hatton, were the most prominent of the vocal pieces, while the instrumental proficiency of the scholars was displayed in a Grand March for the Pianoforte, composed by R. J. Wilnot and played by the composer and Mr. W. Allen, and by the *Bande* ("Consolation," Dussek), performed in a most praiseworthy manner by the last-named gentleman. So satisfactory indeed, were the exhibitions of Mr. Allen and Mr. Wilnot that even so hasty a notice as this must not be closed without an acknowledgment of the services of Mr. Edwin Barnes, the professor of music at the Society's Schools, and therefore the instructor of the performers and the conductor of the performances above referred to.

THE CIVIL SERVICE MENIAL SOCIETY.—We are authorized to announce that Mr. Frederic Clay, the Vice-President of this society, has received a communication from General Knollys intimating the willingness of the Prince of Wales to accede to a generally expressed wish that his Royal Highness should honour the society by becoming its patron. The Prince, at the same time, transmitted a cheque for ten guineas, requesting to be enrolled as a life member. The Duke of Cambridge has similarly testified his interest in the society. Viscount Palmerston, Earl Granville, Earl of Grey and Ripon, Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Donoughmore, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Dufferin, Sir Charles Wood, Sir Edward Ryan, and other distinguished personages, have also joined; and Mr. W. H. Stephenson, chairman of the board of inland revenue, expressed his readiness to contribute to the office of President. The object of this society is to cultivate and concentrate musical ability in the Civil Service, not entering into rivalry with any other institution of a similar nature, professional or amateur; and it is needless to insist on the advantage of providing for the large number of gentlemen employed in Government offices in London an agreeable and attractive amusement, with the stimulus of occasional concerts, which will be given as soon as the classes, already in active operation, shall have made sufficient progress to justify their appearance before the public.—*Times*.

* The original of this letter is in the possession of Herr von Krömer.

L'AFRICAIN.

On Saturday morning, shortly after one o'clock, the representation of *L'Africain*, which began, with a punctuality quite military, at a quarter-past seven, was terminated. I hasten to give you the impressions which this grand occasion has produced upon me, believing that it will not be without some interest for the readers of the *Indpendant*, were it only as an offering to the memory of the deceased. I took my place in the orchestra through the Rue Lepelletier, which was magnificently lighted as far as the Boulevards, seeing the facade of the opera outlined under its garlands of gas, and marked from space to space by symbolical stars, beholding the crowds of carriages filled with young women in splendid toilettes, and ornamented with flowers and diamonds, and I could not refrain from thinking I was going to witness a splendid fête. It was a fête, and a great operatic fête. The Emperor and Empress, who took possession of their box a little before the end of the first act, were dressed in deep mourning, and some ladies in the boxes of the first tier were also similarly attired. In general the gentlemen adopted a black dress and a white cravat. The vast space of the opera was filled to the ceiling with a crowd of young ladies, whose spring toilettes, full of splendour and freshness, brought out in the most pleasing manner the sombre groundwork of the scene. A great number of the official world were present, no doubt as a portion of the cortège of the Emperor, who decidedly leaves to-morrow for Algeria, as well as to witness a second time the work of Meyerbeer, of which they had already a foretaste in the general rehearsal, which took place on Sunday evening.

The impressions produced on the first occasion were entirely confirmed by the final trial which has just taken place. The success was so great and decided that we have to register a new *chef d'œuvre* for its composer. Can the same be said for the author of the poem? I doubt it; he has obtained but a hypothetical success.

You already know that the subject of *L'Africain* is Vasco de Gama, the bold Portuguese navigator whose glory and adventures have been described by Camoens in his *Lusiads*. I frankly confess to you that I never read the poem composed in honor of Vasco de Gama, Count of Vidigueira and Admiral of the Indies. I am therefore totally unable to say whether there is to be found in the poem the least trace of the double love which the hero felt for Donna Inez, a daughter of a member of the Royal Council, and for a beautiful African slave called Selika, who before she was made a captive was the powerful Queen of Malgache. I am even inclined to think that this double love, like many other details of the new work, has had its origin in the imagination of the poet, and is not to be found in the historical facts of our era; for, if we are to believe the historians, Vasco de Gama, born about 1460, was not less than fifty years when he was sent by King Emmanuel to seek the new route to India by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Now this is not precisely the age of love; but in the theatre, and especially in an operatic poem, we must not look too close. However this may be, it is in the changes to which this double love gives rise that the librettist has sought the interest of his action, or of his plot. There is, at least, an element of curiosity in the situation of a man like Vasco de Gama placed between two women, both of whom he loves successively, if not simultaneously, the one because he owes her much gratitude, the other simply because he owes her nothing but the happiness of loving and being loved. But for an operatic poem a half-psychological and physical subject would not suffice; therefore each of these two ladies has a second lover, whose assiduities they experience with regret. Donna Inez, the European, is betrothed from the rising of the curtain to a great lord, Don Pedro, President of the Royal Council. Selika, the African, has a companion in slavery, a certain Neutoko, who was also a great chief in the island of Madagascar before he became captive through an improbable adventure at sea. These two lovers are naturally jealous, with all the strength of lovers in Portugal and Africa, and the one is quite as passionale as the other. However, the jealousy of the Portuguese is more legitimate, because Donna Inez becomes his wife. You now understand all the obstacles against which the incautious Vasco de Gama had to contend. If he paid his court to Donna Inez, the jealous Selika will be sure to make him repent of it; if he escapes from the terrible Portuguese, the indignant Malgachien is ready to punish him. He must be a very adroit navigator to steer his barque between these opposite rocks. Here, therefore, are five leading personages well marked. *L'Africain* is in five acts, and passes through three places of action: the first takes place in Lisbon, the second at sea; the third in the island of Madagascar—at least we suppose it is there. In the first act the scene is in the council chamber of the King of Portugal. Vasco de Gama, who was believed to have been lost at sea in one of his daring nautical expeditions, suddenly appears—first because of his love to Donna Inez, next because he is more than ever determined of doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and finally because of his route to India. Called upon to explain himself upon this point before the council, of which the Grand Inquisitor and the bishops are

members, he is condemned to expiate in chains in the depths of a prison the crime of having maintained the existence of distant countries of which the Scriptures have not spoken. Let us not forget that the action is placed in the 15th century, when the Papal encyclicals were a reality. The second act takes place in the cells of the Inquisition. It seems that this terrible tribunal was not as cruel as the historians have painted it, since the beautiful African slave Selika was admitted to be the companion of her master and to console him. The act concludes by a real thunderclap. Donna Inez presents herself in person in the prison, and announces to Vasco that he is free; but, alas! she has paid dearly for the liberty of her lover, because she has given her hand to Don Pedro. As if this was not sufficiently unfortunate, this same Don Pedro being such an intriguer, he was jealous, and got himself nominated as admiral of the fleet which he was about to proceed to discover the passage to India. This is a free translation of the *sic vos non vobis* of Virgil translated into opera.

In the third act we are on the Indian sea on board the famous vessel of which so much has been said. This is the admiral's vessel, on which, like a prudent husband, Don Pedro put on board his wife, and of which Nelusko is pilot. One need not be a great conjuror to divine that Vasco de Gama will find some means of snatching himself with the object of his passion—nay, with the two objects—for Selika has become the slave of Donna Inez. But the audacious mariner is surprised by the Admiral Don Pedro, who prepares to put him to death. Just as this act of summary justice is about to be accomplished a tempest takes place, the vessel, put upon the wrong course by the perditional Nelusko, strikes upon a rock, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country leap on board with arms in their hands, to massacre the crew and passengers. A gesture of Selika stops them. This is striking and magnificent.

The fourth and fifth acts take place to all appearance in the island of Madagascar, although the libretto does not say so, and although the pagodas and Hindoo monuments, which serve for decoration, certainly display a civilisation far more advanced than existed in that quarter of the globe, or, perhaps, exist even now, in the 19th century. Selika, from a slave, has become queen, and as she is desperately in love with Vasco de Gama, she will certainly do everything in her power to save his life. There is only one means left for effecting this; it is to announce that he is her husband. Nelusko is stupefied. The gratitude of Vasco, who gives himself, perhaps too easily, to joy, because he is safe and sound, and under the influence of some excitement, is displayed in an admirable duet with Selika. In the midst of this burst of mutual tenderness the voice of Donna Inez, who is going to be put to death, is heard, and the distance which she had to travel below banks of the Tagus and to life. Vasco starts and turns pale. Selika divines the reason.

The fifth act is composed of two tableaux. The first takes place in the gardens of the Queen, who has invited her rival for the purpose, no doubt, of insulting and wounding her before putting her to death; but by one of those sudden outbreaks of madness which are common in the Tropics as well as in Europe the African takes pity on her victim, and calls Nelusko to her. She orders him secretly to put De Gama and Inez on board a vessel which is about to sail for Portugal; then knowing that she could not survive the loss of the handsome European to whom she was so devotedly attached, she proceeds to the headland where the magnificent tree, whose shadow is death, rises in its funeral majesty. At the foot of the tree, which covers with its thick foliage the greatest portion of the large scene of the opera, the sacrifice which forms the poetic subject of the second tableau takes place. The scene is a marvel of color and effect. Here it is that Selika, having before her eyes the vast ocean on which appeared in the distance the vessel which was to bear De Gama and Inez, inspires with a sombre pleasure the fatal perfume of the fruit with red leaves, which leads gradually from delirium to death. Nelusko, alone the witness of her agony, remains bent beside his queen, whom he has so much loved, and who, if she is not to be his, will not at least belong to anybody else. This is the substance of the libretto. There are certainly others more interesting, more dramatic, and even more happily conceived; but Meyerbeer, who understood the subject and who could exercise a selection from a certain number of poems, gave the preference to the present one, and the effect of the first representation shows that he was not quite wrong. There is in *L'Africaine* what we rarely find in this kind of theatrical productions, the difficulties of which are greater than in the grand operas, more dramatic, and more happily conceived and combined, and in default of a very marked opposition in the sentiments of the persons, all of them lovers in their fashion, a certain variety of types which has supplied to the composer the subject of many a sublime passage and more than one inspiration, which will become immortal like the name of Meyerbeer himself.

Without doubt the *Africaine* is not a masterpiece, but it is a grand. In the three first acts especially, it is the lyrical *madness* after the fashion of Gluck, which prevails, and we feel that this ma-

jestic Janna—bifrons of music, one of whose faces was constantly towards Germany, his country, whilst the other was turned towards Italy, and perhaps a little towards France, wished, as far as possible to fix his eyes on the side of the Rhine, but from the beginning of the fourth act the melody flows in full flood, and even in the preceding acts, where it is absent from the singing, we discover it in the marvellous arrangement of the orchestra. It shall confine myself at present to pointing out the portions which have produced the strongest and most profound effect. In the first act the chorus for basses of the grand inquisition, and the bishops, "Yon whom the world reveres," which was enclosed in the second act; the slumber song, by Mdlle. Saxe (Selika), "On my knees, child of the sun!" in the third act; the choruses so varied in rhythm, of which I shall confine myself to a masterly and instrumental and choral melody, as also a magnificent phrase recited by Faure (Nelusko) with incomparable power. "To the north, turn to the north; or if not death." In the fourth act we may mention almost all the pieces, but that which raised a transport of enthusiasm was a duet, full of tenderness and sweetness, between Naudin and Mdlle. Saxe. Never did Meyerbeer display more of the inspiration of love. One might almost say that the notes fall like the tears of a virgin into the cup of a lotus. In the fifth act the entire theatre burst forth into wild applause when the orchestra executed the symphonic prelude in the time of a funeral march, which precedes the arrival of Selika under the machine-tree. In this there are 16 bars, executed in unison by alto, viola, and violin, on the fourth string, the fascinating melody of which is inexpressible. Although the hour was far advanced there was a desire to hear this prelude several times, the audience could not do without it, and when, according to usual custom, the pit loudly demanded the name of the author, and the curtain was raised for a kind of apotheosis, in which all the artists were grouped around the bust of the immortal author, the eyes of many were fixed on the melody which is inexpressible. It was like the song of the dying swan. As to the performance, Naudin, Faure, and Mdlle. Saxe, whom the composer had himself pointed out before his death as the interpreters of his work, were deserving of the highest praise. Perhaps Mdlle. Saxe deserves the highest place of all. Her voice was splendid. Naudin is not exactly modelled like a hero and the recitation of the Italian singer was too prominent, but he sang the duet in the fourth act in the most charming manner. Faure, in his Malagachian dress was magnificent, and his voice was more sonorous and powerful than ever. The *displacement* in the fourth act is at once full of sweetness and richness; and the only pity is that it is so short. The scenery, especially that of the ship, which was put by the hand of the artist, was very fine, and the decker, of which so much has been said, had not much success, and shared the same fate as the libretto.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and Mr. Duncan Davison have returned from Paris with a good portion of the score of the *Africaine* in their portmanteaus.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Opera company in Broad Street is the best which has played in Birmingham for many years. The scenery and resources of the theatre, the taste and liberality of the manager, the completeness and precision of the band, and the vocal and acting powers of the company, leave little to be desired. The production of the best opera—new as well as old—deserves praise. The popular *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, and *The Bohemian Girl*, have been produced very fairly. The new opera of Gounod—*The Mock Doctor* and *Faust*—have been put upon the stage regardless of expense, and have been welcomed and applauded. Such enterprises deserve the reward of crowded houses and loud applause. Mdlle. Martorelle has a sweet and flexible voice, although there is a want of histrionic powers, and an artificial style in her action, which detract from the effect she produces. Miss Huddart, as Azucena, was admirable in make-up. Miss Thirlwall's Siebel—subordinate as this character is—was carefully studied and played. The new tenor, Mr. Adams, young as he looks, and with greater powers as a vocal and acting power, than experienced tenors often possess, has a clear voice, of great range, and attained a remarkable success. Mr. Albert Lawrence, with an excellent baritone voice, has played and sung uniformly well; while Mr. Henry Corri has surpassed all expectations by his versatility. Whether as Dominique, in the *Mock Doctor*, Mephistopheles in *Faust*, or Devil's Advocate in *The Bohemian Girl*, Mr. Corri's dissimilar powers as an actor and acting power. Herr Meyer Laid, conductor of the band, is entitled to a special word of praise. The Ballet has, perhaps, never been rivalled in this town. If Mdlle. Duchateau is less classically graceful than Ida Idalie, she dances with skill, and is capably supported by Mdlle. Esther. The dumb drolleries of the inimitable Payne Family can only be seen, and cannot be described; and whoever has not seen the *belles d'actions* of this family can form no idea how much can be expressed without uttering a word.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL TO HERR MANN.—Saturday last brought to a close the series of musical entertainments of the season 1864-65, which have been marked throughout by discriminating taste and uniform excellence. In consequence of the enthusiastic reception awarded to the "Choral Symphony" on the preceding Saturday, and of the inability of many visitors to get within the concert-room, this magnificent composition was repeated on Saturday last, and drew together a more numerous, and, if possible, a more delighted audience. Having already spoken of last week's performance, we need only add that the second was, for all concerned in its execution, a genuine triumph, and for all who listened an unequalled treat. At its close Mr. Mann was loudly cheered. The solo vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wihbey Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

Immediately after the concert several of the directors and of the gentlemen who had interested themselves in the "Mann's Testimonial," the subscribers and their friends, repaired to the Terrace Dining-room, where, on a platform raised for the occasion, were exhibited the magnificent and costly *Sèvres* clock and vase, which, with a purse of 200 guineas, were to be presented to the popular conductor.

Mr. Scott Russell having been elected to the chair, said that he, as a director of the Crystal Palace Company, deemed himself happy and privileged in being chosen to present, in the name of his brother directors, and Mr. Mann's friends and admirers, a testimonial which that gentleman so well merited. The chairman spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Mann's known ability and conscientious efforts to raise the standard of excellence of the Crystal Palace musical performances. For the last ten years he had had frequent opportunities of judging of Mr. Mann's talents and personal character, and rejoiced at having the opportunity publicly to state that he esteemed him equally in his artistic and private capacity. "Ten years ago," said Mr. Scott Russell, "we, old inhabitants of the district, viewed the Crystal Palace as an intruder on the privacy of our homes and retirement; now, on the contrary, we daily repair to our different evocations in the busy and crowded City of three millions, knowing and rejoicing that we leave our wives and daughters amidst such varied sources of intellectual, refining, and elevating amusements as might be envied by the proud and highest in the land."

Mr. Mann, who was evidently touched by the kind and laudatory manner in which he had just been spoken of, stepped forward to return his thanks, but was allowed a few bars' rest by repeated rounds of cheers and applause, in which his fair admirers took a prominent part. Mr. Mann in a next and direct speech begged to be remembered to his heart's all concerned in this demonstration of approval and goodwill towards him, assuring them that ten years' arduous professional exertions and cares were more than repaid by the reception he had met with. "If," said he, "the mere wish to do good is sufficient to afford happiness to many, what must my feelings be in looking back on the scene of my labors amongst you, honored and cheered by the esteem and approbation of those who so often come to listen to the strains of the fine band which it is my privilege to conduct, and which is so efficiently maintained by the liberality of my directors. I felt proud indeed of the kind things said of me by Mr. Scott Russell, because I find that I have justified the confidence which, ten years ago, when music was detested here, he was pleased to place in me, then a comparative stranger, and I gladly receive at his hands this most handsome testimonial, which my wife and I shall always hold most precious, and which I shall teach my little girl to revere as the expression of the esteem entertained for her father by his humble but honest efforts in the cause of art by those whom he trusts still to serve and please until his hair is silver grey."

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

What should have been the distinguishing point of the second concert, which took place on Wednesday night in St. James's hall, proved unfortunately but little effect. It was, nevertheless, a work entirely unknown to the audience. The band of the Musical Society of London, unequalled in numerical strength, guided by a conductor whose superior it would be difficult to find, and comprising in its ranks, with very few exceptions, the best instrumental players in the country, must, nevertheless, be to its credit. Its execution was that on the occasion under notice of Herr Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony in E minor ("Es muss doch Fröhlich werden"). It is not likely to sustain the reputation it has won by many really admirable, some quite first-class, performances. Although the symphony is not absolutely new, having been given at the *Uttendort* Festival of 1856, it has recently been published, and dedicated to the Musical Society of London. A complaint was marked, from a composer of European name, a young fellow of the society, Director of the Conservatory at Cologne, Mendelssohn's contemporary, friend, and in some sort rival, should, we

think, have met with proportionate consideration. But the fatal system of presenting a strange composition, however elaborate, after the experience of one solitary rehearsal, obtains at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, as at those of other societies which do not pretend to half so much. The consequence is that the symphony of Herr Ferdinand Hiller shared the fate of Mr. Henry Brühns' *Erntedankfest* at the previous concert. It was for the most part coarsely performed by the orchestra, and altogether ill-appreciated by the audience. Mr. Smart's *cantata*, a composition of very eminent merit, was received with enthusiasm at the Birmingham Festival, last September, and more recently at the Liverpool Philharmonic. Herr Ferdinand Hiller's symphony has passed the ordeal of the sternest judges in Germany. Both fell dead before the audience of professors and "connoisseurs," the Musical Society of London; and neither, it must be admitted, owed anything to the manner in which they were executed. The same was the case some time ago with Schubert's imaginative symphony in C, which Mendelssohn loved, and himself brought to England, of which Schumann wrote in terms of rapture, which Dr. Widsa has made thoroughly acceptable to the audiences of the New Philharmonic, and which was hissed by some of the members of the Musical Society of London—just as the superb overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* was hissed in the "dark ages" of the elder Philharmonic Society, where now it would meet with its deserts. Under the circumstances, we shall merely say of the symphony of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, that it is the mastery work of a genuine master of his art, and that it merited both a more refined execution and a more cordial reception.

About the rest of the concert we can only speak in terms of eulogy. The overture to *Ruy Blas* at the beginning, and that to *Oberon* at the end of the programme, were performed in such a style as would have delighted both Mendelssohn and Weber. Our most appreciative soprano, Miss Louisa Pyne, sang the beautiful scene from Mr. Vincent Wallace's *Lurline* ("Sad is my soul"), and a brilliant *bravura* from Auber's opera *L'Ambasadorie*, in her most finished manner, and all these were received with hearty demonstrations of approval.

But the feature of the concert was, beyond comparison, Madame Clara Schumann's very fine performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E-flat—"the Emperor Concerto," as it has been appropriately styled. It would be difficult to imagine anything more intelligent than her reading of this magnificent work, from end to end. Every phrase was rightly emphasized, every passage, dominant or subordinate, allowed its proper significance; and thus the right balance was preserved throughout. The Clara Wied of "Eusebius" and "Florence," the wife of the intellectual and aspiring pianist, Madame Schumann, showed herself worthy of her fame. The music and the performance were equally well understood; and the applause bestowed upon Madame Schumann, who was unanimously summoned at the conclusion, was enthusiastic. Unequalled praise may, with equal fairness, be bestowed upon Mr. Alfred Mellon and the band, for the admirable manner in which the orchestral accompaniments were played.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BACH'S MODE OF PLAYING.

SIR,—I protest against the dictum of your correspondent, "A Reader," that, "because Bach has remained the greatest contrapuntal writer, it does not follow that his way of playing should be the best." This is truly putting Bach on his back with a vengeance! If human testimony is to go for anything, Bach was beyond all question the greatest organ-player as well as the greatest composer for that instrument that his or perhaps any other age has produced or will produce. But it must not be overlooked that the touch of organs in our day is vastly different from the touch of the instruments in the days of Bach. Had that great man lived in our time he would doubtless have accommodated his style of playing to the touch of the instruments on which he was to perform, and he would have to perforce to do so.

On this question of touch, however, it must be admitted that the authorities on organ playing are by no means at one among themselves. Perhaps some of your readers will kindly undertake to "resolve the discords" of their utterances.

First hear Dr. Griesenkerl of Brunswick, editor of the Leipzig edition of Bach's organ works. In his preface he describes the Bach touch, recommending it for the performance of all organ music. It will be observed that the Dr.'s remarks are characterized by all the usual German lucidness of style. Possibly the credit of this may belong to the translator.

"According to Bach's theory of touch, only the first finger which begins the passage is placed on the key, those which follow are not all placed on the keys, but as it were, spring in, the preceding finger being always drawn back quickly. The finger which keeps down the key serves as a support of the suitable pressure of the lower arm, which

was required for the keeping down of the key, but it is under the influence of the intention to continue this pressure to the following finger, and hence is like a spring, which would instantly fly back to the interior of the hand, if the pressure were diminished though but a little. This is done at the moment that the following finger, which of course is kept prepared for this, shall serve as a support for the pressure of the lower arm. The finger, in gliding from the key, does not remain back, but resumes immediately its natural position, suspended quietly and prepared over the keys, until it is again wanted. The energy and elasticity of the touch is lost, but very little movement of the fingers is visible, and the rest of the body has no part in it. Even the hand does not look strained, the fingers are not strained, the fingers are not bent claw-like, but are suspended in a natural curve above the keys."

"To the same effect, Mr. Higgin, editor of Handel's Five Fugues from the *Suites de Pianos*, arranged for the organ, in his preface observes:—"It is recorded of Handel's own performance, that his touch was so smooth that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys, and that they were so curved and compact when he played that no motion (and scarcely the fingers themselves) could be discovered." No doubt Handel's method of playing was very much like that of Sebastian Bach, thus described in Forkel's life of that great musician." Mr. Higgin then quotes from Forkel the passage on which your correspondent, "A Reader," comments, and which, as it has already appeared in your columns, I need not transcribe.

Now for the other side. Mr. Hopkins, than whom there is no better living authority, treats this special Bach and Handel touch as a style of playing as antiquated as the perukes and powder which these great musicians wore, or as the keyboard on which they played. I quote from Mr. Hopkins' elaborate work "on the construction of the organ," page 45. "The original keys of many of the old instruments were very short and disagreeable to play upon. Previous to the year 1720 (before which date Bach and Handel, both born in 1685, had fully matured their style of playing), the thumbs were but little used in organ-playing, but usually hang down in front of the manuals; consequently the portion of the natural that projected forward in front of the short keys was made to do so as little as possible, that the fingers might reach the so-called sharps with the more ease. It was the custom, moreover, instead of raising the fingers from the knuckles, to draw them under towards the palm of the hand, which accounts for the short manuals of old instruments, and for the hollow in the centre by the friction of the nails. When the thumb came to be more freely used on the natural, the front part of the natural was made a little longer; and when at length, in modern times, they were also freely employed on the short keys, those in their turn had to be elongated."

It would be greatly to the advantage of the musical world if Mr. Hopkins, or another equally qualified, would show how these conflicting opinions may be reconciled; or, if reconciliation be, as to me it appears, impossible, the open discussion of the best style of playing will be of no less interest. Further information as to the exact date when the short keyboards disappeared, would, I think, be desirable. It is taxing the faith of a student so small extent to tell him that Bach played his fugues without his hump. But if it should appear that he really did, and if it be decided that the Bach touch and no other is legitimate, ought we not consistently to return to the short keyboards, detaching our thumbs on outpost duty to look out for the stragglers that will inevitably slip through our fingers?

Your subscriber,

R. B. S.

Glasgow, 2nd May, 1865.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

TO LICHFIELD, BUCKINGHAM, ENGL.

SIR.—The performance of the *Creation* on Monday evening derived peculiar brilliancy from the reappearance of Mr. Santley, who has returned to England in, if possible, better voice than ever, and who is never more acceptable to the audiences who frequent Exeter Hall than when singing those songs in the *Creation* which it may fairly be said he has gained a new charm by his incomparable delivery. I need hardly say that the reception accorded to him was enthusiastic, or that he threw his whole soul into the pleasant task of justifying the high compliment so paid to his rare abilities. He sang magnificently, and gave the air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," with a voice and spirit not to be surpassed. Of course an encore was insisted upon, and under the circumstances might have been pardoned even by the inveterate hater of repetitions. The soprano music was chiefly sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, who made her usual impression in the lovely air, "With verdure clad," and the yet more brilliant "On mighty wings,"—both of which she sang to the uttermost degree of perfection. The solo with chorus, "The marvellous work beholds amazed," was delivered by Madame Andrea Elwood, a young lady with a pleasing soprano

voice, who produced a favorable effect; and the tenor songs were entrusted to Mr. B. Taylor, a singer new to the London public (from Rochester Cathedral, I believe). The choruses were carefully and well sung; "Achevered is the glorious work" with particular effect. "The Heavens are telling" with all effect, and the more delicate episodes with sympathetic taste. Altogether the performance was a success, and deserved the hearty reception it obtained from a crowded audience.—I am, Sir, yours,

LAVENDER PRITT.

MR. GYE has gone to Paris, no doubt to see the *Africaine*, and possibly to bring over Madlle. Adeline Patti.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHURCHES.—The preliminary arrangements for the next triennial festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, have just been made. The festival will be held this year at Gloucester, and the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September have been fixed as the dates. Dr. Wesley, the recently-elected organist of Gloucester Cathedral, has been chosen by the stewards as conductor of the festival, and he proceeds at once to arrange the programme, and make the necessary engagements of artists. No less than seventy-four of the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the district have consented to become stewards this year, whereas only a few years ago it was with some difficulty that a dozen names could be obtained. Among the stewards are the High Sheriff, J. A. G. Clarke, Esq., the Earl of Ellenborough, Lord Leigh, the Hon. Colonel Berkeley, M.P., Sir Michael E. Hicks Beach, Bart, M.P., Rev. Sir Lionel Dorell, Bart., the Ven. Sir George Prevost, Bart., Rev. Sir J. H. St. John, Bart., Canonur, Bart., the Hon. Sir J. D. Davis, Bart., K.C.B., Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P., Mr. E. Holland, M.P., Mr. Kingstone, M.P., Mr. J. J. Powell, M.P., Mr. Rolt, M.P., Mr. Yorke, M.P., &c.

DURHAM.—(From a correspondent.)—The members of the Durham Glee and Madrigal Union gave an evening concert in the New Town Hall, on Thursday week, in aid of the funds of the Durham County Hospital. The singers were Miss Sara Dobson and the City of Durham Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of the following members:—Alti, Messrs. Martin and Walker; tenors, Messrs. Price and Whitehead; bass, Messrs. J. Lambert, Kaye, and David Lambert. Dr. Armes presided at the pianoforte. The concert opened with a chorus of Adams', "Comrade in Arms," given by the Glee and Madrigal Union, and in which the excellence of the voices became at once apparent. The precision with which the points were attacked in such pieces as "On the water," "Glory and love" (*Faust*), the blending of the voices, and the contrast in the *pp* passages with the "roar" (*f*) of the *forte*, were perfect. In the choral pieces "Evening's Twilight" and "Soft Music" the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* passages were carefully observed, and the subdued passages marked by great delicacy; whilst the *fortissimo* passages were overwhelming. This excellence was also noticeable in "Tears of anguish," "The image of the rose," and "The cloud-capped towers," all of which were given with much effect. The solos were sung by Messrs. Lambert and Walker, and the vocal humming accompaniment had a most effective result. The low notes of the basses being like the subdued peal of the peal pipe of an organ. Of the other pieces we might name "When the wild winds," sung by Messrs. Walker, Price, Whitehead, and Kaye, and "The three dreams," sung by Miss Dobson, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. D. Lambert, as among the most satisfactory. The glee, "The breath of the briar," was excellently sung by Miss Dobson, Messrs. Martin, Whitehead, and J. Lambert. Miss Dobson has a well-toned and powerful soprano voice, and her singing of Rode's air with variations, and Horn's song, "I've been roaming," was greeted with immense applause. It was the lady's first appearance in Durham, and her success was such as to ensure her a hearty welcome on the occasion of any future visit. The "A.B.C. duet" was especially sung by Miss Dobson, and Mr. J. Lambert, the pure soprano of the former contrasting strongly with the deep and powerful bass voice of the latter, and securing an enthusiastic encore. Messrs. Whitehead and Price each contributed a song; the latter "The Death of Nelson," and the former Reichart's "Thou art so near and yet so far." Both these gentlemen possess good tenor voices, and their singing was marked by good taste. In Mendelssohn's peculiar song, "I'm a roamer," Mr. David Lambert displayed a compass of two octaves of a rich and highly-cultivated bass voice. The duet, "The Elxir of Love," was effectively sung by Messrs. Price and David Lambert. Dr. Armes presided at the pianoforte, accompanying all the vocal pieces most ably; and the concert concluded with the singing of the Anthem. Great credit is due to the members of the Union, and in particular to the indefatigable hon. treasurer and secretary, Mr. J. Lambert and Mr. W. J. Martin, for the admirable manner in which the arrangements for the concert were carried out. I hear that a handsome sum (from £60 to £70) will be handed over as the proceeds of the evening's entertainment, to that excellent Institution, the Durham County Hospital.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED; AND SEVENTY-EIGHTH CONCERT.

Monday Evening, May 6.

(NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON).

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, No. 45, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.—MR. JOACHIM, L. RINA, H. WEBER, and PIATTI . . . *Haydn.*
SONG, "Prison'd in a cage" (*Mock Doctor*).—MR. RINA SINGS . . . *Gounod.*
SONATA AFFECTIONATA, in F minor, Op. 81, for Pianoforte alone.—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat (dedicated to Mdlle. Birmanscher), for Pianoforte and Violin.—Mdlle. ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR JOACHIM . . . *Mozart.*
SONG, "O, ma maitresse" (*Lalla Rookh*).—MR. RINA SINGS . . . *Felicia David*
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, HERR JOACHIM, and SIGNOR PIATTI . . . *Mendelssohn.*

Conductor, . . . MR. BENEDICT.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS. (St. James's Hall.)

Second Recital, Friday Afternoon, May 12th.

PART I.

SONATA, in A minor, No. 10 (first time) . . . *Mozart.*
"SUITE FRANÇAISE, in E major . . . *S. Bach.*
SONATA, in F sharp minor, Op. 78 . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in A major (first time) . . . *Schubert.*
PRELUDE & FUGUE, in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1 . . . *Mendelssohn.*
"MOMENTO CAPRICcioso," in B flat, Op. 12 . . . *Wolff.*
TARANTELLE, in E minor, Op. 83 (first time) . . . *Beethoven.*

Box Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.

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HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
FRANÇOIS DE MARSOLLES et de LA BELLE GRISE, fille de Remicris, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGUIN, dit le PETIT ANOÛIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become dilettantes in the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at St. Paul's E. end, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Thackeray, F.R.S., Augustus Stange, Esq., John Bowyer, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. West, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers 10s. 6d.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 12s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL Lectures to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd of May, at 14, Lonsdale-square, the wife of W. H. Cleinow, Esq., of a son.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

THE mystery is solved—the *Africaine* has been heard, heard and approved, and Meyerbeer has proclaimed his fullest title to immortality. Never did composer triumph over poet with greater might and significance. A more indifferent libretto has seldom been submitted to musician than that of the *Africaine*, and most people wonder what Meyerbeer could have seen in it to engage his attention. I am not one of most people, and can readily understand why the composer of *Robert le Diable* and the *Pardon de Ploermel* should have selected the book of *Vasco de Gama* for his grand coup. It is a mistake to suppose that Meyerbeer was particular as to the dramatic propriety and constructive character of his librettos. He chose his books, not because the subjects involved human interests and the story and incidents addressed themselves to general sympathies, but because the plots were novel and strange, and the situations marked out peculiarly for musical illustration. A wilder and more unmeaning legend than *Robert le Diable* was never written nor conceived, and yet Meyerbeer gained his first great renown by the music he composed to that strange jumble of the supernatural and the improbable. The *Huguenots* is a grand book, but will scarcely bear analysis; and no doubt Meyerbeer was fascinated by the Conspiracy Scene, the conflicts of the Catholics and Protestants, and the marvellous musical situation for the duet in the fourth act. If Meyerbeer had looked merely to progress, clearness, continuity and simplicity in his plots, he would hardly have given his attention to the *Prophète*, to *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Dinorah*, or the *Africaine*. He was fascinated with the *Africaine* because he perceived at a glance the splendid opportunities it afforded for gorgeous and massive music, and because the subject was new, startling, and unhandled. We may lament that a story so full of unlikelihood should have employed the most earnest and profound consideration of the composer for so long a period, and feel surprise that he should cling to it through so many years of meditation and experience; but we must not therefore infer that the book of the *Africaine* has not had its use, and has not supplied to the musician new ideas, new modes of combination, new occasions for dramatic effect and orchestral colouring—a new world, in short, for his powerful and inexhaustible genius. The story may be abused, the incidents may be constrained and unnatural; but I doubt if a book more correct and more artistically constructed would have served Meyerbeer's purpose as well, or have served to draw out his powers with equal effect. Would the music of *Guillaume Tell* have been better had the libretto been a model of skill and interesting from beginning to end? If good librettos made good music, Verdi would be the best composer ever lived. Of course the want of interest in the story of the *Africaine* must for a long time prevent the music from becoming popular, because few will be tempted to hear the opera a second time with the music only to attract them, but in the end, I am of opinion, the *Africaine* will have as triumphant a success as the *Huguenots* or *Robert*. Certainly every possible thing has been done at the Opéra to make the success triumphant, and judging from all that has passed, both on the opening night and since, and arguing from all I hear, nothing less can fairly be chronicled. Strange to say, everything went well except that from which the greatest effect was anticipated, and the "Big Ship" of the third act may be pronounced a failure. It would be desirable indeed if the huge "three decker" could be removed altogether, as in its setting it serves to consume nearly an hour. The great consideration now is in what manner the opera may be curtailed. Some talk there is about cutting out the second act alto-

gether; and very little good music would be lost by this abridgement, as that part of the opera contains by far its least attractive music, and in reality no music of any great interest would be lost, while the action of the story would not suffer materially. This, in the opinion of many, would be preferable to curtailing certain pieces of their original dimensions, and thereby utterly sacrificing the intentions of the composer. That something must be done—and is perhaps now being done—to abbreviate the performance, everybody allows. It is impossible that an audience, however fond of music, and however eager to listen to the numberless beauties revealed in the new opera, can stay out a representation which endures more than five hours; and when one of the most striking and powerful scenes takes place in the last act, the artist who interprets it is not unlikely to take umbrage at displaying her powers in the presence of empty benches. *Mdlle. Marie Saxe* has proved herself an artist in the best sense of the word by her performance of *Sékia*, but, artist as she is, I do not think she would like to sing her dying song under the upas-tree, with her auditory thinned to the dead *claque* in the *parterre* and a few enthusiastic amateurs and friends of the composer in the boxes. No doubt you will manage the abridgement more easily in London; but, unless *Mr. Augustus Harris* foregoes the "big ship" altogether, I cannot see how *Mr. Coets* will reduce the performance two hours or more by mere cutting, without serious injury to the score.

The judgment passed the first night on the music has been confirmed. The pieces which pleased most and were most applauded at the first representation, seem to have pleased most and were applauded most at the second performance, which took place on Monday. These were the Introduction and the Scene of the Council in the first act—the latter a magnificent inspiration and not less striking than the Conspiracy Scene in the *Hyge-note*; a chorus of women and prayer in double choir in third act; nearly the entire of the fourth act, particularly the grand duet for *Sékia* and *Vasco*; and, in the fifth act, the duet for two women, the union phrase for all the violins, tenors, violoncellos, clarinets, and bassoons, without accompaniment, commencing the second tableau, which created a prodigious sensation, and the effect of which it is almost impossible to conceive, and *Sékia's* death-song, one of the most beautiful and original airs even Meyerbeer ever wrote. It is perhaps to be regretted that the two most powerfully striking pieces in the score should be reserved for the last scene, since, to what extent soever the music may be shortened, the effect must be refrigerated after so long and necessarily profound an attention being bestowed on the performance. I have no doubt, when all is arranged and determined, when the opera is reduced within proper limits, when the libretto has been made familiar, and its crudities and shortcomings are left unminded, when the artists—I speak for Paris—have abandoned themselves to the spirit and exigencies of their parts and the music has become to them a real utterance, not an effort and a timidity, when the "big ship" has been taught to behave itself more handsomely, or is sunk altogether in the Dead Sea of Condemnation, that the *Africaine* will be adjudged worthy of the high expectations formed of it, worthy of the era in which it has been produced, worthy of the deathless renown of the composer. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, May 3.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. Titiens made her first appearance on Thursday evening in *Lucresia Borgia*, and was in her grandest voice, and never acted with more powerful effect. Her reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. *Mdlle. Bettelheim* was *Orsini*, *Signor Carrion Gennaro*, and *Mr. Santley* the Duke, all excellent. The house was filled in every part. To-night *Norma*—*Mdlle. Titiens*, of course, the *Duad-Princesse*. BUTCHER BAKER.

ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.

MONSIEUR.—On a souvent mis en doute, contesté même l'amitié, l'admiration réciproque des deux grands maîtres auxquels nous devons *Guillaume Tell* et *Robert le Diable*. Mais aux maladroits, plus Meyerbeericistes que Meyerbeer, plus Rossinistes que Rossini, on en effet donné quelque créance à des sentiments indignes de ces deux hommes de génie, si bien faits, au contraire, pour se comprendre, et trop bien placés l'un et l'autre pour s'abaisser aux misères de l'envie. Entre mille preuves tirées de leur vie privée, et qui abondent en ce sens, en voici une que le hasard remet sous nos yeux, et qui ne peut manquer de faire autorité, après cependant d'un simple *macaroni*. C'était l'hiver dernier; Rossini invitait Meyerbeer à venir goûter de "son *parmesan*," et voici en quels termes Meyerbeer répondait à cette invitation:—

MIO DIVINO MAESTRO,—Gusdagnare in una tirata tre volte il terno al Lotto, pare quasi impossibile, e pure mi è successo jeri tal caso:—*Primo terno*: un autografo Rossiniano. *Secondo terno*: una soave affettuosa lettera dell' "Immortale maestro. *Tercio terno*: una graziosa invitazione colla dolce prospettiva di passare qualche ore col Giove della musica, alla sua mensa ospitaliera.

Accetto con altrettanto piacere che riconoscenza le vostre bonità, ed attendo con impazienza il prossimo sabato, per repetervi verbalmente le espressioni del fedele e costante attaccamento, e dell' ammirazione senza limite del vostro G. MEYERBEER.

Sabbato, 9 Genge 1864.

Tentons de traduire cette épître tout italienne, écrite par un Prussien avec la grâce d'un Florentin; car c'était l'individualité de Meyerbeer que de transformer à son gré son esprit jusque dans les moindres choses de la vie.

• • • • •
Eh non Dieu, où l'issent certains esprits étroits, exclusifs, se s'en consoler jadis Meyerbeer aimait Rossini, qui lui lui rendait bien; témoin cette touchante épître écrite avec des larmes par l'auteur de la *Petite Messe solennelle*, le jour du convoi funèbre de Meyerbeer; témoin encore cet empressément religieux de l'auteur de *Guillaume Tell*, à assister à l'avant-dernière répétition générale de l'*Africaine*. J. L. HEUGEL.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The annual performance of the *Messiah*, on behalf of the above society, took place at St. James's Hall last evening. The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Eliza Hughes, Madame Berger Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, Wallworth, and Weiss. Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

MANCHESTER.—A Monday Popular Concert, or rather a concert of Monday Popular Concert performers (including Joachim, Ernst, Pauer, Piat, &c.) was given in this town with great success, on Wednesday evening.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.—The Monday Popular Concert of May the 8th is for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard. Among other things she plays a duet with Herr Joachim. Mr. Sims Reeves is the singer.

LEIPZIG.—MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON.—We are glad to notice that this promising young artist has given proof that the honors lately conferred upon him have not been unworthily bestowed. Of his performance at the Hamptenry or Public Examination Concert of the students of the Conservatorium, given at the Gewandhaus on the 27th ult., the *Leipzig Telegraph* says:—"The most artistic performance of the whole was that of Mr. Horton Allison of London; he played the last two movements of Chopin's Concerto in F minor, in which he displayed that delicacy of taste, cultivated mechanism, and elegance of execution, without which a composition of Chopin's cannot be perfectly rendered." At the close of the performance Mr. Horton Allison was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and was recalled three times by the audience.

MADAME LEIBERT is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, and makes her début this evening as *Prasovia* in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*.

DR. S. S. WESLEY, recently appointed conductor of the Gloucester Festival, has been in London for some days past, making arrangements for the next triennial meeting of the three choirs at Gloucester.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times, May 1.)

The theatre reopened on Saturday night with a performance of *La Sonnambula*, which may be pronounced in every respect successful. The house was brilliantly attended, and the renovated aspect of the interior excited general approval. Since the famous yellow curtains were first hung up by Mr. Lunley, 20 years ago, it has not looked so bright and cheerful. The alterations in the boxes, besides affording increased accommodation to the occupants, have added materially to the beauty and elegance of the coup d'œil; the chandelier has been thoroughly cleaned and furnished with many extra jets; the footlights are now sunk so as no longer to interfere with the view of those who sit in the orchestra stalls; and the stage has been considerably enlarged.

Miss Laura Harris, the Aminta from New York, is physically almost as petite as Miss Susan Gilton, who, not long since made her debut in the same character, at the performances of English opera, under Mr. Harrison's management, in the same theatre. Her appearance is that of a girl of 16, though we understand she is really about two years older. Her voice, as might be expected, is still unformed; and, indeed, it is not easy, under the circumstances, to give a faithful description of its characteristics. That it is most clear and penetrating in the upper notes, however, was speedily made apparent. The opening recitative and *cavatina*, "Com' te per me sereno," sung with a certain degree of trepidation very easy to account for, was quite enough to prove that though thin in quality and uneven in tone, the voice was naturally flexible. Mere beginner as she is, Miss Laura Harris already elaborates the text of her composer, with an eye to the more effective display of her own executive capabilities. Whatever she did, nevertheless, was favourably considered. The *cavatina* was liberally applauded, and the duet, in which Aminta appears the jealous anxiety of her lover, brought down the curtain, at the termination of the first act, amid renewed and still louder demonstrations. The scene of the bed-chamber (Act 2) was even more successful. Miss Harris by the time had entirely thrown off her reserve, and her self-possession was really surprising in one so young. This appeal to the obviously incredulous, or obstinately credulous, Elvino, was delivered with such fervour that the whole audience was moved, and insisted upon its being repeated. When the curtain again fell, the new Aminta was already cast forward. But it was the last act which awaited the triumph of the little American *prima donna*; and it must be admitted that her execution of the *fugle*, comprising the exquisite slow movement, "Ah! non credes mirari," with its joyous and animated pendent, "Ah, non plonge," cast all she had previously done into the shade. By this test, its, therefore, only fair to estimate her talent. The exquisite apostrophe to the faded flowers was but sung *mezzo voce*—or in plain English, in that subdued underbreath to which all the great Amintas have accustomed us; but it was not the less marked by legitimate sentiment; while the burst of rapture to which the awakened sonnambulist gives utterance, on finding herself once more mistress of her wedding-ring, and repossessed of her lover's affection, was expressed with such hearty unreserve as to rouse the enthusiasm of the audience. The long shake on the high note settled the matter; and at the final descent of the curtain, Miss Laura Harris was twice unanimously summoned. As an actress we would rather not judge of her definitively at present. If rarely impassioned, she frequently shows unmistakable feeling, and, if somewhat restless and fidgety, she seems at any rate to have a thorough understanding of the dramatic purport of the character she is portraying. At only one point we are now disposed to criticise in the superabundance of gesture in the last exhibition of sonnambulism, which makes it difficult to believe that Aminta is not absolutely wide awake. But to expect the most refined manifestations of histrionic art from one of such tender years would be superfluous hypercriticism.

Signor Emanuele Calceoli, who played Elvino, is evidently a practised singer, but his voice has lost its primitive freshness, and with that a portion of the charm it may have at one time boasted. In the great air of the third act ("Tutto e sciolto") however—the last movement of which he sang a tone higher than has of late been the custom even of Italian tenors, though still a tone lower than Rubini—he displayed so much earnest energy, and threw himself so vigorously into the situation, that he completely won the sympathies of his hearers. Rodolpho is but a thankless part for Mr. Santley, whose appearance was hailed with a storm of plaudits. Nevertheless, his singing of the familiar "Vi ravviso" was so perfect that we should regret to find the part of the good-natured peasant in any other hands, while this accomplished English baritone is a member of the establishment. A Mdlle. Redi, new to London, made a very acceptable Lisa, and Signor Rossi was a competent Alessio.

The music of Bellini's charming pastoral does not greatly take the resources of an orchestra like that over which Signor Arlotti presides with such ability. An opportunity of distinction, however, was afforded it,

by the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, performed in first-rate style as a prelude to the opera. The chorus, chiefly, we believe, from Turin and other Italian towns, was excellent throughout. At the end of the opera the National Anthem was sung, the second version taken over by Miss Laura Harris. *La Sonnambula* is to be repeated to-morrow night.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times, May 1.)

Rigoletto, Verdi's best opera, like *Un Ballo in Maschera*, his next best, must always be welcome at the Royal Italian Opera while Signor Mario is singing as he has been singing, from the commencement of the present season. As the Duke of Naples, or the Duke of Mantua, he is alike inimitable. In *Rigoletto* Signor Mario has been more happily matched with a "first lady" than in *Un Ballo*, where he was associated with an Amelia, upon the discovery of whom the enterprising manager, always in search of new attractions for his supporters, can scarcely be complimented. In Mdlle. Berini, however, Mr. Gye may at least be complimented on an acquisition of considerable value. The Gilda of this lady is, we think, superior to her Margherita—a sign, perhaps, that she is more thoroughly at home in Italian opera than in French. The music of the second act of *Rigoletto*, including the delicious aria, "Caro nome," is extremely well, in some instances charmingly, sung. The duet with the Imaginary student, concluding with the impassioned peroration—

"Addio!—speranza e anima
Sul far sarà vera!"—

in which Signor Mario is more than ever admirable, and that with Rigoletto in the succeeding act, where the unhappy Jester vows to revenge the insult offered to his daughter, both afford opportunities for the exhibition of genuine sensibility, of which Mdlle. Berini does not fail to take advantage. The audience, too, are well disposed towards her; and there seems no reason why she should not eventually become a favourite.

Rigoletto, with any other representative of the chief part than Signor Ronconi, while Signor Ronconi is a member of the company, would hardly have been anticipated. Nevertheless, although it would be absurd to say that Signor Graziani can boast of the histrionic ability to sustain anything approaching a comparison with his predecessor, it must be admitted that his rich-toned and sympathetic baritone lends an additional charm to some of the most touching music that Verdi has written. As particular examples may be cited the two passages, "Deh! non parlare al misero," and "Veglia o donna, questo fiore," in the interview with Gilda at the residence of the Jester. The melodious beauty of these can never fail to strike an ear attuned to music; and delivered as they are by Signor Graziani, their loveliness is, if possible, enhanced. Signor Graziani's general conception of Rigoletto is no doubt intelligent; but it is one thing to understand a character correctly, another to represent it effectively. In our opinion his performance is exaggerated rather than earnest, and marked by artificial effort rather than natural impulse. Such a voice, however, with effective means to deliver, must invariably please; and, if for this reason alone, Signor Graziani's impersonation of Rigoletto may be pronounced a *bona fide* success. His was well called forward after the duet with Gilda, at the end of the second act. Mdlle. Berini, no more, the *contralto*, is all that can be wished as Maddalena, and Signor Tagliacozzi's Sparafucile is as picturesque as of old. "La donna e mobile," sung by Signor Mario with the easy nonchalance which imparts to it its proper significance, and the ingenious quartet, "Un dì, se ben dimenticati," in which his delivery of the graceful apostrophe to the charms of Maddalena ("Bella figlia dell'amore") is the perfection of expression, have lost none of their ancient spell. Nor is it likely that such true melody can ever become hackneyed. Seldom do we remember to have heard this quartet better given, by Mdlle. Berini, Benedetto, Signor Mario, and Graziani. For Mr. Gye's chorus and orchestra, trained to all styles, the music of *Rigoletto* is mere child's play. Never has the execution been more irreproachable.

Mdlle. Adeline Patti is to make her first appearance on Thursday, with Signor Ronconi, in the always welcome *Barbier*; and on Saturday we are promised *L'Boite bleue*, the revival of which must impose a climax to the season, 1864. Meanwhile, the decided success of *L'Africain* in Paris sets at rest all anxiety about the production in London of that long looked-for masterpiece.

THE FIRST CRYSTAL PALACE ITALIAN OPERA CONCERT takes place to-day in the Great Handel Orchestra.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mdlle. Fioretti is re-engaged, and will make her first appearance on Thursday next, as Lady Henrietta in *Martin*. Signor Brigodi making his debut in *Joan of Arc*, the *Barbier* has been postponed to Saturday, when Mdlle. Adeline Patti and Signor Ronconi will appear for the first time this season.

* Mdlle. Patti's *rentrée* has been postponed until next week.—D. PETERS.

I intended making some unpleasant remarks this week on Mr. Manne for allowing his hand to be played with, that is, made to rattle away like a wicker and music-hall tunes the while acrobats and tumblers were dislocating themselves. I can't approve of it yet, but I have not the heart to say word against Mr. Manne after Saturday's performance of "The Choral." He has stolen a march on me and shut me up. So much the worse for Mr. Bowley or Mr. Bowley: I don't care which (Bowley, I suppose, is head man). Well, Mr. Bowley, I am wrath and sorry to boot when I see artists of the first water vaunting away whilst a parcel of empty headed puppets toe and heel it for the amusement (?) of a few of your visitors. Have you music in your soul to allow this? Do you wish to crush the noble aspiration of artists beneath your heel? . . . aspiration! yes, aspiration. They all aspired last Saturday to something great, and they attained it; for a time they forgot they were your paid servants; they played with their souls, their minds and hearts, and enchanted all present. You were yourself elated and proud when you announced a repetition of "The Choral" next Saturday. Now let me ask you, could you use a new horse to cart away grapes or rubbish? I suppose you answer you would if the stones had to be carted and you had no other? . . . Get another hand, Mr. Bowley, believe me. As to doing so at Cremorne, (a—h—hem!); have "a Crystal Palace brass band," a good one, indeed; you have no idea of what uses you could put it to! . . . You have adopted the ideas of Ar' Poole at the Crystal Palace before now, although you are not aware of it. I will just mention a few of the effects that might be produced with such a band. It is a dreary walk up that long gallery to the Palace. Enliven it with a little music. The fatigue would not be felt half so much if a good march was to take the mind off the tramp. On gala days let your brass band await the arrival of trains, and pour forth as they come in—a trifle, I know, but you 've no idea how jolly it makes people! . . . As I say, live and let live. The band begins, lively and bustling. Then you could place them in the shrubberies, unseen, and let them discourse to the winds, improvising echoes—a very pretty effect, obtained by sending a correct-à-l'iston to another part of the garden, who answers some catches played by the band. By the bye, Dr. Quere, do you know the last tale of "The Echoes"? A gentleman bought a little place about forty miles from London, which, besides numerous other advantages, possessed that of a magnificent echo. Now it isn't everybody that can have an echo on his estate. The gentleman, knowing this, was very proud of his echo, and questioned it so often that the whole neighbourhood soon got to know of it, and, after trying it themselves, invited as their visitors to do likewise. The best situation to question the echo was just in front of the gentleman's door. The proprietor at first, flattered at the numerous visits paid to his echo, grew rather tired of hearing "Hoy!" shouted night after night, often after he had gone to bed. One night some fellow, more persistent than the generality of visitors, kept on shouting "Hoy!" until close upon three o'clock in the morning. The proprietor began to take his echo. "Hoy!" shouted the other fellow; out of bed jumps the gentleman, seizes his jug of water (I think) and flop! sends the contents unto the head of Hoy. Hoy, somewhat disconcerted at first, turns to the window and, addressing the proprietor, says to him "Run echo that of yours! I said 'Hoy!' to it, and it answers me with a jug of water—(I suppose 'T') Don't stand on ceremony with me, you know, Dr. Quere; if I'm too long, cut me, I say, and I'll cut you. I'm in a hurry, you may surly cut my M&S, in private; but if you do! . . . "may St. Anthony's fire burn you, Mahoon's disease whirl you, the squinancy with a stitch in your side and the wolf in your stomach turn you, the cursed sharp inflammations of wild fire, as slender and thin as cow's hair strengthened with quicksilver, enter into you, and may you fall into sulphur, fire, and bottomless fire!—Yours very affectionately, To C. P. QUERE, Esq., (Dr. Quere) Ar' POOLE.

Italy, 25th April, 1865.

COMES AT DRURY LANE.

ILLUSTRATED AR' MUTTON.—Of course as you hear and see everything you have seen and heard Milton's *Comes*, as revived at Drury Lane Theatre, by those enterprising managers, Messrs. Falconer and Clatterton. But, great Ar' M, you have not written our line concerning the masque. Are you reserving yourself for an overpoweringly eloquent and elaborately critical notice, article, review, or essay of, or upon, *L'Africain*?—or is that golden pen with its diamond nibs resting awhile waiting expectantly the advent of "le *Pati*"? Pardon my presumption in asking these questions, for they are only suggested by your having passed over in silence the artistic and musical event of the evening at the brain of Ar' Mutton. Oh, great master, think of, and then write upon the scenery by Beverley—the moonlit wood filled with a noisy revealing company; that vast hall where lamps are lit, "that ontshine canopies," and where the crew of *Comes* drink "the Lylvian sun to sleep," and that transcendent house of Sabrina, with its cool grove and shining pearls

shells! Think of the groupings so marvellous in colour; the dances so frantic and Bacchanalian. Reflect upon Walter Lacy's *Comes*, the very incarnation of the son of Circe; remember how he reveals in the past. Call to remembrance Mrs. Herman Vezin's elocution as "the Lady." Recollect the dramatic fire of Henry Drayton; the voice of Wilby the cooper, and his nervous anxiety to forget the existence of his tight-laced legs. Forget not Miss Toole as "the Spirit"—alright she is not and acteth she not as if she defied the power of Old Father Time? Finally, recall to thy recollection Miss Augusta Thomson, as Salina. Let thy memory dwell upon her splendid execution of the "Echo Song," and "Thrice upon thy finger tip" Think of her golden locks and shining raiment, her face that has been called "eminently pleasing," by a scribble in our morning paper, and "very prepossessing" by a writer in another; and then, O great Ar' Mutton, dip thy golden pen in the ambrosial violet ink in which it is 't wout to latlie, and chant the praises of *Comes* at Drury Lane! Write upon that theme, great master. Thy suggestively humble, follower, F. M. MONT.

BELWER LITTON AND ATHER-LEYN.

SIR.—I send you an extract from Sir E. B. Lytton's preface to *Herold*. Will you have the kindness to tell me to which particular writer in the *Athenaeum* he refers, when he says, "It is stated in the *Athenaeum*, and, I believe, by a writer whose authority on the merits of opera-singers I am far from contesting, that of whose competence to instruct the world in any other department of human industry or knowledge I am less persuaded, that, &c., &c." and again says Sir E. B. L.—"The writer in the *Athenaeum* is acquainted with several persons, who on earth would ever presume to assert that he was acquainted with Homer?" I am Sir, your obedient servant, OWEN AP' MUTTON, Esq. H. GINN.

TO LEICESTER BECKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BECKINGHAM,—By the way, Mr. Mapleson commenced his season here on Saturday evening. Frequenters of the house will learn with satisfaction that the alterations which have been made have not in any respect changed the familiar aspect of the interior. The shape is still as of old. The decorations, though freshened and brightened, have not been otherwise touched, and the amber curtains recall the recollection of the many brilliant artistic triumphs with which they have been associated in past times. And by the way, changes have been effected which tend materially to increase the comfort of the audience. The space formerly occupied by three boxes is now divided between two, so that each individual of the number to be accommodated can breathe freely, and command a fair view of the stage. The fronts of all the boxes have been cut down, putting the occupants much more at their ease, bringing the toilettes of the ladies into fuller view, and thus largely enhancing the effect of the general *coup d'oeil*. Of the improvements stated to have been introduced on the stage I cannot yet speak from personal knowledge, as I have not been on the opening night affording no room whatever for their display, but in all that has been done in front of the curtain good taste and practical skill have been exercised with most satisfactory effect.

By the way, on Tuesday, I read in the *Standard* of Tuesday as following:—

"Mr. Manne's is no doubt at this present moment doubly etal'd by the latter testimonial presented to him, and the high recognition publicly passed on him by the name of the Directors of the Crystal Palace."

And by the way, on Thursday I read in the *Standard* as follows:—

"THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MANNE.—Our report of the above was inaccurate in saying the testimonial was presented to Mr. Manne by the directors of the Crystal Palace. It was entirely got up by the season ticket and reserve-seat holders, and Mr. South Russell was invited by the committee to present it."

By the way, our report of the *Comes* would have been tricer, legirally, seeing as how the paragraph is a side-headed paragraph (as if there was ever an animal with his head on his side). And by the way, if you will read, my dear Buckingham, both my quotations, you will see the *Standard* has corrected itself while standing in no need of correction. I am, by the way, always sincerely yours,

101, All Street, May 4.

STEPHEN ROCK.

DEAR QUERE.—I read in the correspondence of the *Morning Star* as follows:—

"A letter from Rome has taken the musical world by surprise. Liszt, the unrivalled pianist, entranced a large party at the Prince's Barberini's a few evenings ago by the power and well-known beauty of his execution. The next morning he entered a seminary, and was rewarded by the Archbishop Hohenlohe." I suppose the disciples of the *Zukunft* and the aspiring musical youth of Vienna will now all go hail-

less—each individual *calvus* instead of *capillus*. I am, dear Queer
(how's that?) yours,
Lamb Villa, Tate, Norfolk, May 6.

A LETTER FROM DR. QUEER.

DEAR SILVER.—The *Africaine* is a magnificent *chef-d'œuvre*, and has obtained a magnificent reception. Among other well-known London critics, I met, yesterday, on the Boulevard, C. L. Gruenisen, Campbell Clarke (arm in arm with) Sutherland Edwards and Harry Chorley. Everybody was inquiring after Howard Glover, George Hogarth, Charley Lamb Kenney, Desmond Ryan, David H. Hastings, Joseph Langford, ditto Nightingale, and Disley Peter. I have seen the *Africaine* twice, and heard Rosmini's Mass. I intend to go to the *Africaine* a third time, and call upon both Auber and Rosmini. Berlioz bawled. He is delighted to have left the press, and grows fat upon it. What a good fellow! And where was John Ella, who used to breakfast with Meyerbeer in 1836, while the *Huguenots* was going on? In haste, dear Silver, yours always,

G. P. Tacius Quer.

A NEW RIGOLETTO, &c.

Sir,—*Rigoleto*, one of the best, if not the best of Verdi's operas, was produced on Thursday evening and afforded Signor Graziari an opportunity of testing his powers as the unhappy Jester, whose wrongs have so miserably a termination. There are few characters in the lyric drama that require such altogether exceptional powers as that of *Rigoleto*, in which the tragic and the comic elements are so frequently brought into the closest juxtaposition, and where the sudden transitions from assumed merriment to deep grief and burning indignation demand at the same time a comedian of finished excellence and a tragedian of the highest class. Those who have seen Rosconi in the part are not likely to forget an impersonation that may fairly be classed with the grandest achievements of any actor that ever trod the stage, for anything more complete than his humor, more touching than his agony, or more terrible than his outbursts of rage, it would be difficult to conceive and impossible to represent. That Signor Graziari has a fine voice and vocalises admirably it would be unjust to deny, but on the other hand it would be equally untrue to assert that he for one moment (notwithstanding applause more frequent than discriminating) succeeded in making his audience forget the great actor who has so completely made the part his own, and as Signor Rosconi is in England it is to be hoped that the next time *Rigoleto* is played its only worthy representative may be permitted to resume the character in which he has set the stamp of his individuality and genius. No less identified with the operas is the Duke of Signor Mario, who, this season, is entrancing the public by the absolutely perfect manner in which he is singing (despite the occasional lack of physical power apparent in certain notes), forcing the conviction upon all hearers that he is after all first of living tenors whether as singer or actor. The *Gilda* of Mlle. Berini will go far towards advancing that lady in general estimation, while the *Myrta* of Mlle. Honoré was in all respects satisfactory, and the *Spartacus* of Signor Gatti a picturesque and consummate portrait of the (let us hope) extinct race of bravos as could by any possibility be imagined.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, PONTIFEX FOURCRAE.
C. P. T. Queer, Esq.

BREAST versus HANDEL.

Sir,—On Tuesday evening, writes *The Ulster Observer*, "the members of the Classical Harmonists' Society took a leading part in the concert, for the programme was confined to the *Messiah*, and the burden of the choruses fell on the amateurs. . . . There was a serious mistake committed in the selection of an oratorio, and that by a composer whose works have been repeatedly served up to the same audience. All oratorio here too close a resemblance to each other as to admit of continuous production, and the oratorio of Handel is no so similar in form, in spirit, and even in artistic structure, that it is difficult for the unpractised ear to discern their distinctive beauties, or guard against the unfavorable impression of monotony. Indeed, too much importance is attributed in this country to the compositions of Handel. The error has been imported from beyond the channel. The English people have a traditional devotion to the works of this composer, but their devotion is simply traditional.—Our neighbours are proverbially unmusical. They are indebted to Ireland for the best of the composers whose they claim as their own; but, however generous we may be in surrendering to them our Balfe and our Wallaces, we must certainly protest against receiving in return their criticism as our guide. We do not wish to unduly depreciate Handel or his works. The man was, undoubtedly, possessed of genius; but the fact that he wrote his most celebrated works more than a hundred years ago, when the state of instrumental

music necessarily limited him in extent, compass, and mechanical arrangement—matters of paramount importance in the composition of oratorios—necessarily places him at a disadvantage with the authors who have had the benefit of those modern inventions and improvements, which have done so much to facilitate instrumental execution. Moreover, the works of Handel are really overrated. England is the only country in which they are highly prized. Not only in France and Italy, but in Germany,* they are, if not unknown, wholly unattended to, and this while the productions of some of his contemporaries are held in honourable repute. It may be worth while to advert to this peculiar fact, and we do so, because the Classical Harmonists' Society seem to give a questionable preference to this composer over all others—a preference which may endanger their progress, and do much to mar their popularity.

HANDEL WAS EDUCATED IN A BAD SCHOOL, the old German school, which is long since exploded, and which had a fitting representative in his master, who adored *Jupiter*, cannon, and counterpoint. He tried OPERA, and VAUDEVILLE. His *Almira*, Queen of Castile; his *Nero*, or *Love stained by Blood and Murder*; his *Daphne*; and several other attempts are now completely forgotten, and never were even partially successful. Hardly one of the numerous productions which he composed while on the Continent have (has?) outlived him. He went to Rome about 1708, and under the patronage of Cardinals Pamphili and Ottoboni commenced that species of composition which afterwards led him to write his oratorios; and it is a strange but suggestive fact that the most beautiful portions of the oratorios—those, in fact, on which his fame rests—are adaptations of pieces which he wrote while in Rome for the service of the Catholic Church, and which had their model in the strains of Palestrina. Thus, for example, *Israel in Egypt* is but a transformation of the "Magnificat," a double chorus, which he wrote in Rome. When he arrived in England, the oratorio, long known in Italy, was beginning to take root in the former country. The people, deprived of the solemn music of the past, sighed for a substitute, and the oratorio conveniently afforded it. Handel became at once a favorite, and he has never been dislodged from his position; but the age in which he lived—the school to which he belonged—and the style in which he wrote, render his works of secondary value, and place his fame far beneath that of many of his contemporaries.† He is admittedly inferior to Bach and Gluck. He lacks spirituality, and, though not devoid of solemnity, he is sadly deficient in that religious elevation necessary to the sublimity of his theme.‡ Some of his choruses are undoubtedly magnificent, but there is a *laden dullness*, a *painful jerkiness* in the airs and recitatives which literally try the patience of the listener, and weary the most attentive ear.

Handel sometimes excites our admiration, he never thoroughly awakens our sympathies. His contemporary critics used to say he tore their ears in pieces, and for effect produced combinations of noise and violence; and King George is said to have been once witty, by remarking to Lord Pembroke when a clap of thunder broke over the Palace, "That is Handel." In this observation there are implied a censure and a compliment, which mark at once the composer's defects and merits. We have dwelt too long on this point, but such of our readers as saw how desperate was the effort of Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Wynne, and Mr. Thomas to make their parts even ordinarily interesting will readily appreciate the justice of our remarks, and coincide in our advice to a society from which so much may be fairly expected, to avoid seeking themselves to a composer whom they cannot make attractive, and whose works do not afford them a fair opportunity for the display of their powers. Mr. Sims Reeves evidently had not a role that suited him, and it was only towards the close that, by discarding the music of *the ports he sang*, and giving vent to one of those thrilling flourishes which he loves so well when and how to execute, that he rose above mediocrity, and sustained his character. In the air, "Thou shalt break them," &c., the music almost as well as the execution was his own, and he was heartily encored, and rapturously applauded.¶

To Dr. Chipp all praise is due. The organ in his hands was like a rampart of glorious sound, which kept all within its order—gave it (what?) a defence, and covered it with glory. The *Ulster Observer* about the mighty Handel. Pray observe and oblige, yours respectfully,

CATER O'CORRY.

To Dr. Cornelius Phillips Tacius Quer.

Fish and You're, May 5.

Brabant Silent

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Rosmini's *Scmiramide* will be produced shortly with Mlle. Titiens as the Assyrian Queen, Mlle. Grossi as Arsace and Signor Felli, his first appearance, as Assur. Miss Laura Harris's next performance will be Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*.

Oh dear! How about Chrysander's edition?—D. P.
† Oh Jupiter!—D. P. ‡ Oh Gemini!—D. P. § Oh Gammon!—D. P.
¶ Oh Trim, Oh Midas!—D. P. ¶ Naughty Sims Reeves!—D. P.

* The *Messiah* was first produced in Dublin.—D. PENTON

OPENING OF THE NEW EXCHANGE AT BLACKBURN.—A stranger passing along our streets at night, in front of the Town Hall, would suppose that the ecclesiastical structure, with its stained glass windows, was a church or chapel, and would need to be informed, before placing credit in other than the idea we have given, that the building was an Exchange, sacred to cotton and cotton pieces. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. Alderman Sturdy, then mayor, on the 10th of March, 1863. When the building approached completion, the question arose, in what manner shall the opening be celebrated? The "formal" opening is to take place next Wednesday, with as little formality as possible, but the "grand" opening was on Wednesday night, with a concert under the direction of Mr. David Johnson, who, for the energy and ability he displayed in bringing the best concert ever held in Blackburn to a successful conclusion, deserves special thanks. About eight o'clock the interior of the building presented a very animated appearance, while outside the crowd was great, waiting to hear the opening strains of the concert. When it was known that the proceeds were to be given to the Infirmary, all knew that in patronising the concert they were rendering aid to an institution of which we are all proud. The platform of the Exchange was fitted up as an orchestra, and at the end of the building from the platform, and near what will be the grand entrance to the Exchange, was the picture, "Laying the Foundation Stone," noticed some time since. The picture has since been framed and presented an attraction in the room. Every seat in the building was occupied, and many had to stand. Looking down the vast room, one could not help feeling thankful that a place has at last been built in which meetings and concerts may be held without damage to the constitution of those who speak and sing, as has been the case with the Town Hall, in consequence of the deficiency in its acoustical properties. The principal artists were Madame Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. J. G. Patey (vocalists), Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Herr Joachim (violin), instrumentalists. Mr. C. A. Seymour was leader, and Mr. David Johnson conductor. In Mendelssohn's violin concerto Herr Joachim won for himself tremendous applause, the violinists in the orchestra, taking the initiative in the cheers. Madame Arabella Goddard was rapturously encored in the pianoforte solo "The last rose of summer," and played "Home, sweet home," for which she was no less enthusiastically cheered. Miss Palmer was encored in "The storm," and sang the last three verses again, and Madame Parepa was encored in "I dreamt I dwelt in palace halls," but merely bowed. The performance of Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was played to absolute perfection and applauded to the echo. Mr. Patey, in "The bell-ringer," gave great satisfaction. The thanks of the public are due to all who took part to make the concert a success, and we feel assured that the evening, whether as to arrangements, performance, or attendance, will be looked back to with pleasure.—(Blackburn Times)

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Mdlle. Titienas as "Luceria Borgia."

TUESDAY NEXT, May 23. Donizetti's admired Opera,

LUCEZIA BORGIA.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

MADLE TITIENS.

THURSDAY, May 26th, FIDELIO, New Diverissement, LE BOUQUET. (For particulars see special advertisement.) Commence each Evening at Half-past Eight o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Production of

"Moses." Mdlle. Trivona.

Shortly will be produced, for the first time in this country, Cherubini's Grand Opera, MOSES. The recitative composed by Signor Arditi. The following will be the cast—Aaron, Dr. Gunz; Aaron, Mr. Santley; Aaron, Miss Laura Harris; Neria, Mdlle. Bisco; Lania, Mdlle. Redi; Cyrie, Mdlle. Moya; and Medea, by Mdlle. Titienas. Conductor—Signor Arditi. The entirely new and extensive scenery by Mr. Tullin, assisted by Mr. Henry Tullin and Mr. William Tullin.

SIGNOR ARDITI has the honor to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY MORNING, June 2nd, at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. All the principal Artists, besides several others not belonging to the Establishment, and the Band and Chorus will assist. Mendelssohn's FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT will be included in the Programme.—Full particulars will be speedily announced. Places may be secured at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre; and at the principal libraries and music-sellers.

Mlle. VALENTIN'S MATINEE MUSICALE ON

Friday, June 3, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at 5 o'clock. Vocalists: Miss Banks, Miss. Edwards, Mlle. Nourie, Madame Cressy, and Mr. George Perren. Instrumentalists: Mlle. Valentini, Mmes. Salomon, and Mmes. Payne. Conductors: Herr Adolph Guitnick and Mr. Sidney Smith. Reserved Seats, 10s. of Mlle. VALENTIN, 4, Duke Street, Manchester Square; tickets, Half-a-Guinea, of Messrs. HOBART COCKE, 8, New Burlington Street; DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent Street; and ANDREW & PALER, 15, Hanover Square, W.

SIGNOR MARCHESI has arrived in Town for the Season. Communications at CHAMBERS & Co. (Limited).

Under the most Distinguished Patronage.

HERR REICHARDT'S MATINEE MUSICALE

Will take place, by kind permission, at the residence of the Most Noble THE MARCHESS OF DOWNSHIRE,

24, Belgrave-square, on

Wednesday, 24th May, 1865.

Tickets, one guinea, to be had at the principal Music-sellers, and at HERR REICHARDT'S residence, 10, Somerset-street, Portman-square. Commence at 2 o'clock.

STODARE!

STODARE!!

STODARE!!!

FIFTH WEEK OF THE SEASON.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS of the new and startling ILLUSIONS, as only performed by COLONEL STODARE, at his Theatre of Mystery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every night at 8, and Saturday afternoon at 2. Crowded Houses. "Magic and Ventriloquism." Instantaneous growth of Flowers, and the Great Indian Basket Trick. A Nurse, Acting Manager.

"This is unquestionably one of the most startling feats ever exhibited."—*Daily News*, 16th April, 1865.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT, June 21,

under the immediate patronage of

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

At the ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Mesdames Titienas, Lucca, Carloti Patti, Florenti, Louisa Frye, Lucia, Weiss, and Parpe, Trebbi, Joachim, Brindell, Ralston-Dobry, E. Ward, and Arletta Giddard. Messrs. Gardell, Brindell, Gema, Reichardt, Ambrosini, Perren, and Nina Reeves. Messrs. Santley, Weiss, Ferranti, G. Garcia, Rowick, Rossi, Marchand, and Schmid. Instrumental Performers—Messrs. L. Sloper, Osborne, Patti, Louis Engel, Cohen, and Joachim. Conductors—M.M. Arditi, Brindell, and A. Melton. Early application is solicited for the few remaining Box and Gallery Seats.—2, Manchester-square, W.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—CRYSTAL

PALACE.—REHEARSAL, Friday, June 23rd. MESSIAH, Monday, June 26th; SELECTION, Wednesday, June 28th; ISRAEL IN EGYPT, Friday, June 29th. Seals, plans, and programmes at the Crystal Palace, and at 2, Exeter-hall. Rehearsal stalls and admissions should be taken without delay.

NOTE.—A Photograph, Carte de Visite size, of the Orchestra of four thousand performers, will be sent free by post on receipt of two postage stamps, at the Crystal Palace, or at No. 2, Exeter-hall.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GUNEA TICKETS

Admit Free to the Great Fire-wor Show, THIS DAY, to the OPERA CONCERTS, and to the other Great Fete announced in the programme.

NOTE.—It will facilitate the purchase of Gunea Tickets at the entrance to the Palace, if visitors intending to purchase them will kindly come prepared with card, or written name and address.

HERR LEHMEYER'S First Matinee will take place, by

kind permission, at Messrs. Collard's, on Friday next, the 26th May, at 3 o'clock. Artists—Miss Rose Heron, Miss Emma Heywood, Miss Stabach, Miss Eva Jenkins, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Mr. Miranda, Mr. Frank D'Alquen, and Mr. Walworth. Herr Grün, violinist; Mmes. Payne, violinists; Mmes. Labouviere, Mr. Walter Barker, and Herr Lehmayr. Conductors—Messrs. Hargitt and Emil Berger. Tickets, one guinea for Two. All applications to Herr LEHMEYER, 3, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—HERR WILLEN

COENEN begs to announce that his annual Matinee Musicale will take place, Wednesday, June 1, at the above rooms, assisted by Miss Wilkinson, Miss Miss Poole, Madame Shepherd Lee, Mr. Lazarus, Mmes. Payne, Miss Strickland (pupil of Herr Willem Coenen, her first appearance in London), Herr Willem Coenen. Conductors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barker, at 2. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets to admit three, one guinea; single tickets, 7s. to be had of Herr Willem Coenen, 105, Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent St.

HERR LEHMEYER'S SECOND MATINÉE will take place Friday, the 16th June, at 12, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of Messrs. COLLARD), with the assistance of the following eminent artists—Madame Louisa Young, Mrs. Novis, Miss Grace Linnell, Miss Strachan, Miss Franklin, Miss Palmer, and Signor Garcia, Signor Amvionetti, Mr. L. Walker, Violin, Herr Strauss, Violoncello, Mlle. Payne, Mr. Walter Barrow, Herr Lemmeyer, Miss Gordon, Herr William Gear, Charles Haggitt, and Emily Harper. All applications, and also for finishing lessons, to 2, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

HERR WILHELM COENEN'S MATINÉE MUSIC-A-LIE. HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, June 7th, commence at 2, assisted by Madame Shepherd, Mrs. Miss Wilkinson, Miss Miss Pools, Mr. Lazarus, Mlle. Paque, Miss Strickland (first appearance), Pupils of Herr Coenen). Conductors—Emily Berger and Chas. Salaman. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets to admit three, one guinea; single tickets, 7s.; at Herr Willem Coenen, 105, Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent-street.

HERR LABOR (blind), Pianist to His Majesty the King of Hanover, has the honor to announce that his second concert will take place at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Wednesday Morning next, June 7, commencing at 3 o'clock, on which occasion he will be kindly assisted by Madame Linnell, Goldschmidt, Herr and Madame Joachim, and Herr Hammer (Court-singer to H.H. The Grand Duke of Baden). Tickets (seats numbered and reserved), 11s. 6d.—Guinea; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Broad-street; of Messrs. CHAPMAN, 49 and 50, New Bond-street; and of Herr LABOR, 11, Duke-street, Portland-place.

MUSICAL UNION.—FOURTH MATINÉE.—JACELLI'S last performance, Tuesday, June 6th, half-past three. Quartet, D minor—Mozart; Pianoforte quartet, E flat—Schumann; Grand Quintet, B flat—Mendelschlag; Solo, "The Harmonious Blacksmith"—Handel, founded on French song, historically explained in the programme. Artists—Joachim, Allen, Webb, Hansen, and Pitts. Pianist—Jaeili. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had of CAHILL & Co., CHANCERY & Co., QUEEN'S & Co., ANSON & FANBY, of Messrs. St. James's-hall. Members can pay for Visitors at the door.

J. ELIA, Director, 23, Hanover-square.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has the honor to announce that his Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, Monday evening, June 19th, when several of his new compositions will be performed for the first time. Particulars will be duly announced.—No. 6, St. Mary Abbe's Terrace, Kensington.

STODARE!!!—EVERY NIGHT at Eight, and Saturday Afternoon at Three.—"The Unique and Original Entertainment, as given by Colonel Stodare, is most decidedly the sensation of the season. It is should be previously secured, to prevent disappointment, as the Theatre is crowded on every occasion. The real interest of the Entertainment is to be seen in the country by Colonel Stodare, on Easter Monday, April 17th, 1864, terminating such representation.—Theatre of Myriads, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s; Area, 2s; Stalls, 3s. A. NING, Acting Manager.

MR. CHARLES FOWLER, of Torquay, begs to announce that he will give a **PIANOFORTE RECITAL**, under very distinguished patronage, on Monday Morning, June 19th, at No. 1, Stratton-street, by the kind permission of Miss Harcourt Coffin, at which he will be assisted by eminent artists. Vocalists—Madis. Enquist, Miss Gregory, Mr. Busch, Champion, Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Carodini; Violoncello, Ernest Franz; Pianoforte, Mr. Fowler. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, One Guinea; to be obtained at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, and of Mr. FOWLER, Torquay.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS PALMER'S EVENING CONCERT will take place on Tuesday, June 6th, 1865, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Miss Louisa Fynn, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Mr. Charles Hallé. Violin—Herr Strauss. Conductors—Messrs. Walter Madlars, Ransinger, Bismantelli, and William Gant. Solo Artists—B. Balceno, 2s; Area, 2s; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had at the Music Publishers: Miss ALKAL, Sherwood College, 25, Park Village East, N.W.; and at ALKAL's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

PIANOFORTE QUARTET ASSOCIATION.—Hanover Square Rooms.—Messrs. Henry Baumer, Carodini, Butera, and Pettit. Fourth Season. First Matinée, Monday next, June 6th, Three o'clock. Quartets, Beethoven and Schumann; Sonata Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello, Bismantelli; Solo, Slow Movement and Finale; Mendelschlag's Violin Concerto. Vocalist—Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Messrs. ANSON & FANBY, of Messrs. CHAPMAN, 49 and 50, New Bond-street, and the principal music-sellers.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, having discovered that **INSULTING LETTERS**, to which her name has been forged, have been sent to members of the musical profession, hereby offers a **REWARD OF FIVE POUNDS** for such information as shall lead to the discovery of the offenders and will be greatly obliged if the recipients of any such letters will at once communicate with her.—3, Crescent-place, Bury-street, W. C.

NEXT TUESDAY. APTOMMAS' RECITALS AT THE CONSERVATOIRE DE LA HARPE (14, Harley-street, Cavendish-square) on the Evening of Tuesday next, June 6th. Programme and prospectus of the Conservatoire (with terms of instruction, etc.) may be obtained on application, and at the Music-sellers.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing Benedict's new song, "Rock me to sleep," at Westbourne Hall, June 16.

TUESDAY NEXT.

MADAME GODDARD will play at Mlle. SEDLATER's Matinée, June 8, at Messrs. COLLARD'S Rooms, 15, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission). Tickets at Mlle. SEDLATER'S residence, 24, Manchester Street.

FRIDAY NEXT.

THE MESSAGE.—Mr. BLUMENTHAL will play his new Pianoforte Piece on his Popular Song, "The Message," at his Grand Annual Matinée Musicale on Friday, June 9, at Dudley House, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Right Hon. the Earl Dudley.)

NEXT TUESDAY.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Solo, "WATKILL," fantasia on Scotch airs, at Miss SEDLATER'S Concert at Messrs. COLLARD'S Rooms, June 6th.

THURSDAY NEXT.

MONS. PAQUE begs to announce that his Matinée Musicale will take place on Thursday next, June 9, by kind permission, at Messrs. COLLARD'S, 15, Grosvenor-street. Application for tickets to be made to M. Paque, at his residence, 126, Great Portland-street.

JUNE 10TH.

"THROUGH THE DAY."—A new Sacred Four Part Song, by Mr. DANIEL ROSSMAN, will be sung, for the first time, by a full choir, at the composer's Evening Concert, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. Tickets and programmes at ROBERT COCKS and Co., 50, New Burlington-street.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Bobo Square.

MADLES. EMILIE AND CONSTANCE GEORGI. All communications respecting engagements for public or private Concerts, Oratorios, &c. are requested to be addressed to the care of Mr. JARRETT, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244 Regent-street.

MR. W. CHALMERS MASTERS begs to inform his pupils and friends that he has removed to No. 28, Farnham Road, Maiden Vale, W.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed by BLUMENTHAL, at Miss PALMER'S Concert, at St. James's Hall, Tuesday evening, June 6.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "THE BABY'S SONG," composed by Howard Glover, for the Pianoforte, at Mr. Glover's concert, St. James's-hall, Thursday Morning next, June 8.

HANDELIAN NOVELTIES.—Two Sacred Songs, "I will extol thee" and "Why art thou set down, O my soul." Best post free Music, Manchester.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. FREDERICK CHATTERBOX'S concert, and at Mr. J. S. STONE'S Matinée, at Messrs. COLLARD'S.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.

F. BOWCHER, Practical Engraver and Printer, 3, Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, begs to say that he engraves and prints works on moderate terms.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

"Fin dalla prima estate." Melodia Romantica. 3s.
"Semplice inno." Lirico. 3s.
"Spirito popolare veneto." Terzina. 4s.
LAMONCK COCK & Co., 55, New Bond-street.

TO ORGANISTS.

The Office of Organist for the **PARISH CHURCH OF LOUTH** Having become vacant by the resignation of G. Dixon, Esq., Mus. Doc., application, with testimonials, may be made to the RECTOR, on or before the 15th of JUNE.

THE ENDOWMENT IS **£30 PER ANNUM.**

An additional sum for special instruction to the choir. Messrs. GRAY and DAVISON have kindly offered to answer any enquiries. Louth, Lincolnshire.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—May 29.)

During the week which ended on Saturday no fewer than four different operas were given, each recommended by a special attraction. *La Sonnambula* was welcome for more reasons than one. It was as Madama that Mlle. Patti appeared, the creature who, with her young, bright, resonant soprano voice, and dramatic sensibility, holding out a promise at once unanimously accepted, and in the course of time amply and brilliantly fulfilled. Four years have elapsed, and each succeeding year has revealed fresh beauties and higher refinement in Mlle. Patti's impersonation of the most ingenious and interesting of Bellini's heroines. Add to this the appearance of Signor Brignoli, the new tenor, who sings the music of *Elvino* with the legitimate Italian method, and in the legitimate Italian style, and it will be readily understood that this performance of *La Sonnambula* was in every respect acceptable. Signor Medini—not long since a substitute for Herr Schmid, as Waller, in *Guillaume Tell*—was the Count; Mlle. Boniet the Lisa.

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was presented with a distribution of three of the principal characters unknown to the Royal Italian Opera. M. Gasier's Don Giovanni is no stranger to London opera-goers, and may therefore be dismissed with a reference to former criticisms. More bustling, though less cavalier-like than the assumption of another French member of the Covent Garden company, it is at the best an instance, among many, leading to a conviction that the greatest part in all the operas of Mozart found its last competent representative in Tamburini. The two absolute novelties were German Don Ottavio in Herr Wachtel, and a German Leporello in Herr Schmid, Herr Wachtel, too German to omit the appendix air, "Dalla sua pace," was rewarded by being asked to sing "O mio tesoro," a second time. In the characteristic "Madamina il Catalogo e questo," Herr Schmid, if nothing more, have warranted the unanimous opinion that his voice is one of the mellowest and finest basses now in existence. But *voce et preterea nihil* hardly suffices for such a character as Leporello. The German Donna Anna, Mlle. Frick, and the German Donna Elira, Madame Rudersdorf, are sufficiently well known. As also is the French Commendatore of M. Tagliafico, unquestionably the best of which contemporary history can speak, and to which Hoffmann, in his rhapsody about the ideal *Don Giovanni*, might have devoted, without throwing away, a genuine page. But the life and soul of this representation of Mozart's audacious masterpiece were concentrated in the two persons—Zerlina and Mollie. We will not trouble our readers with another dissertation upon the transcendental merits of Mlle. Adolina Patti's Zerlina, by which all the Zerlinas remembered since the Zerlina of Malibran are cast into the shade. To cite as examples the scenes with Maestri, musically illustrated by the two most exquisite songs in dramatic music—"Batti batti bel Maestri," and the (if possible) still more exquisite—

"Vedrai carino, se nel bosco,
C'è un uccellino il quale tu."

Mlle. Patti exhibits in these alone a thorough insight into the Zerlina of poet and composer. Then she sings the music so perfectly and with so strict and religious a veneration for the text, that, while she enchants the audience *en masse*, she extorts the more difficult approval of musical connoisseurs. If these great singers (from Malibran downwards), who used to delight in exhibiting their own proficiency at the expense, but assuredly not to the embellishment, of Mozart's inimitable melodies, could have heard the flattering plaudits that compelled Mlle. Patti to repeat both airs, they would perhaps have been made converts to the true faith, which indicates that what cannot possibly be improved had best be left untouched. As for Signor Ronconi, highly as we must always estimate his genius, the consummate art with which he makes a great individual character out of a mere rough sketch of an ordinary peasant of less than ordinary intelligence, would suffice to proclaim him the greatest lyric comedian in his peculiar line—or lines, Signor Ronconi's genius is many-sided—now existing. Besides the success awarded to Mlle. Patti and Herr Wachtel, the duet with Don Giovanni, "La ci darem la mano," the trio of Maestri (Mlle. Frick, Madame Rudersdorf, and Herr Wachtel), and the serenade of Don Giovanni, "Deh vieni alla finestra, O mio tesoro"—the last remarkably well sung by M. Gasier—were also compelled to be repeated. To praise Mr. Costa and his orchestra in *Don Giovanni* would be to repeat the same.

The return of Mlle. Pauline Lucra has been briefly recorded. No surer proof that the vast audience at Covent Garden, attracted by the announcement that she was once more to appear as Margherita, held in thorough contempt the nonsense credited in certain Berlin papers to this gifted young artist, could have been furnished than in the twenty receipts awarded her, and the hearty applause bestowed upon her performance wherever there was a chance—and that was happily not seldom—of applause being fairly administered. Another

essay upon Mlle. Lucra's idea of Margherita is not our intention to attempt. But we feel it our duty to say that her impersonation is considerably softened since last year; and that we have now something more nearly approaching the ideal heroine of Goethe—seen, even as she is, through the hazy vista of MM. Harlender and Carré. The expressive music of M. Gounod, its true, restorative calm of the poetry which had evaporated through the distillery of the Parisian librettists; and that Mlle. Lucra feels in a large measure the intense beauty of this music cannot be questioned. From beginning to end she sings what is set down for her with genuine feeling; and in two scenes especially—that where she witnesses the dying agony and totters under the relentless curse of her ill-fated brother, and that where, with inner conscience, represented by the sombre voice of Mephistopheles, admonishing her to desist, Margherita vainly endeavours to pray in the church—she rises to a height of tragic emotion of which her performance last year gave us no reason to believe her capable. In the gorgeous historical opera of Meyerbeer—one of the grandest things of the kind (how often need it be said) in the musical art—Mlle. Pauline Lucra was just as favourably received. Indeed, the enthusiasm she excited was far greater—in proportion, it may be reasonably asserted, to the superiority of Meyerbeer's opera over that of M. Gounod. The Valentine of Mlle. Lucra is much what it was when last seen and heard in London—with the proviso that her voice is in healthier condition, and that she has made decided progress, not only as a singer, but as an actress. In the great duet with Marcel after the wedding her magnificent tones and energetic delivery produced an unmistakable impression; and in the still greater duet with Marcel, after the "Benediction of the Swords"—one of the most splendid pieces of dramatic music extant—she excited an enthusiasm without bounds. True she was associated with Signor Mario, whose Raoul, on Saturday night—*mirabile dictu*!—might positively have been the Raoul of 1849 and 1849, so marvellously true was every vocal accent, while the dramatic portraiture was more marvellous than ever. When the curtain fell, the applause was uproarious, and the audience were not content till Mlle. Lucra and Signor Mario had twice appeared before the lamps.

The whole opera was thoroughly well played. M. Gasier, the best St. Bris now to be seen; M. Tagliafico a Novera "sans reproche"; Herr Schmid, the rich and noble tones of whose bass voice made the solemn ritualistic strains allotted to Marcel ring throughout the house; Mlle. Lucra, who gave the Horatius more vigour than the Queen of Navarre with a point and fluency not easy to surpass; and Mlle. Honoré, a graceful Uralian, one and all added to the efficiency of the "ensemble." The superb concerted piece in which the plan of the conspiracy against the Huguenots is unfolded by St. Bris, and receives the sanction and blessing of the monks, was given with its accustomed effect, and created its accustomed sensation. The music was densely thronged—*as rarely fails to be the case* on the first night of Meyerbeer's dramatic masterpiece.

The opera announced for the current week are *Faust et Margherita* (to-night and Saturday), *L'Elisir d'Amore* (to-morrow), the *Barbieri* (Thursday), and *Don Giovanni* (Friday). *Linda di Chamouni* is in preparation—for Mlle. Patti, Signors Brignoli, Graziani, and Ronconi.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times—May 29.)

There can be little doubt now that Mlle. Ilma de Muraka has completely laid hold of the public sympathies. In Lucia she took her hearers by surprise, and in Linda she has thoroughly confirmed the first impression. The truth is that Mlle. de Muraka represents a striking contrast. Her merits and her defects are to be weighed by no general rule of criticism. She is entirely original, and can be judged with fairness by testing the consistent excellence of her own performances. Her most conspicuous fault is a tendency to abuse the really extraordinary resources of which she is mistress. She has a wonderful command of the "shake," a wonderful command of the "staccato," and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of "roulades" and elaborate ornament; and of these she occasionally makes rather eccentric than judicious use, thereby exposing herself to the charge of ignoring the *art de se faire aimer*. From the same cause a certain want of repose, with an occasional tendency to anti-climax, inevitably springs. Some singularly original trait, introduced in an unlooked for place, at times remarkable for its subtlety, and its appropriateness, is the eliminating point, of the effect it would otherwise be sure to produce. But if Mlle. de Muraka, as we are credibly informed, is only 22, we have no right to suppose that she can have attained that rare quality of husbanding means which is indispensable to the highest perfection in executive art. This, indeed, she must strive to acquire. Meanwhile, she has the secret of fascinating and entrancing a whole audience. Her voice, though yet not thoroughly trained, is of exceptional compass and unusual pliancy. Her daring flights of vocalization appear so

spontaneous that they frequently strike the ear as felicitous improvisations, and thus exercise a doubly potent spell. Then she possesses historic genius as well as originality; the "sacred fire" as well as indomitable will. Her conception of the part of Linda di Chamouni is marked by extreme intelligence. Joyful, depressed, impassioned by turns, she gives to each shifting phase of her assumption a reality which real dramatic instinct could alone enable her to impart. There is, besides, a something in her face and physical configuration, so wild, strange, and indescribable, that the Swiss Linda becomes invested with an illusion quite as powerful as that which charmed every one in the 511 tish Lucy. The same ideal picturesque beauty is visible in both. In the last scene of *Linda Miller*, de Muska shows that she can assume a state of temporary mental derangement the result of strong mental depression just as effectively as she can feign that incurable madness of despair which hurries the unfortunate "Bride of Lammermoor" to self-destruction. Those who looked for another overwhelming ebullition must have been disappointed—agreeably disappointed, it is to be hoped, inasmuch as in the crushed spirit and helpless bewilderment of poor Linda they beheld something far more closely allied to poetic truth.

Of Mdlle. de Muska's singing it is unnecessary to say more at present. The effect produced on the audience by her amazing execution of the air with variations, which she interpolates at the end of Donizetti's opera, but which is not Donizetti's, was described in the brief notice of the first representation of *Linda di Chamouni*. At the second, not only the *pezzo di bravura* of Herr Heinrich Prutz (composed some 15 years ago for Mdlle. Anna Zerr), but the whole performance of Mdlle. Muska, from the animated cavatina, "O luce di quest'anima," to the end, caused even greater enthusiasm than before, and at the fall of the curtain had driven the most crowded house of the season half frantic.

The other characters may be dismissed in a sentence. Signor Carloni (Carlo) is a lower whose vocal expression belongs to the purely hyper-sentimental genus; the part of the benevolent Prefect is sufficiently well sustained by Signor Agnesse; and Antonio, of all "heavy fathers" the most insupportable, is made heavier by Signor Zaccini than on any previous occasion within our remembrance. Both these gentlemen are recent importations from the Théâtre Italien. The first of the promises lately made, which is more than can be asserted of the last, Pierotto, the Savoyard, is represented by Mdlle. Eleonora Grossi, who has a *contralto* voice with few parallels just now—a voice which would yield rich and mellow tones without the slightest effort, and which, therefore, requires no effort in its production. The delicious air, "Per sua madre and tua figlia," &c., delivered naturally and with unexaggerated accentuation, must tell its own tale eloquently enough. Signor Scialoja, the excellent *buffo*, who last year belonged to the company at the Royal Italian Opera, is as racy and genial a Marchese as we can call to mind. The scene, "Eccoci ancora qui," for the Marchese and chorus, happily restored to the third act, is, through the spirited and unaffectedly humorous acting of Signor Scialoja, one of the most diverting in the whole of *Linda di Chamouni* at the Théâtre. The band, under Signor Ardit, is admirable, the chorus perfect—matters of no little importance when it is borne in mind that whatever may be thought of it in comparison with other works by the same composer, *Linda di Chamouni* was one of those operas in which Donizetti strove hardest to create a perfect artistic whole. The first scene—also the last—is one of those striking pieces of nature-painting for which Mr. Tebini is justly famous.

The other operas have been *Lucresia Borgia* and *Fidelio*. To-morrow night Mdlle. de Muska is to play *Amlia* in the *Sonnambula*. The next novelty will be Cherubini's *Medeia*, which, but that Mr. Mayleson must know his interests best, one would think it scarcely advisable to bring out in Epson week.

HERN WILLEN COHEN gave the first two performances of classical and modern pianoforte music at Messrs. Ewer & Co.'s Library on Thursday morning, and met with decided success. Among the most effective pieces were Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in F minor, a Gavotte in B minor by Bach, and a pleasing composition of his own, entitled "Chant du Barbe." The vocalist was Miss Eleonora Wilkinsson, who sang Signor Randegger's "Den e riddico" and Mendelssohn's "Autumn Song" effectively. The performances altogether pleased greatly.

MRS MILLY PALMER in "ABRAHAM-POUR."—Mr. Boucical's *Arras-mu-pays* has been produced in first rate style at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool this week, and all the critics are loud in their commendation of its excellence as a drama, and of the perfection of the *mise-en-scène*. The part of Arras is sustained by Miss Milly Palmer, who has rightly received the most enthusiastic reception, and whose performance—full of graceful humour and womanly pathos—is highly eulogised in the local journals.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The third performance of Mr. Costa's oratorio was the most successful of all. Such an execution, choral and instrumental, of an oratorio has probably never been heard before in London—at Exeter Hall or elsewhere; and, equal in importance to the general effect, the solo singing was just as remarkable. Mr. Sims Reeves, who by the way did not sing at the State Concert in Buckingham Palace last Monday—was happily sufficiently recovered to resume the part of Naaman. Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Mr. Santley were again at their posts; Mr. Cummings, who so gallantly took the place of Mr. Reeves at the second performance, once more representing Behar. The interesting character of Adah, however, with the exquisite music attached to it, was this time undertaken by its original representative at Birmingham—Mdlle. Adeline Patti, for whom at the first two performances Mr. Costa was lucky enough in finding so excellent, and in every way adequate, a deputy, as Miss Edmonds, the young and promising pupil of Mrs. Sims Reeves. Mdlle. Patti sang the music assigned to her with the same zeal and unsurpassable perfection as at the great mid-England festival, and was received with the same enthusiasm. The hall was crowded to suffocation; and so enchanted was the audience with the whole performance that not less than six pieces were encored, with a hearty unanimity impossible to be disregarded. If the Sacred Harmonic Society were to give a few more performances of *Naaman*, it is possible that the "12 encore" enforced by the despotism of the Birmingham Festival President, last September, might be extorted at Exeter Hall by the absolute will of an audience of nearly 2,000. This would be a still greater compliment to Mr. Costa, who, at the conclusion of the famous quartet, "Honour and Glory, Almightiness be Thine," was honoured with such deafening cheers as will probably ring in his ears for months to come. New compositions were grandly sung than this—by Mdlle. Adeline Patti, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley.

This performance was, we believe, the last of the present season, the forthcoming Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, henceforth invariably absorbing the attention of the Sacred Harmonic Society and its active directors.

BACH'S MODE OF PLAYING.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

Sir,—I did not reply in your last impression to the letter of "R. H. B." of Glasgow, on Bach's mode of playing, hoping that the subject would be taken up by some more competent authority. Since, however, your number of the 13th list, does not contain anything on the subject, and as it really is an important one, I venture to trouble you further. I must first distinctly state that my remarks on April 29 did not apply to organ-playing, but to the piano. I protested against Forkel's remarks on Bach's playing being applied to the piano. I think that the distinction between the organ and the piano touch is not sufficiently recognised in theory, though abundantly so in practice. How can a thorough organist know anything of the touch required for the piano? His amount of tone is not produced by varying the pressure of the finger, but by adding stops; the resistance in the touch of his notes is uniform, and in fact it is as touch as it is greatest; the movement is a good *legato*, and the general style of the music he performs unites him for pianoforte effects. When he goes to the piano, all is changed; he is unable to do octaves from the wrist; he has no staccato, and he does not know how to make his instrument sing, having no touch. Accordingly, organists, though teaching the piano abundantly, are scarcely ever heard in public as pianists; the very few exceptions, of whom the illustrious Mendelssohn was the chief, confirming the rule; not to mention the popular notion, this time correct, that organ playing spoils the piano. Applying this to Bach's mode of playing, and fully admitting that his organ playing must have been wonderful, I say that it is worse than useless to quote it against modern pianists, with whom it has nothing in common; his plan of making the notes, slip off the notes, instead of raising them, is suited only to the organ. Indeed, it is probable that had that great musical patriarch lived in our time, he would have been indifferent equally to the piano and to its performers, as he was to the lighter music of his time. It is a collateral and would be an interesting enquiry to ascertain whether, had Bach been living, he would not have gladly made up his mind to the requirements of the piano are very different from those of the organ, and that the close, rapid, playing of such time is now admired by none but organists. I am, Sir, yours truly,

Brighton, May 15,

A READER.

MUSIC IN MOURNING.

During the past fortnight there has been but one theme for all of us to think about. Music itself instinctively made pause and listened to the very voice of God in the great national bereavement which suddenly fell upon us in the midst of a great general joy and gratitude, the like of which no people ever knew before. These two experiences, making one little week so long, flashing the clearest light across the whole dark struggle of the past four years, fusing all hearts in one great solemn joy, and then in one great grief which only puts the seal of certainty upon the victory of right, have made a nation of us. Those were both great days, though one brought us the best news that a whole loyal people's heart could crave, that of rebellion put down, its armies routed, captured, and its leaders fled, and the other fell us to the ground, with a bewildering grief and horror, at the incredible announcement that our loved and honored president had fallen by the miserable hand of the assassin! They were great days both, for they lifted us above all selfish thoughts or interests into a common consciousness, in which we knew that we were one people, the children of the common Father, and that all mere individual concerns are petty and impertinent compared with that in which we all strive and wait, rejoice and mourn as one. In the experience of that one week, that Passion Week, we touched the heights and depths of feeling—but through all felt that we were one people, as we had never quite so fully felt before.

For so grand a victory a typical and crowning sacrifice was needed, to set the seal upon it before all the world; and he, who had so wisely, firmly, reverently, humanely, guided us through the long struggle,—he who had lived down all criticism and all opposition by patient, self-forgetting perseverance in the most trying, sublime work to which Providence had called him,—he who had "borne his faculties so meek" and "been so clear in his great gifts,"—he who could say such touching words without any rhetoric,—he, who, by manifest simplicity and goodness, by plain, unpretending, solid virtues, by absolute integrity and a patriotism that knew not self, by sincerest sympathy with the people, the nearer to all that he was not brilliant, but only full of the true life and purpose, had won the heart of all this people to a degree scarcely suspected by itself,—he, our good, great president, became the nation's martyr! Now is our cause consecrated, now is our joy solemnised, now is our victory, which God hath given us, complete. This blow, no worse than so many deeds of the rebellion, all prompted by the foul genius of slavery, has that typical character that flashes its meaning instantly upon the minds of all the world: it sums up the whole story in itself; all these evidences were needed to convince mankind of what was so incredible, the fathomless infamy and villainy of this slave power which has been trying to throttle a free government. It has extinguished the last spark of sympathy with the rebellion, while it has made us so sad and sober, and yet so assured and strong as it is perhaps not possible to feel in gladder hours of triumph or in any mood less solemn.

This awful event, too, has flashed upon our minds and hearts, and engraved there for ever such a living likeness of the great example that we mourn, that we may well bless God that he has brought Abraham Lincoln, even by this mysterious means, so very near to every one of us henceforward. Our nation has had its fathers, its great men, its heroes: now we have our saint. Never was such sainting, so sincere and real, so sanctioned in the holy of holies of each honest heart of all the millions, as that of Abraham Lincoln on that wonderful Wednesday, the 19th of April, that day when the whole nation held funeral solemnity, spontaneous, unanimous, without need of pomp or form, or even of the bodily presence, "in its simplicity sublime!"

But we may not discourse on this great theme. On all sides are other better things than we can say. We had no hope to add anything,—only we could not sit quiet down to the study of music and Art criticism, as if nothing else had happened. Music, as we have said, was dumb when that blow fell. We were to have assembled in the Music Hall on Easter evening to find voice for our joy and gratitude in the great anthems of victory. The Handel and Haydn Society would have sung to us the "Hymn of Praise" and the great Handel choruses. But who could raise a voice, or lift a hand to conduct, in such an hour? Who had any ear or heart for music?

Every concert was of course suspended,—may forgotten; every

theatre was closed; there was but one thing that man, woman, child could think of; in spite of ourselves, all were religious then. We wanted to confer with one another, we sought comfort in extemporised meetings, where speech was reverent, sacred, and inspired; but Silence was the only music great enough to satisfy. The spontaneous abstinence from all shows and amusements on that day, and after, was most beautiful and touching, and worthy of a great free people. We clanked once to witness the funeral of a king, and we wondered that the most musical nation on the globe could be restrained by proclamation and authority for several weeks from operas and concerts. But here it did itself, it was spontaneous and instinctive; for we loved our President, and we knew that the blow which bowed his precious head was really aimed at the heart of the whole nation and of freedom.—*Dwight's Journal of Music, Boston, April 29, 1865.*

HERN LEHMEYER gave his first Matinee this year, at Messrs. Colard's Rooms, No. 16, Grosvenor Street, on Friday, the 26th ult., when he was assisted by Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Emma Jenkins, Mad. Emma Heywood, Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Madame Cerny, Messrs. David Minnow and Frank D'Alques as vocalists; the instrumentalists, in addition to himself, being M. Sokolowsky, Heren Grun and M. Paque; and the conductors, M.M. C. Hargitt and Emilio Berger. The principal instrumental features in the programme were Mendelssohn's Grand Trio in C minor, performed by Heren Lehmeier, Grun, and M. Paque; Beethoven's Sonata in G major, performed by Heren Lehmeier and Grun; and a "Valse" of Chopin's, executed by the former gentleman alone. All these pieces were very dashingly and were most favourably received, the audience testifying their approbation by the full meed of applause they bestowed upon the performers. Heren Lehmeier came in for an especial share of favour. This may be accounted for, doubtless, partly by the fact that he was the lion of the day, the *bellefleur*, but, at the same time, it is equally certain that a fair amount of the plaudits with which he was greeted were due to the satisfaction created by his playing, which has become more crisp and genial, and altogether gained greatly in every respect since his first appearance before a London public. Indeed, he may now truly be said to have attained his "Bürgerrecht" among those foreign artists whom Britons look upon as their own. M. Sokolowsky's concert, a "Polonaise" from Robert le Diable and a "Valse originale," the only drawback to our fully enjoying which was that they were played upon the guitar; however dear that instrument may be to Spanish *donas*, who love it as an exponent of *cantares y letrillas amorosas*, it will never become a favourite with ourselves, since we consider it bears rather too great an affinity to a tin-kettle to be pleasant, at least in a concert-room. It is a pity that an artist of M. Sokolowsky's abilities should have selected such an instrument. There is no accounting for taste, however; witness the case of Charles Eulenstein, who cultivated that primitive instrument, the Jew's-harp, with such assiduity and success, that he was introduced by the Duke of Gordon to "the first gentleman in Europe," before whom he enjoyed the honour of playing. The vocal contributions to the programme were, generally, well selected and artistically rendered. Our space forbids any attempt to give a detailed notice, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with awarding a passing word of commendation to the execution of Macfarren's beautiful duet, "Oh, morning morning," by Miss Rose Hersee and Madame Emma Heywood, and likewise to the "Spinnet from *Mazur*," by Madame Cerny, Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Messrs. Miranda and D'Alques. The room, though not crowded, was well and fashionably attended. Altogether Heren Lehmeier is to be congratulated on the success of his first Matinee, and will, no doubt, be quite contented if he achieves equal success with his second, which comes off on Friday, the 16th inst.

PAQUE, Heren Liebert, manager of the Bohemian Theatre, has purchased for 6000 florins the right of representing *Le Africain*, which cannot, for six months, be produced at any other theatre either in Prague itself or the neighbourhood. Heren Linhart, a well-known critic, accompanied Heren Liebert to Paris and will take there for the Bohemian version which is being made by Heren Joseph Frise. The performance will be a miniature one of that in Paris, and will come off by the end of July at the latest.—A new theatre was opened, the 14th of May, on the Sophienthal.

MR. KENNEDY'S SOLO OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. Kennedy is again giving his Scottish entertainment at the Music Hall, Store Street. The new selection, entitled "Both Sides of the Tweed," by Heren Joseph Frise, of "Barnes," has been thoroughly appreciated by large audiences each Monday evening. Mr. Kennedy is undoubtedly one of the best delineators of Scotch songs we have ever heard, his fine tenor voice, so well under his command, telling with great effect in such songs as "Afton Water," "Highland Mary," &c. Mr. Kennedy is fortunate in having such an accompanist as Mr. Land.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL was given at her residence, 204, Princes-square, Hyde Park, on Thursday morning, May 26th. The performances of the *beneficence* included Beethoven's grand sonata in E flat major, Op. 7; Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Chopin's No. 17 and 3; Moscheles Grand Valse de Concert, in D flat major; Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Etude de Concert, in D (composed expressly for Miss Schiller); and, with Herr Carl Rose, Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, for piano and violin. Miss Madeline Schiller has a brilliant and forcible finger, and her expression is variable and decided. She played greatly in all her pieces—instantaneously in Liszt's "Transcription." Chopin's two preludes, and the Kreutzer Sonata. Herr Carl Rose, with whom Miss Schiller was assisted in the sonata of Beethoven's, is a very clever performer, and is young enough to make himself better. He played his solo, Ernst's "Elegie," and displayed sterling good qualities as a fiddler. Miss Louisa Van Noorden was the singer. The "Requiem" and last "Requiem" was announced for Friday, June 2nd. The rooms were filled by a very elegant audience. On the following evening, Miss Madeline Schiller gave her first public concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, and the attendance was numerous and fashionable. Miss Schiller selected for her share of the performance a quartet by Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, played with Herr Carl Rose, Mr. Colchester, and Herr Lidel; Mozart's Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin, with Herr Carl Rose; Liszt's "Transcription" of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, which the young pianist had introduced the morning previously, at her second Pianoforte Recital, with such powerful effect; Weber's *Rondo Brillante*, "La Gaiete"; and a *Romance sans paroles* by George Weiffer. Liszt's "Transcription" and Weber's *Rondo*—both played with great brilliancy and faultless precision—seemed to please most, the former especially, the audience recalling Miss Schiller with great warmth at the end. The vocal music was sustained by Madame Parepa, Miss Florence de Courcy, Miss Berry, and Herr Reichardt. Madame Parepa was encased in Gounod's song, "Ou venez vous aller," and sang in addition, "The Nightingale's Trill," and Miss Florence de Courcy sang Mozart's "Non temer," accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Madeline Schiller, and pleased universally by her sweet voice and unpretending style; Miss Berry, who made her first appearance in public, sang Hurn's "Cherry Ripe," with variations, and the Irish melody, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and displayed a very nice and well-regulated talent, and made a desired impression in both her songs. Miss Louisa Van Noorden gave a song called "The Swiss Parting," and was honoured with a recall; and Herr Reichardt in two songs by Schubert, and his own popular "Love's Request," created a great and legitimate effect. I should have mentioned that Herr Carl Rose (violin), Mr. Apstein's (harp), and Herr Lidel (violincello), played solos on their respective instruments.

MISS CLARETTE invited her friends to a morning concert (her first), on Friday the 26th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms. Miss Clinton is a daughter of the late well-known fauist, Mr. John Clinton, and is, we believe, a pupil of the eminent professor of the pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Holmes. That Miss Clinton is a worthy pupil of a most worthy master was proved on Friday evening by several performances of the young lady, among which we may cite Mozart's Quintet in E flat, for pianoforte, cello, clarinet, and bassoon, in which she took the co-operation of those excellent players, Messrs. Alfred Nicholson, Lacroix, L'arrie and Waetzig; Chopin's nocturne "Murmure de La Seine"; and Beethoven's Sonata in D, for pianoforte and violin, Op. 12, in which she enjoyed the invaluable aid of Herr Joachim. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang the grand air, "Bei raggen," from *Semiramide*; Madame Parepa, who gave Clara's new song, "The Nightingale's Trill" (composed expressly for her), and Salaman's song, "L'amo d'uno dolcissimo" (a very smooth and pretty melody); Madame Berger Lamoelle, who introduced a new song, "Serena," by Francesco Berger, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang Ruediger's song, "Sunshine and shade," and a song of his own composition called "Pleasant sleep and happy dream." The room was very full.

MADAME JULIE ISABELLE SCHUBERT'S *Musique* given on Thursday last, at Willis's Rooms, was well and fashionably attended. This promising young lady is making good progress in her art, which her performance of Bach's prelude and fugue in B flat, the part she took in Hummel's trio in E flat (Op. 12), and the pleasing solo from *Lucia* fully proved. Her selections were good, as showing her appreciation of the several masters, and wish to omit all tastes. She was highly commended in her performances by Herr Dietmann, on the violin; Herr Lidel, violincello; and Herr Engel, harmonium. Mademoiselle Enquist charmed all by her rendering of the polacca from *I Puritani* and Miss Bradshaw, Mr. Miranda, and Signor Ciabatta, exerted themselves to do honor to the patrons of the fair beneficence. Herr Gutz and Herr Lehnwey conducted.

MR. W. H. HOLMES AND MR. G. W. HAMMOND'S CONCERT.—The pianoforte and miscellaneous concert of these professors came off at the residence of Mrs. Hoare, St. James's Square, on Monday morning last. The programme bristled with good things. There was a trio by Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Mr. Holmes, Mr. Biagrove, and Mr. Pettit; a duet by Mendelssohn, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Messrs. Holmes and Pettit; Mayser's Introduction and Sixth Polonaise, for the violin, by Mr. Biagrove; a new trio, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, composed by Mr. Hammond and played by the composer with Messrs. Biagrove and Pettit; Weber's Polonaise, No. 2, for the pianoforte, played by Mr. Hammond; a new solo for the pianoforte—romance, "Wanderer," and transcription, "Charlie is my darling," played by Mr. Holmes, &c. Beethoven's trio and Mendelssohn's duo were applauded to the echo, as indeed they richly merited. The trio of Mr. Hammond found many admirers and more applauders. The singers were Mademoiselle Sherrington, Miss Adelaide Charles, and Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist. Madame Lemmons-Sherrington created a great effect in a new song by Mr. Holmes, entitled "The Elfin's Bride"—which is a charming song and was delightfully warbled—and also gave Gounod's vocal pieces, "Valse Ariette" and "Lark Song." Abis's "O ye tears," and Boleyn Reeves' song, "I've something sweet to tell you," all with infinite charm of voice and great expression. Mr. Kennedy sang two Scotch songs, "The Lass o' Gowrie," and the old ballad, "Get up and lar the door," the first with much feeling, the last with great humor. The concert was in every respect an eminent success. The company was large and fashionable.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—The annual concert of Madame Puzzi, one of the most distinguished and esteemed of our foreign vocal professors, was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday last, and, as usual, attracted a large and brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. The programme, of the popular kind, was for the most part devoted to vocal music. As Madame Puzzi, however, teaches singing extensively, and has a great reputation as a mistress of the vocal art, and as, naturally, many of her pupils would patronise the concert, it behooved her to make the selection of her songs, singing, &c. in her concert. Not, however, that there was no instrumental music. On the contrary, there was enough and to spare. Signor Andreoli performed two solos on the pianoforte; Signor Mattei did the same on the same instrument; Mr. Apstein executed a fantasia on the harp; Signor Istanto and Mr. Ferdinand Both played the harmonium and violoncello, respectively, to Madame Puzzi's singing of Gounod's "Ave Maria." Mlle. Sarolta, by the way, made her first appearance for seven years—her last being, if we remember rightly, at Drury Lane, when Mr. E. T. Smith established Italian opera there. Mlle. Sarolta is as attractive looking as ever, but does not seem to have greatly improved in her singing. One of the most admired things in the concert was the celebrated ballad of Nelsko, from Meyerbeer's *Africana*, about which so much has been said, and which was capitally sung by Signor Marchesi.

MR. WILLIAM CARTER'S ANNUAL MATINEE took place at Collard's Pianoforte Rooms on Monday last and attracted a numerous and brilliant audience. Mr. Carter commenced with Dusek's Grand Sonata in F minor, Op. 77 (L'Invocation), and followed it up with Schumann's duet for two pianofortes, called *Andante con variazioni*, in which he was assisted by Miss Ellen Ley, his pupil, I believe, after which he performed, with Herr Carl Oberdurf, that professor's Grand Duet for harp and pianoforte on *Lucresia Borgia*, succeeding with a selection from Stephen Heller's *Aviz Blanchet*, then played, with Miss Emily Powell, whose neatness of execution and graceful manner were universally remarked—Thalberg's duet for two pianofortes on *No. 15*, and wound up with Liszt's "Grand Galop Chromatique." Mr. Carter was loudly applauded in all his performances. The singers were Mlle. Weiss, who sang a new song, "O River," Miss H. Fisher—who gave the air "Versa nel mio cor" from *Fuori*, and a Neapolitan song, "Na Varchista na Santa Lucia"; Mlle. Eunice Poyet, who sang the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, accompanied on the harp by Herr Herthorn, and a new ballad by Mr. Salama, "As I did walk one summer's day." Miss Fennia Jenkins—who introduced "Di piacer" and a new song by Mr. Wadsworth, called "The summer's come again." Mr. Weiss who gave Schubert's "Wanderer" and his own song "The Sentinel," and Mr. W. Gastes, who sang Mr. C. Hargitt's serenade "Good night, once more good night." The audience being compassed almost entirely of the sex, it was a minimum of applause, and a maximum of admiration. Nevertheless, the performance in general went off admirably, and there was nothing whatsoever to cause dissatisfaction.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—There is a regular French theatre established here. The manager, M. Manasse, is at present in Paris, occupied in engaging his artists for the approaching season.

GLoucester Festival.—Madame Arabella Goddard is engaged by Dr. Wesley for the Gloucester Festival.

MR. GEORGE B. ALLEN'S COMIC OPERA, "CASTLE GRIM."—(From *Bayonet Correspondent*).—The performance of this opera was given at the Baywater Hk Theatre, on the 23rd, with unqualified success. The libretto, written by Mr. H. Bece, is remarkable for the simplicity of its construction, and the humour is well sustained throughout. Mr. Elliott Galer, and Madame D'Este Finlayson, as Charles Ravenswood and Flora Skiply, sang and acted their parts *con amore*. Madame Helen Percy was as much at home on the boards as if she had been long accustomed to them; indeed, no one would have supposed this was the lady's first appearance on any stage. Such a first appearance points directly to the theatre as the proper field for Mrs. Percy's talents. Mr. Lambert, an amateur possessing a fine bass voice, made up the quartet. The third number of the opera, a chorus of male retainers at Castle Grim, was so well sung and pleased so much that an encore was the result. At the conclusion of the performance both the composer (who accompanied on the pianoforte) and the author were called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of a large and fashionable audience. After the opera Mr. Tom Taylor's comedietta, *Tu oblige Beniamino*, was cleverly played by amateurs, among whom we must mention Mr. Hecce, who played Mr. Southdown admirably; and Miss Francis Striford, a lady who possesses all the qualifications—personal appearance, manners, presence, voice and intelligence requisite to make an actress.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The season of the *Opera di Camera* has been brought to a successful close with the performance of *The Soldier's Legacy*, and the last effective and melodious novelty, *A Fair Exchange*. A new opera, however, taken from the French, and adapted by Mr. German Reed, will inaugurate a fresh campaign in about a fortnight or three weeks. Although the new entertainment by Mr. Hecce, called *A Pseudo Family*, fills the Gallery to an overflow, Mr. Parry is, we hear, about to give us a new descriptive song. The representations, therefore, of *Mr. Roodley* by the *Sanskrit* are limited, and only extend over a few more nights.

LIVERPOOL.—The Musical Society gave a popular concert in St. George's Hall, on Monday evening last, to a numerous audience. The singers were Miss Helena Walker, Mr. D. Whitehead, and Mr. D. Lambert, with a chorus of 150 performers. Miss Walker gave the song, "I'm alone," and "Up to the forest," with great spirit, and was cheered in both. D. Lambert contributed two songs, Mendelssohn's *buff aria*, "I'm a roamer," and Wallace's "Bell ringer," which were repeated. Mr. D. Whitehead, also, was encored in "The Pilgrim of Love" and "Beloved Star." Miss F. Bennett and Mrs. Skeaf, local artists, with soprano voices, each contributed a song, and won great applause, securing encores in each case. Mr. Maybrick was accompanist, and Mr. J. Sanders the conductor.

MR. WALTER MACFARLANE'S second pianoforte performance was no less classical and excellent than the first. The selection consisted of Handel's *Suite de pieces*, in F sharp minor. Spohr's sonata in A flat, Op. 132; Schumann's *andante* and variations, Op. 46, for two pianofortes; Beethoven's sonata in D minor, No. 2, Op. 31; Chopin's nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, and grand *valse* in A flat, Op. 42; Sterndale Bennett's *serenata* from Op. 13; Mendelssohn's *capriccio* in B flat minor, Op. 33; and pieces of his own composition. In Schumann's "andante and variations" Mr. Walter Macfarlane was joined by Miss Josephine Williams, his pupil, who may presume—and the playing of both created such an impression that they were both recalled. In one of Mr. Macfarlane's solos, an impromptu called "The mountain stream," his own composition, the demand for a repetition was too decided to resist. Mr. Macfarlane was also rewarded after his *galop di bravura*, "Will O' the Wisp." The room was crowded.

A CAPITAL CONJUROR.—Colonel Sodars very frankly calls himself a conjuror, and puts forth no pretence to having spirits for confederates. Yet, to see the tricks he does, one might fancy that a troop of little tricky spirits were ever at his elbow. *Puck* and *Ariel* might certainly assist as his *esquads*, so full of entertainment and so "cute and clever" are they. So practised is his hand that you would think he daily does his tricks in private life, and never cuts an orange without finding a half-crown in it. When he saw a flower-pot and a few handfuls of earth, and then make a plant bloom forth in it, we wished that he would visit our greenhouse now and then, and save us from the trouble of sending for a gardener. —(Punch).

TRINITY.—Madame Vera Lorini continues to attract crowded houses at the Opera here. At her benefit on Saturday, the 27th ult., she gave, among other things, the last act of *Adieu le Coureur*, an opera composed by her brother, Signor Vera of London, which was eminently successful.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS, the well-known pianist, at his *Motiv's Musical* on Tuesday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, presented a capital selection of music to his friends and pupils. The special pieces were Beethoven's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, No. 1, Op. 12, in which he was assisted by M. Sainon; Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, for pianoforte, played by Mr. Harold Thomas; Sterndale Bennett's "Travelling," solo for the pianoforte, composed expressly for Mr. Harold Thomas, and also performed by him; and a trio, by Adolph Blanc, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, executed by Mr. Harold Thomas, M. Sainon, and Signor Patti. Beethoven's sonata was admirably played, the *rondo* *Andante* exhibiting the brilliant qualities of M. Sainon's playing to eminent advantage. The trio of Adolph Blanc is not particularly fascinating, but, being executed so perfectly, made a favorable impression. The splendid and exciting *Andante* and *Rondo* of Mendelssohn was played with great force and spirit by Mr. Harold Thomas, who also performed some compositions of his own with great effect. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Moss, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss. Miss Edith Wynne was encored in a new song by Mr. Harold Thomas, entitled "Winter and Spring," which she sang charmingly, and which seemed to please the entire audience. Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.

WIMBORNE.—A grand private concert took place on Friday morning last, at Merly House, Wimborne, the residence of Willet L. Adye, Esq., for which invitations were issued to about 70 of the *clats* of the neighbourhood, who assembled for the purpose of hearing an entirely new oratorio, entitled *Paradise Lost*, from the works of Milton, composed by Mr. Ellerton, a distinguished amateur, well known in London musical circles as a quartet writer of great talent. This Wimborne Amateur Musical Society were the executants. Mrs. Willet Adye taking the part assigned to Eve, while Mr. Westmoreland, of Salisbury Cathedral, the only professional singer engaged, impersonated Adam, the other solo parts being taken by the members of the society. The performance took place in the presence of the composer, under the *Adm* of Mr. Boyton Smith.

LIVERPOOL.—From our *Correspondent*.—The Covent Garden English Opera Company terminate the engagement this evening, but their performances during the last few days were clouded by the sudden death of the husband of Madame Pareja, which necessitated a sudden change in the final representations. On Wednesday evening the benefit of Mdlle. Martorelli attracted one of the most crowded houses of the season, and the Amica of the fair young artist exerted herself to entertain and cheer the delighted and encouraging audience on her previous performance. On Thursday the company gave a morning concert in St. George's Hall to a fashionable audience, and to-day a morning performance of *Faust* will take place in compliance with the wishes of numerous families residing out of the town. At night Mad. Gris will take the place of Madame Pareja in *Norma*.

SIGNOR G. CAMPANELLA'S ANNUAL MONTE CARLO CONCERT was fully and fashionably attended. The prominent features in the programme were a solo, "Io vivo certo," from the *Trilogia Dramatica*, set to music by Signor De Liguoro, and energetically and effectively sung by Signor Campanella. The hymn, "Italia," with chorus, composed by Signor Campanella, sung by a body of singers selected from the chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, won general applause. Another effective piece was the *aria* and chorus from Bellini's *Norma*. "Guerriggi," the solo parts of which were wonderfully given by Signor Campanella. Among other things which seemed to afford satisfaction were Mdlle. A. Peschel's performance of a *Valse de Concert* for the pianoforte, and a *Nocturno* and *Valse*, composed and played by Signor Tito Mattel, who was honored by a recall. Signor Marchesi sang the song of Neri from Meyerbeer's *L'Africain*, which produced a great sensation, and Mr. F. Chatterton's *harp solo*, "The Symphe's Nod," pleased greatly. The other artists were Miss Van Noorden, Miss Kate Bianchi, Mdlle. Fortuna, Miss Austen, Signor Ammonetti, Signor Francini, Signor Ferranti (encored in a "Tarantella Napoletana"), Signor Bertacchi and Signor Fortuna. The concert concluded with Signor Ardit's chorus, "La Garibaldi." The conductors were Signor Tarsenti and Mattel.

ROMA.—The regular Italian Company who will sing here during the months of July and August consists of Signora Giuseppina Vitali, *prima donna*; Signor Achille Corso, tenor; Signor Antonio Usualguini, baritone; and Signor Giovanni Antonucci, bass. Mdlle. Trebelli, Signori Bettini and Ciampi will sing a few times.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

MEYERER & CO.—"The Willow Song," "Orpheus with his Lute," and "O mistress mine." Composed by ARTHUR S. BELLIVAN.

ANDREWS (Manchester).—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul," by HANDEL.

JEWELL.—"Save me O God," by W. MALVERN.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIFTH CONCERT.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT.

Monday Evening, June 12.

(THIRTIETH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON.)

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, H. WESS, and PIATTI	Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Jerusalem,"—Miss EDMONDS	Mendelssohn.
SONG, "The Message"—Mr. SIMS REEVES	Elmenthal.
SONG—Madame JOACHIM	Schubert.
SONG, "The Lady Hilford"—Mr. SIMS REEVES	Bolton.
SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte	
Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM	Turini.

PART II.

MUSICAL SKETCHES, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain," for Pianoforte alone—Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD	S. Bennett.
SONG—Madame JOACHIM	
SONG, "Adeleida"—Mr. SIMS REEVES. Accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD	
QUARTET, in D major, Op. 29, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, H. WESS, and PIATTI	Haydn.

Conductor, — Mr. BENEDICT.

EIGHTH MORNING PERFORMANCE

TO DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

(ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIFTH CONCERT.)

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Clarinet	
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, H. WESS, PIATTI, and LARSEN	Mozart.
SONG, "Quando in Ista"—Miss EDMONDS. Violoncello obbligato	
Sigior PIATTI	Demuth.
VARIATIONS REHÉURES, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHWARTZ	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

SONG, "Rose, softly blooming"—Miss EDMONDS	Sigior.
GRAND SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHWARTZ and Herr JOACHIM	Beethoven.

Conductor, — Mr. BENEDICT.

No Concert on MONDAY, June 5th.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS. (St. James's Hall.)

Fifth Recital, Friday Afternoon, June 9th.

PART I.

FANTASIA AND SONATA, in C minor (first time)	Mozart.
PRELUDES AND FUGUES from <i>La Clavicola sin tempo</i>	Bach.
CAPRICIO, in F minor (first time)	Haydn.
POLONAISE, in E major (first time)	Waber.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2	Beethoven.
BERENADE, in C sharp minor (first time)	Heller.
SELECTION from <i>Brama Caravantesques</i>	S. Bennett.

Box Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.

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L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE fils du Roy
F. ROBERTON de MACRON et de LA BELLE GELISE, fille de Rensleux, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUDIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS (two guineas of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 214, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD. (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become conversant with the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 47, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Stargrove, Esq., John Boney, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. West, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.

Price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATHS.

On the 27th May, at Woolwich, LEOPOLD ERNST SMYTH, the beloved and only son of Mr. SMYTH, band master, Royal Artillery, aged 13 years and 6 months.

On May 5th, Mr. F. STREIBINGER, an accomplished violinist, aged 33.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

(Concluded from page 306.)

ALTHOUGH it is sufficiently evident, from what has been already said concerning Dr. H. Kreimele's biographical work, how great an interest it must excite in the world of musical readers, we will add, in conclusion, some passages from the seventh chapter, headed "Zur Charakteristik," because, taken in conjunction with what was stated of Schubert by Anton Schindler in the *Neudruckeische Musik-Zeitung* (series for 1857), and being founded upon oral and written information emanating from Schubert's most intimate friends, namely Spaun, Von Schober, Sonnleithner, Kupelwieser, Bauerfeld, Mayrhofer, Stadler, and Anna Frolich, they are better calculated than ought else to correct untruth or exaggeration.

The personal appearance of the composer was anything but attractive. His round, thick, and somewhat puffy face, low forehead, pouting lips, bushy eyebrows, flat nose, and frizzled hair, imparted a Moorish character to his head, such as his bust in the Währinger churchyard agrees in representing it.* He was under the middle size, with round back and shoulders. His arms and hands were fleshy, and his fingers short. The expression of his countenance could be considered neither clever nor amiable, and it was only when he was excited by music or conversation, more especially where Beethoven was concerned, that his eye began to flash fire, and his features to grow animated.

But just as his external appearance was insignificant and almost repulsive was his mind richly endowed. All persons in the least intimately acquainted with him agree in saying that he possessed an excellent disposition, that he was a good son, lovingly and firmly attached to his brothers, a true friend towards his friends, free from hate and jealousy, noble-hearted and enthusiastic for the beauties of nature and the art which he held sacred.

His demeanour was marked by a sort of joviality, and a good-natured wit springing from it, as well as his love for society, were the causes of his being sought after by men of joyous temperament and light spirits.

* When, after the mortal remains of Beethoven and Schubert had been disinterred, and the skulls, which were in good preservation, examined by surgeons, no distinctive marks of a feeding for music were, in either instance, discovered, where people are generally accustomed to look for them.

Falseness and envy were altogether foreign to him—as he is described by J. Mayrhofer; gentleness and roughness, the love of enjoyment and truthfulness, sociability and melancholy were all mixed up in him. Bashful, frank, and childlike, he possessed patrons and friends who took in his fortunes and productions, a cordial interest suggestive of that more general interest which would certainly have been felt for him had he lived, and which will still more certainly be entertained for him, cut off as he was in the flower of his age.

As a rule, Franz began his day's work early in the morning, sitting on the bed and writing. This he continued to do without interruption till noon. His whole being was then merged in music; he frequently felt moved by his own compositions, and actual witnesses have assured us that they could tell by his flashing eyes and altered speech what mighty influences were at work in his soul.

Schubert, certainly, is to be called active only because, creating restlessly from within, he strove to preserve upon paper his rich stores of thought. For what in ordinary life is termed work, he had no liking, and this, in conjunction with his not too regular mode of living, which prevented him from appearing with the desired punctuality at rehearsals, was probably the reason of his consistently refusing certain offers which restricted him in the disposal of his time.

The rest of the day was as regularly devoted to social pleasures and, during the fine weather, to trips into the country, with friends and acquaintances.

In musical circles, especially in the more elegant ones, where he went to oblige some one by accompanying his own songs, he was bashful and taciturn. While seated at the piano, his face wore a most serious expression, and, as soon as his task was over, he usually withdrew into an adjoining room. Careless of praise and applause, he went out of the way of compliments, and was quite contented if his friends manifested their approbation.

But it was another thing, when he was not restricted by the shackles of propriety; he would then loosen his tongue in joyous loquacity; he was not deficient in wit or humorous notions, and even though, now and then, he himself might be still, he shared in the mirth of the others. He never indulged in loud merriment; his laugh was a somewhat hoarse, suppressed chuckle.

Though he did not dance himself, he sometimes went to balls given by intimate friends, and was always ready to sit down at the piano, and extemporise dance-music for hours together. The pieces which pleased him, he repeated, so as to retain them in his memory and write them down at once.

His respect for what was done by others even in the domain of songs in which his own sway was greater than that of anyone before or after him, went hand in hand with his modesty.

It is a well-known fact that Schubert was a sincere admirer of wine; nay, there are even some persons who would brand him as a drunkard, in consequence, probably, of some few harmless excesses of which he was certainly guilty.

Franz was fond of good wine. As, unmoved by the representations of his friends, anxious about his health, he could not be prevailed upon to moderate the strength of what he drank by mixing water with it, and could not take much, it sometimes happened that in joyous society at a tavern, or when "specimens of the right sort" were landed round at private houses, he overshoot the mark, either becoming noisy and violent, or, when the wine had stupefied him, sinking into a suspicious state of silence, which defied every effort to get a word out of him.*

Whenever there was plenty of good wine on the table it was necessary to keep a watchful eye upon Franz; such is the testimony, without exception, of all those who do not disguise this weakness of his, and had an opportunity of seeing him on such occasions. Many persons, moreover, are inclined to regard his frequent indulgence in wine as the cause of the headaches and rushes of blood to which he was subject during the latter years of his life, and even to ascribe, at least partially, to his love of spirituous liquors, the illness which so speedily carried him off.

Schubert's "drunkenness" is to be reduced to these facts; the most convincing proof, however, that, as a rule, he was sober is furnished by the immense number of works which, there can be no doubt, were produced in the full power of his intellect, and which no one would be able to give the world, if he did not properly employ so short a span of life as that meted out to Schubert.

But Schubert, like many other men of great minds, is entitled to claim the right, so frequently denied, of not being measured, when people sum up his moral value, by another standard than ordinary mortals, whose faults and weaknesses are frequently never noticed, or, at least, judged with indulgence, while the same shortcomings in the case of eminent men are looked upon as essential traits of character, what was human weakness being only too readily represented as vice.*

Franz was far from being indifferent towards the fair sex. Several attachments, however, were by no means as openly and strongly pronounced in his case as they usually are in that of men endowed with so lively an imagination. He was fond of laughing at the sentimental passions of his friends, though he himself was not free from the same. One love affair has already been mentioned, and there were, no doubt, others, but they were all of a transient nature, and far from laying the foundation of anything permanent. With regard to these matters, however, more than to aught else (as Herr von Schober informed me), Schubert was exceedingly reserved even with his most intimate friends.

He generally stopped away from the performances of his own works. Modesty was a leading trait in his character; it was only when he felt overmuch the pressure of circumstances, and could no longer banish the painful idea how comparatively small was the remuneration he obtained for his productions, that he vented his dissatisfaction in words not free from bitterness, and, at the same time, showed that he was filled with a consciousness of his own value.

His naturally bashful disposition and the unpleasant results of his plain, straightforward feelings, and his candid love of truth, estranged him the more from the doings of the noisy world, because his mind, averse to aught like tinsel, was unfitted to them, and because, in this way, he was most certain of avoiding the danger of being misunderstood.

During the latter years of his short earthly pilgrimage, the seriousness of life appears to have come over him in a greater degree than before, but without changing his naturally good spirits into despondency or indolent stupor. He was preserved from this—at least for any length of time—by his equable and overflowing power of production,† of which the works of this very period afford eloquent testimony. The longing excited in his mind to gain sufficient to ensure a certain livelihood, the non-

showing his hand under the table to the waiter, who had then to reckon up by the number of fingers stretched out the number of pints that had been emptied—A friend of Schubert's is very fond, too, of alluding to the so-called "drunken quartet," which, before Schubert had composed it, was also "drunk."

* The same thing happened to Mozart (See Otto Jahn, vol. III., page 175 et seq.).

† Thus, after concluding the first part of "Die Winterreise," he spent some time very agreeably in Graz, and finished the second part of the work on his return.

* Whenever he was at a tavern, and had drunk rather "more than his share," he was in the habit, when the time for paying arrived, of furtively

fulfilment of the hopes connected with this, and, still more, permanent ill-health, may have materially contributed to his dissatisfied frame of mind, and thus the gloomy verses of the "Winterreise" found in his imagination a fruitful soil. Whether the composition of these songs increased the pressure of his physical and moral sufferings, as many persons have asserted, is a question we will not take upon us to decide*; it is, however, more probable that the fact of his working at this series of poems, the success of which afforded him genuine gratification, drove away his gloomy notions concerning the world, while the many compositions written after "Die Winterreise" furnish no grounds for our supposing his soul was clouded.

There never was, perhaps, another great composer whose outward existence was so entirely separated from art. The course of Schubert's earthly pilgrimage was marked by so few events; it was so common-place; and so completely out of keeping with the works which this heaven-descended genius had created, that we were simply compelled to confine ourselves to those works, if we would perceive the rich stores of mind and heart existing in Schubert.

In everyday life (says Franz Schöber, when speaking of him), few had an opportunity, and such as had, only at rare and blessed intervals, of being convinced what nobleness of soul distinguished him, and they derived their knowledge from signs and words which cannot easily be repeated or described.

With regard to Schubert's pecuniary circumstance, Herr von Kreislo places in its proper light the oft-repeated assertion that the indifference of the Viennese public, and the society of bad friends, are the causes to which we must attribute the embarrassed position in which Schubert frequently was placed.

Certainly—he says at page 199—Schubert, like many other masters of his art, had to contend against the want of understanding and the selfishness of the publishers, while the great mass of the public was not always inclined to value his compositions as they deserved. He had only small reason, too, for thanking even the Musical Union of Vienna, though its object was to forward the interests of music, and especially of native talent, in every possible manner, since the Union, as its concert bills irrefutably prove, took but small notice of him and committed a double wrong against the grand Symphony in C. But this does not say that Schubert was left, abandoned and betrayed, by the whole world, and compelled to allow his talent to be employed simply for the benefit of others. At no time did he suffer from a want of sympathising persons acknowledging his genius, and ready to assist him by word and deed. That he did not feel attracted towards them as much as they felt attracted towards him, but, following his inclinations, consorted with persons, who, though pleased with his songs, prized in him the agreeable companion more than the creative artist, and who, seeing that some of them were themselves struggling for a livelihood, were not in a position to take him euergetically by the hand, is a fact which cannot be considered a reproach to the former or the latter individuals.

The few favourable opportunities he had of putting his pecuniary

affairs on a satisfactory basis, he allowed (if the information I have received on the subject be founded upon truth) to pass by, without taking any advantage of them. Perfect freedom in his movements was the element in which he felt at his ease, and to which he sacrificed all other considerations. But while he really achieved and preserved this independence in one respect, he lost it in others. It is true that this state of things exercised no influence on his artistic labours. His productive power was not restricted by the struggles of life; despite bitter ordeals, he fulfilled his mission in a magnificent manner, and in the consciousness of his own value, and the happiness of inexhaustible fertility of production, found a rich compensation for the want of the treasures of this world.

Though Schubert did not, like Beethoven, especially in the latter years of his life, dedicate his works to high potentates, he still obtained money by dedications. Thus, for instance, he writes to a friend: "My dedications have had their due effect; the Patriarch (Ladislav Pyrkner, Op. 4, three Songs), has come down with 12, and Count Fries (Op. 2, "Gretchen") with 20 ducats." (Page 231).

After the enthusiastic reception of the "Erlkönig," the Vienna music-publishers were exceedingly anxious to obtain compositions from Schubert. The twelve works published on commission by Cappi and Diabelli, had brought in above 2000 florins, and of the "Erlkönig" alone copies to the value of 800 florins (of which Diabelli is said to have received 50 per cent.) were sold by the 1st October, 1821.—"Schubert" (so we are told at page 267) "had it in his power at this period to lay a solid and permanent foundation for his material existence, and to derive great benefit from his works. But inexperienced as he was in business matters, and caring only for the present moment, he did not possess the power of profiting by these favourable circumstances." Without his friends' knowing anything about it, he sold Diabelli, for 800 florins, the plates and copyrights of 12 works, including the "Erlkönig," "Gretchen," "Der Wanderer," "Rastlose Liebe," and the three Sonatas in B, D, and E!—But what he thus received was speedily spent, and many publishers afterwards took advantage of his pecuniary difficulties—which compelled him to ask small, nay, almost degrading sums—to reduce by half even such most modest prices.

Chapters XVIII. and XIX. of the *Biography* (pages 485-582) contain a survey of Schubert's musical productions and a summary of their characteristics, the latter being conveyed in a combination of the opinions of various persons and the opinion of the author himself. They are followed by the catalogue of Schubert's compositions (from page 590 to 618). It appears to be complete, as far as this is possible where the non-printed works are concerned, but it leaves much to be desired in the way of intelligible classification; for instance, starting with the Songs, we have to find out that the second category: "Songs from the posthumous Papers" is a subdivision of the first: "Songs that have been published."

The number of the published songs which were engraved is at present three hundred and sixty. But there are in existence nearly six hundred, partly in autograph MSS. and partly in copies, especially in the Wittebeck Collection of Copies. Only one hundred appeared during Schubert's lifetime. Of the total number, sixty of the poems are by Goethe.* The catalogue contains about two hundred still unprinted, most dating from 1814, but some from his best song-years, namely from 1816 to 1819.

* On the advice of a friend, Schubert once sent Goethe a thin manuscript book ("An Schwager Kronos"—"An Mignon"—"Ganyrind") with a dedicatory inscription, but received no answer. We learn from Von Woltzen's *Wilhelm Scherer* that it was not till the latter years of his life that Goethe was affected by the "Erlkönig," though he had often previously heard that, and, also, other songs by Schubert, well performed.

* For instance, J. Mayrhofer says (*Reminiscences of Franz Schubert*):—"The mere fact of his selecting 'Die Winterreise' proves that the composer had become more serious. He had suffered a long and severe illness; he had gone through depressing trials; the roseate hue was rubbed off life, and for him winter had set in. The poet's irony, rooted in the impossibility of being consoled, pleased him; I was painfully affected."—In his "Anschauungen," Spaun informs us that, in announcing to his friends the completion of "Die Winterreise," Schubert employed these words: "You will soon learn the reason of the gloomy state of my mind; I will sing you some awful songs at Schöber's; they affected even me."—Schöber protests against any embellishments of this sort, and, pointing to Schubert's peculiar faculty for production, asserts that the composer had found Möller's songs in the small library which Schöber had arranged for him, felt attracted by them, and, after his own fashion, rendered them musically; as he had rendered so many others.

Then come *Part-Songs* (according to the thematic catalogue of Breitkopf and Härtel), and thirty unprinted ones, some for mixed voices, and some for male voices only, among them being the "Chor der Engel" from Göthe's *Faust*, "Lützow's wilds Jagd," Klopstock's "Schlachtgesang" (three-part), &c.—Among the unpublished compositions, our attention is excited by an "Italian Cantata" for male chorus, with a full chorus coming in at the end, and an accompaniment of two pianos; it dates from the year 1827.—A "Sonata in E flat minor for four Hands," also, of the year 1828 (the autograph manuscript said to be in the possession of Diabelli), is doubtless highly interesting. The Fantasia, in F minor, for four Hands, published as Op. 103, was dedicated to the Countess Caroline Esterházy not by Schubert but by the publishers. The manuscripts, too, of from four to six Violin Quartets are still at Diabelli's. The now well-known Symphony in C major (1828) is the *seventh*; six others, from the year 1813 to 1818, still exist only in manuscript.

Schubert's Mass in G, four Voice-Parts and orchestra (1815), was published by Marco Berra, in Prague, as a composition by Robert Führer, who died in 1861!

BRIEF BRIEFS.

No. 2.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I read the musical paper called the *Berlin Echo*, and often find good things in it. For example, in the most recent number I found something about Handel too good to leave untranslated. So I have translated it, and now forward it as a brief brief. Here it is:—

HANDEL AND THE ENGLISH.—Handel is regarded by the English as one of themselves, because, during half his life, he eat the bread of their king—a somewhat weak title-deed, but we do not murmur at it. Let us not forget that Handel is revered, and that, too, enthusiastically, in England up to the present day, while, if we would be sincere, we must confess that in Germany his music is only "got up in bits," on some special occasions, by musicians of the old school, and forms rather a part of musical literature than might else. The Englishman hears "all" his works at the Handel Festival, day by day, and it produces a strange effect upon us Germans, as we stroll through the streets, a short time before the event, and behold in the windows of all the shops, to the very smallest, the notice: "Tickets for the Handel Festival." There is as great a commotion in the monster city on such occasions as there would be for a national festival. Therefore, it is a non-German notion presses the German-born composer so warmly to his heart, we will not boast too much about his German certificate of birth; at least we will not get angry if the English half claim as their own his works, most of which he wrote on English ground.

Is not that very good, and very unaffectedly stated? True, we are enthusiastic in England for Handel in spite of Ulster and the Belfast what'd ye call it. Yours, T. DUFF SMITH.

CHERUBIN'S SON AND GRANDSON are in London, and have come to witness the production, at Her Majesty's Theatre, of their father's and grandfather's opera, *Medea*.

MIL LEIGH MURRAY.—The benefit of this gentleman, to which we referred in our last number, will take place at Drury Lane Theatre on the 27th inst. The fact of its being announced as under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is of itself a sufficient proof of the high esteem in which Mr. Leigh Murray is held, both artistically and socially.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN'S MOSQUITO AT THE PIANOFORTE.—Another of those delightful entertainments was given last Wednesday to a overflowing audience, every part of the late Albert Smith's room in the Egyptian Hall being crowded to excess and many persons being unable to obtain admission. Mrs. John Macfarren is a player with intelligence to conceive the purpose of her author, and has a finger cultivated to give full expression to her conceptions. She is also successful in all styles of music, as was abundantly proved by the varied selection she executed on the present occasion. Miss Robertine Henderon, who varied the programme with vocal pieces, gave great delight by her finished and expressive singing. Both ladies were warmly applauded.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

The Opera Concert at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last was performed by members of the Covent Garden Company, who were not in the cast for the performance at the Opera house in the evening; and the numbers that struggled for seats within sight and sound of the orchestra testified to the appreciation in which the talent of the various singers was held. I have seldom heard Herr Wachtel or Signor Neri Baraldi to greater advantage than on Saturday last, and although the centre transept is eminently unfitted for a voice such as that of Signor Graziani, yet, in spite of this drawback, that gentleman obtained a corollary encore for the barcarole in *Moscaello*. No doubt the presence of a large proportion of the audience was due to the name of Carlotta Patti, whose extraordinary voice and charming manner have acquired for their owner the position of the Queen of English Concerts, and who sang on Saturday last as well as ever. Considerable anxiety was displayed to hear and see Madame Vandenhoeve Duprez, whose performance of Caterina in *L'Étoile du Nord* had placed her so unquestionably in the foremost rank of our foreign artists. Many knew her to be the daughter of the great French tenor, Duprez, while others, having witnessed her performance of Meyerbeer's heroine, were anxious to hear her sing some other music. The piece she selected was from Verdi's opera *La Traviata*, and, though evidently astonished at the place in which she was asked to sing, yet the school in which she had been taught, and the personal talents of the artiste, were made more apparent by the artistic manner in which the scena was sung from beginning to end. Madame Fioretti and Rudersdorf were of the next note not yet mentioned, and these ladies, it is unnecessary to say, acquitted themselves in their accustomed manner. It would probably be impossible to arrange accommodation for so many people as were congregated on Saturday without resorting to the centre transept, but could this be avoided it would be a great boon to the vocalists, whose voices are heard at a great disadvantage when singing in such a large open space with an echo resounding to every note. Before closing this notice I will yet venture to remark that representatives of the press, who attend the concerts as a matter of business, and who therefore desire to see and hear all that is going on, would be well placed were they given seats where they can hear all that is sung, and from whence their view of the singers is not confined to an occasional glimpse of a bald head, or a lady's back hair.

L. PITT.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the *Huguenots* was given for the first time this season, with Mlle. Pauline Lucca as Valentine, Signor Mario as Raoul, Herr Schmid as Marcel, &c. For details see another column. On Monday *Faust and Margherita*. On Tuesday *L'Elisir d'Amore*. On Thursday the *Barbier*. Last night *Don Giovanni*.

To-night will be repeated *Faust and Margherita*. On Thursday *Linda di Chamouni* will be given, with Mlle. Adeline Patti as Linda, her first appearance in that character in England.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Linda di Chamouni was repeated on Saturday. On Tuesday, Mlle. de Murska appeared as Amina in the *Sonnambula* for the first time, and achieved a success no less brilliant than she had already achieved in *Lucia* and *Linda*. We shall notice the performance at length next week. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance for the season as Elvino, and was a great improvement on the previous representative of Amina's lover. The other characters as before.

On Thursday the *Travatore* was given, with M. Joulin as Mario. The other characters as before.

To-night, *Fidello*.*Medea* will positively be given on Tuesday.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is engaged to play Weber's *Concert-stück* at the 12th concert of the Musical Society of London.

Muttoniana.

Every other Muttonian within railroad being at Epsom, Dr. Silent breaks silence to say that he has again undertaken to see *Muttoniana* through the press.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

MY DEAR DR. SILENT,—If you would kindly insert this address in *Times* you would sincerely oblige, yours very truly,

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

Dr. Silent has not the command of *Times* columns, but as the circulation of *Muttoniana* is ten times that of all the morning, evening, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, bimonthly, and quarterly periodicals (including sixmonthlies and annuals) put together, perhaps "Paganini Redivivus" may be consoled:—

Address to

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS,

By a Gentleman of Falsely.

Written after hearing Richard C. Levy perform his wonderful "Paganini Scene."

Arise, Violinist! hear a muse unto thy fame,
Accept my poor tribute in honour of thy name;
Thou by whose master hand, and gentle touch sublime,
Can make thy hearer thrill with awe or joy divine;
And as he listens to thy beautiful strains of art,
Feels that thy melody is played to touch the heart;
Sees in each look that what your soul would say
Is uttered from a fiddle on which your giant hand doth play,—
Strange that a fiddle should utter such a sound—
Strange that a man so wondrous should be found.
Arise, Redivivus!—well indeed they call you so—
Paganini lives again in the marvels of your bow.
Hail, Redivivus! the people's Son of Song,
Giver of sounds, dost please the merry throng,
Or by thy paches, in tears our faces baste,
Hail, Redivivus! the joyous, sad, or grave,
Just as the inspiration flashes o'er thy brain,
The hearer listens, and is fettered by thy strain.

A SENSITIVE BODY.

Dr. Silent breaks silence to inquire the significance of a "Sensitive Body." Perhaps Mr. Dion Boucicault will explain.

SIG. ARDITI'S CONCERT.

SIR,—Signor Luigi Arditi's grand morning concert is announced to take place within the walls of that time-honoured temple of the muse—Her Majesty's Theatre—on Friday, June 9th. The programme—like a bill of fare at a grand banquet—is rich and varied, and includes extracts from all the most popular composers of the present century. The artists comprise the whole of the magnificent company of the establishment, together with other popular favourites, such as Sims Reeves, Sherrington, Louisa Pyne, and last, not least, the queen of pianoforte-players, Arabella Goddard. Of Signor Arditi's musical acquisitions it is unnecessary for me to speak. The United Kingdom has endowed the high opinion entertained of the London musical press—with the *Musical World* at their head. The concert is not only grand, but what the late M. Jullien would have designated as "monstrous." Among the most interesting points are Mendelssohn's *First Walsegria* Night, a *Quintetto* (first time) expressly composed by Signor Arditi for Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves, and entitled "Una Notte a Venezia," "Il Desio" (ly desire), and "L'Urologio," by the same composer. Madame Arabella Goddard will perform Hummel's grand concerto in A minor.

In No. 18 of Addison's *Spectator*, the writer whose *nom de plume* was a capital C, says "Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment;" and "at present, our notions of music are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is like." Now Signor Arditi has met these remarks in an extraordinary manner. In the first place, his concert (or entertainment) will be "very agreeable;" and by the great variety contained in his "bill of fare" it renders "our notions of music very certain," besides making us know what we do like. I'm certain that we "C" now living, he would materially alter his views as to "our notions of music being uncertain." We, as a body, like a good programme. Concert givers have begun to know it, and are obliged to be not only select but conspicuous in choosing pieces that "we like." The whole entertainment will, I have not the slightest doubt, afford unqualified satisfaction to what you may be pretty sure will be an elegant and crowded audience.

RANDLER.

To Dr. Abraham Silent.

Dr. Silent breaks silence to say that he will attend Sig. Arditi's concert in *propria persona*.

THE MUSIC AT THE OPENING OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

DR. SILENT.—SIR.—The programme of the music performed at the opening of the Dublin Exhibition only proves that Mr. P. P. Hennessey was perfectly justified in drawing the attention of the public in the House of Commons to it. If the committee of management on such an occasion could not select a piece of Irish music suitable for the occasion, surely they might have had an ode or cantata written and set to music by an Irishman. I believe Mr. Michael Balfe, Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, Dr. Robert Stewart, and other celebrities in the world of music, all Irishmen, are quite capable of composing something suitable for the opening of an exhibition like this. Instead of 8 or 10 exclusively German compositions, however good in their way, room might have been found for one piece of music in connection with the country, either by birth, or, as I have before stated, by an Irish composer. No such exception could have occurred under similar circumstances in Scotland, Wales, or any other country; nor did the occasion require that the "old hundred" and "God save the Queen" should have been expressly rearranged for the occasion. Such treatment of these time-honoured melodies was a piece of presumption and impertinence quite uncalculated for. The musical management on this occasion was a blunder. Lord Wodehouse, it was stated, cut out from the programme some Irish music; this is a mistake—he had not the chance; but, he had the shrewdness to cut four German pieces, amongst others, one an adaptation of a piece of Mozart's to English words, by an adaptor, one Gardiner, who flourished about 40 years since, and who was celebrated for his music of nature in the shape of a dissertation on the voices of cats, dogs, rooks, and geese, &c., and whose words presented to be sung on occasion of joy like this consisted of an anathema dealing destruction by "the arm of the Lord" on all around. Such was the judgment displayed in selecting music for the opening of the Irish Exhibition of 1865.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, May 19th, 1865.

WILLINGTON GUERREY.

ENGLISCH SHOOT AP'POODLE.

DEAR DR. SILENT.—The readers of the *Musical World* pitch into that Ap'Poodle in such a fearful manner that, generously wishing to stand by the weak, I feel inclined to defend the poor animal. I cannot go so far as to answer it, as I must before all know who I have to deal with, and unless I see the signature of a gentleman it would be a piece of tomfoolery to expose my full name against any one who hides himself behind the screen of pseudonymy. I don't ask Montague Shoot for his name because he is a gentleman, and with him there is a discussion possible and not a quarrel. But the distinguished trios of vulgarity, absurdity, and untruth don't constitute that mixture of composition which would make you guess a gentleman, and before this certainty is given me the poor Ap'Poodle may walk his hind-legs off before I take any further notice of his bark. But for all that he is really ill-treated by your readers. True, he is an English dog and ought not to make himself so ridiculous as to bark French, which he so entirely ignores as to use words without common sense; for instance, the word "enjoyment," as he uses it, and which, by the bye, he rhymes on "rejoice;" but the poor dog wishes to pass himself off for a "chien favant." True, the dog has no business in a drawing-room, but why did he . . . leave the door open? Why he barks continually and so uncalled for? First, you must allow for those hot days and the hydrophobia alluded to in a previous letter, and then it hurts the feelings even of a dog to think himself of the lion genus, and to be taught by—different reasons that he is but a dog. Consequently, with the Poodle I have done, so no more of that. "Kicking" is no gratification in a drawing-room, and even for the bystanders a sight of that kind is not a pleasant sight. Besides, I don't want, nor can the public want, this to go on interminably. Is not it hard enough for poor Ap'Poodle, enraged to see my name put forward more than he likes, and to have himself furnished me with the means to be disagreeable to him for the last three weeks? And hush! there is a private reason of mine which I won't tell him, you see. If I abuse him too much to-day, as from this day to next Saturday I have to appear in four concerts, he might take the opportunity and abuse me in return, and as an artist open to criticism, I would have to put up with it. U C?

Now then to you my darling Montague Shoot; you are wrong again. First, it is a wrong impression that I may not have said what I thought. I did say about Melba, Minerva what I thought, and I don't think the same heart in *John Bull* as I did, and then you put a letter. I won't inflict another punishment on you, and if you are of a different opinion, mind that my letter has not been printed completely as I had written it; that is your right, but, believe me, at any rate that I said what

thought to be the truth. I knew Mdlle. Murka when she went to take her lessons from Madame Marchesi in Paris, 1861. She was then a very promising girl—she had great qualities—she wanted careful study—her qualities are more developed now. In my opinion she still wants study before being called a perfect singer. As to Mdlle. Bethelein there is a *lark*. She was so hurt and so offended by what I said about her singing that she went so far as to assign a certain reason for my having treated her so badly. Fortunately I was able to prove this reason to be a chronological impossibility, but such was the effect of the "unreserved praise." You ought really not to be so hard upon me, don't you see all the troubles I got into already, poor thing.

For dear Ada I enclose my photograph. I have never been fair; I shall never be dark. Again, remember I wrote it down, the snow is getting into the hair and into the hair of your truly. EXCEL.

P. S.—Since writing to you this morning I looked at the letter alluded to by Montague Shoot, accusing me not to have appreciated Murka, but in my letter as it now stands not only is she praised to, but above her success. I would, therefore, thank you if you would put instead of all the round about ways I made in mentioning *Dinorah*, &c., simply to say that I don't understand what he wanted me to say beyond what I said, that I knew her in 1861, &c., &c. I put that in, not only because it is perfectly true, but because there are people here who want to make her another woman, a Polish Lady Murka, who is really thirty-nine years old, &c. Last night in the concert a lady even told her a few words Polish, and of course she is not pleased by the addition of seventeen years.—Yours in haste, EXCEL.

Fish and Volume, June 2.

Abraham Silent.

MOLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—Being the only person in London who can know anything concerning Mdlle. Murka, I am enabled to state, in the most correct statements made about her by Mr. Montague Shoot in his Paris letter, published in the last number of the *Musical World*.

Mdlle. de Murka received instruction in singing from Madame Marchesi at the Conservatoire of Vienna, not principally but totally, and never learned in Italy, because she had not even the time to do so. When we left Vienna, on the 1st of October 1861, Mdlle. de Murka, together with several other pupils of ours, followed us to Paris to finish her studies. During the winter 1861-62 Mdlle. de Murka sang in Paris at different public and private concerts with immense success. On the month of March, 1863, she was engaged, through myself, for five years by the manager of the theatre *Della Pergola* in Florence, Antonio Lanari, the same who had previously brought out Mdlle. Fricci and Dory, also pupils of Madame Marchesi. In the month of April, 1863, about three weeks after her arrival in Florence, Mdlle. de Murka made a very successful *début* in *Marin* at the *Pergola*. After a short season in Florence she went to Catania for the *stagnone* of autumn 1863, and from Catania to Barcelona for the *stagnone* of the carnival of 1863-64. After her stay at this last place, Signor Lanari being declared bankrupt, Mdlle. de Murka went back to Germany. She sang for a season in Poth, and then, after a few performances in Berlin and Hamburg, she went to Vienna, where last winter she was engaged for three years at the Imperial Opera-house. Mdlle. de Murka, like all our pupils singing in Germany and Italy, left Madame Marchesi after having learned twelve operas (three of which she has already sung in London), acting and declamation. By the way, I should feel very much obliged to Mr. Montague Shoot if he could kindly tell me where the best Italian masters (who have turned to the best account Mdlle. de Murka's talents) send their best pupils, for since these last twenty years, after Grid, Alboni, Tadolini, and Frezzolini, all the first class singers have been imported from Germany and France; Viardot, Cravelli, Lind, and Sontag to wit. Indeed, ex-ile. excepting Adelina Patti, who came from America, and who received her education from a teutonic maestro—and a very good one, too—all the best *prima donna* singing at both opera-houses in London at present come from Germany.

Hoping you will allow a little corner to my epistle in the next number of your highly esteemed musical paper, I remain, Sir, your most obedient, SALVATORE C. MARCHESI.

MADAME PAREPA.—The husband of Madame Parepa died suddenly on Tuesday last. The talented *prima donna* was at the time in Liverpool, where she has been winning almost nightly successes in the performance of English operas given by the Covent Garden company at the Theatre Royal. This sad bereavement will interfere greatly with the performance of Madame Parepa's professional engagements.

HANDEL'S "THEODORA."—A selection from this little known oratorio was given on Tuesday evening at the residence of J. G. Frith, Esq., Wimpole Street, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. In one of Mendelssohn's letters to his sister, Fanny Hensel, he writes thus:—

"If you wish to sing anything during the next few months, send for *Theodora*, by Handel, and look it over; at all events it will please you, as there are some splendid choruses and airs in it, and perhaps you might manage to perform it in your own house, with a small choir. Unluckily, it is not adapted for a performance on a large scale, but some parts of it, the final chorus for instance, are as fine as anything you ever heard of Handel's."

The argument of *Theodora* is as follows:—

On the birthday of the Emperor Dioclesian, Valens, the Roman Governor of Antioch, issues his commands for a general sacrifice to the gods. The Christians, refusing to obey, are accused of treason; and in spite of the intercession of Dioclesian and the sympathy of Septimius, a persecution is directed against them. Theodora, a Christian maiden of noble birth, is led away to prison by a guard of soldiers, who have it in charge to compel her to take part in the heathen rites. Dioclesian, encouraged by the Christians, and aided by the constancy of Septimius and the Roman soldiers, obtains admittance to Theodora's prison.

Urged by the fear of compulsory apostasy, which to her is worse than death, she accepts his help, and escapes in disguise to her Christian companions, leaving Dioclesian a prisoner in her stead. Whilst these events are passing, the Christians are represented as engaged in prayer for the safety of the lovers; the heathens, in the celebration of their sacrifices. The escape of Theodora, however, soon becomes known, and Valens, in rage and vengeance, pronounces sentence of unconditional death, not only upon the fugitive, but also upon Dioclesian. But death has no terrors for Theodora. Disregarding the remonstrances of her friend Irene, she hurries to give herself up and to submit to her sentence, in the hope thereby of saving Dioclesian. But her devotion is in vain; although Septimius intercedes with Valens on behalf of the lovers, Dioclesian and Theodora together die a martyr's death."

The principal singers and the chorus were amateurs, and the manner in which they executed their difficult task reflected the highest credit on their talents and perseverance, as well as on their instructors. Among the pieces that were most successful were the opening recitative, "Tha Dioclesian's natal day," well declaimed by Mr. Wingfield; the air, "Racks, gibbets, sword and fire," sung with great spirit by Mr. Scappa, who possesses a magnificent voice; the recitative, "Ah! whether should we fly?" pleasingly and naturally given by Miss Layard; and the air of Theodora, "Angels ever bright and fair," by Miss Goschen. In the second part, the declamatory powers of Miss Frith (a clever pupil of Madame Ferrari), were put to the test, and heard to considerable advantage in the recitative, "Tha Night of the Witches," her method of vocalisation in Irene's air, "Lord, to Thee each night and day." The choruses all went capital, especially that of the Heathens, "Venus laughing from the skies," which was deservedly encored. Mr. W. G. Cousins presided at the pianoforte.

Advertisements.

NEXT THURSDAY.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S GREAT MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's hall, Thursday next, June 8th. Miss Carlotta Patti (by kind permission of F. Gra, Esq.), Miss Goss, Miss Bilton, Miss Laura Harris, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Joubert, (by kind permission of J. B. Mapleton, Esq.), Mmes. Lemmens-Elberg, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Clara Lush, Miss Louisa Pyrie, Mr. and Mrs. W. and Miss Pettie Bell. Pianoforte—Mme. Clara Schumann, Mme. Alice Mangold, and Miss Mariot de Beaumont. Conductors—Mr. Benedetto, Mr. Emil Berger, and Mr. Edward Motta, &c. Tickets to be had of Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON'S, 344, Regent street, where a plan of this hall may be seen.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From the "Herald and Standard.")

The fifth and last concert was given on Wednesday week, and closed the series with immense éclat. Dr. Wylde has to congratulate himself upon, perhaps, his most successful season since the commencement of the New Philharmonic Concerts. Untrifling energy and determination, with the possession of remarkable ability, have placed the director of these entertainments in a very enviable position, and have made him a character for future historians of music to speculate on. What it has taken a committee of directors to carry out in the case of the Philharmonic Society, and a committee of directors aided especially by fifteen hundred professors in the case of the Musical Society of London, Dr. Wylde has effected single-handed, and with more gratifying results. The New Philharmonic Concerts have gone on thriving ever since their inauguration some fourteen summers since, and have now become one of the great musical institutions of the country, as much a fixture, it may be, as either of the Italian Operas. Determined to conclude his season with particular splendor, Dr. Wylde not only provided on Wednesday evening, an instrumental selection scarcely to be surpassed for richness and variety, but secured three of the most brilliant songstresses of Her Majesty's Theatre—Mdlles. Titiens, Trebelli, and Laura Harris, and culled for them some of the choicest sweets from the popular vocal repertory, supplying a new dramatic scena of his own, which he did well to entrust to the glorious voice and superb singing of Mdlle. Titiens. The full programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Der Alchimist</i>)	S. Schr.
Aria, "Or la sa l'onda"	Mercadante.
Foxtrot, "Gilda, sola i son"	Wylde.
Romance in E-flat, violin and orchestra	Beethoven.
Aria, "Un vœu" (<i>Il Barbiere</i>)	Rossini.
Aria, "Qu'il va" (<i>Il Fanciullo</i>)	Belini.
Symphony in A minor	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Concerto in E flat	Weber.
Ronde Finale, "Ah! non giunge" (<i>Sonnambula</i>)	Bellini.
Overture (<i>Masaniello</i>)	Auber.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

Mendelssohn's symphony was the great feature of the concert, and a more noble performance of that magnificent work we have not heard. Herr Ludwig Straube executed Beethoven's Romance for the violin, and executed it with extraordinary brilliancy and unflinching precision. Mr. John Francis Barnett, the pianist in Weber's exciting Concerto, had a great success, was applauded to the echo, and recalled. The overtures were both splendidly played, but that to *Masaniello* had to suffer the unintended and somewhat derogatory accompaniment of home-hurrying feet.

The vocal music was irresistible. The scene of Dr. Wylde is an extremely effective and powerfully written composition, indicating a decided feeling for the style and manner of the great masters, without in the least betokening a partiality for anyone. It was splendidly declaimed by Mdlle. Titiens, and received with loud and continued applause. If heard frequently, the scene, we are satisfied, would grow into favor with singers desirous of exhibiting their dramatic powers, and would have a great success. How Mdlle. Titiens sings the pearl of bravura airs from *I Puritani* we need not say, nor indeed how Mdlle. Trebelli the melodious and melting cavatina of Rossini in the *Barbiere*; but we may say, as being less well known, that Miss Laura Harris created an immense sensation in the rondo from *La Sonnambula*, that she was recalled after the performance and received with thunders of acclamations. The youthful American artist is making rapid headway in the estimation of the English public. Dr. Wylde was summoned after the last overture and received a perfect ovation.

As a matter of course St. James's Hall was crowded to excess in every part.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT'S ANNUAL CONCERT was given in the Hammer-quar-Rooms, on Friday evening, the 9th instant, under very ill-tinged circumstances. Mr. Barnett introduced a new sonata of his own composition, in E minor, for pianoforte and violin, which he played with Herr Straube, and which appeared to please infinitely. The sonata is not only capably written for the instruments, but is intrinsically good music, and will always find admirers. With Herr Lidel Mr.

Barnett performed Mendelssohn's sonata in D, for pianoforte and violin, a magnificent piece, finely executed, and received with loud applause. He also gave Mozart's quartet in E flat, for pianoforte and strings, with Herr Straube, Herr Goffie, and Herr Lidel, and three minor pieces of his own composition, "A pastoral scene," "A Valse de Saison," and "Return of Spring." Mr. Barnett performed these last two with great brilliancy, and with the most perfect ease and freedom. A select choir, the West London Madrigal Society, sang some old madrigals with great effect, and the solo singers, Madame Weiss, Mdlle. Enquet, Madame Laura Baxter, and Mr. Weiss, contributed their quota of decorations to the performance in the shape of songs, duets, &c. The concert was in every respect admirable.

Herr Strauss's Second Matinee went off, on Friday the 16th, even better, it may be said, than the first. Of course, one of the principal attractions was the playing of the *blue-taire* himself, who deserves high credit for his execution of the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Grand Trio in E flat, as well as for his rendering, alone, of a composition from his own pen, "Le Chant du Sâr," and a "Tarantella" by N. Rubinstein, the "Ruse." He also favored his audience with performing, in conjunction with Mr. Walter Bache, a Grand Duo (two pianos), by Robert Schumann. Both he and his conjugal acquitted themselves exceedingly well, but, in the opinion of the writer, they might have selected some more interesting piece. It is to be hoped that the Schumann fever, which has been raging very severely in several quarters may soon die out. The other pieces were, as a rule, selected with sound judgment, the result being that the programme afforded general satisfaction. The list of fair solo vocalists was unusually long; in the present instance an advantage, seeing that each lady warbled her very best. Their colleagues, too, of the ruder sex, were not behind them in their exertions to please. In a word, as we have already intimated, the Matinee was a decided success, and, in assisting this, we are glad that the opinion of the critic agrees so completely with the decision of a most numerous and fashionable audience—or, perhaps, vice-versa.

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From the above Grand Opera, now performing at Her Majesty's Theatre. Price 6s.

Edited by W. DOUGALL.

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Pomp of the meadow! utter of the moor.
The day of April, when the sun is born,
The rose and pansy, leaps wild in three!
Although she is thy dearest creature's things,
The lay of earth with gold and silver trees,
To me! y clear proceeding brighter scenes
Than golden rain, that drench each shepherd's gaze
How with of love thy beauty, all I see!
As the pure cry of the carter's eye
Thy sweetest song, thy smile, nor of the bees' hum!
H—, we are music ourselves, glories thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shalt be the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid form!"

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UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.

(See special advertisement.)

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

MONDAY NEXT, July 17th, Mozart's Grand Romantic Opera,
IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

First time of "SEMI-RAMIDE."

Titlens and Trebelli.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 18th, will be presented (for the first time these three years) *Rossini's Grand Opera*,

SEMI-RAMIDE.

The following will be the cast:—Arsace, Madame Trebelli (her first appearance in that character); Orso, Signor Marcello Junc; Idreno, Signor Stagno; Assur, Signor Aguel; and Semiramide by Mdlla. Titlens.

Conductor—Signor ASBOTT.

WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT, July 19th, GRAND CONCERT, for the
BENEFIT OF SIGNOR GIUGLINI.

(See special advertisement.)

EXTRA NIGHT.

Mdlla. Titlens.—MEDEA.

THURSDAY NEXT, July 20th, CHERUBINI'S Grand Tragic Opera,

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Medea by Mdlla. Titlens. After which

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First time of "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

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La Contessa, Mdlla. Titlens; Susanna, Mdlla. Sarcolla; Cherubino, Madame Trebelli; Marcellina, Mdlla. Redi; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Bentley; Figaro, Signor Aguel; Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

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MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE, Primo Baritone of the Royal English Opera Company, having finished his operatic tour, is now in town, and at liberty to accept engagements for Oratorios, Operas, Concerts, &c.—Address—No. 2, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.

MADLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce her return to London from her operatic tour in the provinces.—Address—5, St. George's-terrace, Hyde Park, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" (Reichardt) at the concert for the benefit of St. Saviour's Free Hospital, on July 18th.

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The rose and jasmine, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays,
The sap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter sounds
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal let's the curious eye
Thy secrets none, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in rapid foam!"

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LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued from page 382).

From the manner in which John Sebastian Bach treated harmony and modulation, his melody necessarily assumed a peculiar form. In the union of several concurrent melodies, which are all to be flowing and expressive, no single one can be so prominent as to attract to itself alone the attention of the hearer. This promiscuity, they must, as it were, divide among them; so that, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, may shine in particular, though its brilliancy seems to be diminished, by the concomitant parts, because the attention of the hearer is guided by them. I say, seems to be diminished; for, in fact, it is not diminished, but rather increased, when the hearer has practice enough to overlook and to comprehend the whole at once.

Besides, such a union of many parts obliges the composer to use certain turns in the single melodies, to which he is not obliged in homophonic composition. A single part never needs to force itself through, but several must, in their combination, occasionally turn, bend, and yield, in a very artificial and delicate manner. This necessity causes uncommon, strange, new, and hitherto unheard of turns in the melodies, and it is probably one of the causes, at least, of Bach's melodies have so little resemblance with the melodies of other composers, and are so strikingly distinguished from them all. When this strangeness does not degenerate into the unnatural and extravagant, and is united with fluency, and preserves the character of the true cantabile, it is an additional merit in him who knows how to produce it, and is properly, what is called, originality; the only disadvantage of which, is that it is not suited to the public in general, but only to the connoisseur well versed in the art.

All Bach's melodies, however, are not of this description. Though originality of thought always prevails, yet the melodies of what are called his free compositions, are so open, clear, and intelligible, that they, indeed, sound differently from the melodies of other composers, but yet are comprehended by the most unpractised hearers, and even felt, on account of the simplicity and truth in them. The best of the preludes in his "Well-tempered Clavichord," as well as most of the pieces in his greater and smaller "Suites," are of this description.

As his melody has, on the whole, such a stamp of originality, so have also his, "Passages," as they are called, individually; they are so new, so uncommon, and, at the same time, so brilliant and surprising, that we do not find the like in any other composer: examples of this may be found in all his compositions for the clavichord; but the most striking are in the "Great Variations," in the first of his "Practices for the Clavichord," in the "English Suites," and in the "Chromatic Fantasy." Here again, all depends on the abundance of the ideas. As all passages are nothing but dismembered chords, their contents must necessarily be richer and more strange, in proportion as the chords are so, on which they are founded.

How far Bach's meditation and penetration, in the treatment of melody and harmony was carried, how much he was inclined to exhaust all the possibilities of both, appears from his attempt, to contrive a single melody in such a manner, that it could not be harmonized by any part set to it, which contained likewise a melody. At that time it was an established rule, that every union of parts must make a whole, and exhaust all the notes necessary to the most complete expression of the contents, that no deficiency should anywhere be sensible, by which another part might be rendered possible. Till Bach's time, this rule had been applied only to compositions in two, three, or four parts, and that but very imperfectly. He not only fully satisfied this rule in two, three, and four part compositions, but attempted also to extend it to a single part. To this attempt, we are indebted for six solos for the violin, and six others for the violoncello, which are without any accompaniment, and which absolutely admit of no second part set to them, which is itself a melody. By particular turns in the melody, he has so combined in a single part all the notes required to make the modulation complete, that a second part is neither necessary nor possible.

It is not a quality, but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains "ever fair and young," like Nature, from which it is derived. Every thing that Bach mixed in his earlier works, conformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his

melodies, from the internal sources of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is fresh and as new as if it had been produced only yesterday. But very few compositions of this kind, will be found, of which anything similar can be said. Even the works of such ingenious composers, as, for instance, Reinhard Kaiser and Handel, have become antiquated sooner than might have been expected, and probably than the author themselves believed. As composers for the public in general, they were obliged to yield to the prevailing taste, and works of this kind last no longer than this taste. But nothing is more inconstant and changeable than every description of popular taste, and in general whatever is called fashion. Of Handel, it is however remarkable that his figures are not yet antiquated, whereas but few of his airs probably would be found still to please the ear.

The particular nature of Bach's harmony and melody was also combined with a very extensive and diversified use of rhythmus. Hitherto we have spoken only of the internal, or logical relation of the harmonical and melodical thoughts; but these thoughts require an external, or rhythmical relation, by which their already great diversity may be rendered not only more diversified, but more characteristic. The composers of Bach's time had an admirable opportunity to acquire the due and easy management of the various kinds of rhythm, by what they called the "Suites," which were then used instead of our sonatas. In these suites there were between the preludes and the concluding Jigs, many French characteristic pieces and dance tunes, in which the rhythm was the most important object. The composers were therefore obliged to make use of a great variety of time, measure, and rhythm (which are now for the most part unknown), and be very expert in them, if they desired to give to every dance tune its precise character and rhythm. Bach carried this branch of the art also much farther than any of his predecessors, or contemporaries. He tried and made use of every kind of time and measure, to diversify, and to give to the character of his pieces. He, at last, acquired such a facility in this particular, that he was able to give, even to his fugues, with all the artificial interweaving of their single parts, a rhythm, as easy, as striking, characteristic and uninterrupted, from the beginning to the end, as if they were minnets.

In general, the astonishing art of Bach consists in this, every where occur the application of the above-mentioned melody. Whether the form which he chose, was of the easiest or most difficult kind, his treatment of it was always equally easy, equally happy. We never find a trace to indicate that any thing had been difficult for him. He always attained the end at which he aimed. All is complete, perfect in itself; no note can be wished by a connoisseur to be otherwise than it is set. I will apply what has been said to some single specimens.

(To be continued.)

COLOGNE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The musical festival given at Cologne last month was the twelfth since the inauguration of these artistic solemnities. The following are the dates of the festivals from the first year with the names of the conductors:—1851, Norbert Burgmüller, of Düsseldorf; 1854, Ferdinand Schneider, of Dussan; 1858, Bernhard Klein, of Cologne, Ferdinand Ries, of Bonn, and Leibel, of Cologne; 1853, Ferdinand Ries; 1855, Félix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; 1858, The same; 1861, Conrad Kreutzer, of Cologne; 1864, Henri Dorn, of Cologne; 1867, G. Spontini, Georges Onslow, and H. Dorn; 1868, Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne; 1869, The same; 1867, The same.

MUSIC.—The house was quite full at the third performance of *Tristan and Isolde*. At the conclusion, Herr Richard Wagner was three times called on, with Herr and Madams Schnor von Carolsfeld. A fourth performance is to take place by Royal command. It is said that, at the wish of the King, Herr Schnor von Carolsfeld has thrown up his engagement at the Royal Opera-house, Dresden, for the purpose of assuming the management of the School of Singing in the Conservatory here, which is to be re-organised. It is likewise asserted that Wagner's plan, namely, to give annually two months of model performances, at which Herr Schnor would appear as a singer, has been adopted.—The rumors as to Herr von Bulow's having been relieved of his duties as pianist to the King have not been confirmed; on the contrary, Herr von Bulow was very recently summoned by His Majesty to Berlin.

BABES.—Herr Anton Rubenstein's marriage with Madlle. Tschiknanoff was fixed to come off on the 13th inst.

PERCUSSION.—The last concert given by the pupils of the Pesth-Ofen Conservatory was brought to a tragical conclusion. The concluding part of the programme was the flute part. The professor of the flute, Herr Carl Furek, who was, also, first flautist at the national theatre, accompanied his pupils on the piano-forte. In the concluding piece, he suddenly sank down upon his seat. He had had an apoplectic stroke. Medical assistance was promptly procured, but the unfortunate gentleman was a corpse.

* Many persons are of opinion that that melody is the best, which everybody can at once understand and sing. This opinion certainly cannot be admitted to pass as a principle: for then, popular airs, which are frequently sung from South to North, by all classes of people, down to men and maid-servants, must be the finest and best melody. I should take the converse of the proposition and say, "that melody, which can be immediately sung by everybody, is of the common kind." In this form, it might, perhaps, sooner pass as a principle.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—July 10.)

Though perhaps on the whole neither so striking nor so uniformly well sustained a performance as her Norma, the Leonora of Madame Galetti offers many points to admire, and not a few unreservedly to commend. Her impersonation of Donizetti's unucky heroine is thoroughly feminine, and her demeanour in the early scenes so gracefully reserved that we are tempted to forget all that is questionable in the "antecedents" of the "Favorite," and to date our estimate of her character from the dawn of her love for Ferdinando. Her first interview with the unsuspecting soldier, who has won the King's battles only to be palmed off upon the King's mistress, is charmingly acted. Every instant Leonora seems on the point of disclosing her true self, and the risk of securing her lover, till at last, abandoning herself to the happiness of the hour, she gives way to delusive hopes. The duet with Alphonso, when all the splendour that surrounds her is distasteful, and she instinctively balances her dishonourable position against the pure affection that Ferdinando has awakened in her bosom, is crowded with delicate points. This, too, is one of Madame Galetti's most successful vocal efforts, her soft and pleasing *mezzo soprano* intermingling gracefully with the rich baritone of Signor Graziani, and eliciting generally so much satisfaction that the audience insist upon a repetition of the last movement. In the scene where the monk, Baldassare (Signor Tagliaflo), threatens the King and his mistress with excommunication unless they are immediately separated, Madame Galetti shows herself completely mistress of the dramatic situation. The words of the monk, although Leonora is unable immediately to catch their import, seem to inspire her with a sort of undefinable terror, which towards the end of the *finale* completely overpowers her. When the King resigns his mistress to the confiding Ferdinando (with the famous *romance*, "A tanto amor," which Signor Graziani sings as well as ever), the intense anxiety of Leonora, trembling lest her promised happiness should prove, after all, but a delusion, is exhibited with genuine air; and the rapturous soliloquy that follows, "O mio Ferdinando," carried out with perfect simplicity in which she is thrown by an event so unanticipated and un-expected for. In the *finale* to the second act, where the outraged Ferdinando, who has cast his no longer coveted honors, together with his broken sword, at the feet of King Alphonso, indignantly rejects the hand of Leonora, Madame Galetti eloquently portrays the natural emotion, and before the curtain descends it is easy to perceive that the spirit of the "Favorite" is still in her. Her acting is uniformly appropriate and exhausted. But the finest scene is the last, the scene of agony, shame, contrition, forgiveness, and (as poetical justice requires) death. Throughout this Madame Galetti exhibits a pathos as true as it is touching, and which fully accounts for the unrestrained impulse that induces the outraged Ferdinando to take her once more to his breast and avow that he still passionately loves her. If Madame Galetti is wanting in force and passion, she has abundant grace and tenderness; and if her singing is deficient in vigor and brilliancy, this is in a large measure atoned for by phrasing and execution based upon that genuine Italian method which for connoisseurs must always possess a charm. She is occasionally slow, sometimes over anxious, as though not quite sure of being perfect mistress of her resources; but her singing always reveals the art of a well-versed musician, just as her enunciation of words reveals the best training in the best school. Where she transposes it is inevitable; but as others (including Madame Gris) have transposed this and that piece in this and that opera before her, it is hard to arraign Madame Galetti for such a license, as if for high treason. That she will ever take the town by storm, that she will ever be accepted as the legitimate successor of Madame Gris! we think, out of the question; but those who admire good singing in a good school, and appreciate acting instinct, if not slight power, at least with poetic feeling, can hardly be otherwise than gratified with Madame Galetti, in one of those Italian parts with which her name is most favorably associated.

Signor Brignoli, although a somewhat undramatic Ferdinando, sings the music admirably, and is equally effective with the opening air, "Un Angelo, un gesto d'amore," where Ferdinando describes to Baldassare his first meeting with Leonora, and with the more famous and still more beautiful "Amor di Leonardo," in the scene of the Cloisters, where he pathetically laments his lost illusion. In both the rich quality of Signor Brignoli's voice, combined with his expressive and, at the same time, wholly unaffected style, create an unmistakable impression, and the last is asked for again as a matter of course. This gentleman is a really valuable addition to Mr. Gye's company. Of Signor Graziani's Alphonso, as of Signor Tagliaflo's Baldassare, we have spoken more than once before. Signor Tagliaflo is again the representative of Iuz. *La Favorita* exhibits its wonted magnificence of scenery and decoration; Mr. Costa and his noble band display their accustomed excellence; the ballet *direttament* of the second act owes its usual attraction to the extremely graceful dancing of Mlle. Salvini; and the concluding *tobacco* is still in its way unique.

Don Pasquale, Donizetti's second best *opera buffa*, was revived on Saturday night, after having been two years laid on the shelf. Not a season should be allowed to pass without bringing forward a work so full of genuine melody and sprightly wit. "Figaro and I," How long will it be possible for the admirers of legitimate Italian opera to hear the music of Ernesto sung as it was sung by Signor Mario on Saturday?—or to witness so easy, graceful, and natural an embodiment of a part which, in the hands of most tenors—until the popular serenade, "Com'è gentil," in the last scene, and the love-duet with Norina, immediately following, apprise the audience that Ernesto was intended for something else than a mere talking comedy part, as an insignificant accessory? Nothing could be more justly defined than Signor Mario's delivery of the serenade on this occasion, nothing more expressive than that of the duet ("Torrami a dir che mami"), where, in Mlle. Adeline Patti, he found a truly sympathetic partner. While both were warmly applauded, the serenade was enthusiastically called for again. In short, the audience were delighted once more to greet the most gifted and accomplished of Italian tenors in a part which he has made his own, and in which he has yet to find a capable substitute. Why Signor Mario should have resigned Ernesto, in 1863, to Signor Naudin, we are at a loss to explain. The Norina of Mlle. Adeline Patti, so greatly praised in 1862, when she first essayed the character, with Mario as Ernesto, so universally extolled in 1863, when her Ernesto was transformed from a Mario to a Naudin, has now ripened into such absolute perfection that it may fairly be ranked, whether judged from a musical or a dramatic point of view, with her best finished assumptions—even with her peerless Adina. A more engaging and irresistible young widow has rarely fascinated, tortured, and caajoed a sensitive bachelor of mature age, who ought to know better, but, transfixed at first sight, finds resistance out of the question. Every scene belongs to real and life-like comedy. The rehearsal with Dr. Malatesta (Act I.), in which the scheming votary of Esculapian leasars Norina is induced to practice in the theatre, is a gem, and, in *Don Pasquale*; the interview itself (Act II.), where she assumes a shy and extreme modesty that, even before she lifts her veil, fairly wins the heart of the amorous old gentleman; the sequel, when, the cheating contract signed and sealed before the Notary, her object being attained, she casts away all reserve and begins to act a new part in the comedy, to the astonishment and dismay of her hexagenarian would-be spouse, are faultless, irresistible, and masterly, and mark by a peculiar fluency that imports strong individuality to everything. Mlle. Patti appears. But the culminating point was the scene in the next act, where Norina's simulated extravagance passes all bounds, and her saucy admonition to the imaginary Benedict, who objects to her going to the theatre without him—

"Va a letto, bel Nona."

Sia che li lei sona!"

maliciously heightened by the sequel, that she will awake him time enough in the morning—drives the perplexed and crest-fallen gentleman to such despair that he instinctively cries out for a divorce:—

"Diversio! diversio!"

Chi letto: che sposi?"

The pert and saucy insolence with which the admission was delivered, and the look Norina gives as she makes her exit through the folding-door, with that stemming thoughtfulness and mystery, the discovery of which by Don Pasquale ultimately unravels the mystery, and leads to the *dénouement*, were inimitable. Throughout all this the singing of Mlle. Patti was as animated, brilliant, finished, and to the point as her acting was irreproachable. To the dust in the garden scene we have alluded. The *finale* was Donizetti's own, the florid air, "La moral, di tutto questo," which could hardly be improved, and which certainly was never given with more intelligent and delightful vocal fluency. Sceldom has a performance of the highest merit been more generally and heartily appreciated.

This time Mlle. Patti was associated, not only with an Ernesto, but with a Don Pasquale, worthy of her. If, as it is stated, Signor Ronconi never played this last named part before, it is indeed surprising, for more admirably played it has never been in our remembrance. Signor Ronconi's conception of the character is exactly his own, and he wisely refrains from imitating any of those "jeux d'acteur" by which the remarkable impersonation of the late Signor Lablache is still remembered. Nor does he adopt the extraordinary costume of Lablache, "à gran gala," which, as he could not possibly look like Lablache, is another proof of sagacity. There is nothing, indeed, at all extraordinary in Signor Ronconi's dress. But the humor of the new Don Pasquale is more sure than that of his great predecessor, and his comic is more of the most finished and pleasant kind, and more of the most ordinary of his acts is as easy, unobtrusive, and natural as the most ordinary old bachelor could be depicted. His first interview with Norina is extremely droll and diverting; but where the grand comedian is prominently shown is when Norina, having cast aside the mask, appears in her true colours. The change gradually wrought in Don Pasquale

from this point is represented with consummate alidity. At first incredulous and innocent, then somewhat annoyed, then vexed beyond endurance, and, lastly, urged to desperation by the slap in the face (Act III.) administered with such provoking petulance by his rebellious spouse—in each shifting phase of the situation Signor Ronconi is true to nature, and, while comic throughout, is earnest, forcible, and impressive. At the climax his comedy becomes almost tragic, so deep is the emotion exhibited, and never less the famous soliloquy after reading the letter, which Norina has advisedly left drop, been so powerfully delivered. The reading itself, the voice becoming choked as it goes on, the effect produced on the mind of Don Pasquale, the sobs that involuntarily break forth, and the ultimate exclamation—

"O crepare, O strida ad ogni costo!"

—after his convulsive admonition to the servants to go for Dr. Malatesta, were part and parcel of as fine a piece of acting as has been witnessed for many years, on the Italian or any other stage. The want of depth in Signor Ronconi's voice occasionally militated against the effect of the concerted music, and more especially in the famous quartet (Act II.), with which composers of fantasies for the pianoforte, from Liszt downwards, have made such havoc; but this was the only drawback to a performance in all other respects irreproachable. A better Malatesta than Mr. Gasier, one who can sing the music with more ready volubility, or portray the character with more easy *nonchalance*, could hardly be found in the present day. Nothing could be more diverting and well kept up than the conference deed (Act III.) with Don Pasquale. Indeed, the whole performance was as good as could be wished; the audience were pleased beyond measure; and when, after the descent of the curtain, Norina, Ernesto, Pasquale and Malatesta were unanimously summoned before the lamp, it was as unanimously felt that the compliment had been legitimately earned.

The operas for the current week are *Faust e Margherita* (to-night), *Don Giovanni* (to-morrow), *Il Barbiere* (Thursday), and *Don Pasquale* (Saturday).

HANDEL FESTIVAL RETROSPECT.

No. 1. (From "The Reader.")

The *Israel in Egypt* which concluded the Handel Festival, yesterday week, was, without doubt, the grandest musical performance which the world has ever seen or heard. The memory of that amazing music as it was sung by that wonderful troupe will be a thing to haunt, for many a long day, the imaginations of those who were wise enough to go and hear it. All the drawbacks of which we have before spoken were there, but from the nature of the work, and some other circumstances, they were felt so little, that they made a very slight deduction from the sublimity of the result. Of the measure and degree of that sublimity it would be vain to try to give any estimate in words. Nor is it much use to speculate as to how much of it was due to the intrinsic power of the music and how much to the grandeur of the performance. No music needs splendour of execution less than Handel's to make its power felt. It will sound sublime even when poorly, weakly, badly done; its greatness is perhaps never more convincing than when the material means employed are of the slightest, or even when there is no material presentment of it at all, when it is merely "read" by the eye from the printed page to the inner ear, just as a big mountain never seems so imperial as when seen dimly on the horizon from afar. But the impression left by the festival of "Israel" was of a different kind to this. It was overwhelming and indescribable. Chorus after chorus came peeling out with a stateliness and majesty which seemed to give a new life to the familiar music, a new emphasis to its grandeur, and new tenderness to its pathos. For, never certainly can the antithesis between force and sweetness, terror and beauty, have been more wonderfully manifested in music. Perfect just as it seemed never to make this marvellous effect was the entire absence of all appearance of effort on the part of the performers. As the eye rested on such a host of singers, it seemed impossible to think of them otherwise than as making one huge instrument, which sounded at its director's will. One missed the fuss and flutter of ordinary orchestras. A certain sense of repose was never absent. The vast chorus seemed calm even in its mighty burst of power, just as it seemed never stronger than in its lightest pianissimo. *Israel* is full of points which brought out these wonderful characteristics. The prodigious unison, to quote one example, which announces the coming of the plague of flies, "He spake the word," sounded supernaturally grand. Equally wonderful for its pathetic loveliness was the sweet strain, "He led them like sheep." The long-answering notes, held successively by the soprano and alto parts in this chorus, made an effect which will dwell in the memory as one of the loveliest ever heard by mortal ears. But it was chiefly, as it seemed to us, in the second part of the oratorio—the Exodus-hymn—that the colossal power and beauty of the chorus were most felt. "The depths have covered them." "Thy right hand, O Lord," "And with the blast of Thy nostrils"—of these and one or

two more choruses the effect was stupendous. We can but take refuge again in negation, and say it was indescribable. And of "The horse and his rider," which begins and ends the hymn of triumph, and which perhaps to most hearers seemed to reach the crowning point of musical glory, we can say no more. The splendid success of the last day's singing was mainly due, no doubt, to the effect of the three days' previous practice. There was little enough to find fault with before, but by the end of the Festival the signs of timidity which marked the first attempts of the gigantic chorus had wholly disappeared. The conductor had thorough command of the whole body. It answered to the beat with a springiness of accent, if one may use the term, which showed that every component unit was under the government of that magical hand. No one was singing completely at his own sweet will. The admirable skill of Mr. Costa has been, indeed, in the way of personal distinction, the most conspicuous feature in the whole festival. If we are obliged to dissent from some points of what we may call his principles of editorship, it is the more incumbent on us to pay due acknowledgment to his splendid conducting. Neapolitan as he is, representing by birth and education schools of music the very remotest from all that English *laissez-faire* school has to do with, he has yet conferred signal service on the national music of England. If we can claim, and we fairly can, to be now taking the lead in Europe in the matter of choral singing, the distinction is due in no small degree to the society which was wise enough, forgetting national prejudices, to put itself under the guidance of the most skillful conductor of orchestral music. To that happy choice the society mainly owes whatever success it has had. It is as well to recall to our minds the fact that during the festival, much might have been lost, if it would be chiefly repetition of old eulogies. If the gathering of 1865 has any place in the history of English music, it will have to be recorded that the honors fell to two English singers, Mr. Reeves and Mr. Santley. Of Mdlle. Patti's performance it may be enough to say that she made her little voice heard to better effect in this large building than any one had anticipated, and sang the oratorio music of Handel in a style which was as faultless, vocally speaking, as it was admirable for simplicity and earnestness. Two persons alone excepted—Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Goldschmidt—we knew not who could have better filled the place of first soprano.

Of the musical success of the Festival, this much must suffice. It is not a fraction of what might be easily written of an event so interesting. It is said that the undertaking was financially a failure in a pecuniary sense, though a nominal surplus is shown. If this so, every one will be sorry, but few need wonder. The expense of such music as this is necessarily enormous, and who is to pay for it? Not the middle class, for they cannot afford the cost; not the upper, for they do not care about the music. We do not see how such demonstrations are to be made to "pay," unless means can be found for making the music audible to larger multitudes than have yet been attracted to the Crystal Palace. This could be done, and the prices reduced to one-fourth of the present scale, the cost might be met easily enough; but of the first condition being reached, there seems at present but slight chance. On the whole, it would seem to be more reasonable to be content with a decennial celebration, which should be really a "festival." This gathering has had nothing like about it. The "commercial" impulse has been the musical festival of the under-privileged, though a nominal surplus is shown. If this so, the musical people of England have to thank the Crystal Palace Company for a magnificent display, which has been musically an honor to the country. There would have been more reason to sympathize with a partial failure, if a great name had not been dragged through mud puffery to swell a dividend.

THE BAND OF THE COMMISSIONAIRES.

For three consecutive years the band of the Corps of Commissioners enthralled the frequenters of St. James's Park on summer and early autumn evenings, from half-past six till dusk, with performances of music, which, considering the destitute state of this huge capital in all such healthy and exhilarating outdoor recreation, and the worthy attention, not only of the naturally ignorant—to whom, as a tree was to Wordsworth's Peter Bell a tree and nothing more, so a sound, musical or otherwise, is a sound and nothing more—but to genial lovers of the art, and even to connoisseurs. These performances took place in the Cambridge Enclosure, behind Spring Garden, the charge for admission being 3d. They gave delight to thousands who might have been much less innocently and much less profitably employed, and they attracted, so easy and so pleasant a means of disposing amusement to the humbler classes of society, who cannot afford to attend the Philharmonic Concerts, nor even to pay a shilling to hear the quartets and sonatas at Mr. Arthur Chappell's excellent institution in St. James's Hall, and who yet, having ears attuned to harmony, would prefer a military band in the open air to the combined and more intoxicating stimulants of music, tobacco, and "grog" at the Oxford or Canterbury Hall, caused serious umbrage in certain quarters. Two or three of the most influential residents in the immediate vicinity of the Cambridge Enclosure, disturbed by the perhaps, now and then, audibly-expressed satisfaction of large numbers of their less fortunate fellow countrymen and creatures, made such violent opposition to the further extension of the privilege that the Chief Commissioner of Public Works withdrew the permission he had accorded for three years—after which had been attended with extremely beneficial results—for the occupation of the Cambridge Enclosure by the band of the Corps of Commissioners. The chance was, therefore, that this summer and autumn their pleasant performances would be no longer heard, and that again no more within the precincts of a capital city, almost as large and quite as populous as many a petty kingdom or principality, the sound of a military band would cease to exist for the inhabitants.

The spot where the Commissioners now assemble is pretty generally known as "the Gladstone Clump," from which many may be disposed to guess, what actually is the case, that it was in a great measure due to the active personal influence of our illustrious Chancellor of the Exchequer that St. James's Park is still open to them. The "Clump" is situated under some large trees, affording an agreeable shade, and enlivened by a picturesque view of the Victoria Tower and other conspicuous monuments in the neighbourhood. It is exactly in the rear of Carlton Terrace, and about 200 yards south-west of the Duke of York's column. A better site could scarcely have been chosen, seeing that it lies in the centre of London, close to the principal hotels, and is especially convenient to those who may not feel inclined to walk more than a mile in order to enjoy the fresh air and open expanse of the other West-end Parks. At the performance we attended, the band played the programme subjoined:—

PART I.

March—"Faust et Marguerite"	Goemod.
Overture—"Diavolo"	Asber.
Waltz—"Abscheid von München"	Gungl.
Grand Selection—"Il Barbiere"	Rossini.
War March—"Athalie"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Selection—"Martha"	Donizetti.
Quadrille—"Le Citronnier"	Schneek.
L'Orologio (Scherzo)	Arditi.
Polk—"Sinfonia Annapole"	Wynne.
Gigue—"Forward"	Kühner.

God Save the Queen.

The band, as we have before stated, consists of musicians who have completed their service in the army, and who have thus a twofold claim on public sympathy. The master, Herr Schneck, received his diploma from the best school of his kind in Europe—the Conservatoire of Vienna. But the best school requires no apology. The conductor is well balanced as to tone, the sole instruments are very good, the conductor is thoroughly up to his work, and the performances are really correct and spirited. Among the most striking things on the occasion under notice was the war march of the Levites, from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which pompous and splendid piece was executed with remarkable vigour and precision. The selection from Rossini's admirable *Il Barbiere* was equally good, the quadrille no apology. The comic opera *La Coccinelle* showed that Herr Schneck can select and put together as well as lead; and nothing could be more effective than the arrangement of Signor Arditi's sparkling scherzo "L'Orologio." In short, the whole was a musical entertainment of fair pretensions, such as thousands ought to be able to listen to with pleasure and advantage.

To conclude, we are of opinion that this is a movement meriting general countenance and support. The expense of maintaining a large band is considerable. The area enclosed by the temporary fence,

within the boundaries of which visitors are admitted at the nominal charge of 8d., and 1d. for a program, should they feel disposed to purchase one, might advantageously be widened, light and non-intoxicating refreshments, such as ice, lemonade, &c., be sold within the enclosure, and (not to enter more minutely into details), a convenient platform be erected for the band. All this, and much more, is readily practicable with a little extrinsic aid. Abroad there would be no difficulty. Such a movement would not merely be encouraged by private contributions, but materially assisted by Government patronage. True, we hardly expect our parks and enclosures to exhibit the decorous liveliness of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées, nor the habits and manners of the London population precisely to assimilate with those of the populations of Paris, Vienna, and Brussels; but, seeing it cannot be denied that those points in which our Continental friends plainly show their superiority are very largely attributable to the facilities allowed them of listening to music and attending other rational entertainments, at almost nominal charges, there can be no harm in drawing the attention of the intelligent public to any and every source through means of which, if adequately recommended, our lower orders may be enticed away from the gin-palace and the beer-shop. That such performances as that of the Corps of Commissioners could effect much towards so desirable an end we are convinced; and for this reason alone it is devoted so much to the subject. On the other hand, a decently-behaved company than that within—or, indeed, than that without—the fence enclosing "the Gladstone Clump" we never saw; nor can we conceive any urgent reason why the performances should of necessity be brought so early to a conclusion. It is precisely during an hour or so later that the attractions they offer would be calculated to serve with most decided benefit in the direction to which we have alluded.

[MUSIC IN MOSCOW.*

After an existence of several years, our Italian Opera has sunk into its last sleep. The cause of this was a sudden order of the Minister, Count Adlerberg, acting in obedience to imperial commands. In direct opposition to what has been the case with the Russian Society of Music, which, since it was founded fifteen years ago, has steadily increased from year to year, and now possesses a considerable capital, which the members intend devoting to the establishment of a Conservatory, the interest for Verdi and his fellows has continued to diminish more and more. While, for the first year that Italian Opera existed, the subscription amounted to more than 80,000 roubles, scarcely 25,000 could be collected on the last occasion, and during none of the intervening years did it ever attain the sum for the first time. The deficit this year was no less than 220,000 roubles; this was rather too much for the head management at St. Petersburg, so for some time to come we shall have to content ourselves with the Russian Opera alone, which, at present, is not in good hands. Everything here emanates from the impure spring of a system of coteries and patronage, the consequence being that all genuinely artistic efforts are useless. Instead of the vacant post of conductor the Russian Opera being given to Nicholas Rubinstein, who, both as a native of Moscow and an accomplished musician, was admirably adapted in every respect for it, it has been conferred upon an obscure individual called Schramek, of whose very existence no one had previously heard a word, and who, at the first performance of *Der Freischütz* took all the tempo nearly half as slowly again as they should have been taken. It has been subsequently ascertained that he possesses the patronage of a person *gratia* in St. Petersburg. The post of Manager was bestowed upon the holder of the title of "Excellency" (*conditio sine qua non*) of whom all that people know is that he was once Attaché of the Embassy in Athens, but who probably understands no more of music than a blind man understands of color. Finally, the post of chief stage-manager was given to a man who at least knows how to ingratiate himself with the ladies, thanks to his exceedingly handsome person, but who is unfortunately ill at the situation. The post is much in common with his present one as the trade of a pastrycook has with the profession of a railway engineer.

In the series of ten Subscription Concerts, among the artists who appeared, Nicholas Rubinstein played Liszt's first Concerto; Anton Dvor, Liszt's Concerto Symphonique in C minor; and Joseph Wleziński, brother of the St. Petersburg soloist, a Piano-forte Concerto of his own, displaying great talent. It is exceedingly well accorded, but the effect is weakened by its very great length. At the tenth concert, we heard Schumann's *Requiem*, which had been very carefully rehearsed. Notwithstanding that some of the pieces taken separately were highly interesting, the performers could not produce any lasting impression with it, because the coloring of each piece corresponds exactly to that of the preceding, and the whole is in consequence rather monotonous. At the same concert, Laub performed Beet-

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

hoven's Concerto, and Ernst's *Ungarische Lieder* with so much success, that every place was taken beforehand for his two concerts given shortly afterwards at the theatre; those two concerts were the most lucrative of the season. Nicholas Rubinstein, also, gave a well attended concert, at which he played Bach's D minor Concerto, and five small pieces by Chopin, Schumann, and his brother, while, at the close of the season, Anton Dvor gave his annual concert, at which he took part with Laub in Beethoven's C minor Concerto; and with Rubinstein in Variations for two Pianos by Ernst Rudolf, besides performing some smaller things by Hans Seeling, Anton Rubinstein, and others.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

(From the Vienna "Presse.")

It must, at any rate, be acknowledged that the performance of this work (on the 10th and 13th June) is one of the most important facts in the history of civilization and of art. Physiology is enabled by this event to adopt a trustworthy standard, as to what human lungs, throat, ears, and nerves are capable of enduring now-a-days; psychologists may deduce from it a theory as to the height delusion may reach; while certain and important information as to its nature and mission is thrown upon the art involved. We now know, by our own ears and our own eyes, what a German is capable of making of his music, and we may, with good reason, address to our composing compatriots a fervent prayer not to show us again what they can do, at least not in such a form and such a manner; we will willingly renounce "the Highest and Profoundest in art," if it cannot be exhibited except according to the system of *Tristan* melodies.

It is, at any rate, an important fact that the much discussed problem has been brought to a solution; that a most peculiar concatenation of circumstances it so happened that this remarkable event was consummated within the walls of a city which, though celebrated far and wide as the metropolis of Germany for the plastic arts, has hitherto, despite admirable resources and great things done, played no prominent part in music. In this place, which exhibits so little partiality for the extreme tendencies of new romanticism, that it is still opposed even to Schumann's style, in this place, the party of the Future has accidentally found their last hold. On the stage here, the work has been performed with such perfection, and such an expenditure of industry and means, under the direction of the author himself, that our judgment may be unconditionally stated. Munich has spoken, and its words have proved that the Futurist theories, carried out to their utmost limits, possess indeed a future, but only, let the reader especially observe, for *Musik und die Zukunft*. The public not only applauded; frantically, but, in the course of the evening, called no less than four times for the author, Wagner, whom a few days previously they wanted to insult, and, whom, throughout the winter, they ill-used in every possible way, and Wagner was amiable enough to appear three times. It was the second performance, indeed, which decided the affair, for, at the first, Isolde's father did not dare to present his daughter to the public without giving her a dowry of 300 orders; on the second evening, however, I heard only of 60 free admissions sent to the University, in addition to the heavy tribute *Tristan* was obliged to pay his numerous patrons. This was the reason, perhaps, why, at the second performance, such large gaps were to be seen among the spectators. On the evening of the first performance, people were astonished at observing the sparse attendance in the pit, and the almost empty state of the galleries, which only filled a little during the course of the piece. This circumstance was explained the following day by a report that there was to have been a particular demonstration against Herr von Bülow, but the police received timely intimation of it.

The public feeling and the attitude of affairs previously to the performance at Munich may be compared to the state of things in Paris, at the time of the Gluckists and Feinists; but in one particular, the resemblance to the musical revolution of Paris does not hold good. The Gluckists and Anti-Gluckists bantered each other tremendously; fought; blackguarded; hissed one another, but we never heard anything of a regularly arranged performance, and never did the French take the signal for applause from the *Royal box*. Every land has, indeed, its own customs.

With regard to the music, it is asserted that, among other things: Despite all this, the soul of unweary and genial vigor is impressed upon this repulsive work. Many passages and accents of great beauty gleam brilliantly, like friendly stars from out the sombre chaos of tone, and excite a feeling of painful regret that the composer, led astray by a craving for originality, should have turned from the pure ideal of his art. Every good judge, if he would be sincere, must confess that the libretto of *Tristan*, apart from its exceptional tendency, is worked out industriously and lovingly, and, on the whole, is a masterpiece. The poet in Wagner has spoiled the musician; it is that out-and-out rascal,

the poet, whom we have to thank for the fact that the composer, whose mission it perhaps was to give German musical-drama its natural, and national form, presented us, on the 10th June, with a sick *Tristan*, who, at best, repays us in hard weariness.

The more do the artists, who were compelled to waste their energies upon so thankless a work, merit our best acknowledgements. The performance of Herr and Madame Schnorr, as *Tristan* and *Isolde*, stood out in really brilliant perfection; equal to them, as far as staging went, was Herr Himmelfurter, as Kurwenal, though he was at times rather exaggerated in his acting; Herr Zottmayer, could not do justice to that pitiable being, King Marko, though he must be commended for that very desirable quality, a clear pronunciation. Finally, *Mdlle. Deinet* was very pleasing as Brangäne. The orchestra, under the wonderful conducting of Herr von Bülow, rivalled the singers in their zealous exertions, while the management got the piece up with an amount of brilliancy and good taste worthy of something better.

Tristan's earthly career may be short, but it has, at any rate, been brilliant, and the hero has really repaid with interest what he cost, for he has procured the Munich people the joy of "world-escaped rapture," a joy that money cannot purchase.

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(BRIEF ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

- CRAP. I.**—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic).
CRAP. II.—The signification in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.
CRAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.
CRAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.
CRAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based.
CRAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based.
CRAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.
 The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music, calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of insuring sale publication.

The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author urgently solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect.

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 ance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can
 be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEAKS TROUBLE.—The article on "Laura Harris" arrived too late
 for insertion this week, but will appear in our next.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

SIR,—Herr von Kuchel, the respected editor of the Thematic
 Mozart-Catalogue, has just published, at Beck's University
 Library, Vienna, "Eighty-three Letters of Beethoven," addressed
 by the composer, between 1812 and 1823, to his patron and pupil,
 the Archduke Rudolph, Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz. These
 letters were found among the papers left by the Archduke Ludwig

Joseph, who died on the 21st December, 1864. They became the
 property of his heir, the Archduke Leopold, who, at the request of
 Herr von Sailer, formerly burgomaster, and of Dr. Sonnenleithner,
 gave his permission for their publication. So much for the origin
 of the present pamphlet, which is got up with an amount of care
 and elegance reflecting credit upon the publishers.

With regard to the intrinsic value of the discovery, it consists
 principally, perhaps, in the fact that the letters emanate from
 Beethoven. Important views upon art, and opinions displaying
 Beethoven's intellect, or supplying materials enabling us to form
 an idea of his character, the reader will not find in these documents,
 which treat mostly of material subjects or the state of the writer's
 bodily health. Most of the letters are excuses for having, through
 illness, failed to put in an appearance (for the purpose, probably,
 of giving lessons, to which, as we all know, Beethoven was not at
 partial). We learn that Beethoven suffered at one time from
 fever, at another from the jaundice, and at another from
 pains in the eyes; it is a remarkable fact, however, that, throughout
 the whole correspondence, there is not a syllable about his principal
 complaint, deafness. But, however insignificant most of the
 letters are as far as regards their purport, taken as a whole they
 throw an important light upon the really large-hearted kindness
 shown by the Archduke Rudolph to Beethoven. Speaking of the
 relations of the two towards each other, the editor says:—

"This connection was based upon mutual necessity and concessions,
 and stood, therefore, upon a permanent foundation; Beethoven gave
 no less than he received, while the Archduke accepted and granted.
 Beethoven knew that the works of his mind were appreciated and
 enjoyed by the impressionable prince who himself wrote; it must,
 therefore, have afforded him the purest pleasure to present each newly-
 created work to the Archduke, certain that it would be received in the
 most friendly and appreciative manner; he knew, too, that his musical
 influence excited the Archduke to write original compositions of no
 ordinary kind, and he often, very emphatically, expresses his delight
 and satisfaction at this. But Beethoven had many wants, and these
 the Archduke endeavored to satisfy with as much perseverance as
 gentleness. Though it is to be regretted, as far as regards our
 obtaining a clear insight into the relations between the two, that only
 a single letter has been published out of all the Archduke's replies,
 still that one letter enables us to form an idea—and we can even read
 it still better between the lines of Beethoven's own correspondence—
 what allowances the Archduke made for Beethoven's singular peculiar-
 ities, which rendered it, even for his most intimate friends, such a
 difficult task to maintain a good understanding with him. If we
 reflect that, supposing the statement in Thayer's Chronological
 Catalogue of Beethoven's Works to be correct, Beethoven's connection
 with the Archduke existed as far back as 1805, and it is proved to
 have continued till his death, it is apparent how indispensable each
 had become to the other, and then, if we throw into the scale Bee-
 thoven's feeling of suspicion, which increased with his deafness and
 failing health, and his isolation of himself, we shall have no difficulty
 in coming to a conclusion as to which side it was, on which, at a
 subsequent period, the concessions were most numerous."

We are involuntarily reminded of the analogous connection
 between Goethe and his princely friend.

The fact that the Archduke carefully preserved, even after the
 composer's decease, every letter, even such as were most trivial
 and could be considered valuable only because they emanated from
 Beethoven, is of itself a striking proof how greatly he prized
 everything belonging to the illustrious musician.

Among the business matters to which Beethoven frequently
 alludes in these letters, the principal are the affair about the
 pension, and the negotiations concerning the guardianship of his
 nephew. We will add a few words for the better comprehension
 of these two subjects.

In the year 1809, Beethoven received an offer from Westphalia.
 As soon as the fact was generally known, measures were taken, in
 the dread that Vienna would lose so great a master, to dissuade
 him from accepting the offer, and, for this purpose, three lovers of
 art, belonging to the first rank, offered, without asking for any-

thing in return, to pay a yearly pension of 4,000 florins, in bank-notes, the Archduke Rodolph rendering himself, by a written declaration, liable, from 1809, for 15,000 florins every year; Prince Ferdinand Franz Joseph Kinsky for 1,800 florins, and Prince Franz Joseph Lobkowitz, for 700 florins. In consequence of the eventual proclamation or "Patent" of 1811, bank-notes fell to a fifth of their nominal value and all agreements made in previous years (as, in this instance, in 1809) were calculated according to a certain scale. Meanwhile, immediately after the publication of the Patent, the Archduke Rodolph and Prince Lobkowitz declared themselves perfectly ready to pay in redemption-notes the sum they had promised in bank-notes; Prince Kinsky, too, promised to contribute his share on the same conditions, but he suddenly died, on the 3rd November, 1812, of a fall from his horse before he had given his cashier the orders requisite for carrying out his promise. From this arose the wearisome negotiations with the trustees of the deceased prince, in Vienna and Prague, which, after the lapse of many years were finally settled by Beethoven's receiving, as an annuity from the family, the sum of 480 florins in silver, while the Archduke continued to pay to the day of Beethoven's death 600 florins in silver as the equivalent of the 1500 florins redemption-notes he had promised.

The above 1080 florins in silver Beethoven received to his dying day. The pension promised by Prince Lobkowitz, and amounting to about 280 florins cash, was, it is true, stopped on the occasion of a great crisis in the Prince's finances, somewhere about the year 1815, but it was resumed at the beginning of 1816, and, after the Prince's death, 26th December, 1816, paid by his trustees as long as Beethoven lived. Thus Beethoven received an annuity for life of 1360 florins in silver.

The second matter which occasioned Beethoven great worry was the guardianship of his nephew Carl, son of his brother of the same name, which brother died on the 15th November, 1815. In the first place Beethoven had an action at law, extending over several years, about his assumption of the guardianship, with his brother's widow, of whom he spoke in very harsh terms, and whose influence upon the young man he declared to be absolutely ruinous. Then, it was the very individual committed to his care who caused him endless anxiety and profound sorrow. The youth, gifted and thoughtful, returned with contemptuous ingratitude the self-sacrificing love of his uncle and guardian, and yet the latter, after all, made him his heir.

(To be continued.)

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA left London on Thursday for Vienna, where she is expected to sing at the Karn-then on Saturday. Miss Laura Harris will succeed Mdle. de Murska as the Queen of Night in the *Flauto Magico*.

DR. GUNZ has gone to Vienna, but will return for the Gloucester festival. His place in the *Flauto Magico* was taken on Tuesday evening by signor Garloni, who sang the music of Tannino most admirably.

WAGNER CARTOONS.—The King of Bavaria recently gave orders to the first artists in Munich to produce a certain number of cartoons, which should represent scenes from the various operas of Richard Wagner. Some have already been photographed. The cartoons are said to be five feet in height and to have a beautiful effect. His Majesty, the most enthusiastic of all Herr Wagner's admirers, has, it is said on good authority, purchased the score of *Tristan and Isolde* for the sum of 50,000 florins. Of course music for the future should be paid with bills at a long date.

MURDER CONFERS SANCTITY.—"It appears decided," writes the French journal *Le Pays*, "that the Ford Theatre at Washington, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, will be transformed into a church. A society has been formed for this purpose, and many clergymen, among others, Bishop Simpson, are in treaty for purchase of the property."

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI'S CONCERT.

The potent name of Adellina Patti attracted a crowded audience to St. James's Hall on Wednesday morning week. As far as we remember, Mdle. Patti had never sung in a London concert-room until this occasion, her co-operation in the State concert at Buckingham Palace and her rare appearances in the Crystal Palace transient not being taken into account. Much interest, therefore, attached to this, the first entertainment given under her name, especially as the programme was so framed as to display her proficiency in every style of music. There is no other living vocalist whose talent, if applied to the illustration of such varied schools, would shine so brightly in all. Indeed, we must search far back in the annals of music to find a parallel to Mdle. Patti, for it may be truly said that she touches nothing which she does not adorn. A sacred air, an operatic cavatina, a French romance, and a Scotch ballad, were on Wednesday rendered by her with equally appropriate expression, and with equally brilliant success. We have never heard this "Ave Maria" of Gounod—the *melodie religieuse* which the composer has adapted to the first prelude of Sebastian Bach, and which is so thoroughly characteristic of the future author of *Tristan*—given with such perfect vocal skill, and such deep passionate fervour. In striking contrast to this was Mdle. Patti's second solo, the brilliant and sparkling polacca, "Son vergin verezza," from *I Puritani*—an opera in which she has not hitherto appeared in England. The highest staccato notes introduced into the polacca roused the enthusiasm of the audience, and a repetition, not accorded to, of both airs was loudly demanded. Mdle. Patti's third solo consisted of a very charming romance, composed by the Baroness Willy de Rothschild to an elegant little poem by Arsène Houssaye, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." Essentially French though the ballad is—in language, idea, and melody—the clever singer gave it as perfectly as though her young life had been all spent in acquiring proficiency in this special style. Again recalled to the platform, she gave us an encore to the French song the thoroughly English melody, "Home, sweet home," the Scotch song, "The bonnie lassie o' Edinburgh town," was vociferously re-demanded, on which Mdle. Patti substituted for it "Coming thro' the rye," giving both with as much refinement as vivacity and artlessness. She was also joined by Signori Mario and Brignoli in Mr. Costa's melodious and clever *terzetto a cœuro*, "Vanne a colte che adoro." But the most interesting feature of the concert was the duet "Sull' aria," from *Figaro*, in which the charming voices of Mdle. Patti and Mdle. Patti combined. The first time combined. As a matter of course, the duet was loudly applauded, and repeated with great effect. Mdle. Lucca had only one other opportunity of distinguishing herself; this was in a scena from an opera, *Der Stern von Turan*, written expressly for her by a clever composer who is known by the savory name of Wurst. In spite of his cognomen, Wurst certainly has talent, and not of the worst, the aria being not merely melodious, but dramatic. Sung with great energy by Mdle. Lucca, it created a strong impression, and was loudly encored. We cannot attempt to recapitulate the whole programme, but must mention that Signor Mario, encored in Schubert's "Adieu," gave it lien his favorite "Ange al para," from *La Favorita*, with his wonted charm; that Signor Wachtel chose a clever and characteristic *ried* written for him by the late Marschner, entitled "Der Sonnenschein;" that Mdme. Galet sang the scena from *La Favorita* in admirable style; and that Mdme. Fioretti, Fricci, and Krub, and Signori Brignoli, Baraldi, Ronconi, Ciampi, Graziani, and Schmidt all lent the aid of their voices. The only solo instrumentalist was little Mdle. Krebs, whose brilliant execution and unaffected manner excited the wonder of the audience. We must add that Mr. Saluton played the violin obligato to Gounod's air with masterly effect, and that the happy accompaniment to Mdle. Lucca's air was entrusted to the capable fingers of Mr. John Thomas.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE IN FESTIVAL WEEK.

One of the intervening days (Thursday, June 23), during the progress of the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace, Mr. William Spark, organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, performed the following pieces on Gray and Davison's great Handel organ:—

Fantasia, B major	Wm. Spark
Adagio, Allegro Moderato, Andante, Finale—Fugue.	
Sonata, C minor, No. 2.	Mendelssohn
Grave, Adagio, Allegro Marcato, Fugue.	
Air with Variations, "Jerusalem the golden"	Wm. Spark
Introduction and Grand Fugue	J. S. Bach
Andante and Allegro, D major	F. E. Bach
Grand Offertoire, D minor	Battisti

Both the music and the playing was greatly admired, and thoroughly appreciated by a very numerous audience.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I have to beg pardon of Mr. Weiss, of the Gloucester-road, for misquoting his song, which was the less excusable as I am certain I have heard it in London often, and, if it made no impression on him, I am extremely sorry. There is no doubt about the effect the "Blacksmith" produces on the twelve-penny public. It is a "bould" sledge-hammer tune, and the singer—Mr. Weiss himself—sings it sledge-hammerly. My only objection to it, is that it is bad music. But let that pass. Cheap-price folks like it all the better for being common-place. As for my trying to be witty on the composer and his song, it is *scissors scerni*. I write honestly, straight-forward, and to the purpose, and never resort to verbal play on words. I have not that Weiss, I mean, vice, to answer for. I fear that argument is lost on Mr. W., who can bluster and bellow much better than he can chop logic and discriminate between truth and satire. But, as he is a true Russian bass and a composer "of some water," he shall be pardoned, and, if his palm is not too big, I don't mind shaking hands with him—by proxy. Whether I am to be "shot," or to be "skinted"—now, there's wit for you, if you like—at advice of Mr. Weiss, it matters little; I am still the friend and admirer of the great English Tamburini, as Mr. F. T. Smith, director, manager and lessee of Astley's Opera-house, calls him.

The first thirty representations of the *Africaine* produced a receipt of 345,807 francs 41 cents, averaging 11,526 francs, 91 cents per night. This is something extraordinary. No doubt Meyerbeer's music increases in attraction as it becomes familiar—that has been the way with all his "Grand" operas; how else account for such crowds in such burning weather and at the worst time of the year. M. Henri Blase de Bury has just brought out, at the library of Michel Lévy, under the title of *Meyerbeer et son temps*, a new work on the life and compositions of the illustrious author of the *Huguenots*. This work, which has already appeared in the columns of a special journal, has been revised and corrected by the author. Query—is M. Henri Blase de Bury capable of sounding and analysing the intellect of Meyerbeer? I cannot answer.

"This is the patent age of new inventions," wrote Lord Byron some half century ago, or thereabouts, but, could he have lived in our immediate times, how much more pertinent his exclamation. I went to the Hippodrome a few days since, and saw a grand piano played by steam. It is the invention of Mr. Morris, an American, who has come to Paris to exhibit it to the dilettanti of the political city in the world. It is by no means a sightly instrument, and no one will purchase it for its good looks. It is a curiosity, nevertheless.

The long-promised *reprise* of Hérold's *Marie* at the Opéra-Comique took place on Monday and was a genuine success. Merely stating the fact that the principal parts were sustained by Mdlles. Gerard and Barette, Mesdames Galli-Marie and Révilly, MM. Charles Achard, Capoul, Nathan and Sainte, Foy, I must reserve all particulars until next week.

MONTAGUE SINGOT.

Paris, July 12.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—The second concert of the new series was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday afternoon, and attracted a fair attendance. "Beethoven Society," we take it, means a society which gives two quartets, by different composers, and a miscellaneous selection. The quartets on this occasion were Beethoven's—the name of the society must be occasionally referred to—Posthumous, No. 16, in C sharp minor, for strings; and Mendelssohn's in E flat, for ditto; executants in both, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Zerlini, H. Blagrove, and Aylward, insuring, we need hardly say, a highly satisfactory performance for both masterpieces. Mdlle. Paule Gayard, a young French pianist (*Premier Prix de Conservatoire Impérial*), of whose talents Rossini, himself a "pianist of the fourth class," entertains a very high opinion, played Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, with eminent success. Rossini's "high opinion" was endorsed by all the audience, who applauded the young lady warmly. Mdlle. Gayard also played a *morceau de concert*, by Field, which also elicited loud acclamations from all parts of the room. The vocal music was entrusted to Mdlle. Louise Van Noorden, who sang Mozart's "Non mi dir," and a German national song, "Von meinen Bergen;" and Madame Heywood—who gave Haydn's "Spirit Song," and Reisinger's "Lovely Clonds." Of these Reisinger's song appeared to please most. Mr. Frank Mori and M. Edouard de Paris conducted.

S. T. T.

HIER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico*—greater success for Mozart—greater success for Mdlle. Dina de Munka, who was rapturously encored in both arins of the Queen of Night.

On Tuesday, for the third time, *Il Flauto Magico*, with Signor Gardoni in place of Dr. Gung as Tamino. Signor Gardoni greatly applauded and deservedly.

On Wednesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for the benefit and last appearance this season of Mdlle. de Munka. House crowded in every part, and excitement at its highest. Mdlle. de Munka's reception at the end a real enthusiasm. The mad scene sang and acted better than on any former occasion. At the end of the opera she came forward again and sang the air with variations, by Proch, which she originally introduced in the last scene of *Linda*.

On Thursday, *Fidelio*.

To-night, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Madame Harriers Wipern as Amalia. Mdlle. Sarolta (her first appearance) as Oscar, Madame Trebelli as Ulrica, Signor Carrion as the Duke, Mr. Santley as Renato, &c., &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Norina; Signor Mario, Ernesto; M. Gassier, Malatesta; and Signor Ronconi, *Don Pasquale*—his first appearance in the character. For particulars see another column.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*.On Thursday, *Le Barbier*.To-night, *Don Pasquale* for the second time.The *Africaine* is announced for Saturday, the 22nd inst.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday evening, the 26th inst., Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit, and provided a most attractive entertainment for his admirers, who formed by far the largest audience of the season. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat (Op. 12), the executants being Messrs. Joachim, L. Reim, H. Webb, and F. P. It is needless to say that with such performers that splendid masterpiece was played with the utmost precision and intelligence, as was the Quartet of Haydn in D major, No. 20, Op. 4, with which the concert closed. Herr Joachim also played Tartini's sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," a work of wild inspiration and of great difficulty, and Ernst's "Elégie." Madame Arabella Goddard played Sterndale Bennett's three musical sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," with more than her usual matchless brilliancy and perfection of grace and finish, being rapturously applauded in all three, more particularly in the "Fountain," which few pianists can attempt, much less achieve. Mr. Reeves sang no less than four songs, viz.:—"If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*; "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*; Beethoven's "Adelaide," and "The Messenger," by Herr Blumenthal. "If with all your hearts" was perfectly sung by Mr. Reeves, whose singing of "Deeper and deeper still" has probably never been excelled. It was simply perfect, and the applause that greeted its conclusion was loud and unanimous. Mr. Reeves repeated the latter part, "Waft her, angels! Beethoven's 'Adelaide' was accompanied by Madame Goddard, and is a well-known performance at these concerts, and one of the most popular ever introduced at St. James's Hall. "The Messenger" was also repeated by unanimous desire. Miss Elmonds contributed Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem" from the *Elijah*, and sang it with great taste and feeling.

COVENTRY FISH.

A RIVAL TO RISTORI.—An Italian artist, not known out of her own country, by name Civili, tragédienne and comedian both, is expected at Paris. Rumour states that she has a marvellous talent, and that she excels in all styles.

THE YEARS OF SINGERS.—Every season," writes the *Signal*, "the years of singers become shorter and shorter. Herr Wachtel is engaged for three years at the Theatre Royal of Berlin, at 10,000 francs a year; but each of these years lasts only six months."

MR. EDWARD MURRAY is appointed manager of the English Opera Company (Limited), Covent Garden.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has left London for the continent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The want of a competent representative of the character of the Queen of Night has, doubtless, prevented Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, which was so brilliantly revived at Covent Garden in 1851, from keeping its place among the stock operas at Mr. Gye's theatre. With Madame Anna Zerr, a year later, the dark mysterious lady of the hexasyllabic name departed, and was no more heard of. Miss Louisa Pyne tried once to replace the Austrian Court-singer, who lost Court favor and her pension through assisting at a concert in behalf of the Hungarian refugees, but the music did not come so readily within the means of our accomplished English songstress. At length, however, after a lapse of thirteen years, Astriframante has returned to London in the person of Miss. Ilma de Murka, who looks the part better than Madame Zerr, acts it with much more spirit, and sings the music quite as well—say, if not with such uniform certainty, with still greater energy and characteristic expression.

Il Flauto Magico is not to be criticized in the present day—for two reasons. First, it was composed by Mozart; and, secondly, it is close upon three quarters of a century old. *Die Zauberflöte* was begun at Vienna in July, 1791, finished, according to the composer's own chronological catalogue, in August, and produced, with extraordinary success—Mozart himself directing the performance—at the end of September, little more than two months before his death.* From the same catalogue we learn that the Priest's March and the overture were composed, or at least written down, only two days in advance of the first performance. It is a lucky thing for music that Herr Emanuel Schikaneder found himself at one period on the brink of ruin, and also, though Mozart—then simultaneously occupied with *La Clemenza di Tito*, for Prague, and with the immortal *Requiem*, for an anonymous patron—got nothing in the end by his labor, that the manager, patron, singer, quack, and parasite was on terms of sufficient intimacy to persuade him, even against his will, to set to music one of the quackest farrares ever offered to the consideration of a musical composer. But for these opportune accidents, a rich mine of melody would have been left unworked, and we should never have known how the composer of *Dos Giovanni* could give musical life to a tale of enchantment. To describe the plot of Weber's *Oberon* is difficult enough; but that of *Il Flauto Magico* is far more difficult. A bare outline must suffice.

Sarastro, high-priest of the temple of Isis, the Egyptian god, wishes to bring up Pamina, daughter of the Queen of Night, in the faith and mysteries of the true religion, and to train her in the paths of virtue—which, it may be inferred, were not habitually trodden by her maternal parent. To accomplish this end he causes her to be secretly conveyed away from her mother's charge. Tamino, an Egyptian Prince, having seen a portrait of Pamina, falls in love with the unknown original, and tracing her to the temple of Isis, becomes a novice in the *arcana*, with the hope of meeting and gaining possession of the object of his passion. To try his constancy, Sarastro condemns Tamino to a temporary separation from Pamina, and submits him to certain ordeals through which his truth and courage may be tested. Pamina is condemned to similar probations. Both come out victorious, and—despite the arts of Astriframante, who, burning to revenge herself on Sarastro for having robbed her of her daughter, endeavors to induce Pamina to kill him and steal the symbol of the sun, which is the magnet of his power—the lovers are found worthy of each other. The comic personages are Papageno, a silly egotistic bird-catcher, a Sanchez Pansa for comicality and gluttony, who pretending to have slain a serpent from which Tamino's life was in danger, becomes the future sharer of his destiny; Papagena, an old woman, whom Papageno first meets in a forest, and who, on his promising, through fear, to marry her, is suddenly restored to vigorous youth and runs away; and Monostatos, a black, superintendant of the slaves set by Sarastro to watch over Pamina, who betrays his trust and endeavors to seduce his charge. During his adventures in search of Pamina, Tamino is provided with an enchanted lute (*Die Zauberflöte*), by virtue of which he is enabled to give alarm and invoke assistance in all cases of peril; while, on his part, Papageno is furnished with certain musical instruments which, when played upon, transform

anger into mirth, and provoke in every hearer an irresistible desire for dancing. What Mozart has done with this in the first *acte*, where the famous tune generally known as "Away with melancholy" occurs, every musician knows. The subsidiary characters in the drama are three attendants on the Queen of Night, whose mission it is to mislead and betray Tamino; three good geni (in the original German of Schikaneder, boys of the temple), instruments in the designs of Sarastro; Demofonte, an "orator," who interrogates Tamino, when on the point of being initiated into the mysteries of the temple; two priests, the first of whom, in the German text, is probably no other than the "orator," whose apparition is otherwise as inexplicable as his business; and two men in armour (*erste Geharnischter* and *zweite Geharnischter*), who interpret the inscription on the Pyramid previous to Tamino's undergoing, in company with Pamina, the ordeal of the fire and the water.

And out of this jumble of heterogeneous materials, where geni of either sex, black slaves, high-priests, other priests, orators, princes, princesses, bird-catchers, old women, magic flutes, armoured men, lions, serpents, &c., are mingled together in inextricable confusion, through Schikaneder, with Mozart to help him, could not make a good libretto, Mozart, in spite of Schikaneder's perpetual interference—which accounts for the few comparatively weak parts in the score—constructed an opera that will be heard with delight as long as music lasts. To criticize, or even attempt to analyse a work that, in spite of its literary trammels, has lived so long, and is so universally esteemed by amateurs as well as musicians, would be wholly out of place. The lighter pieces are familiar to all the world through the medium of the concert room; while the overture is still recognized as the most magnificent orchestral composition of its length and form that the art has produced. Fugue or no fugue, it never fails to delight all hearers, those who can follow and understand its wonderful contrapuntal contrivance, and those who cannot. Among the lighter pieces alluded to, who does not know the first air of Papageno ("Gent è qui l'uccellatore"), with the pipes?—the duet between him and Pamina, "La dove prende" ("The manly heart")?—the last air of Papageno ("Colomba o tortorella"), with the bells?—the two grand airs of the Queen of Night, the first with its touching *adagio*, "Inferno e consolato", the last, "Gli angeli di inferno," in which a mother's curse is expressed in such appalling tones, while the extraordinary employment of the highest notes in the *soprano* register is explained by the fact that the personage and situation are both supposed to be supernatural?—the two airs of the High Priest Sarastro, "Possenti numi" (with the chorus and trombones), and "Qui s'iegno" ("In diesen heiligen Hallen"), that divine apostrophe to peace, popular among the most popular of bass songs, and hackneyed to satiety by indifferent bass singers, amateur and professional?—the pathetic outpouring of Pamina, "Ah lo so"?—Tamino's exquisitely melodious address to the portrait of Pamina, "Ah! cara immagine"?—the pretty duet, with chorus, "O cara armonia," where Papageno with his bells makes the slaves of Monostatos dance?—the lively air of Monostatos, "Regna d'amore"?—the comic duet between Papageno and Papagena, with other things too numerous to specify?—who that cares a straw for music is not familiar with them all? For half a century, at least, they have been household melodies in England. Then the individuality with which each of the characters is made to stand out musically apart from the others is as remarkable in this opera as in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. The solemn strains that proceed from the mouths of Sarastro and the Priests of Isis, the levity of the tunes allotted to Papageno, the *bravura* songs of the Queen of Night, the impassioned music sung by the lovers, Tamino and Pamina, have succeeded in imparting vitality to what in the libretto of Schikaneder were at the best but lifeless abstractions. Even the trio of the satellites of the Queen of Night are carefully contrasted with those assigned to the active ministers of Sarastro; and all this marked individuality of character is preserved in the concerted music and "finales," just as clearly as in the solos, duets and trios. The two quintets are masterpieces—that in the first act, where Papageno is obliged to hum the tune with a padlock (reward of lying) attached to his lips, being in Mozart's liveliest and happiest comic vein. The grandest and most elaborate parts of the opera, after the overture, are the introduction to Act 1, where Tamino is pursued by a serpent—a highly expressive piece of dramatic writing; the introduction to Act 2, opening with the solemn March of

* Mozart died on the 5th of December, 1791, aged 36.

Priests; and the last *finale*—which, though hardly more continuous, is immeasurably superior to the first, and comprises, among other things, the beautiful trio for the boys of the Temple, "D'ostro, e Zaffir," the superb scene of Tamino's initiation, where a grave *cavale*, or *canto fermo*, is given to the two armed men with an elaborately wrought fugal accompaniment in the orchestra, and many other noticeable features. In opposition to these are some points absolutely trivial, and, indeed, unworthy of Mozart—so much so as to tempt the hearer to believe that his object was to turn the situations where they occur into contempt and ridicule. Among them may especially be mentioned the flute solo, near the commencement of the first *finale*, and the March, with flute obbligato, performed while Pamina and Tamino are undergoing purification through the ordeals of the fire and the water. The last of these is positively silly. But so shining a sun may well be pardoned mere specks upon its surface. Moreover, enough has been written about a work which has defied time, which is for the most part generally known to all who take an interest in the musical art, and which was pronounced by Beethoven "Mozart's dramatic masterpiece"—on the ground (difficult for those all but Germans to appreciate) that among Mozart's operas it was the most purely and essentially "German."

Il Flauto Magico is presented at Her Majesty's Theatre in a style that gives little cause for criticism. The cast, with a single exception, is admirable. That exception, it is true, being Sarastro, the High Priest of Isis, becomes one of considerable importance; but the excellence of all the rest goes far to atone for a solitary drawback. Madame Harriers-Wippen (from Berlin), who last year made so favorable an impression as Alice, in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, is a model Pamina, of the true German stamp—intelligent, correct, and effective. Dr. Grunz is just as intelligent, just as correct, and just as German a Tamino. Both sing their most important airs right well, the first especially shining in "Ah! lo so," the last in "Ah! cara immagine." Mr. Santley has surprised no one by his faultless singing, from end to end, of the music allotted to Papageno, but he has surprised many by the liveliness and humour he throws into his historic delineation of the character. Few can have forgotten the imitatively odd and quaintly grotesque impersonation of Ronconi at Covent-garden. With this, it may be said at once, Mr. Santley's Papageno has nothing in common; but, on the other hand, he takes a view of his own, which is both diverting and natural, and, accompanied by such singing as his, is more than acceptable. To Mdlle. Ilma de Murka we have cursorily alluded. Such extraordinary fire does this very original artist throw into the two great airs of the Queen of the Night, that the audience force her to repeat them both—a task almost unfair to impose on any singer, their trying character and extreme difficulty taken into consideration. But Mdlle. de Murka is "a new sensation," and people seem never tired of seeing and hearing her. The minor parts are in competent hands. Signor Stagno is an excellent Monostatos; Signors Bossi, Filippi, and Foli are careful and efficient, as the "Orator" and the Priests of Isis; Mdlle. Sinico is as lively a Papagena as could be wished; while the two antagonistic groups—the Queen of the Night's ladies and Sarastro's Gnyas—are more than adequately represented by Mesdames Redi, Miya, and Trebelli (for the Queen), Mdlles. Baumermeister, Zandrana, and Drasdi (for the High Priest). The fact of an artist like Mdlle. Trebelli accepting so comparatively unimportant a part merits special recognition. Signor Arditi, his band and his chorus, have won fresh laurels. The overture is grandly executed; the orchestral accompaniments are throughout perfectly given; and the choruses have nothing to desire. The pompous and superb chorus of priests (Act 2), "Grand 'Iai, grand 'Oein," is one of the most impressive performances we remember. The dresses, decorations, and scenery are worthy of the rest. Rarely has Mr. Telbin been more uniformly happy. The opening scene, a rock or cavern, with overhanging wood, through which is caught a glimpse of the Nile, is well devised for the first apparition of the Queen of the Night, who descends from the clouds on a crescent moon; the second, with its Theban and Egyptian temples, its sphynxes and palm-trees, is in excellent keeping; in the third (Act 2) we have a temple porch, with hieroglyphs, &c., equally in character; the fourth, representing a moonlight garden on the banks of the Nile, an illuminated temple, temples and colonnades rising out of the river in the distance, with other details into which it is unnecessary to enter, is

the most picturesque of all; the fifth, ingeniously representing the ordeal of the fire and the water through which the lovers have to pass, gives way to the final tableau, which is effectively and appropriately allegorical. But in all respects *Il Flauto Magico* is as efficiently placed on the stage as could by any possibility be contrived, the resources of the theatre taken into account. The opera is a complete and well merited success, and thus another great classical work is added to the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Il Flauto Magico was given for the third time on Tuesday night; on Wednesday Mdlle. Ilma de Murka took her benefit, and appeared for the last time this season—the opera selected being *Lucia di Lamermoor*, in which she made her *début* in London; on Thursday, *Fidelio*. This evening *Un Ballo in Maschera*, for the *début* of Mdlle. Sarolta. Meanwhile a concert for the benefit of Signor Giuglini is advertised, at which all the artists in Mr. Mapleson's company will take part. This is only what was expected—the more so as we are sorry to learn that there are little, if any, hopes of the eminent tenor's recovery.

Muttoniana.

The Muttonians to a Muttonian (except Dr. Silent, who would not be an M. P. if he could) having gone to make pledges to their constituents, the more than Herculean labor of emptying the baskets of *Muttoniana* once more (for the last time he devoutly hopes these thunderstorms) devolves upon Dr. Silent.

Mr. Dishley Peters of Tadcaster forwards the subjoined important telegram:—

MR. AP MUTTON AND HIS DOCTORS.

By Electric and Extraordinary Telegraph.

Drs. Shoe, Wind, Queer, and Pidding have off'd Cape Horn. Mr. Ap. Mutton is exploring the western course of Lake Victoria Nianza in Africa. Mr. Ap. M. believes he will trace the waters of the Nile to yet another source. Captain Barton has written to Mr. Ap. M. to allow him (Barton) to accompany him (Ap. M.), but he (Ap. M.) has declined the honor. His (Ap. M.) discoveries have always been made without aid or look-on. He (Ap. M.) is *sui-lex*, travels on a mule, drinks corn-mill, eats berries, locusts, and phonocopters—when he can catch these last, which he occasionally does with salt. Mr. Ap. M. gets the berries. The locusts leap into his mouth unawares to both. He simply boils them.

Dr. Silent is glad of this news, but sorry that the head of the Muttonians and his four chief doctors in parenthesis are so far away. Dr. Silent would hardly be sorry to hear from Mr. Drakwater Hard, Mr. Baylis Boll, or indeed any energetic Muttonian capable of relieving him of his labors for the nonce.

TO OLD DR. SILENT.

Sir,—I tell thee what it is, lad, thee's got in thy paper this week a man who signs his name an Angel, who runs down a poor puddle in Leicester Square. I can tell thee that this faithful *Nesque* saved my life once, and I can tell thee what it is I'll fight with the last drop o' blood I have in me. I have seed him dashed by the wave, and ruled under the iron rod of a foreign puppy, but my poor Neptune here all like a hero, and is it thou, that scarest at a black beetle, that tries to crush the good and faithful! I tell thee what it is, old Silent. I should like to fight your man a duel.

Oh thou whose face is in a frog-like shape, bring forth thy wit, and writte those horrid and blasphemous epistles again, and I will meet thee and bring thee down to that Peddling machine and strike about thee the sound of *justo juato*, but time will tell. Let the Albanians and his puddle be. I am, oh Silent, thine ever truly,

July 10th, 1865.

JOHN G.

Dr. Silent having not yet completed his 90th year is one of the youngest of the Muttonians, and therefore feels slightly piqued at the supersession of Mr. Gas's otherwise not humorous epistle.

SENZA AND CON SORDINO.

Sir,—An amateur, a great admirer of Beethoven's sonatas will esteem it a favor if you will give an explanation, in the plainest English, of the terms "*Senza sordino*" and "*Con sordino*."—I am, Sir, respectfully,

L. S. D.

To Onion Ap Mutton, Esq.

When Dr. Silent uses "*senza sordino*" he plays *con sordino*—and *versà vice*. But he will consult Professor Nine on the point.

Dr. Silent, moreover, has just received a communication from

Dr. Punch, who after the usual compliments says:—"Now, my dear Silent, I know it would please Ap'Mutton to see the enclosed composition, from the pen of my musical contributor, Mr. Harmony Silver ("One Who Plays"), in *Muttoniana*. "Impings" it, therefore, as friend Shoe would say, without grimace, and eternally oblige, yours, with unfeigned civility, PUNCH.—85, Fleet St."

Dr. Silent "impings" without grimace:—

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

"Mr. Mapleson deserves the thanks of all lovers of good music for his production of *Medea* and the *Magic Flute*. Such music lifts the nose from the grindstone of one's daily mundane drudgery, and elevates the mind while amusing and refining it. Ordinary operas are in their way a pleasant pastime, and do not need much stroking of the ears or straining of the mind to comprehend their purport. But such music as was written by Mozart and Cherubini demands a higher faculty rightly to enjoy it, and a far more lasting pleasure is derived from its enjoyment. Men who have the ears of Mida, and whose minds are made to match, may think that operas are written simply to be yawned through, and may view them as a proper undercurrent for mere small talk. But a little careful hearing of the music which Mozart would convince a man with brains that ideas may reach the mind by other channels than mere words, and that the mental faculties are bettered by receiving them. Happy is the man who can derive the greatest pleasure from the various enjoyments this varying world affords; and men who think that music is only meant to dance to, or be fashionably chatted through, may, by attentive hearing of Mozart and Cherubini, soon learn that a much higher enjoyment may be gleaned from it. By education of the ear great pleasure may be gained; and no one is so fit to complete this education as one of the old masters. The more good music one hears, the more one learns to relish it; and they who really do so, when they hear the *Magic Flute*, are sure to be enchanted with it."

Why, Dr. Silent would inquire, does Mr. Harmony Silver ("One Who Plays") omit all reference to the singers—Ilna de Murska, Santley, &c.—why omit all *dito* to the conductor, the jovial Ardit (piccolissimo grandissimo maestro)? Dr. Silent is at a poke to answer his own questions. "One Who Plays" must rectify said omissions, or himself be rectified at the hands of Drs. Punch and Silent.

Doc's METRE.

Says Engle to Ap'Podle, "You're a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to wall wallop and flog;
"Oh!" says Podle, "gray don't refrain, Mr. Engle,
You'll never make me, as I've made you, tingle!"

Then says Engle, "Podle, you're a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to wall wallop and flog;
"Well," says Podle, "at your feet crouching I lay,
Awaiting explanation of your little" (*fin de la petite word.*)

Whom in comes "Ramblar," a lubberly lout,
To see what all the shindy's about.
"Hard knocka, is it?" says he, very plucky;
Then gets one for his nob and cuts his lucky.

Then adds Engle, "Podle, you're a brute of a dog,
Whom I should like to wall wallop and flog;
But as I can't, why, I don't think I must;
So I'll swallow my bile, and bawl the 'I best.'"

AP'P.

P.S.—I forgot last week to mention that I am convinced Mr. Croucher, the eminent chloe-player, wrote the letter signed "Ramblar," and that I admire his playing beyond—measure in fact that I consider him rated A one, but I do not and cannot admire his literary efforts. AP'P.

Dr. Silent vociferously invites Herr Engel to respond in Englemetre; and that expeditiously.

WELL PAID MUSICIANS.

Sir,—Mr. Sarcey, in the theatrical feuilleton of the *Opinion Nationale*, gives a melancholy account of the position of the musicians at the Théâtre Français. He affirms that they receive only from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. per night. The conductor of the orchestra, for a fixed yearly sum, furnishes so many musicians, and in order to make as much profit as possible, pays almost nothing.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

B. T. TABLE.

Why, Dr. Silent would ask, does not Mr. Table himself raise their salaries? Although one of the simplest, he is one of the wealthiest of Muttonians. At the same time Mr. Table is a great chatterer, and to him, as "high mountains" to Byron, table-talk (not to say title-tattle) is a "feeling." Not so to Dr. Silent, or M. Sarcey.

Moreover, Dr. Silent has received a communication from the editor of the *Poll Mall Gazette*, begging insertion of a skit, which that editor highly esteems, as more or less entomological.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKIT.

"Oratorical was offensive to Cowper's sensitive mind. In prose, a delicately plaintive as poetry, he bewailed that mankind should pay no better attention to the great message of salvation than to set it to music. The blaze of musical glory that Handel throws over the words of scripture seemed to him irreverent. What would he think of his comments that these compositions give rise to? In one of Thursday's papers the following passage occurred:—'Next to *Saul* came *Samson* which may be said to tread on the heels of *Meriah!*' Nor is this, technical profanity confined to musical criticism. Such expressions as 'a conventional green Christ,' a golden glowing St. John,' a Madonna with cheek of juley impasto,' to be found in Kiplinger's or Wosgen's pages, may well surprise the simple mind. L"

Dr. Silent never before heard of an "irreverent blasé;" nor of a "technical profanity." Also Dr. Silent only remembers two passages from Cowper. One of those is only half a passage:—

"As yet black-breeches were not"

Why not, Dr. Silent would ask, knee-breeches?—or plush-breeches?—or velvet-breeches? This from *The Task* (a task, Dr. Silent remembers, to get through). The second passage runs thus:—

"A rose had been washed, just washed by a shower," &c.

The "just washed" is, in Dr. Silent's opinion, abominable. And yet the author of "black breeches" and "just washed" is offended with Handel! "Sensitive mind!" indeed! Why, Dr. Silent opines, that Cowper would have been distinguished had Handel allowed him to shave him. Also he has trod upon the corn of Ap'Mutton.

ADELINA PATTI.

(Dedicated to HORACE MATTHEW, Esq.)

A angel would listen to her song,
Dukes, lords, and princes join the throng,
Eager to catch eternal notes,
Lo! in ecstasies their feelings float;
I inspired them in their hearts as wrote,
No pen can figure her graces as Zephira,
Amina, Dinorah, Margherita, and Rosina,
Fervent songsters, with genius bright,
A queen, nature proclaims thy right,
To reign in the kingdom of beautiful art;
To enchant the ear, while emotion's dart,
In a sweeping chords through the human heart.

BOOTH BIRCH.

July 1st.

GIOVULINI.

(Dedicated to SIRHLEY BROOKER, Esq.)

Go now! oh gone are his golden notes!
In vain may be all his hopes,
Unconquerable monster, leave thy prey!
Give back our tenor, let his organ play,
Let sweet peace calm his troubled brain,
I natal him in the realm of song again,
Never forsake him, you patrons of art,
I inspire him with hope and comfort his heart.

BOOTH BIRCH.

July 3rd.

Dr. Silent would now call the attention of Mr. Booth Birch to Ilna de Murska, Mario, Ronconi, Leicester Buckingham, J. V. Bridgeman, and Arabella Goddard.

CHERUBINI'S *Medea*.

DEAR SILENT.—I read in an article signed "Gustave Bertrand," which appeared in the number of the *Paris Echo*, the following, the affixed:—"C'est d'Allemagne que *Medea*, *Tijetina* apparait l'idée de faire monter *Medea* au Théâtre de la Majesté à Londres." Is that the case? I suppose it is; but, as you know everything, pray tell me.—Heartily yours, Lonsa.

Carlton Club, July 12.

Lord Long must not swallow everything he finds in Parisian sheets. Dr. Silent has reason to believe that *Medea*, *Tijetina* knew nothing at all about Cherubini's *Medea* until Mr. Ap'Mutton—who helped Cherubini to help Sarti in writing his (Sarti's) operas, as well as to score his (Cherubini's) own (*Medea* in particular)—recommended it to Signor Ardit. Not a soul in Her Majesty's Theatre,

MR. DESMOND RYAN'S CONCERT.—This annual entertainment—
one of the most agreeable of the season, though not "monster"—
came off on Friday evening, the 7th inst., at St. James's Hall,
and attracted a large and brilliant attendance. The vocal talent
comprised Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Harries Wippen
and Trebelli, Misses Laura Harris, Maria Wheatley, Florence de
Courcy, Fanny Arnytage and Edmonds, Mdle. Enequist, Messrs.
Sims Reeves, Gardoni, Bettini, W. H. Weiss and Santley; the
instrumental, Miss Madeline Schiller (pianoforte), Herr Ludwig
Strauss (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). Three songs
were given for the first time, viz., Gounod's "Message of love,"
by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—sung with extraordinary brilli-
ancy and redemanded with acclamations, but not complied with;
song, "Lady Hildred," by Mr. Balfe—a peculiarly quaint and
captivating melody, one of the composer's happiest inspirations,
and sung with such point and spirit, and withal with such ex-
quisite vocal *finesse* by Mr. Sims Reeves, as to provoke an enthu-
siastic encore, which there was no denying; and a MS. song,
"Drama of the Past," given by Mr. Santley, and composed
expressly for him by Mrs. Sartoris (Miss Adelaide Kemble), a
flowing and tender lullaby, and recommended by the splendid
voice and admirable vocalization of the singer. Most effective of
the other performances were the two airs by Madame Trebelli—
"Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*) and "Penna alla patria" (*L'Al-
lianza in Algeri*), the latter the finest specimen of Romanian singing
we have heard for years, incomparable indeed as regards voice,
style, method and finish; the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula*
and Ardit's "L'Orologio"—by that youthful wonder, Miss Laura
Harris, who sang both with remarkable brilliancy and with a com-
mand of the upper voice and a perfection of intonation which
could not possibly be surpassed; Kucke's *lied*, "Das Sternelein,"
by Madame Harries Wippen, whose charming voice and finished
style enchanted the audience beyond measure, and also, by the
same lady with Mr. Santley, the duet, "La dove prendi," from
the *Fausto* Magic, which was rapturously encored; Mr. Weiss's
"Village blacksmith," sung by himself and encored; and the song,
"It is a charming girl I love," from the *Lily of Killarney*, given by
Mr. Sims Reeves with such fine voice and such true Hibernian relish
as to make the audience roar with delight and bellow for an encore,
which could not be refused. We might name, too, the contributions
by Misses M. Wheatley and Edmonds, and Signor Bettini, as worthy
of especial praise, as well as the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, so
admirably played by Mdle. Madeline Schiller and Herr Ludwig
Strauss, together with a duet by that eminent violinist and
Signor Piatti. The London Choral Union, under the direction
of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, gave four pieces with excellent effect.

MISS EDWARDS' MATINEE D'INVITATION came off on Tuesday, the 4th
current, at 34, Upper Ebury Street, under distinguished patronage.
Miss Edwards, who is both pianist and vocalist, and indicates no
inconsiderable talent in singing and playing, was assisted by Mdle.
Poyet and Signor Ambonetti as singers, and by Herr Peterson (violin)
and Herr Oberthur (harp) as instrumentalists. Miss Edwards sang
Gounod's serenade "La Berceuse," Moore's "Oh in the still night,"
Claribel's "Take back the heart," and Campana's arietta "Non posso
vivere senza di te," the first and last perhaps being entitled to the
word of praise. The fair *Jeannette* also joined Signor Ambonetti
in the duet for Lucia and Edgardo in the first act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*,
which pleased universally. Miss Edwards contributed largely to the
instrumental share of the programme, playing, with Herr Peterson, a
duo for piano and violin by Heller and Ernst; ditto, for pianoforte and
harp, with Herr Oberthur; and, as solos, Ascher's "Alice" and an
Etude by Cipriani Potter. Ascher's pretty and captivating piece was
brilliantly executed and warmly applauded.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WHITTAKER (ALFRED).—"The Litany for three treble voices," by W. J. WEA-
BROOK, and "Under the cliffs by the sea," ballad, by J. L. HARRIS.

Advertisements.

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How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
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tinguished artists, one more than another indeed, according as they either came sooner into his school, or had in the sequel more opportunity and encouragement, farther to perfect and to apply the instruction they had received from him. His two eldest sons, however, William Friedemann, and Ch. Ph. Emanuel, were the most distinguished among them; certainly not because he gave them better instruction than his other pupils, but because they had, from their earliest youth, opportunity in their father's house to hear good music and no other. They were therefore accustomed early, and even before they had received any instruction, to what was most excellent in the art; whereas the others, before they could participate in his instructions, had either heard nothing good, or were already spoiled by common compositions. It is a proof of the goodness of the school, that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, even these scholars of Bach all acquired a high proficiency in the art, and distinguished themselves in one or other of its branches.*

His oldest scholar was John Caspar Vogler, who received instructions from him already at Arnstadt and Weimar, and even according to his master's testimony, was a very able performer on the organ. He was first, organist in Weimar, and at last burgomaster of that city, still retaining his place as organist. Some choral preludes for an organ with two rows of keys and pedal by him, were engraved in 1737.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times—July 24.)

The last dramatic work of Meyerbeer—the long-talked-of and eagerly expected *Africaine*, the opera his conditions for the performance of which were so perpetually changing and so difficult to satisfy, and which, instead of adding fresh laurels to his brow while living, was destined to serve for his apothecary, has at length been heard in England. An Italian version was produced on Saturday night before a densely thronged house, with that scenic completeness and profuse magnificence to which the manager of the Royal Italian Opera invariably accustoms the supporters of his theatre when any of the grand spectacular operas of the French stage are in question, and with a success that was never for an instant doubtful.

That we have heard the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer as Meyerbeer conceived it, or even as Meyerbeer's trustees have sanctioned its representation at the Paris Opera, must not be supposed. The simple fact is that the work as he left it was impracticable on our stage. No matter what its attractions, an opera lasting nearly six hours would wear out the endurance of the most insatiable amateur. Even in Paris, where such lengthy exhibitions are in vogue, the six hours' music has been reduced to something less than five. Here, with mastery skill, Mr. Costa has further reduced the five hours to under four; and thus we have a performance of reasonable duration, though frequently, it cannot be denied, at the serious expense of the composer, and to the manifest subversion of his design. What was done, however, with *Guillaume Tell*—nay with Meyerbeer's own *Huguenots* and *Prophète*—has been done, a little more ruthlessly it must be admitted, with the *Africaine*. One very important result became evident on Saturday night. There was scarcely a tedious moment, and at a quarter of an hour before midnight the vast audience which had sat from 8 o'clock, patiently listening to the *chant du cygne* of the great composer whose music had so often enchanted them, rose from their places with little the worse for the attention bestowed and the pleasurable excitement received.

The plot of the drama, constructed by the late Eugène Scribe upon certain imaginary adventures of the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, has so often been narrated in print since the *Africaine* was first brought out at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra (April 28), that we are spared the necessity of reviewing it in detail. A condensation of the sufficiently intelligible "argument" of Mr. T. J. Williams, author of the English translation printed side by side with the Italian version of the *libretto*, will answer every purpose.

Vasco da Gama, an officer in the Portuguese navy, persuaded of the existence of lands with which his countrymen are unacquainted, applies to the Royal Council of Portugal for means to prosecute his researches, producing, as arguments, two slaves purchased by him, during a previous expedition, in an African mart, whose features, garb, &c. show that they are of a race unknown to Europeans. The superstitious bigotry of the Council (among whom figures the "Great Inquisitor") leads, not only to the rejection of Vasco's application, but to his being arrested and thrown into a dungeon. His captivity is shared by his slaves, Selika and Nelusko, the former of whom has

become enamoured of her master, while she herself is beloved by her companion in bondage, Nelusko. Vasco, however, is released from prison through the intervention of Inez, wife of Don Pedro, between whom and Vasco a deep attachment had long existed, and who has sacrificed her own happiness to save his life. Don Pedro has meantime become possessed of Vasco's plans, and obtaining the command of a ship, sets sail, hoping himself to carry out the projected discoveries of his rival, and reap the reward of his genius and enterprise. Don Pedro takes with him his wife Inez, and the slaves, Selika and Nelusko, consigned to Inez by their former master. As the ship approaches the Cape of Storms it is overtaken by a vessel carrying the same colors, and commanded by Vasco himself. Notwithstanding their mutual hate, Vasco goes on board Don Pedro's ship to caution him against the dangers with which navigation in those latitudes is fraught. A quarrel ensues, during which the ship (through the machinations of Nelusko) is suddenly boarded by Indians, who take the crew prisoners, and carry them away to a land rich in tropical beauty, and of which Selika proves to be the Queen—she having been captured by Africans on an occasion when, tempest-tossed, her bark had drifted from her native shores, and thus been made a slave. Don Pedro and his companions are immediately put to death, and Inez, to save the life of Vasco, informs her subjects that a marriage had been contracted between herself and the young Portuguese during her captivity in Europe. Overcome by gratitude, Vasco is on the point of forgetting his first love, when of a sudden the voice of Inez is heard, as she and her attendants are led to the sacrifice, bewailing her fate, and bidding adieu to her native land. The well-known accents at once revive in Vasco's breast all his early affection. Selika, finding that her love is unreturned, determines on vengeance; but her better nature gaining the ascendant, she restores the lovers to liberty. Unable, however, to endure the torment of unrequited passion, she resolves to die under the shadow of the manacled, the poisonous cabala from the foliage of which lull her into a trance. Awakened by a signal gun, announcing the departure of Vasco and Inez, to whose happiness Don Pedro's death, there is no longer a barrier, Selika utters a passionate farewell to Vasco, and, overcome by the deadly emanations from the tree beneath whose branches she still lies prostrate, the unhappy Queen expires in the arms of her faithful and attached Nelusko.

The story does not look very attractive at a glance, and this without reference to its singular improbabilities. Of what country Selika is Queen we are left to conjecture. Some of the French critics take for granted that it is the island of Madagascar; but how reconcile this with the architecture of the temples, &c., which form such conspicuous objects in the *tableaux* Mr. Beverley has painted for the fourth act, and for which he has the authority of Paris? How, too, can we reconcile it with Scribe's own instructions to the stage manager—"Le Grand Prêtre de Brahma," "Indiens de divers castes." &c. And, lastly, how with the first words which, in the same scene, he puts into the mouth of Nelusko,—

"Nous jurons par Brahma,
Par Vishnou, par Siva,
"Ces dieux dont l'Indoustan révère la Puissance!"

True, we do not look to M. Scribe for any precise revelation of the mythology of the East, any more than to M. Assolant for an exact delineation of the manners and customs of the British Isles; but we accept Madagascar as the queenland of Selika it is natural we should wish these points cleared up. It mattered little, however, to Meyerbeer, whose lively fancy peopled this mysterious world with poets and temples and creatures of his own imagining; who could fashion for himself a Selika and Nelusko worthy to be placed beside his highest poetical creations; who could find music even for so contemptible a person as—despite his yearning after perilous adventures—we cannot but style Scribe's Vasco da Gama; and who could turn so horrible an incident as a young and beautiful woman gradually expiring under the deadly influence of the manacled tree to such purpose as to get out of it one of the loveliest musical scenes in existence. Meyerbeer liked to deal with incongruous anomalies; and to his ardent imagination the lay-figures of inquisitors, counsellors, bishops, Indians, "Malgaches des deux sexes," priests of Bramah, and what not, soldiers, sailors, wrecked ships, adventurous navigators in search of new worlds, &c., which the prolific Scribe jumbled together pell-mell, and presented him for an opera-book, as one might present a child with a Noah's Ark, offered materials out of which he could raise yet one more superb-musical structure to add to his renown. However we may unreservedly condemn the book of the *Africaine*, as unworthy alike of Scribe and of Meyerbeer, we cannot but own that had the *Africaine* not been set to music we should have lost access to one of a composer's rarest inspirations, and have been left acquainted with a rich mine of melody that would have died with its possessor. But into a consideration of the merits of the most important and most durable part of the *Africaine* we shall not presume to enter on the mere strength of such superficial acquaintance as can be obtained through a single hearing. There is hardly a piece in the opera, solo or concerted, that does not contain something worthy note; nor is

* We here speak only of those scholars who made the art their chief occupation. But Bach, had besides these, a great many other scholars. Every dilettante living in his neighbourhood, desired at least to be able to boast of having enjoyed the instructions of so great and celebrated a man. Many too gave themselves out for his scholars, without ever having been so.

there a piece which is not thoroughly characteristic of its author. Even the many contrivances to hide this from attentive hearers to whom the previous operas of Meyerbeer are familiar. Each of the five acts, in a musical sense, forms a "tableau" in itself, leading gradually and naturally to a climax; and parts of the second and third acts, which have been far less warmly eulogized than the rest, are really as good as anything else. About the first act, with its imposing finale, there can scarcely be two opinions; while the fourth—where the scene is no longer in Europe, but in the glowing East, is painted in those gorgeous colors which Meyerbeer knew so well how to lay on when excited by a theme that pleased him. Here occurs the impassioned and beautiful duet for Selika and Nelusko, which French critics have compared with the duet between Valentine and Raoul, in the *Huguenots*, but which is about as unlike that dramatic masterpiece as one thing can be unlike another. The fifth and concluding act, where Selika dies under the Manacilla, while Vasco de Gama sneakingly deserts her, in company with a woman of whom he is no more worthy than of herself, is a genuine "Song of the Swan." Happy the master whose last melodious inspiration could so eloquently prove how great a low he was to the art he professed and adorned.

The first performance of the *Africaine*, if not a model performance, was, considering that there had been only three rehearsals, one of the most remarkable ever heard. Although the music is far from being the most elaborate Meyerbeer ever composed—indeed, for instance, than the music of the *Prophète*—it is crowded with ingenious contrivances and delicate points, exacting the nicest attention. The members of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa, performed their duties admirably; and it was pleasant to listen to so hearty a recognition of their merits as the roar of applause from every part of the house that followed their execution of the union interlude which separates the splendid scene from the last. The dramatic music of the strings, violas, and violoncellos play a passage, in unison, on the fourth string, accompanied by clarinets and bassoons, may not be precisely new (Spohr has something of the kind in his Third Symphony), but here the melody is so broad, and (to be technical) the leap of an interval of a tenth, from low A to middle C, has so peculiar an effect of sonority, that the impression created in Paris (where it is rightly called for its origin), as well as in London, is intelligible enough. For Selika and Vasco it appears that Meyerbeer himself is answerable. We may say at once that Herr Wachtel has taken great pains with Vasco, much of the music of which he sings better than that of any other part he has hitherto essayed in London. Mdlle. Pauline Luca, in Selika, shines both as actress and singer. She throws her whole soul into the character and makes the audience share her enthusiasm. Nothing can be so original as her appearance in her hybrid lion costume. Signor Grazioli, too, does his utmost to impart both dramatic and musical interest to Nelusko, and, thanks to his noble voice, fulfils the last condition, if he in some measure fails to accomplish the first. The music of lines could hardly be entrusted to a singer better calculated to give effect to it than Mdlle. Fioretti; but she can neither look nor act the character—her embonpoint incapacitating her for the first, her halting frigidity for the last. The subordinate characters—especially the Grand Inquisitor by Herr Costa (Don Pedro Vasquez), and his successful rival by Signor Atti, Don Diego, by Signor Capponi, and the High Priest of Braham, by Signor Tagliacozzo—are carefully sustained; and, indeed, the "ensemble," including the chorus, which has no small responsibility, is remarkably efficient. Mr. Beverley has done his part to perfection. The *Tableau* of the fourth act, with its Eastern temples, its pyramids, its monster apes, and its brilliant sky, which he had to bring out everything in the best relief, and perhaps at the end of the concluding scene—the scene of the Manacilla, with the gigantic poison-exhaling tree, filling up the middle of the stage, and a sea as deceptive and real in the background as the glittering lake of the Four Cantons in *Guillem Tell*—are masterpieces of art, beautiful as pictures without reference to their magical stage effect. The costumes—characteristic, new, and bright—tell of a lavish expenditure, creditable to the management, and the success due to Meyerbeer, to whose works the Royal Italian Opera, since 1848, when the *Huguenots* were first essayed, is so largely indebted; while in the fourth act—with its "sacrificers," its priests and priestesses of Braham, Vishnu, and the rest, its bayaderes, its Amazons, with gilded shields and spears and helmets, its guards, its slaves, its picturesque ballet, and what not—the directing hand of Mr. A. Harris has again performed wonders.

The opera was received with animated favor from beginning to end; after each act (as a matter of course) the principal singers were applauded—Mdlle. Luca being twice called forward at the end of the opera; and last, not least, the same compliment was most appropriately paid to Mr. Costa.

There are to be no less than six performances during the current week—to-night *Faust's Margherita* (Mdlle. Adolina Patti as Margherita); on Wednesday an act of *Les Paysans*, an act of *La Traviata*, and the garden-scene from *Faust*—for the "benefit" of Mdlle. Patti; on Friday

the *Barbiers*; and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (the last night of the season) the *Africaine*.

(Times—July 27.)

There was a miscellaneous entertainment last night, for the benefit of Mdlle. Adolina Patti, as attractive as any in our remembrance where the chief object has been the exhibition, under varied conditions, of the talent of a single artist. The programme comprised the first act of *Don Pasquale*, the first act of *Les Paysans*, the "garden-scene" from *Faust's Margherita*. About Mdlle. Patti's lively and piquant impersonation of the impetuous widow, Norina, we have but recently spoken in terms of unqualified praise. The single scene from *La Traviata*—in which occurs the "Brindisi," the duet with Alfredo (Signor Brignoli), and the famous *cavatina*—was just enough to make the audience regret that any part in the dramatic career of so fascinating a Violetta might be as free from insipid conversation as this is full of animation, intelligence, and charm—should be withheld. Nevertheless, perfect as were both of these, the crowning incident of the evening was the "Garden Scene" from M. Gounod's captivating *Faust*—a scene in its way unique, and, as presented last night, not easily to be forgotten. Of all the Margarets that have appeared on the London stage the Margaret of Mdlle. Patti is incomparably the best. Each of the others has some particular quality to recommend it, but here combines a realization of the poet's conception with an absolutely faultless execution of what the musician has set down. "The poet" does not mean the author (or author) of the French "libretto," but Goethe, who created Margaret, and whose exquisite creation could not be more exquisitely embodied. By the most refined exercise of art Mdlle. Patti can make the beautiful purity of Margaret shine through even her most impassioned utterances. When the entire scene is so well and so delicately realized, the audience, with irresistible feeling, she is as guileless as before the sanctity of her home has been invaded. If this is not the true reading, so much the worse. Otherwise interpreted Margaret looks a mere common-place being, stricken with a sensuous love not worth our sympathy. Happily it is the only acceptable reading, and those who complain that it is M. Gounod's unconsciously pay M. Gounod a compliment, seeing that he has been so long and so much mistreated with regard to the work of Goethe through the melodramatic log of MM. Barbier and Carré, and to bring her before us in a musically congenial shape. There is not a melodious phrase put into the lips of Margaret but reminds us forcibly of Margaret's Innocence. Glowing with ecstatic fervor as is the duet with Faust, where the unsuspicious heart of the poor girl is irretrievably lost, it tells this tale from first to last. Sung and acted by Mdlle. Patti, it is perfect. In *Don Pasquale* Mdlle. Patti, in her own perfection, this duet, last night, made a deep impression upon the audience, and was rapturously applauded. How Mdlle. Patti sings the plaintive ballad of the "King of Thule," and how she executes the brilliant *Air des Bijoux* every musical amateur knows. To describe the other parts of the performance (in which Signor Atti, a capital Mephistopheles, and Mdlle. Honoré, an excellent Siebel, took part) would be superfluous. In *Don Pasquale* Mdlle. Patti, as the associate of Signor Bonini (Don Pasquale), Signor Mario (Ernesto), and M. Gasier (Malatesta).

The evening was a series of triumphs for the gifted artist, with "recalls" and bouquets too many to enumerate.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times—July 24.)

The revival of *Semiramide*, with Mdlle. Titians as the Queen, and Madame Treille as Arace, has afforded singular gratification to the admirers of Rossini. Among serious operas there is nothing more legitimately Italian than this splendid composition, and only those who have been thoroughly trained in the Italian style of vocalization can sing the parts with the individuality and finish which are so valuable to Mdlle. Titians, who was educated in the German school, which has little in common with the Italian, that she should have made herself mistress of a style wholly foreign to her earliest associates; and it by no means follows that the singer who can shine in one mode necessarily can shine in the other. In *Don Pasquale*, Mdlle. Titians, where declamatory music of Cherubini it is unnecessary to remind our musical readers. No one acquainted with her talent, however, was surprised at this, any more than at the forcible dramatic portraiture she presented of the terrible heroine of Euripides. High and taxing as is the part from one end to the other, her exceptional means enabled her to master with ease all its difficulties, and to remain fresh and unfatigued to the last. That she should be scarcely less successful in Rossini's more florid and melodious music—music seldom declamatory except in

recitativo—is remarkable. Four seasons ago she essayed Semiramide, but did not succeed in creating an impression worthy of her fame. The interval, however, has been well employed, and Mdlle. Titiens, besides acting the part of No. one but Madame Grisi has acted it since Pasta, executes the music with a vigour and brilliancy hardly too much to be admired. Another very noticeable feature of this performance is the Arace of Madame Trebelli. Never before have the merits of this accomplished singer—the rightful successor of Alboni, as her Arace has shown—been allowed so fair an opportunity of winning unanimous recognition. Madame Trebelli is home entirely at home in the florid music of Rossini, and no other *contralto* that could now be named. She throws, moreover, a life into her historical delineation of the character to which no preceding Arace has accustomed us. The two grand duets with Semiramide, and the two grand airs, "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia" and "In si barbara scelerata," are models of Rossinian singing and excite an enthusiasm easy to understand. The *Auror* is Signor Agnès, who enjoys a high reputation at the Italian Opera in Paris, and certainly cannot be charged with any lack of energy. Signor Marcello Tassi is an excellent High Priest, and Signor Stagno the very best Idreno (perhaps the smallest of Rossini's tenor parts) we remember. It is worth attending a performance of *Semiramide* to hear the brilliant overture so brilliantly played by the band under Signor Arditi, or to hear the choruses in the opening scene, and in the grand finale to the first act.

Another revival, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, deserves notice, if only in justice to Mr. Sanzini, but whose singing of the air, "E sei che m'acchiavi," containing the pathetic lament, "O dolcissimo perduto!" shows how the fullest perfection of expression may be reached without the slightest exaggeration, and is a striking example of the difference between true and false sentiment. Madame Harriero-Wippen is an extremely careful and intelligent Amelia, Signor Carrion a competent Riccardo, Mdlle. Titiens—no years ago at Mr. E. T. Smith's Italian Opera in Drury Lane) the liveliest and sweetest of Pages, and Madame Trebelli the best of Ulricas.

Mdlle. Ulla de Munka having taken her departure, the part of the Queen of Night, in *Il Flauto Magico*, now devolves upon Miss Laura Harris, who gives the two trying and difficult airs with extraordinary spirit, and so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they compel her to repeat them. There is no usual distinction for so youthful a *débütante*. A second change in the cast of this delightful opera is Signor Juncu, vice Herr Wolrath, as Sarastro—a vast improvement; and a third, Signor Gardoni, vice Herr Gunz, as Tamino. Signor Gardoni is always welcome—welcome not only for his agreeable voice and pure Italian method, but for his graceful and unaffected style, which in such an air as "Ah cara inagine" finds an advantageous medium of expression.

La Naze di Figaro, which was announced for Saturday night, was postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle. Titiens, and *Il Flauto Magico* substituted—Mozart for Mozart. This was the last night of the subscription season. Nevertheless, Mr. Mapleson advertises eight additional performances "at reduced prices." The operas set down for the present week are *Faust* (to-morrow night and Saturday), *Lucresia Borgia* (Wednesday), and *Robert le Diable* (Thursday). *Faust* and *Robert* for the first time this season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Jubal's Organ.

Of all the grandest instruments design'd

By mortals to adorn the holy lays

Of modern music's magic spells of mind,

The Organ best deserves the palm of praise.

The scientific fuge was never twin'd

By art-assisted skill so many ways,

As, by its meted music making wind,

Which promptly the Performer's will obeys.

This triumph of invention crowns the deeds

That Moses tell of Jubal's bow and lyre

When first he joined the Organ's vocal reeds.

And, beautifying Nature, sweetly play'd.

This was his Organ. Blended now in one,

We hear an Orchestra in our's alone.

WIRRAHEU—*Des Sängers Fluch*, by A. Langert, is shortly to be brought out.

STUTTGART.—The Royal Orchestral School will be opened on the 1st September, under the direction of Herr Carl Eckert. The following is a list of the professors: Herr Singer, violin; Herr Dehmyer, viola; Herr Göttermann, violoncello; and Herr Steinhardt, double-bass. The course of instruction is gratis. Candidates for admission must be over sixteen years of age.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE OPERA AT VIENNA.

SIR,—That grand desideratum, a good opera, seems still to be a thing of the future, as far as the inhabitants of this capital are concerned, and the *Recessione*, one of the best conducted musical journals in Germany, does not draw a very flattering picture of the present state of affairs. "The operatic season," it remarks, "has recommenced exactly where it left off, three months since. We find the same admirable resources, but the same slovenly ensemble; the same excellent orchestra, but the same wavering and sleepy chorus; the same satisfactory execution of some operas, as regards the individual parts, but the same want of anything like uniformity of style or artistic harmony; the same accidental success of many entire performances, but the same mode, unworthy a large capital, of representing many others; the same excellences in some of the artists, but the same total absence of stage-manship or sensible *mise-en-scène*; the same precise, dashing, spirited ballet, but the same deficiency of grace, taste, and a sense of the Beautiful; and, finally, the same claque, bound, *ex-officio*, to find everything lovely and admirable, but, also, the same critics, who are most heartily delighted when they can praise anything, but who do not shrink from calling what is bad, bad, though it be in an Imperial Theatre, and costs hundreds of thousands. We must not, however, be unjust; something has really been done during the vacation; the walls and ceiling have had a coat of fresh whitewash, and the dingy gilding has been furnished up with bread; the house looks more cleanly and cheerful."

July is the month for stars and *débütants*. The proceedings were commenced by Herr Stiegle from Stettin. Every one felt inclined to make allowances for this gentleman, being a beginner, but the official organ informs us that he has been singing for years and is no longer a beginner. All the worse for Herr Stiegle, who, under the circumstances, it is but truth to assert, has not the slightest claim to appear in first-class characters at a first-class theatre. His voice, like that of so many German singers, allured by the salary of a tenor, in a barytone, forced upwards; it is weak, but in the middle notes not disagreeable; the upper notes are thin, squeaky, and out of tune. With regard to musical cultivation and acting, Herr Stiegle, despite the official journals, must be regarded as a beginner and nothing else. He appeared first as Gomez, in the *Nachtigall*, but even in this small and easy part was unable to fulfil the moderate expectations of a July audience. His second part, also, Max in *Der Freischütz*, passed over without attracting the slightest attention.

The second visitor, Mdlle. Tipka, from Wiesbaden, appeared as Marguerite in *Les Huguenots*, and, in direct opposition to the audience, was greatly applauded and frequently called on by the *claque*. She possesses, combined with great routine, just enough *bravura* capabilities to get through thick and thin; she always reaches the goal in view; how she does it is another thing. Some passages were, however, very nicely and correctly sung, but the lady wants taste, and, what is the worst, her voice has already lost the freshness of youth; it is unpleasant, and, especially in the higher notes, not always in tune; but this last fact may, perhaps, be attributed to nervousness.

With regard to Mlle. von Terny, who sang the princess in *Robert*, it is enough to state, that, unlike the lady just mentioned, she brings us a youthful appearance and a fresh, though somewhat weak, voice. She was probably prevented by nervousness from giving her powers in the *bravura* line a fair chance. Furthermore, she does not appear to possess taste.

Another fair singer, Mdlle. Papenheim, was at once engaged without any preliminary trial. She sang the princess in *La Juive*, and Aennchen in *Der Freischütz*, and consequently, appears destined to replace Mdlle. Schaffer-Hoffman. The young lady was warmly and frequently applauded, a fact to be attributed more to her family and birthplace (she is a Viennese, and a sister-in-law of Sonnenthal) than to the progress she has at present made. At any rate, it did not show much good feeling on the part of the management to present a young beginner to the public for the first time in so unthankful a part.

With respect to the Old Guard, there is not, as yet, much to record. After her great successes in other parts of Germany, Mad. Düstmann seemed fresher and younger than ever, and is in

excellent voice. The same holds good of Herr Walter, who, moreover, has been taking special pains to attain a clear and correct pronunciation. Mölle, Töllebin, on the contrary, was rather fatigued; she sang the Page's air in *Les Huguenots*, with a pathetically-sentimental expression, forming a glaring contrast with the words, the music, and the whole part. Even supposing the manager, the stage-manager, and the conductor, wanted the intelligence or the authority to direct the attention of the lady to her mistake, a little reflection on her own part would cause her to perceive it. She might, also, pay a little attention to her acting, bearing, and walk. The Marcel of Herr Rokitanaky, was an agreeably fresh and healthy performance; his Bertram, on the contrary, was especially flat and colourless. There had been a great talk of the chorus and *corps-de-ballet* being reorganised. The audience went filled with the joyous expectation of hearing fresher voices and of seeing younger faces, but, alas! how were they disappointed!

The foregoing remarks may proceed from a defective judgment, but they are sketched frankly. Print them or not, I am still your very faithful servant.

INGA FATAM (Bart.).

Dollentecher-Hoff, July 24.

[Sir Inga Fatam is thanked for his attention. We thought he was still at Springpatam. D. PETERS.]

A KICK FROM JONATHAN.

We learn that Mazzolini, the greatest dramatic tenor extant, will, after receding Gran's operatic enterprise from public indifference, give a few nights of genuine Italian Opera in this city, and thus permit his innumerable admirers once more to see and hear a first class tenor and excellent actor combined, a combination too rarely witnessed. Had either Gya, Bagier, or Mapleson known that Mazzolini, that artist would long since have been engaged in London and Paris, instead of some inefficient celebrity for whose services they paid dearly. London and Paris, however, are still deluded with the vain notion that Americans have no judgment, taste, or discrimination in musical and operatic performances. They fought hard against Bosio, when she came to London with high estimation in our Atlantic cities, and when forced to admit her superlative merit, and worked up to frenzied enthusiasm by her exquisite vocalization, they refused our sincere credit for their just estimate. So with Badiali, whom they accused as continually, as worn out, yet 'good enough for Yankees to applaud, until he sang down all the first rate baritones in either London or Paris, and then, forthwith, Mr. Bull and Mons. Crapeau coolly remarked that for once Yankee judgment was right. One critic only had the candor to acknowledge the mistake which London managers had committed in not engaging him years before. So obstinate, however, was the prejudice against singers with American indorsement, that for a long time no engagement was offered that incomparable baritone, and when engaged at last, Drury Lane's outside Italian Opera became his theatre of triumphant success. Prejudice still existed, and when a celebrated Irish vocalist got up an Italian Opera season at Dublin, and no other baritone could be obtained, Badiali got an offer there, coupled with such distrust as required from its conductor a trial before appearing! The conductor—a German, well versed in his department—proposed a special rehearsal, and received with astonishment Badiali's cool response that he needed it not. Under his instructions that conductor insisted upon Badiali's trial of some important pieces, and cheerful assent being given, the pianoforte was invoked. A very few bars only had been given of the first air, when the conductor exclaimed, "Where on earth did you come from? You do not require any other passport. I'm satisfied." His first performance there swept a Dublin audience like a whirlwind. Adelina Patti's youth, training and first successes were obtained here, but when London and Paris owned her magic influence, their stubborn feeling against Yankee estimation of artists induced a persistent denial of credit to other than pure Italian lineage, education and taste. Patti's immense estimation in Europe is penetrating John Bull's hard head just now, and more concensation is manifested towards importations from America.

[The above is taken from a New York paper—*Watson's Weekly Art Journal*. Mr. Watson is not so polite in his phraseology as Mr. Dwight of Boston. Nevertheless, both H. Jarrett Esq. and A. Harris Esq. will cross the Atlantic by the next boat. Betting, 18 to 12 on either. D. PETERS.]

WARWAM.—Herr Biles, from Liegnitz, has been giving concerts here with very great success, since the 11th June. His orchestra consists of 40 performers.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The publication of the following may perhaps assist the deliberations of the council:—

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the council to communicate to you the following resolutions passed at the meeting held last evening:—It was resolved that the duties heretofore discharged by the honorary secretary, the assistant secretary, and the sub-librarian, shall be the duties to be hereafter discharged by the paid secretary of the society. It was resolved that a paid secretary be appointed at a salary of eighty guineas per annum, to commence from the date of his appointment, and that he be subject to dismissal at any quarter day upon receiving three calendar months' notice. It was resolved that the election of the secretary be conducted by balloting paper, to be forwarded to each member of the council. It was also resolved that the election of the secretary be adjourned until Monday, August 7th, at eight o'clock a.m., and that in the meantime a copy of the resolutions relating to the duties, salary and mode of election of the secretary be forwarded to each member of the council, with the request that he would nominate to the office any gentleman whom he deemed competent, and whom he knew to be willing to undertake the office; such nomination to be sent to the honorary secretary, on or before Monday, July 31st, and that immediately upon the receipt of such nomination a balloting paper containing the names of all candidates for the office be sent to each member of the council, such balloting paper to be returned on or before Monday, August 7th. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.
17, Edwards Street, Portman Square, W.—25th July, 1865.

We cannot but congratulate the council on the wisdom of the innovation upon which they have determined.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

(Continued.)

Our readers will be glad to learn that a third season of Opera di Camera will be inaugurated on the 14th of next month, with every prospect of brilliant success. The present entertainment closes on the 12th, when we shall lose the services of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry for a time; there will therefore be no vacation. In the opening night we shall have two novelties in the shape of an operetta (the libretto by Hamilton Alde) by Miss Virginia Gabriel, and one of the most popular of M. Offenbach's comic pieces. The former, entitled "*Widow Bewitched*," has already been heard and highly approved of by a select audience of professional gentlemen and leading amateurs, at a private performance; and the latter, in addition to a great success in Paris, is recommended to an English audience by a libretto from the pen of Mr. William Brough, who has infused into the French plot a good deal of English humour, and adapted it to the tastes of an English audience. Had libretti as so much the rule, that we must hail with pleasure an exception, which allows as to enjoy a comic drama full of point and situation, as well as its musical illustration. The action takes place in the Flowery Land, in which a Scot sings, *mirabile dictu*, to return to the Land o' Cakes, and is entitled "Ching-Chow-Hi, or a Piece of China." The Opera Bouffe, for many years well forthcoming in this country, is gaining greater favor; and we hear that the forthcoming novelty is calculated to increase the desire for its more constant repetition. Mr. Reed has, we see, engaged Miss Augusta Thompson, Miss Henderson, Miss Pitt, Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Warboys.

LEIPZIG.—The Duke of Anhalt has bestowed the insignia, second class, of his order of Albert the Bear upon Dr. F. Brendel, the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.—The members of the "Zöllnerbund" have just presented their director, Herr Lange, on the occasion of his birthday, with a policy of insurance of 5000 thalers, in consideration of the services he has rendered, for so many years, to the cause of male choral singing. A German contemporary expresses its conviction that such a present is worth more than all the goblets, laurel-wreaths, conductors' staves, &c., which are the usual forms taken by testimonials. We have no objection to this view of the question, but we must remark that it accords very meagrely with the raptures in which the contemporary, to which we have referred, generally indulges, when a musician receives a meaningless title, or an absurd order from the hands of some princeling or other, ruling a territory about as extensive as the Eel-Pie Eyot at Twickenham.

HEER SCHNORR von CAROLSFELE, the representative of Herr Richard Wagner's Tristan, died the other day of typhus fever.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE fils du Roi
 de Florence de MESSIAUX et de la BALLE GAZAR, fils de Remi, Empereur
 de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGUIN. A perfect copy
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CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment
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 (melodic and rhythmic).

CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which musical sentiment involves, is met in
 the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.

CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of
 Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.

CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan
 of Opera should be based.

CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or
 Grand Cantata, should be based.

CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his
 time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate
 the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say,
 such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music, miscolated to
 prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit
 musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental
 analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of
 securing sale publication.

The premises of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready
 would constitute this music, and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate
 production of the book, the author earnestly solicits all who feel willing to support it,
 not to delay communicating with him to that effect.

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NOTICES.

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 MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S, 244 Regent Street, corner
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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be for-
 forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ELLIS ROBERTS.—Next week.

DRAMATIC COLLEGE ETC.—Next week.

DEATH.

On Monday morning, July 25th, suddenly, **SIGNOR FONTANA**,
 prompter of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR.—In the year 1856, the towns of Darmstadt, Mannheim,
 Wiesbaden, and Mayence, agreed to unite the great and
 varied resources of their Vocal Associations and orchestras, for the
 purpose of celebrating an annual festival, like the Festivals of the
 Lower Rhine.

* *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

The first Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine took place,
 accordingly, at Darmstadt, on the 31st August and 1st September,
 1856, under the direction of Heren C. A. Mangold and L. Schin-
 delmeisser, the *Capellmeister* of the Court. The principal works
 performed were Handel's *Messiah* and Beethoven's *Sinfonia*
Eroica. The singers were very good, and the instrumental solo-
 were confided to Vierziemp, C. Paur, and Krüger (harp).

The second Festival, at Mannheim, in June, 1857, under the
 direction of Ferdinand Hiller, was marked by the performance of
 Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.
 Among the soloists who distinguished themselves were Madlle.
 Hochkols-Falconi, and Herr Lutz, the violinist.—In September,
 1858, the third Festival was celebrated, at Wiesbaden, by the
 execution of J. Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's 114 Psalm, and
 F. Schubert's grand C major Symphony, under the direction of
 Herr Vincenz Lachner, of Mannheim, and Herr J. B. Hagen, of
 Wiesbaden. Among the soloists were the tenor, Carl Schneider,
 and the pianist, Dionys Pruckner.

The events of the following year were not calculated to encourage
 festive gatherings, but, in 1860, the committee in Mayence got up
 another very numerous attended and most brilliantly successful
 Festival, on the 22nd and 23rd July. The works performed,
 under the direction of Herr Friedrich Marburg, were Handel's
Israel in Egypt; Mendelssohn's *Wolpurgnacht*; scenes from
 Gluck's *Alceste*; Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124, and the same
 composer's Fifth Symphony. The soloists bore the well-known
 names of Louise Duttmann, Francisca Schrock, Schnorr von
 Carolsfeld, Kindermann, and G. Becker.

Despite the great and merited success of this fourth Festival,
 the series suddenly came to a stand-still. The circumstances
 which prevented the further development of a young artistic
 enterprise that had given such proofs of vitality, are unknown to
 us; but great credit is due to the city of Mayence, which decided,
 after a pause of four years, to celebrate this year the fifth of the
 Festivals of the Middle Rhine, and, it is to be hoped, permanently
 revive them. The success of the concert on the first day, Sunday,
 the 2nd July, manifested, as it was, by the applause of the general
 public, and of the professional musicians who were present in large
 numbers, will, at all events, act as an inducement for the continu-
 ation of the Festivals.

At Mayence, the large Fruit-Hall is, on such occasions, turned
 into a concert-hall, making a very comfortable and appropriate
 one, capable, with the galleries, of containing some two thousand
 persons. Its acoustic quality, however, are not quite satisfactory,
 especially not for the solo voices and for the violins, but the numerous
 and powerful choruses, like the brass-instruments, are more
 independent of the masses of stone and timber.

Not only did the four allied towns contribute their more or less
 numerous contingents to the chorus, but their example was
 followed by all the Associations in their neighborhood. Such was
 the case with that of Alzey (conductor, Ad. Felchner); Castel (H.
 Rupp); and Worms (Ed. Steinwars). Darmstadt was represented
 by the Musikverein (C. A. Mangold), with 107 members;
 Mannheim (Naret-koning), by 75 singers; and Wiesbaden (J. B.
 Hagen) by 72. The principal body, however, was furnished, as a
 matter of course, by Mayence. It consisted of the members of the
 Cacilienverein (A. Werner); of the Damen-Gesangverein; of the
 Liederfiedel (Friedrich Lux—197), and of the four Male Vocal
 Associations, to which were added 76 boys' voices.

The chorus thus constituted formed not only an imposing but
 also a highly effective mass, both as regards sound and vocal
 ability. Under the direction of Herr F. Lux, it had been
 excellently drilled, a fact which rendered the success of Handel's
 oratorio *Judas Maccabeus* a certainty beforehand. The perfor-

mance was, indeed, exceedingly good, and, as regards the chorus, need not fear comparison with what is done at the great Festivals of the Lower Rhine. The numbers of the four different kinds of voices were well proportioned. The fact of the male voices being as numerous as they were afforded a gratifying proof that the Male-Vocal Associations which, in many places, are not at all well-disposed towards musical performances with full chorus, had taken a great interest in the matter, and that this feeling had caused them to attend the rehearsals regularly. Had this not been so, they could never have exhibited the precision they did. Only once did the chorus waver through the fault of the male voices. But Herr Lux showed himself to be a sterling conductor. Seizing the bâton with a vigorous hand he soon brought the tuncful craft back again into the right course. The following are the relative numbers of the chorus: sopranos, 178; contraltos, 212; tenors, 154; and basses, 250, making a grand total of 794.

The orchestra comprised 57 violins, 20 tenors, 18 violoncellos, 15 double-basses, and doubled wind-instruments; increasing the trombones to six was, however, too much of a good thing. An organ of eighteen stops, built in the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. Ibach, Brothers, in Barmen and Bonn, and played by Herr Franz Weber of the latter town, gave a completeness to the effect of the other instruments and of the chorus. It was very creditable on the part of the committee to have the organ put up simply for the Festival, because in Germany, as has long been the case in England, people now miss the sound of this mighty instrument in the execution of oratorios in consequence of their having enjoyed more opportunity than formerly of noticing its magnificent effect. Though the organ in Mayence had only 18 stops (pedal included), its tone mingled most satisfactorily with the sound of the other instruments and of the voices, and once more proved, as the organs in the halls at Barmen, Elberfeld, and especially in the Gürzenich at Cologne had already done, that the Messrs. Ibach, taught by experience, are adepts in intonation and tuning, both very difficult tasks in *concert-organs*. The orchestra comprised 155 instrumentalists, so that there were altogether 956 performers on the platform.

On the first day, when the weather during the morning was rather doubtful, and the concert began at half-past ten, which, it must be confessed, was somewhat early, the hall was not completely full; but, on the second day, all the tickets, both for the early rehearsal and for the afternoon concert were sold in advance. Among the musical notabilities present were Herren Müller, Bruch, Humpesch, of Cologne; Brambach, of Bonn; Reiss, of Cassel; Dietrich, of Okenburg; Vierling, of Berlin; Lenz, of Coblenz; Van Eycken, of Elberfeld; Von Perfall and Wallner of Munich; Scholz, of Hanover; Müller, Ignaz Lachner, Goltermann, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine; C. A. Mangold, Nowack, of Darmstadt; Hagen, Jahn, Raff, of Wiesbaden; Naret-Koning, of Mannheim; Ole Bull, Jaell, Wieniawski, &c.

From what has been said the reader will of course be prepared to hear that the performance of the oratorio of *Judas Maccabeus* was highly satisfactory and worthy of the work. The fact of its being preceded by the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, gave dissatisfaction to many persons, and (supposing it was requisite to play a second overture, seeing that the oratorio has one of its own) even we are of opinion that an instrumental piece of a different character, one by Gluck, for instance, would have been more appropriate. The desire not to have the programme of a musical Festival without the name of Mozart, and the notion that the overture should be one that would open the Festival generally, influenced the committee probably in their selection.

Of the singers to whom the solos in the oratorio were confided, Herren Carl Hill, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Gustav Walter,

of Vienna, are already so advantageously known here on the banks of the Rhine, that it is scarcely necessary for us to endorse what we have so frequently said, on other occasions, concerning the fine voices and great vocal talent of those excellent artists, for Herr Hill, also, has long risen to be so considered. The higher the elevation, however, which these gentlemen have attained, the more strongly must we advise them to perfect themselves in an essential portion of the vocalist's art, namely their pronunciation, and to overcome any little defects which are here and there perceptible. Those remarks apply not so much to the vowels as to the consonants. The tenor part of the Israelite was sung by Herr August Raff, of Mayence, who is studying with Herr Koch in Cologne, and promises well.

Mdlles. Melitta Alvaleben, of Dresden, and Philippine von Edelsberg, of Munich, sang the soprano and contralto music of the solos and duets with success, though without producing a deep and lasting impression. This may result principally from want of practice in the peculiar expression requisite for oratorio singing. Madlle. Alvaleben possesses a pleasing, though not great, high soprano, combined with the purest intonation and by no means inconsiderable skill in the bravura style. She articulates well, and sings correctly, but wants profundity of feeling in the lyrically-melodious passages. In the air (A major): "Er nahm den Raub von Königen," we were sorry to miss the little ornamental shakos, having been convinced at the rehearsal on the second day—when the young lady sang the "Adler Aria" from the *Creation*, though it was omitted at the actual performance—that she was capable of executing them exceedingly well. In the duets between the soprano and contralto, the too great difference in the quality of the voices prevented the latter from blending properly. Mdlle. von Edelsberg possesses, as most persons are aware, one of those rare organs which combine the peculiar, and, in her case, very full and fine tone of a contralto up into the lower notes of the soprano register. With such means, she might, and should, we think, obtain effects due not to her voice alone, but also to the animation lent it by a good style. One of the finest airs for contralto (in A major, with violoncello solo, No. 14), we are sorry to say, was left out; little inclined as we feel unconditionally to condemn omissions in Handel's oratorios, we could have wished, on this occasion, to have first heard both airs (contralto and soprano), and then the abbreviated transition (as it was executed), to the duet.

The proceedings on the first day were followed at 5 o'clock by an excursion to the Rheingau, in steamers gayly decorated with flags, and brilliantly illuminated when they returned.

After what we have said, we have but little to record concerning the performance on the second day. The principal fact worthy of mention is that this performance was very successful; nay more; in some of the works, for instance, in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, there were not only no shortcomings on the part of the chorus, but, in some instances actually more go and fire than on the previous day. The concert was opened with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the execution of which, considering the combination of instrumentalists from north and south, and the fact of there having been but one rehearsal with full band, may be termed highly satisfactory; especially striking was the "storm," given with the requisite vigour, and the greatest possible precision. This was not the case, we must confess, with certain deficiencies of expression (not dependant upon the conductor) in the other movements, especially the Andante and Scherzo, where, for instance, the defective execution of the syncopated notes and the bad phrasing were unpleasantly noticeable.

Herr Walter, to whom was entrusted the only vocal solo, excited tumultuous applause by his rendering of Mozart's "Dies Bild-

niss ist bezaubert schön," and the audience would not be pacified till he repeated the air.

A "Psalm for Female Voices," by Franz Lachner, despite its arrangement for four harps, horns, and organ, did not produce any particular effect, and, indeed, was not suited for a musical festival. If we are not mistaken, it was written some years ago with a pianoforte accompaniment only.

Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, by the brilliant style in which it was given, and the very evident zest displayed, up to the last movement, by the singers for their work, excited the audience again to enthusiasm, inducing them to express, by the most lively applause, their gratitude for the splendid artistic treat they had enjoyed on the two days.

At the conclusion of the performance, a well merited compliment was paid Herr Lux; a poem in his praise was recited by a young lady, and a laurel wreath, together with some valuable presents, was handed to him amid the loud plaudits of the entire hall.

M. SAINTON AND HIS PUPILS.

ON Thursday last the pupils of M. Sainton presented him with a magnificent photographic album, richly bound and mounted in ivory and gold, containing their *cartes de visite*. On a gold shield is the following inscription:—

"Presented to
Prosper Sainton, Esq.,
as a tribute
Of Respect and Esteem
From his
Affectionate Pupils."

Amongst the portraits were those of the following gentlemen, who have at different times benefitted by the zealous and invaluable instruction of their distinguished master:—Messrs. Amor, Burnett, H. Hill, L. Julien, J. Hill, W. Watson, T. Watson, Nunn, Webb, A. Simmons, Kelly, Val Nicholson, Gunniss, Chinnery, Ralph, Mackenzie, Foulkes, Lodes, Snewing, Magnuss, &c., &c. Never was testimony of esteem and regard more richly deserved or gracefully bestowed.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

VI.—TO GEORGE GROVE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GROVE,—I wish to talk to you about concerts. Will you lend me an ear?—an ear attentive?—an ear willing?

It is difficult to know where to begin, and so to cut short the difficulty, I may as well begin at the end.

The concerts given on Saturday afternoons in the music-room of the Crystal Palace, though unauthorised to style (by style I mean style) London concerts, are virtually London concerts, inasmuch as, though not London concerts, they are chiefly supported by visitors from London. The conductor is a German, but a German on the whole (though a zealous Schumannite) of the right stamp. Till Herr Auguste Manns, formerly a subordinate in the orchestra, assumed the conductor's stick, music maintained but an inferior rank among the attractions of the palace at Sydenham. No sooner, however, had he unsticked Herr Schalluhn than the art of arts assumed a more serious tone, and it was not very long before the Saturday Concerts, ranging from the early winter to the end of spring, began to attract the attention of those who look upon music as something of higher import than a mere frivolous recreation.

When I remember, my dear Grove (which you can scarcely have forgotten), that Benvenuto Cellini, the Etruscan chiseller, calls music "a proper companion for all the other arts," you will not be chary of your sympathy. For if *entia*—as Plutarch defines (Plutarch would say "proprium"), in his argument against Colotes, the Epicurean—means things that have being, surely *fientia* must

mean things that are generated. If, as Parmenides says, the moon is not the sun, but (forgive the loose translation):—

A torch which round the earth by night
Does bear (or beareth) about a borrowed light—
(I am not satisfied either with "does bear" or "beareth"), then
rei hot iron is not fire—which by no means proves, my dear Grove,
that I am not yours faithfully,
Short Commem—July 28.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—In this paper I attempt some precise definitions relating to rhythm and melody; also, to draw a correct analogy between tonal and visual effect.

Sound has the same relation to the series of ideas related to it, as light,—color in the abstract,—has to its series of ideas. Sound is one of the effects that divide the idea of time—that circumscribe it and change it from a general to a distinct idea,—as light circumscribes the idea of space.

The idea of time being anterior in the mind to sound, i.e., a more general idea, producible through other than sound-effects, it is the fundamental idea on which conceptions of tonal effect are based, as space is the fundamental idea underlying all conceptions of visual effect.

In our sense of the time defined in the relation any kind of sound-effect bears to silence first arises the idea of rhythm, as in our sense of the space defined in the relation of light and darkness first arises the idea of form.

The idea of rhythm must ever attend the effect of sound, as the idea of form must ever attend light; even when a sound is produced of perfectly even force from its beginning to its ending, the idea of rhythm will be defined in the relation such sound bears to the silence by which it is preceded, and that by which it is followed.

Whereas the idea of rhythm coincides with that of form, or in other words the relation of different degrees of loudness in sound answers to the relation of the different degrees of brightness in color, so the general idea of melody coincides with that general impression produced by different colors.

In the sense of melody arises a second form of the idea of rhythm, thus:—Time is the fundamental conception underlying all our ideas of tonal effect; and division of the idea of time by sound, involves that of rhythm. Now, as different sounds divide the idea of time as well as different degrees of loudness in sound, so different sounds may impress an idea of rhythm through their melodic relation, and quite irrespectively of any differences they may involve as to loudness. Thus in musical effect there are two forms of the idea of rhythm; one is the sense of time divided, in the relation of sound to silence; and the other the sense of time divided, in the relation of different sounds; as in the case of visual effect, form is suggested in two ways:—in the relation of color to darkness, and in the relation of different colors.

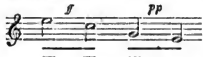
Rhythm is thus the basal element of musical effect; that form of rhythm defined in the relation of sound and silence, we can both conceive and realise quite separated from any melodic effect; the second form of rhythm, or that defined in the relation of different sounds, we can still conceive, though not realise, separated from the melody it involves, but we could not conceive the melody as separated from this rhythm. So in the case of the effect of different colors we can conceive the spaces involved, without the colors, although it is the colors which first define them, but not the colors without the spaces.

Strictly speaking, then, in the effect of music, we conceive two series of rhythmical impressions. The first may be both conceived and realised with or without melody. The second may be conceived without, but can only be realized in conjunction with melody; as melody is the implement which in this case divides the idea of tune, and, thus, is the immediate invoker of the idea of rhythm; here the ideas of melody and rhythm are realised simultaneously, and yet the latter belongs to a class of idea anterior in the mind to that of melody.

An example of the first form of rhythm being realised entirely occurs in the opening bars of the overture to *Fra Diavolo*; here we have the effect of sound to silence without that of different sounds. Sometimes relations of sound to silence will be defined through different sounds, as in the case of the rhythm exemplified

in all plain melodies; here the series of divisions of time, of the two forms of rhythm, coincide.

At other times the two series of rhythmic impressions co-operate but do not coincide, as under. N.B.—The two rhythmic impressions produced in the relation of sound to silence, are shown by the long lines; the four rhythmic impressions produced in the relation of different sounds, and quite irrespectively of differences in loudness, are shown by the shorter lines.



A likeness of the relation which the two forms of rhythm, and the melody the latter form necessarily involves, have to one another, may be observed in poetry. The first form of musical rhythm may be compared to the poetical *measure* and *phraseology*; the second to the accentuation necessarily involved in the utterance of each word; and the meaning which these words unfold, and in which other faculties of appreciation are appealed to than those involved by either form of poetic rhythm, may be compared to *melody*, in which other faculties of appreciation are appealed to than those involved by either form of musical rhythm.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

136, St. Paul's-road, N.W.

PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Count de Nieuwerkerke, president of the committee of patronage of the Galin-Paris-Chévé system of teaching music, has addressed a letter to the directors of universities and schools of instruction in Paris and in the departments, on the advantages of introducing that mode as extensively as possible. After quoting the language of a circular on the subject issued by the minister of public instruction on February 15 of the present year, the Count proceeds to call attention to the great services rendered by the new method, and to state that it has for many years been officially adopted at the Polytechnic School, at St. Cyr, at La Flèche, and at many provincial colleges. The excellence of the system has also been exemplified in the case of the non-commissioned officers of the Normal School of Military Gymnastics at Vincennes, who had made many fruitless attempts to acquire a knowledge of music on the old plan, and who, after a study of nine months on the Chévé system, were found perfectly competent to read music at sight and to write it from dictation. The Count concludes by offering to supply the different teachers with all the requisite information, and even to get any professors who might be sent to Paris gratuitously initiated into the method.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was produced on Saturday with brilliant success (see another column). It was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and is to be played for the fourth time to-night.

On Monday, *Faust et Margherita*, with Mdlle. Adeline Patti as Margherita. On Wednesday, a miscellaneous selection, consisting of *Don Pasquale* (Act I.), *La Traviata* (Act I.), and *Faust* (garden-scene), "for the benefit" of Mdlle. Adeline Patti (see another column). On Friday, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. To-night the theatre closes.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Il Flauto Magico* (see another column).

On Tuesday, *Faust*—with Mdlle. Titiens as Margart, Signor Gardoni as Faust, Signor Jnca as Mephistopheles, Madame Trebelli as Siebel, and Mr. Sautley as Valentine. A splendid performance.

Wednesday, *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Thursday, *Robert le Diable*, with Madame Harriers-Wippen (Alice), Mdlle. Sinico (Isabella), Signor Gardoni (Robert), and Signor Jnca (Bertram). Another grand performance.

To-night *Faust*.

ORGAN.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

A Festival Meeting of Parish Choirs was held at St. Martin's Church, Chipping Ongar, on Wednesday, 19th. The choir, composed of one hundred voices, had been in course of training under Mr. Dawes, the organist of the parish, who presided on the occasion, and who had every reason to be satisfied with the effect produced by labour out of such raw material. The cantori troubles were entirely female voices—mostly children—and the decani boys only. The altos were composed with the exception of Master Dawes, of late amateurs, the tenors and basses being few but most effective, especially some gentlemen from Epping. The prayers were monotoned by the Rev. D. T. Moore, the curate, the choir following him in good style, doing the "Amen" in harmony. The Psalms of the day were chanted to single chants by Dawes and Kelway; and the really antiphonal effect produced by the different quality of voices of cantori and decani troubles was highly satisfactory, not only in the Psalms, but in the Canticles. The words were plainly heard, the pointing was correctly done in the majority of the verses, sounding as from one voice, and all were in tune. The *Magnificat* was sung to the fifth tone, second ending, harmonized, and the *Nunc Dimittis* to the Tonus Peregrinus, also harmonized. The effect of the latter was remarkably good.

The anthem was Veldon's "O praise the Lord," first sung as a treble solo (Master S. Dawes), then in full harmony. Before the sermon a new chorale to the 148th Psalm, composed by the Rev. D. T. Moore, was sung in a most spirited manner. The sermon was preached by the rector, Rev. E. Fisher, after which an extempore voluntary was played by the organist during the collection, the service concluding with the hymn "Abide with me" (from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*) to Monk's tune. Essex is by no means remarkable for any leaning to choral services; but the result of the above festival proves how much may be done in an unmusical locality by a persevering organist, if properly supported by the clergy.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is at Boulogne sur mer.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI leaves England to-morrow for Paris, via Boulogne sur mer.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI is at Boulogne sur mer.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS is engaged to sing at the Court Theatre, Vienna, and makes his debut on the first of August.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, on Monday, the 26th of July, 1865, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing season:—G. F. Anderson, J. McMurrie, F. B. Jewson, J. B. Chatterton, C. Lucas, J. Thomas, and M. C. Wilson.

MR. HERBERT BOND at GREENWICH.—"Mr. Herbert Bond sang the music allotted to Thaddeus in a manner that could not fail to please. His personal appearance is greatly in his favor; his voice is a full fresh tenor of much sweetness and power; he reached the upper B with great facility, and throughout the opera was repeatedly encored."—(*Sunday Times*.)

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON has, we are glad to learn, quite recovered from her severe illness, and will shortly resume her professional avocation.

(OXFORD).—The theatre is announced to open on the 31st inst. under the management of Mrs. Hooper, widow of the late esteemed lessee. From his high respect entertained for her late husband, we have no doubt Mrs. Hooper will be well supported by the elite of Oxford and its neighbourhood.

SCARBOROUGH.—The town is getting full as the Spa of an evening show. Madame Pareja has sung twice, the last time I see being announced previous to her departure for America. Friday evening was the first of a few performances by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, which was very well attended, and Mr. Kennedy has also given his Scotch songs here. At the theatre has been produced the *Geleusen* and *Aladdin*. Friday was the Agricultural Show and bespeak at the theatre by Lord Londesborough the President, horse crowded, *School for Scandal* and *Aladdin*. One evening a song was sung by Miss Linda, between the pieces, Finetti's "Hast thou no tear," which generally proves effective. Last Sunday at the Roman Catholic church was High Mass, and a very good selection was given. Mr. Tucherall a favorite tenor singer came, and on the whole it was very fairly performed. The Brothers Webb open on Monday in the Comedy of Errors, they are engaged for six nights. Sothern (who was present for a short time on Friday 27) is also engaged for a few nights during his stay down here.

CORLEST.—Herbert Joseph Lenz died on the 11th inst., of an apoplectic stroke, in his fifty third year. He was director of the Musical Institute of this place, a member of the Town-Council, and a knight of the Order of the Red Eagle.

Muttoniana.

The Muttonians to a man (except Dr. Silent, who never bets, doubles capes, or explores rivers) are absent—the bulk of them at Goodwood, the Chief and his four Doctors in Parenthesis, under far distant skies. Upon Dr. Silent, therefore, devolves once more (for the last time he intensely desires these flows) the task of uncaring *Muttoniana*.

QUERIES FROM LORD LOBO.

DEAR SILENT,—Late a Muttonian asked you why the *Athenæum* ("ante")—I forgot the page) spelt quartet quartet. In the same sheet ("ante," 129) I read a paragraph, crammed with information, in which another manner of orthography adopted by Mr. Walter Bach was pianist at the last concert of the Beethoven's Quartette Society. What will be the next letter added? I look to Mr. Shirley Brooks for a reply.

In same sheet, same column, I read:—"At a late meeting of the Piano-forte Quartet Association, a new composition by Mr. F. Prout was performed. We were not aware of the fact till the concert was over." This is a very mysterious paragraph. Perhaps Mr. Sutherland Edwards will expound it. Mr. Ella, in his "Record" says:—"It is the province (or property)—I forget which) of genius to disturb opinions." After killing a giant king Arthur says:—"This is the fiercest giant I ever fought withal, except one on Mount Araby, but this was fiercer." So I might say of the *Athenæum* paragraph—this is the obscurest paragraph I ever read except one in the "M. U. Record," but this is obscure. Was there a fault? And does the notes of Mr. Prout's composition only begin to sound when the concert was over, and a thaw had act in like the notes from Manchiana's horn? Perhaps, however, Mr. Sutherland Edwards will expound. (I forgot I had said this before.)

I also urge Mr. Horace Mayhew to clear up the subjoined (same sheet):—"The artists are scattering themselves north, south, east, and west, for the 'long vacation.' Herr Strauss is gone,—Signor Piatto, to the 'Brunnen.' We hear of a young lady going to the *Athenæum* for a two months' absence, which will include Madame Parpa, and, possibly, Mr. Danreuther." How, I would ask, can artists "scatter themselves for a vacation"? How can Herr Strauss be "gone Sig. Piatto to the Brunnen"? How can one cross the sea "for an absence"? And how can an absence "include" a lady and a gentleman?

I would equally solicit Mr. H. F. Chorley to reduce to its exact simplification the lettering of the *Athenæum* paragraph:—"Mr. F. W. Thomas and Mr. W. T. West (Best?) are mentioned as the probable successors of Mr. Hermann in the conductorship of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. This probability, we imagine, is not great,—negotiations having been entered into in other quarters. The position of a Liverpool conductor is one of GREAT TRUST, and not small difficulty; the tastes and requirements of those who frequent that splendid concert-room being anything rather than uniform, as we had occasion to see, during a late spirited local controversy, to which some remarks offered in the *Athenæum* gave occasion. The weight and worth of the excellent and under-rated man who has just closed his protracted career of sincere and intelligent service, will, probably, come to be more generously admitted than it was in his lifetime. Whenever 'the town' shall meet a new corner face to face, it may be then found that conductors who have a sympathy with music of every school (as a good conductor should have) are not 'plenty as blackberries.'"

I would first, however, request Mr. Harmony Silver to inform me how "probable successors" can be a "probability," and how "the position of a Liverpool conductor" can be a "splendid concert-room?" I would then appeal to Mr. Hlepworth Dixon to decide whether "it was," used in relation with "weight" (why weight?) and "worth," can be good grammar? And, lastly, I would pray Mr. H. F. Chorley to inform me "the hidden meaning of the *Athenæum* paragraph of which the article is the shell) is not that the *Athenæum* has decided upon Mr. Charles Hallé being appointed new stick at the Liverpool Philharmonic? If so, why not have said it openly? Why "in other quarters?" Mr. Hallé has the monopoly of musical Manchester, in spite of his rival, Mr. D. W. Banks; why not also the monopoly of musical Liverpool? "The position of a Liverpool conductor" being "one of great trust," none would be so hardy at Liverpool as to propose either Mr. Thomas or Mr. West (Best?) as "Liverpool conductor" at Liverpool.

LONG, JULY 24th.

LOBO.

The position of a lightning conductor is one of great trust, in the opinion of Dr. Silent; so also, in his opinion, is that of an omnibus conductor. But this by the finger-post. Mr. Ella says well—"It is the province of genius to disturb opinions." Bishop Berkly, Berkley, Berkeley, Berklely, Berkeley, or Barclay says better—"The architects judge a door to be of a beautiful proportion when its height is double of the breadth;" but

Donne says best of all (*Satire V.*)—"Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf." Lord Lobo should have known this much.

Dr. Silent has received a letter from Mr. Hlepworth Dixon, requesting a place in *Muttoniana* for a paragraph which appeared in the *Athenæum* ("ante"—121). Dr. Silent silently consents.

"The Observer states that, at the last Philharmonic concert, Dr. Bennett's *Pædæus* overture" was announced without the knowledge, and performed against the desire of its composer. The writer of the paragraph professes too much, when, quoting from this journal, he credits the *Athenæum* with 'permanent hostility against our foremost composer.' To this assertion, every one familiar with what we have written can give, as we here do, flat contradiction. We have never ceased to regret that Dr. Bennett does not assert his position as a composer (and not conductor) more frequently; we have never had an opportunity of expressing admiration of his better works. Let us give the latest proof of the *Athenæum's* 'permanent hostility' to 'our foremost composer,' by repeating a paragraph published last three weeks ago: 'Dr. Bennett has yet to prove himself competent as a conductor. This unany a composer, no less welcome and individual than himself, never has been able to do.' How long will people be found willing to make capital and brow-beat out of deliberate misrepresentation? It is needless to repeat that we are not bound to accept, and do not, all that every composer writes as of equal value, be he a Bach, a Handel, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Rossini, or a Mendelssohn;—holding, as we do, with Dr. Burney and M. d' Ortiqgue (to refer to our last week's number), that indiscriminate worship degenerates into fulsome and superstitious idolatry, admitting not only the real fame of the idol, but the intelligence and sincerity of those who look to the critic for discriminating truth, and not for vulgar flattery?"

Dr. Silent is familiar with what the *Athenæum* has written, and looks upon the "flat contradiction" of the *Athenæum* as a "flat contradiction" of a true statement. The author of the article in the *Observer* which accuses the *Athenæum* of 'permanent hostility to our foremost composer' is Dr. Silent himself; and Dr. Silent iterates the charge. Moreover, Dr. Silent did not 'credit,' but discredited the *Athenæum* when he first made the charge; and, moreover, in discrediting the *Athenæum* he professed (!) nothing at all, but protested a great deal. Nor is either crediting or discrediting the *Athenæum* an 'assertion,' as the *Athenæum* slip shoddily puts forth. Moreover, the reproduction by the *Athenæum* of a passage from the *Athenæum* ("ante"—?) merely supports the charge which the reproduction of that passage affectively pretends to rebut—just as though a man in the act of apologising to another for treading on his left corn should tread on his right corn. Dr. Silent throws "deliberate misrepresentation" in the teeth of the *Athenæum* (and hopes it may loosen some of them). Because a writer in a paper sets himself up as an oracle whose dicta are infallible, that is no reason why any one should take him at his word. To conclude, Dr. Silent can see no more infallibility in the writer in question than in Dr. Burney, who compiled a history, and M. d' Ortiqgue, who wrote an article on *Les Troyens*. To begin again, there was only one Bach, one Handel, one Mozart, one Beethoven, one Rossini, and one Mendelssohn. Perhaps (to conclude) the *Athenæum* means J. C. Bach, who 'impinged' a fugue out of the letters of his patronyme. If so there are (unhappily) plenty such. But with all this to do, about and not do "as we do" &c., Dr. Silent remains unconvinced. The *Athenæum* should read Sir Thomas Brown on *Urn Burial*, and then take up Godwin's *Essay on Superstitions*.

P. S.—Moreover, how, Dr. Silent would know, can that which is 'already indiscriminate' degenerate? Fourthly, what is the signification of "discriminating truth?"

CIRCULAR.

In the name of Pluto, Lord Chief Justice of the High Court of Tartarus, and in the name of Rhadamanthus, Minos, and Charbas, Barons of the Tartarean Court of Exchequer, we whose names are presents affixed, do hereby summon, cite, and command you, that you do appear in person or by proper person or agent, between eight and eleven of the clock on the evening of Monday, the 31st July, and any following evenings, at the Great St. James's Hall, Piccadilly and Hegest Street, London, to pronounce and pass judgment upon these persons hereafter named, to wit, John Henry Anderson, commonly known as the Wizard of the North, who by certain of Her Majesty's lieges hath been accused before the Supreme Tartarean Tribunal of Vehmgericht of sundry unlawful and unallowable doings of weaving magic and spells of working unholy incantations, mocking at Fergusonian, Davenportian, and spiritual manifestations, and of bewitching and unbecomingly

thousands of the said lieges, so that they crowded themselves nightly into the said St. James's Hall, there to witness certain deeds of darkness entitled "The World of Magic." Also of Louise Anderson, who hath perverted the Queen's English, aided and abetted the said John Henry Anderson in mystifying and deceiving the said lieges, and hath woven other spells and enchantments about these, the said lieges, regarding which you are commanded to pass sentence. And also of Lizze and Flora Anderson, who are guilty of complicity in the charges laid against the aforesaid. And also one Frederic Macabbe, who is an accomplice of the aforesaid in their deeds of darkness, and who hath, and will also contribute his quota to the general mystification and amusement by a personation and imitation of a certain dæmnel yecelet, "Miss Mary May." And in your attendance fail not, or beware of the cord and dagger.—Signed on behalf of Setebos, Hecate, Hecates Trismegistus, Blaise, Merlin, Morgan le Fay, Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Hieronymus Cardanus, Lucilius Julius Cæsar Vaninus, Doctor Dee, Cagliostro, Major Wier, Ramo Samee, Van Helmont, the "Founder of the Musical Union," and the Cock Lane Ghost, and signed with their seal the day and year aforesaid.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

Dr. Silent will "appear in proper person" on the evening prefixed.

HOMERUS SIS.—They tells me that you are that free an easy that you want no ways look down on me, for all I keeps a Sossidge Shop in Cryodon an' hasn't no connectuun with no other shop in the place. I knows the quality writes to you Sir, when they goes to the cristial paliss, an' I will make bold to do likewise. My island and me was there last weeks, an' a gran' place it is for certain! but wot a lot o' steps there is to get up afore you're inside! my legs wot that tired I couldn't go no further without a drop o' porter, an' I am bound to say it wos very good, the deer. Ater that, didn't I ave a regular stare at all them statues! poor things! without a rag to their backs for all it wos so cold! it made me dither to look at 'em. Then my island say to me, "Jane," says he, "let's go an' 'ear the music." So we went in and got places without no bother, becos, you see, there wosn't no throng that day. They was a playin' wot they calls a sin-fanny, an' the quality clapt their hands over it, but I can't say as I heard no perlickier tune in it myself. Wot I likes best is that big drum, an' I could 'ave danced to it, only didn't make so free afore the quality. Then we went into that 'ot place where the birds and beasts is, an' that mammoet wot no laves on it, hall along of the east I recken. A hell, tall, tall, as we vas a spee, and praps we shan't go no more till trade is better, an' wishin' you yer 'elth, Sir, I am yours to command,

JANE WIGGLES.

THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, SUBSCRIBERS, AND THE PUBLIC.

DEAR SIR,—Who are "the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public" well-known, at least by name, to the readers of operatic and theatrical advertisements? and why is separate mention made of each of these classes, when the same entertainment is offered to all? Would the nobility be offended if they were not addressed before the gentry? and are both the nobility and gentry altogether sort of people than the subscribers? As for the unfortunate public (which includes, I suppose, all who are unable to pay a guinea for a stall), their body has never been held in much account by our aristocratic opera-managers; and it is a fact that the aristocracy in England and the despotic Courts abroad have hitherto been the great patrons of opera. Indeed, the people have neither cared for nor been cared for by operatic composers; and, remembering how enthusiastically the most vulgar pieces in our own opera are applauded by the gallery, I am sometimes disposed to hope that this mutual indifference may continue. Despotic rulers have been accused of encouraging operatic performances as a means of inducing political apathy. I believe nothing of the kind—neither in the alleged intention nor in the supposed effect. Joseph II. was in no danger from his subjects, and knew of no danger growing up abroad, when the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* were brought out at Vienna and Prague. Louis XVI. felt perfectly secure when Gluck was producing his magnificent operas at Paris; and although the attention of the Parisians seemed to be largely absorbed in the Gluck and Piccini contest, that did not prevent them from rushing immediately afterwards into all the horrors of the Revolution.

In England, however, whatever may be the case in other countries, politics and the opera act and re-act upon one another to some extent, and during the former recess the latter takes place in the Parliamentary world is felt also in the world of music. I do not know whether the members of the Legislature take much interest in operatic matters, but it is certain that the frequenters of the Opera are kept well informed, by means of the telegrams posted up in more than one part of the house, as to what is going on in both Houses of Parliament; and perhaps it is the absence of the telegram-paper that

renders operatic performances just now comparatively devoid of interest.

Therefore, who are the "nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public?"—Yours,

First Wags Inn—Acce Lane.

POSTIFEX FOURRAGES.

Dr. Silent will take time to consider. Mr. Fourcraes is too impetuous. Rome was not built in a day. Mr. Fourcraes should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

Dr. Silent has received a note from Dr. Yellow, "the Editor of *Fan*," earnestly begging "a corner" in *Mutonian* for what Dr. Yellow terms "the enclosed skit." Dr. Silent "impingoes" (in Dr. Shoe's absence) the "skit."

"Sothend is crammed with fashionable company. A morning concert, the first of a series, will be given on the pier next Monday. The singers promised for this occasion are Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Hux de Murska, Madame Grid, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Saintou-Dulby, Madame Lemenné-Sherrington, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Fricci, Signor Martin, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Dr. Guze, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. J. H. Stead. The principal instrumentalists will be Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Joachim M. Sinton, Mr. T. Harper, and Mr. Chipp. The conductors will be Herr F. Jonghinnaus, Mr. Costa, Mr. Benedict, and Signor Arditi. Admission is to be by tickets only, for which the sum charged will be twopenny, if purchased before a quarter past eleven o'clock on the evening before, and one guinea on the day after the concert."

APHORIS DE L'AFRICAIN.

Dr. Punch presents his respects to the sitting editor of *Mutonian*, and respectfully encloses the latest conundrum by one of the most brilliant of his staff:—"Why does Selma remind you of a doorway? BECAUSE SHE'S AN INGRESS."

Selma does not remind Dr. Silent of a doorway. Nor is she an ingress. Nor is she an egress. Nor is she a negress. She is a Malgache.

Fish and Volume, July 28.

Israhm Silent.

LEEDS.—The re-opening of the grand organ by Dr. Spark, in the Town Hall, Leeds, is announced for Monday evening, August 1st. A vocal and instrumental concert will be given on the occasion. Miss Helena Walker, Captain Wilkinson and another amateur will assist, together with a military band.

DRESDEN.—Herr B. Dora's operetta, *Geistler bei Sonnenschein*, was given for the first time at the Royal Operahouse on the 14th inst., and met with decided success. It was well performed, Madame Jauner-Krahl especially distinguishing herself.

ROMA.—The Italian season commenced on the 4th inst. with *Rigoletto*. The principal characters were sustained by Mesdames Vitali (Gilda), Olgini, Signori Corsi, Guadagnini, and Antonucci. Madame Vitali was exceedingly successful. She has since appeared in the *Traviata*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BROOK & Co.—"Musical thoughts," by EDWARD W. LAR.

Advertisements.

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DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

DEAR SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Yesterday the six following young water-men, just out of their apprenticeship, rowed for the Coat and Badge given annually under the will of Mr. Doggett, the comedian. The candidates were—Harris, Bankside; Cooke, Westminster; Butcher, Wandsworth; Humphries, Hermitage; Head, Alderman-Suiter; Jones, Vauxhall.—The first of August being annually the day on which this rowing-match takes place, it was put off on the present occasion, on account of the jubilee in the parks, until yesterday. At half-past five o'clock, on a signal gun being fired, they started from the Swan at London Bridge, but, owing to some foul play, they were recalled and had to start a second time a little before six, the wind and tide were then strong against them. They arrived a quarter before seven at the Old Swan, at Chelsea, Harris first, J. Cooke second, and Humphries third. The winner was then invested with the coat and badge, the second receiving five guineas, the third three guineas. Alas! poor Doggett!—Yours, dear Brooks, in sincerity,

August 5.

Alas! poor Doggett!

S. T. TABLE.

Not long since Dr. Silent ran over a 'crotchet and hurt himself more severely than Dr. Queer. Dr. Bile was at Yate,

Fish and Volume, August 4.

Babam Silent.

MUNICH.—According to report, the Committee charged with drawing up a plan for the re-organisation of the Royal Conservatory has completed its labors. They purpose that the entire institution shall be divided into 3 schools, namely: 1. School of Singing (obligatory: choral singing; special branches: solo singing, dramatic style and acting); 2. School of Instrumental Playing (obligatory: elementary instruction upon the piano; special branches: pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, for professional musicians and teachers; organ, with study of its structure, for the church as well as for the concert-room (should there be sufficient pupils and funds, to these will eventually be added the other more important orchestral instruments)); 3. School of Theory: a. Harmony (obligatory) with the special branches of the higher departments of the theory of music, such as counterpoint, doctrine of forms, and instrumentation; b. history of music (obligatory: general history of music; special branches: history of vocal music, history of instrumental music).—It is said that the King has addressed Herr von Billow a very flattering letter, in which he thanks him for the genial manner in which he conducted the *Tristan* and *Isolde* performances. With the letter, his Majesty is reported to have forwarded a magnificent brilliant pin. He, also, sent the late Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld and his wife valuable brilliant rings. On them is the simple letter "L," surmounted by a Royal crown.

Mrs. KENNEDY'S LAST SOIRÉE (Friday, July 14), was decidedly the most gratifying of the series of three. The selection was rich in gems, comprising Halton's "When evening's twilight;" Callcott's "Queen of the valley;" the same composer's "With sighs, sweet rose;" and Hindle's "Ah, hives beloved," rung in a very admirable manner by Miss Mina Poole, Mrs. Merest, Messrs. Carter, Shubridge, Seymour Smith, and Conway Cox. Mrs. Merest was peculiarly happy in her songs, contributing Mozart's "L'Addio," and her own ballads "I'll speak of thee" and "The chain is broke that bound me," both capital specimens of plain unadorned English tune, and sung with deep and earnest expression. Mozart's song, transferred a key lower, was given exactly as it was written, and its character and feeling greatly enhanced thereby. Mrs. Merest also took part in Crotch's quartet "Lo! star-led chiefs," with Miss Mina Poole, Messrs. Walker and Seymour Smith; in Curschmann's trio "Ti prego," with Miss Mina Poole and Mr. Walker; and in the duet "Bella imago," from *Semiramide*, with Signor Claretta. Miss Mina Poole was very effective in Mrs. Merest's song "I wish I were a fairy queen." Mr. Henry Baumer played two solos on the pianoforte, and Messrs. J. B. Chatterton and Chobson performed a duet on two harps, both highly successful performances. Mr. Conway Cox was much admired for the genuine taste and expression he displayed in Attwood's old and all but forgotten song, "The Soldier's Dream," which had not been heard for at least ten years previously.

VIENNA.—The Abbé Liszt is expected here very soon. After a short stay, he will proceed to Pesh, where his oratorio *St. Elizabeth* is to be produced at the approaching musical festival, and under his personal direction. He then returns to Rome to accept the post he has been offered of *Capellmeister* at St. Peter's. According to good authority, he does not intend to take higher orders than those of deacon. His aim is not to celebrate mass, but simply to compose music for it.

HERR AND MADAME JOACHIM arrived in London yesterday en route for Paris.

Miss EDWARDS gave a *matinée musicale* recently, which was patronised by a select and aristocratic audience. The fair concert-giver was not sparing of her talents. She exhibited her proficiency both as pianist and vocalist; as a performer, by her correct and graceful execution of Ascher's romance "Alice," an *étude* by Mr. Cipriani Potter, and a duet for harp and piano, by Herr Oberthur, assisted by the composer; and as singer by her pleasing voice and artistic style in an *aria* by Signor Campana, "Non posso vivere senza di te," and Moore's "Oh! in the still night." Miss Edwards was assisted by Mdlle. Poyet, who sang Herr Oberthur's new song (accompanied on the harp by the composer) entitled "Je voudrais être," and Signor Ambrosetti, as vocalist, and as instrumentalist, by Herr Oberthur (who played his own harp arrangement of "Bonnie Scotland" admirably) and Herr Petersson, a clever Swedish violinist. Signor Pilotti and Mr. Edla Berger accompanied the vocal music.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT (June 19) was expressly adapted to please the fashionable circle of which his pupils may be said to constitute the centre. There was provided no grand, profound, and delaying piece, such as a concerto, quartet, trio, or symphony, to enforce earnest and undeviating attention, and apt to distract attention altogether in the majority of aristocratic ears, but, with one exception, nice and agreeable *moreover*, within fair compass of time, which were sure to find favor in the fair and well-disposed audience. Let not the classic amateur, however, fear that the programme was of too light a nature to please any but the weak minded. On the contrary, there was much good matter in the selection, as was satisfactorily demonstrated by the introduction of Moscheles' "Rondo Brillante" for two pianists—played by Mr. Brinley Richards and one of his fair pupils; a new and very sparkling duet for piano and violoncello, composed expressly by Mr. Arthur Sullivan for Mr. Brinley Richards, who performed it with aid of M. Pague; solo on the Welsh tripled stringed harp (Lord and Lady Llanover permitting), played by Mr. Gruffydd; and three songs by Mrs. Sims Reeves, two of them new, and composed by Mr. Brinley Richards, one called "Anita," the other "Lost Hope;" besides some part-songs capably sung by a well-chosen chorus. Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Lewis Thomas were the singers with Mr. Sims Reeves, so that the concert was altogether one of price. Mr. Brinley Richards played five special pieces, the most admired perhaps being his own "Andante con moto" (Pastorale) and Stephen Heller's "La Truite."

MR. KENNEDY, THE SCOTCH VOCALIST.—Our established favorite, Mr. Kennedy, the only legitimate successor of the lamented John Wilson, gave entertainments here on Saturday evening and last night, in conjunction with Mr. Wilson's favorite pianist, Mr. Land. Both entertainments were of a very high class—of the highest, indeed, the people of Inverness can hope to enjoy of a like description. Mr. Kennedy was in excellent voice, and did his part of the work to perfection, song and recitation being equally well executed. Mr. Land's accompaniments were also all that could be desired. Last evening, the entertainment was divided with three portions—"Baith Sides o' the Tweed," "Songs of Merry England," and "Jacobite Songs." This entertainment embraced some of the finest lyrics in the language, such as "Of a' the airts the wind can blow," "The land o' the leal," "The Bay of Biscay," "The death of Nelson," and "Was me for Prince Charlie,"—a widely diversified series of songs, yet all managed by Mr. Kennedy with exquisite taste and effect. The whole performances were well received by the audiences.—*Inverness Advertiser*, Aug. 1.

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A FITFUL voice came to and fro,
All wildly on the breeze,
As if it knew not where to go,
So leafless were the trees;
Above the noisy brook it rang—
What joy it seemed to bring!
That happy voice how sweet it sang!
The bird that came in spring.

The primrose pale in slumber lay
Among the silver grass,
The timid sunbeams fled away
To let the rain-cloud pass;
Still gaily on the budding thorn,
The cold dew on his wing,
All sweetly caroll'd to the morn,
The bird that came in spring.

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VOL. 43—No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

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THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At a

Meeting of the Council held 5th July, 1865, S. H. Godefrid, Esq., in the chair, Mr. CHASLES SALLAWAY, Esq., resigning his office of Honorary Secretary, having been read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes, it was resolved—that this Council, believing the services rendered by Mr. Charles Salaman to this Society as its Honorary Secretary, since its foundation in 1848, have involved a serious sacrifice of domestic leisure and professional valuable time, refrain on those grounds alone from asking him to reconsider his determination, and most reluctantly accept his resignation of that office. It was resolved—that this Council, in accepting the resignation of Mr. Charles Salaman as Honorary Secretary, desire to record their deep appreciation of Mr. Salaman's services as an officer of the Society since its foundation; as also the valuable assistance rendered by him in the formation of the Society in 1848, and in the promotion of all its interests since that period. The Council also desire to record that they accept his resignation of the office of Honorary Secretary with great reluctance and sincere regret. It was also resolved—that the previous two resolutions be engraved on vellum, signed by the chairman on behalf of the Council, and presented to Mr. Salaman by S. H. Godefrid, Esq., the chairman, and Messrs. Sargood, G. A. Osborne and Dr. Kimball, as a deputation from the Council.

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Above the noisy brook it rang—
What joy it seemed to bring!
That happy voice how sweet it sang!
The bird that came in spring.

The primrose pale in slumber lay
Among the silver grass,
The timid sunbeams fled away
To let the rain-cloud pass;
Still gaily on the budding thorn,
The cold dew on his wing,
All sweetly caroll'd to the morn,
The bird that came in spring.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(RETROSPECT.)

(Times, September 7.)

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 6.

The execution of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was generally so good that it was much to be regretted that the whole oratorio had not been given, instead of merely the first part. Moreover, it was an error of judgment, in our opinion, to curtail the *Last Judgment* after such bright and continually varied music—music which, though always melodious and rich in every device of harmony and instrumentation, is so artfully contrived that each successive piece offers, in some measure, a contrast to that which immediately precedes it, and thus the interest is equally sustained to the very last. True, Spohr had neither the inventive genius nor the wonderful fluency—still less the contrapuntal skill; but, in our opinion, to this, his music is for the most part all of a colour; and the claying effect of this monotony is felt even in his very greatest sacred composition—the oratorio in question. If the *Last Judgment* had come before *St. Paul*, both would have been gainers. The overture and interlude in Spohr's work, masterly as is the first and beautiful the second, cannot but suffer in comparison with the elaborate and imposing orchestral prelude with which Mendelssohn begins the opening chapter of *St. Paul*—a "tough piece of work," as he calls it in one of his letters, and as he must have found it on coming to the point at which the *chorale* of the first movement has to be heard with majestic clearness in the midst of the intricate fugal development of the last. But to cease grumbling, the first morning's performance at the Cathedral would have been gratifying even to a much larger audience than the audience it actually brought together, an audience not much, if at all, above the numerical average to which we have almost invariably been confined on the past part of the Festival. The solo singers in *St. Paul* were Mdlle. Titien, Miss E. Wilkinson, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Brandon, Thomas, (Thomas of Gloucester—not Lewis Thomas), and Santley. To Mr. Cummings fell the trying accompanied recitatives of the martyr, Stephen, leading up the brief, though tremendous chorus, "Stones him to death"—nobler declamatory music than which does not exist. To Miss Wilkinson was allotted the tranquil and beautiful "But I have found it of my own." Mdlle. Titien of course sang the angelic apostrophe to "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"—which she could hardly have sung better; and, among other recitatives, the expressive injunction of the Lord to Ananias—"Ananias arise, and enquire thou for Saul of Tarsus, &c."—in which she reached the very perfection of declamatory phrasing. Mr. Santley undertook the whole of the music of *Paul*, showing himself equal to a master in "Consider them all, Lord of Saloom?" the furious "Cullusion of Christ's persecutor, and "O God, have mercy upon us"—the pathetic appeal, when, stricken with blindness, after the miracle of the Conversion, the future Apostle gives voice to his contrition in fervent prayer. The short ode of the false witnesses, "We verily have heard him blaspheme," was effectively given by Messrs. Brandon and Thomas, two bass singers, belonging to the choir of the choir of the Cathedral. Mr. Brandon especially may be credited with a good voice and decided presence. The chorists were for the most part good, and "Lord thou alone art God!" which opens the oratorio, and "Oh, great is the depth," which brings the first part so gloriously to a close—both masterpieces of choral writing—were almost all that could be wished. The great scene of the Conversion was not quite so immaculate, especially where the sopranos, in the passage, "Whom thou persecutest!" have to hold on the two notes which make a discord of what would otherwise be a simple consonance. The phrase is supposed to be uttered by Saul's angelic monitors; and the unearthly effect Mendelssohn has here produced with such apparently simple means can only be attributed to genius. The splendid climax, "Arise! shine! for thy light comes," and the nobly harmonized *chorale*, "Sleepers awake," which follows immediately after, were thoroughly effective. In the first of these Dr. Wesley may be credited for the steady and careful time in which he took the figured bass, with fort accompaniment, and the second—where the "I have found now darkness covereth the kingdoms"—which rendered it comparatively easy both to singers and players. A similar example of this kind of episode, so congenial to Mendelssohn, is to be found in the chorus, "Oh! great is the depth of the riches, &c.;" and this, through the same excellent, obtained the same advantage. The first *chorale*, "To God on high," was extremely effective; but the second—still more touching, and always impressive on account of its association with the ceremony of the funeral of the "Great Duke" in St. Paul's Cathedral—was sung too loudly from first to last, which seriously marred its beauty. In the grand outburst of the people, "Now this man canest thou to utter blasphemous words against the law of Moses," a prodigious effect, an effect from its individuality only possible in a church, was produced, at the starting passage, "Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy all these our holy places"—the words attributed to Stephen, and for which he is destined to martyrdom. To finish this catalogue "*per risonem*," two

choral pieces of a very opposite character—the exquisitely melodious and almost ethereal adoration at the burial of Stephen, "Oh! happy and blest are those who have endured," and the already named "Stones him to death" (worthy predecessor of the incommensurable "Woe to him, he shall perish," in *Etijah*)—were sung equally well. The orchestra performed its duties admirably, giving to name a single instance—a really grand performance of the overture.

So much has been written about *St. Paul* that we must be content to add in general terms that the execution of Spohr's *Last Judgment* appeared to afford general satisfaction; that the solo singers were Misses Louisa Pyne and Julia Elton, Dr. Gunz, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; and that the most striking performance of the whole was the beautiful and devotional quartet, "Blest are the departed."

The attendance last night at the first evening concert in Shire-hall was rather less than usual on these occasions. After such a long day of music in the Cathedral no wonder that many had not the courage to follow it up with a long miscellaneous performance in the evening. Nor was the programme by any means distinguished for startling novelty. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* has been heard before; so has the romance from *Eurydice*, "When the orb of day," (Mr. Cummings); so has the *preghiera* from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*; equally so, "Bal raggio," from his *Semiramide* (Mdlle. Titien); nor is "O Rudolphe than the cherry the love song of Polphe (Mr. Santley), unfamiliar; nor "Vedrai carino," (Miss Louisa Pyne); nor Signor Ardit's "Il Racio" (Mdlle. Titien); still less "The harp that once in Tarsus's halls," (Miss Louisa Pyne); least of all "Largo il factotum," (Signor Bosal). Nevertheless, the last-named three solos were asked for again; and the singers, nothing loth, consented. The less hackneyed pieces were the duet for Leonora and Claudio, (Mdlle. Titien and Dr. Gunz); the great air, "Parto," with clarinet obbligato, from Mozart's *Tina* (Madame Rudersdorf and Mr. Lazarus); the delicious trio, with the bell, which brings down the curtain upon the first act of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* (Miss L. Pyne, Messrs. Cummings and Santley); the graceful romance, "Viens gentille dame," from Boieldieu's opera, *La Dame Blanche* (Dr. Gunz); and, last and best, that most original, imaginative, and graceful of musical fantasies, "Choral fantasia," *Choral fantasia*, for voice, piano, and orchestra (pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard.) All these pleased more or less, but most of all the last—which, as Beethoven was the composer, is by no means surprising. There was, besides the foregoing a little song by Herr Abt, called "Ever thine" (Madame Rudersdorf); the bass scene, "Rage, thou angry storm," from Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Gipsy's Warning* (Mr. Brandon)—an opera worth reviving, by the way, and a wind up, the "Market Chime," which, with intention, should properly have been included in the list of things familiar. Then the benches were moved, and a dance was improvised; but to what hour it was kept up we are unable to state.

The "glorious weather," as all say naturally here, continues to prevail. The sun is never hid, shining all day on the Cathedral, and giving a double enchantment to the environs of the "Fayre City"—which should rather have been called the fairly envied city, for "Fayre" in a literal sense the city of Gloucester is assuredly not. The Gloucester people regard the continued fine weather as a propitious omen. There is not even a smothered hint just now that the present Festival is to be the last. The crowd of visitors that came in this morning were for the most part found seated in the nave or aisles of the Cathedral before half-past 11, the hour appointed for commencement; and these, added to others, located in the town, with the intention of going to the performance in the morning and evening, swelled the attendance so considerably, that the nave was full, while the aisles were nearly full. Thus far the result has exceeded anticipation.

The programme of this day's selection, which lasted from half-past 11 till 4, is about the longest and most varied we can remember. It began with a very excellent performance of the orchestral movements of Mendelssohn's magnificent *Lobpreis*, followed by the semi-chorus, "All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord," and the solo for soprano (Madame Rudersdorf), with semi-chorus, "Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit." To these excerpts from Mendelssohn's "*sinfonia cantata*" succeeded what in itself was a concert to satisfy the most inordinate musical thirst. The programme may speak for itself:—

Recit. and Air, Mr. L. Thomas, "He layeth the beams"	Handel.
Erick and L. Pyne, Miss E. Wilkinson, Miss Julia Elton,	Handel.
"Jesus, heavenly Messiah" (Credo)	Spohr.
Air, Herr Gunz, "Cajm Aninam" (Stabat Mater)	Rossini.
Recit. and Air, Mdlle. Titien, "With verdure clad" (Credo)	Rossini.
Recit. and Air, Mdlle. Titien, "With verdure clad" (Credo)	Haydn.
Chorus, "In exultis Israel"	Gounod.
Chorus, "In exultis Israel"	S. Wesley.
Air, Miss L. Pyne, "Holy! Holy!"	Handel.
Andante (Cantata), "Ascribe unto the Lord"	S. S. Wesley.

* Not to omit the overture to Spohr's *Faust*, which *The Times* has (unintentionally) omitted.—D. PETERS.

All the above pieces were more or less well given, with the single exception of the late S. Wesley's vigorous and admirably written double chorus, without accompaniment—"In exitu Israel de Egypto"—which London amateurs have heard so finely executed by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir. The relationship of the conductor of the Festival to the composer of this very grand and solid example of English Church music remembered, it was to be regretted that greater precision and correctness might be obtained. Dr. Wesley must inwardly have felt more grieved than if it had been his own Cathedral Anthem, instead of his father's double chorus. The anthem, on the contrary, was well performed in all respects, notwithstanding the questionable taste of the audience, who were leaving the church in crowds before the final chorus had nearly terminated. About its merits we must speak to-morrow. It is too important and genuine a work to be dismissed in a few sentences. The pieces that appeared to make the most sensible impression in the selection we have quoted were, "With verdure clad" (Mdlle. Titiens), M. Gounod's "Nazareth" (Mr. Santley), and "Holy! Holy!" (Miss Louisa Pyne)—all of which were more or less irreproachable examples of sacred singing. "He layeth the beams" (Mr. L. Thomas) was also excellent; Dr. Gunz threw all his energy into the "Cujus animam," and Madame Rudersdorf even more than all her energy into the "Inflammatus."

At the commencement of the second part Dr. Wesley played, on Mr. Willi's new organ, J. S. Bach's magnificent pedal fugue in E flat (No. 9) known to amateurs as the "St. Anne." He played it superbly, in the true Bach spirit, without any attempt to shine at the expense of its illustrious composer—severely, simply, and grandly in fine. We have rarely heard a more imposing performance on the instrument, and only regretted that the fugue was not preceded by the prelude. About the organ the least was to be said. Upon his followed Mozart's immortal *Requiem*, Mdlle. Titiens, Miss Julia Elton, Dr. Gunz, and Mr. Santley as soloists, together with a selection of pieces from Handel, Spohr, and Beethoven, of which we must take another occasion to speak.

The collection at the doors amounted to £125 0s. 8d. The numbers present were 1,700—700 more than yesterday. Almost every place is taken for the second miscellaneous concert in Shire-hall this evening.

(Times—Sept. 8.)

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 7.

Dr. Wesley's Cathedral Anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord," is a work of such merit as to give cause to regret that the festival programme should have included only one composition from his pen. The text is borrowed from the 96th and 115th Psalms. The anthem is written in the key of G major. A short recitative, accompanied by organ, for alto, tenor, and basses, in unison ("Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, worship and power"), leads to a *larghetto*, for full chorus, followed by a repetition of the recitative, which, modulating, reintroduces the theme of the *larghetto* in another key. The theme, originally consisting of only six bars, is now extended; and this part of the anthem, which forms the "introduction," leaves off upon what musicians recognize as a "tonic pedal," in the key of the "dominant." The effect is simple, but good. In the second movement—an *andante*, for quartet of solo voices ("O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness"), the original key is resumed. The opening theme is melodiously ingeniously harmonized, and effectively "voiced." An episode ("Be telling of His nation, from day to day") is led off by the first *soprano*, and answered, with another phrase, by the second *contralto*, to which voice, somewhat later a difficult *fortissimo* passage is allotted, contains some of the most remarkable features of the anthem. The passage, on the words, "O, worship the Lord," &c., beginning with an unexpected transition from the "dominant seventh" of D to the "first inversion" of F sharp (the technically allowed), and ultimately leading back to the first key, is a principal element of the melody. The piece has all the charm of novelty. There is, moreover, a very striking point of modulation in the *coda*, to describe which in words would by no means serve to explain its particular effect. Enough that it occurs in the development of the passage, "Sing to the Lord, praise His name," &c. Next comes a full chorus ("As for the Gods of the heathen"), of a wholly opposite character. The finest division of this is we think, the opening *allegretto marcato*, which sets out in E minor and is partly in the free imitative style, with two counterpoints, the one chromatic the other diatonic. Boldly worked, this brief chorus, nevertheless, without being open to the charge of plagiarism, invokes occasional reminiscences of two choruses in Handel's *Israel*—He snote all the first-born of Egypt, for which the second bar of the theme is doubtless responsible, and "They loathed to drink," which must be laid to the door of the chromatic counterpoint in descending semitones. The second part of the chorus, "Their idols are silver and gold," in which the useless attributes of the gods of the heathen—who have mouths and speak not, eyes and see not, ears and hear not, &c.—are recounted in irregular

alternation, by the several sections of the choir, is very inferior to the rest. Meant, doubtless, for "descriptive," it is, in a strictly musical sense, altogether bare and uninteresting, being destitute of order and melody, and without any clever contrapuntal devices to atone for the absence of those desirable qualities. This—in our opinion, the weakest, indeed, it may fairly be said, the only weak part of the anthem, is, however, immediately redeemed by the "valley of the dry bones" ("They that make them are like unto them"), and the subsequent *andante maestoso*, "As for our God He is in Heaven," a sort of *chorale* which, notwithstanding its odd five-bar rhythm, is richly harmonious, and creates an impression of appropriate solemnity. We are now again at G major, the original key, in which, naturally, the last movement of the anthem ("The Lord hath been mindful of us, and His shall be praised") is presented by the choir, in the style of a *chorus*, is tuneful and flowing from beginning to end. The two principal themes are bold and well suited to fugal treatment; but we must own to a certain disappointment on finding that Dr. Wesley has contented himself with a simple answer, "in the octave," for the first, with a couple of simple answers, "in the octave," for the second ("Ye are the blessed of the Lord"), and, on the recurrence of the first, where the ear longs for at least a *fugato*, with merely giving out the theme unanswered. The slight allusion to two of the choruses in Mendelssohn's *Elisjah* in no way disfigure this very attractive movement. The answer, "He shall bless the house of Aaron," by allos and basses, to the phrase, "He shall bless the house of Israel" (Dr. Wesley) closely resembles, though in a different key, the second section of the theme of "He that shall endure to the end" (Mendelssohn)—that part of the *Elisjah* melody occurring upon the words, "He shall endure"; while the answer, "He shall bless the house of Israel," in which the organ part and orchestral accompaniments to Dr. Wesley's anthem are, as might have been expected, masterly; yet we can hardly think but that some effect might have been gained in the solo quartet of voices by the substitution of a tenor and barytone (or bass) for the second *soprano* and second *contralto*.

The new anthem, as far as the orchestra and chorus were concerned, may be regretted. The solo singers were Mdlle. Titiens and Miss Louisa Pyne (*sopranos*), Misses E. Wilkinson and Julia Elton (*contraltos*). Dr. Wesley was fortunate in his sopranos. It may be added here that the Anthem in G was composed expressly for a service in aid of Church missions.

Among the other pieces of which the second day's very lengthy programme consisted the most conspicuous were an air and chorus from Handel's *Semsem*. The air was "Let the bright Seraphim," sung in perfection by Mdlle. Titiens, and accompanied in perfection on the trumpet (*ad libitum*) by Mr. Thomas Harper. The singer and player were well matched; the voice of each was a "trumpet," and it is difficult to award the palm to the execution of either. The chorus was "Let their celestial concerts all unite"—a *colossus*, as every amateur knows. To this followed a duet by Spohr, "Children pray this time to cherish," assigned to Miss Elton, Wilkinson and Mr. H. Cummings. The selection from Beethoven's "Christus am Ölberge" ("Mount of Olives") comprised a trio (Miss L. Pyne, Messrs. Cummings and L. Thomas), the dramatic chorus, with solo, in which the soldiers come to track the Redeemer, and the towering "Hallelujah," in which Beethoven has rivalled Handel himself in sublimated grandeur. This was the *finale* to a selection almost unprecedented in quantity, but too much like a miscellaneous concert to be suited to the church. The enormousness of the selection, and the last of the evening made people weary that, instead of listening to the second evening concert, which is always sparingly attended, they were listening to the third and last, which is almost invariably crammed. Even the staircases and lobbies, outside the music-room, were thronged; and many who would have been too pleased to obtain admission were unavoidably sent away disappointed. People in Gloucester say that the extraordinary success of this concert, which is now placed beyond a doubt in the eyes of the part of inhabitants of the city and supporters of the music meeting in the three counties against clerical interference. They have little mercy on their Bishop, less on their Dean, and least of all on Earl Dudley, who is here generally believed to entertain the most unfriendly intentions with regard to the Worcester Festival of 1866. The fine weather and the eloquent sermon of Canon Kenway, they admit, have exercised a very considerable influence in increasing the attendance, and they say the intolerance of despotism in any quarter, and under no matter what pretext, that has really effected the most. Perhaps they are right, perhaps they are wrong; the next festival—about

is often displayed towards others whose performances are far inferior, or even trivial.

The Singacademie appears less frequently before the forum of public opinion, though, when it does so, under Herr von Bernuth's direction, we are always pleased with its performances. Such institutions merit general and public commendation, and these they meet with, though unfortunately to a very small extent, for, as a matter of course, they despise even the most distant attempt at puffery.

The Dilettante Orchestral Union had, some years ago, made great progress, under Herr von Bernuth's direction, but at present we have not such frequent opportunities of attending its public performances as we once had.

Under the direction of Herr Härtel, the mixed choral union, "Ossian," was unable to rise above mediocrity, but, according to report, under its new director, Dr. Hopff, it has made a stride in advance. We cannot, however, state this as a fact, because we have not had an opportunity of attending any of its recent performances.

With regard now to Male Choral Singing, it meets with warm sympathy in Leipzig, but does not find proportionately fertile soil, or corresponding care and cultivation. There exist in Leipzig and the neighbouring rural parishes a large number of Vocal Associations for Male Voices, most of which are again comprised in the "Zöllnerbund," or Zöllner-Federation, so called from the composer of that name. We think we ought to speak somewhat in detail concerning this, because, as far as we know, its merits have never been generally discussed in any musical class paper, but only in local journals and the "Singerhallen," which are all partiality. Local journals, and the vocal periodicals, written with scarcely the slightest musical knowledge, treat such matters in a puffing style, without any object but a local one, and art is completely neglected.

The Zöllnerbund forms the central point for all matters relating to male choral singing in, and for a long way round, Leipzig. It has not merely, in virtue of its admirable organisation, and its grand proportions, regularly to watch over the Vereins here, but, with few exceptions, gives the tone to, and is accepted as a model by them. To all appearance, its internal management is entrusted to excellent hands, for as yet the public have not heard of any misunderstanding. The musical director, also, Dr. Hermann Langer, is well-known as a first-rate musician. The honorary president of the whole "Bund" or Federation is at present Dr. Roderich Benedix.

Seeing that the Zöllnerbund stands so well with the general public, and has such well tried resources at its disposal, we have certainly reason for surprise at its hanging back somewhat with its performances. With the numbers it comprises, it might be one of the first bodies in all Germany for male choral singing, for it possesses the requisite materials. But why is it not so? To answer this question is, perhaps, no easy task, because, in all probability, many local reasons have something to do with the matter. We cannot believe there is a want of energy on the part of the committee, for we have ourselves repeatedly heard the members requested to be more zealous in attending for practice. The cause appears to us to be in something very different, and in order to get at this we go somewhat far back.

For many years, Leipzig has enjoyed the honor of being the central point for grand national festivals. Thus we had the grand German "Turnfest" (Gymnastic Festival); the inspiring Th. Körner Anniversary; the jubilee of the Leipzig "Völkerschlacht"; the fifteenth general meeting of German Schoolmasters; the sixth meeting of the German Fire-Brigades, and so on, in which the Zöllnerbund readily took an active part. On all these occasions, it either welcomed with song those engaged in the proceedings, or itself gave concerts in honor of the particular event, concerts distinguished for their excellence, and for the proportionately hearty applause bestowed upon them. But there was one thing that struck people: the continuous sameness of the programmes.

As a rule, the same old things were reproduced which had been heard over and over again. There is such one-sidedness visible, too, in the choice of the songs and of the composers as to merit public censure. Our male choral literature has recently been enriched with so many fresh productions, that we feel astonished that so important an association could possibly take no notice of the important works among them. Most of the programmes contain

no names beyond those of Carl Zöllner, Mendelssohn, Marschner, C. M. v. Weber, Dürner, Adam Sicker, Abt, Jul. Otto, and Pierson, those of Mendelssohn and Carl Zöllner being met with most frequently; on the other hand, we entirely miss the names of Franz Schubert, Spohr, Friedrich Schneider, Robert Schumann, Julius Rietz and many more. To continue moving upon such very limited ground is not at all calculated either to advance the prosperity of the Federation (Bund) or the cause of art. The result is indifference and absence of interest on the part of the members, and a want of sympathy on the part of artists and art-critics.

Zealous singers begin to grow weary when the old songs are continually repeated; every one who is director of a Verein knows the truth of this, and is aware how often he is fearfully bothered to produce new works. This ought not to be a very difficult thing for the Zöllner-Federation, for, as we have been informed, there are some very able men among the directors of the branch Vereins, and their advice must at times be worth something. The heaviest charge against the Zöllner-Federation is that of permitting the Vereins to choose amateurs for conductors, a fact calculated to make people believe that the object in view is not really artistic excellence but simply the pecuniary advantage of the Federation itself, which advantage can certainly be commanded only by the adhesion of large masses. That such a pecuniary consideration plays a prominent part in the arrangements was lately proved by the Zöllner-Federation in a most striking fashion, and it ought to be subjected to very severe criticism. But critics take very little interest in the Zöllner-Federation, and the circumstances mentioned are the cause of this. It does not say much for a musical society, especially for so large a one, to be ignored by critics, especially when cases frequently occur of more attention being bestowed on much smaller societies in very little towns.

Such is a tolerably correct epitome of the general state of musical matters in Leipzig (this is not the place to speak of the Conservatory). The reader will easily perceive from it that there is still much to be desired, as far as musical art is concerned, in the town on the banks of the Pleisse, and that of other cities such as Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, Löwenberg, and Sonderhausen, some stand higher than, and some on a level with it, in the matter of art, but:

"Man kann am alten Ruhme lange zehren."

CARL OTTO.

TO SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, ESQ.

[This letter was mislaid, but has been recovered.—D. PETERS.]

Sir.—The great centre of musical interest just now is Paris, where the production of *L'Africaine* is being looked forward to with an eagerness which is only felt in England on the eve of a great musical crisis, or now and then in very remarkable racing years on the morning of the Derby Day. The Emperor has postponed his visit to Algeria simply that he may be able to hear *L'Africaine* before starting; while the first representation of *L'Africaine* has been postponed because the unlucky slip on which the scenic department of the opera so much depends was not ready on the day originally fixed for its production. But, though the opera has not been formally brought out, I have received an account of a full-dress rehearsal of the work, which was almost of a public character, and from which as good an opinion of the merits of *L'Africaine* may be formed as from one of the public representations which, according to the latest intelligence, was to have commenced last night (April 28th). The rehearsal began at half-past seven on Sunday evening, and lasted until ten o'clock on Monday morning. The theatre was crowded, and among the audience were all the musical and fashionable, and not a few of the political, celebrities of Paris. Meyerbeer could scarcely be prevailed upon to tolerate anyone at his rehearsal, and it had been said that only a few privileged persons would be allowed to be present at the rehearsal of *L'Africaine*. At the last moment, however, a large number of invitations were issued; and when it became known that a few hundreds had been asked, a few thousands asked to be asked. The principal subscribers had the use of their boxes allowed them. The other places were given away to writers, musicians, and, ultimately, to whoever had interest and ingenuity enough to get them. When the introduction began there were no vacant seats in any part of the theatre.

The opening scene is somewhere in Portugal. Inez (Mlle. Batta), who has been promised in marriage to an elderly Portuguese Admiral, is

"Men may live long; 'pon their old reputa."

secretly attached to the young and handsome Vasco di Gama, and declines to execute the engagement which her father has contracted as her representative. This refusal irritates her father and pains her elderly lover; and the diverse emotions of the three are diametrically expressed in a trio which is the first important piece in the opera. It is preceded, however, by an air for Incz, which at least has the merit of being extremely graceful. Suddenly it is announced that a distinguished traveller has arrived, and that he has a proposition to make to the Council of State. This is no other than Vasco di Gama (Naudin), beloved by Incz, but not much esteemed at the Portuguese Court. He is allowed to explain, however, that, having been shipwrecked, he has been thrown on the coast of a strange country, that he has discovered an unknown land abounding in treasures, and that he wishes at least to have him, he is ready to return and seize the country in the name of his Sovereign. The Bishops, who seem to have the entire direction of State affairs, declare him to be either a fool or an impostor, and this opinion is vigorously set forth in an episcopal chorus, or *chœur d'évêques*. Vasco di Gama in vain refers to the fact that Christopher Columbus had also some difficulty in getting his countrymen to appreciate him. To prove that he is really honest to some sort, he produces the couple of natives whom he seems to have brought with him as specimens of the indigenous population. One of these natives is Selika (Middle, Sax), the "Africaine," after whom the opera is named; the other is Nelusko (Faure), the Africaine's attendant. The Africaine herself is a Queen when she is at home; but she gladly allows herself to be treated by Vasco di Gama like a slave. One thing, however, she will not do. Urged to remain silent by the patriots and the despising Nelusko, she refuses to give any information to the Council on the subject of her native land. Vasco is now more than ever looked upon as an unprincipled adventurer. Finding himself the object of unjust suspicions, he insults the King's Ministers, and is thereupon held (by the Ministers) to have insulted the King. He is condemned, in a magnificent finale, to perpetual imprisonment, and is led away to his place of confinement as the curtain falls on act I.

In act II, we find Vasco in a dungeon, where, however harshly he may be treated in other respects, he is not deprived of the charms of female society. He does not, however, appear to set any high value upon them; for, while his beautiful African sings, he very coolly sleeps. Middle, Sax has scarcely finished her "sleep song" when the cunning but ferocious Nelusko, who has hitherto kept in the background, advances to the bed and prepares to strike Vasco. Selika seizes his sword; Vasco wakes, and, after a few words, orders his attendants, with Incz at their head, to enter the prison. Incz has consented to marry the Admiral in order to obtain Vasco's pardon, and Vasco is now set at liberty. To prove that Selika has no hold on his affections, but is merely his slave, he presents her to Incz, throwing in Nelusko as a trifle not worth caring for. Selika is wounded to the heart by Vasco's ingratitude, and Nelusko, who now hates the Christian foreigner more than ever, and not altogether without reason, vows vengeance. In the act III, we make the acquaintance of the celebrated vessel which has given so much trouble, and at one of the last rehearsals of the scenery plunged so violently in the direction of the orchestra that for a moment the conductor's head seemed to be in danger. The vessel is not worth all the fuss that has been made about it. It occupies the whole breadth of the stage, and it carries a very numerous crew, some of whom are seen in the rigging, others in the cabin, and the principal singers remaining, of course, on the vessel. The vessel is commanded by the Admiral to whom the unhappy Incz has been forced to give her hand, and who, not content with depriving Vasco of his bride, has also robbed him of his great project. Nelusko has promised to guide him across the ocean to the unknown land, and is, in fact, steering the vessel in the direction of his savage home. His intention, it is to wreck the ship on a rocky coast, where the cabin crew, of which Vasco, who has contrived to follow the Admiral in a craft of his own, also remembers. As the danger is approaching, Vasco makes his appearance on the Admiral's quarterdeck and warns him against Nelusko. But the Admiral, so far from listening to Vasco's advice, reproaches him, and at last, as Vasco is obstinate, orders him to be executed for mutinous conduct. Selika springs at Incz and threatens to stab her unless Vasco is immediately released. But at the moment when the vessel strikes on the rocks and goes to pieces in the presence of the audience, but not until a number of savages, Nelusko's worthy brethren, have seized and murdered the crew.

Vasco, however, has been saved by the faithful Africaine; and in the fourth act we find him disposed, for the first time, to return her affection. The act closes with a very passionate duet, in which Selika expresses her love for her Christian friend, who, believing Incz to be dead, seems to have no objection to respond to it. We may note, *passant*, that this duet, at the rehearsal, proved the most successful piece in the opera. It is quite worthy of the composer of the grand duet between Raoul and Valentine in the *Huguenots*, to which, for the rest, it bears no resemblance whatever. In the fifth act the

dreams of the poor Africaine are dissipated by the discovery that Incz has been saved from the wreck. This act contains some admirable pieces: a duet between the two women; a trio, in which Selika, after a painful struggle, resolves to unite the two lovers and send them back to Europe; and an admirable solo—preceded by a marvellous *ritornello* for the violoncello and alto—where the despondent Africaine sings as she lies down and dies beneath the opium-tree.

In this slight and hasty sketch of the most important work that has been given to the lyrical stage since the production of *Le Prophète*, I have said very little about the music, and I will only now say that it would be unfair to judge of it from a (nominally) private performance which lasted nearly seven hours. It may be safely said that *L'Africaine* contains *ritornellos* as good as many fine pieces as any other of Meyerbeer's operas; and I half believe that, when certain necessary and inevitable omissions have been made, it will be pronounced his masterpiece.

SOLIMON HAND.

Wienboe, near St. Olyth, near Little Holland, near Walton-on-the-Hill, near Thorpe-le-Soken, near Colchester, Essex.—Ap. 28.

[Mr. Hand is here and there musically incomplete. Witness the "marvellous *ritornello* for violoncello and alto"—as if there were no clarinets and bassoons. Nevertheless, the few thousands who were asked, and the few hundreds who were asked to be asked, is extremely good. Nor Augustus Sala, nor Gustavus Mayhew has beaten it—if even Mayhew Horace. D. PETERS.]

HANOVER.—There is every prospect of an Italian opera company being engaged here, and if report speak truth, the King contributes a subsidy of 20,000 thalers, either out of his own pocket, or—which is also possible—out of the public funds. The good bourgeois of this small capital are somewhat surprised that Italian music should be thus suddenly distinguished in a place hitherto considered the home, *par excellence*, of German music, which was rather ostensibly patronised. There is a rumor to the effect that his Majesty has himself composed an opera, and will be performed by the Italian artist—Herr Joachim and his wife are still residing here, but it is highly probable they will leave ere long. His Majesty the King will then, perhaps, discover how foolish he was to part with an artist like Joachim, whose presence was the sole fact which caused the greater portion of non-Germanic Europe to recollect there was such a town as Hanover in existence.

WIENNA.—After having been *Capellmeister* for twelve years, Herr J. Hagen leaves this town to enter upon his new sphere of action at Riga. Besides acting as *Capellmeister* at the theatre, Herr Hagen rendered yeoman's service as Director of the Cecilia Association. He was a good conductor, but could lay no claim to be considered aught more than an experienced and clever musician. This, however, it appears, had nothing to do with his resignation. His farewell benefit was well attended, and at a dinner given by the members of the Cecilia Association he was presented with a handsome photographic portrait—allem. His predecessor at Riga, Herr Dumont, has been appointed *Capellmeister* at Mayence.

PRAGUE.—A new opera in three acts, *Johanna von Neapel*, the first production of Herr Julius Sulzer of Vienna, has been successfully produced here. The composer was called on at the conclusion of each act. The action is laid in the year 1343, and turns upon the struggle between the Neapolitans and Hungarians, between Johanna and Andrea, including the murder of the latter. The libretto is not deemed the whole satisfactory. As regards the music, that of the first act is immeasurably superior to that of the other two. *Johanna von Neapel* is not likely to become a stock opera, but it proves the composer is possessed of decided talent. With a better text, he will probably, when he has gained greater experience, give the world something distinguished for more than mere promise.

ANTWERP.—M. Ed. Gregoir has just published a project for the establishment of a Vocal Association, to consist of all the choral societies of the province. After dwelling upon the advantages he considers certain to result from his plan, he says that an attempt has already been made to establish in Belgium a musical association for the whole kingdom, but that the attempt was unsuccessful. His views, however, are more moderate. He proposes that an appeal shall be made to all persons taking an interest in the progress of musical art, and the vocal societies of the province of Antwerp, with a view to the union of a "Singer-Verbond," like the German "Vereine," with the title of *Fédération chorale de la Province d'Anvers*. If such societies were formed in all the Belgian provinces, M. Gregoir believes that, in a few years, Belgium would be in a condition to furnish a contingent of 8,000 singers, who might then meet in any given city and hold a most imposing musical festival.

PRAGUE.—Herr Erasmus Lamb, father of the well-known violinist, Ferdinand Lamb, died lately aged 72.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

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(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic). CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is just in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works. CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art. CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based. CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based. CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to vivify their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of ensuring sale publication. The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author earnestly solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect. Price 10 Subscribers, &c.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, 21st inst., GEORGE DOLBY, Esq., of Upper Wimpole Street, to MARIAN, eldest daughter of WILLIAM MOSS, Esq.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARTFORD.—Middle Trebelli never sang at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Musical Festivals are not always so harmonious as they seem to be. While band and chorus pour forth a swelling flood of sweet sounds in cathedral or hall, there may be a dreadful squabble going on in the Committee Room. It is in cathedral towns, I believe that these little difficulties happen with the greatest frequency; and here another element of discordance comes in, by the necessary interference of the clergy. Either the Bishop won't preach, or the Dean has doubts about the lawfulness of oratorio music, or an eccentric canon goes off with a highly Protestant bang—and then what is called a "scandal" arises, and the Festival which ought to be the perfection of harmony, becomes an occasion of strife and a source of bitterness. Something of this kind, it seems, but lately happened at Gloucester, and a newspaper war was in full progress—

the *Record*, the great adversary of profane music, of course taking the lead. This year it was the turn of Gloucester to hold the Festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford—the proceeds of which are given to the widows and orphans of clergymen in the three dioceses. The object is a very good one, and the means taken to promote it have enjoyed episcopal, deanal, and caputular sanction for more than a century—to say nothing of the worldly "patronage of the nobility and gentry." At Worcester and Hereford the Festival still gets on well enough. Bishops are willing to "patronise" and to preach, canons read prayers without a murmur, deans throw open their houses, and everything goes off charmingly for the neighbourhood, and with much benefit to "the cause of charity." But Gloucester has fallen upon evil days. Ecclesiastics who know not Festivals have got possession of throne and stall. "Scruples" and objections take the place of "patronage," and the light of the clerical countenance is withdrawn from the singing men and singing women, and from the players upon instruments.

To begin with the Bishop, Dr. Ellicott—His Lordship should have preached the opening sermon at the Cathedral services; but he wouldn't. I can't distinctly make out his ground of objection; but it would appear that he does not like musical performances in cathedrals, and so quitted England during the Festival, shut up the palace, and left Dr. Wesley and the Committee to get on as they might. Of course the Bishop has a right to his own opinion; but as I believe the course he adopted is without precedent, it is a great pity that he thought himself obliged to follow it. However, Festivals can be managed without Bishops: there is some comfort in that. We wicked folks in Birmingham are glad enough to see a Bishop at our Festivals; but we don't find that the entire absence of black silk aprons, gaiters, and shovel hats has the least influence for evil upon the music. In a cathedral city it may be different; but still I thought Gloucester might manage to get through the Festival week even though Bishop Ellicott and his household should absent themselves on a pilgrimage to "foreign parts." The Right Reverend the Bishop thus disposed of, the Very Reverend the Dean steps forward in his turn, for the sake of proving that in religion, as in other things, "extremes meet." Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop, is a High Churchman. Mr. Law, the Dean, is a Low Churchman. The former is mentioned respectfully by the *Guardian*; the latter is affectionately spoken of as "the good Dean," by the *Record*. But wide as they are sunder in more important matters, both ecclesiastics come down heavily on the "mint, anise, and cummin" of religious observances. Both of them have a pious horror of musical festivals, especially in cathedrals. In the case of the Bishop, as I have pointed out, this doesn't make matter: his Lordship can "withdraw his patronage," refuse to take tickets, and shut up his palace, but he can't do more. The Dean, however, is a potentate with real authority; he can shut up the cathedral itself. As I gather from the *Record*, he very nearly did it. Fancy Gloucester deprived of its festival, and shut out of its cathedral—the chief church of the diocese—because the Dean doesn't like sacred music! Mr. Law, it seems, was decidedly inclined to adopt this extreme course: but it would appear that though his will was good, he got frightened at the possible consequences. The Dean who stopped the collection for the widows and orphans of the clergy, who prevented Gloucester from enjoying its triennial festival, and who, to gratify a crotchety, diverted a large amount of money from the town, could hardly expect to be either popular or "useful" in Gloucester again. Probably, Mr. Law felt all this. At all events, as the *Record* tells us, he gave his consent "reluctantly, and after some hesitation." But he made the concession in a manner as unpleasant as possible. I learn—again from the *Record*—that "the Dean politely informed the stewards of the festival, but in terms as cold as he could

freeze, that consent would not on this occasion be withdrawn." The committee thereupon asked the Dean to preach the opening sermon; but though reminded that prelates whose Evangelical character was never doubted had preached on such occasions, Mr. Law "positively refused." Still further to mark his intense disapprobation of the whole affair, the "good Dean" took wing after the Bishop; and so neither "throne" nor "stall" was occupied in festival week at Gloucester; and the Palace was closed against hungry visitors looking out for hospitality. The *Record* characteristically sums up the squabble, by informing "a Gloucestershire correspondent" that the Dean "has been rightly guided in the whole matter"—even, I suppose, in the "freezing" letter; "that he has judged wisely and well in refraining from exercising a coercive veto, whilst he is taking care to make known his protest by separating himself from all concern with a gathering in which it is too obvious that the honor of God is not the first object, and that the world has the mastery." I fancy I detect in this sentence the evidence of what the *Record* would call "a painful compromise." If Dean Law believes that a festival in a cathedral is dishonoring to God, having the power to prevent it, he ought to exercise that power at all risk of personal odium. But the Dean permits the desecration, and while denouncing the festival and all connected with it, the *Record* says the Dean has been "rightly guided!" I can't quite reconcile the profession with the practice; but then, I suppose, I look at the matter from a "worldly" point of view—and that, no doubt, makes a difference. It is hardly worth mentioning, perhaps, but to complete the narrative, I may as well say that a couple of Canons, forsooth, humbly imitated the example of their ecclesiastical superiors. Canon Evans, who to the Mastership of Pembroke College, Oxford, united the emoluments of a lucrative stall at Gloucester, ought to be in residence during the festival week; but he, too, made a cheap protest against festivals, by getting somebody else to do his duty, and himself going off for a holiday to Scotland. "Another canon"—I quote the *Record*—(ante)—"continues in Wales;" so that only two Canons were expected to grace the festival by their presence; a circumstance which is joyfully recorded as evidence of "negative but unmistakable disapprobation, far better calculated to lead reflecting minds to a right judgment than if Dean Law had aroused the indignation of the genus of three dioceses by the interposition of an ungracious, and, as it would have been deemed, a tyrannical veto."

The "right judgment" above spoken of is, of course, the unwholeness of musical festivals, not only in cathedrals, but everywhere else. Oratorios, curiously enough, are the special objects of attack. The *Record* says that "the good Dean (of Gloucester) in common with many other eminent Christians, believes that the use of the most holy words of inspiration, as a vehicle of sensuous enjoyment, is an approach to blasphemy. Your religious contemporary, with a satisfaction which, though unexpressed, is obviously implied, further "imagines the inhabitants of another world surveying such an array of pomp and vanities in connection with the agonies of the Messiah and the mockery of Divine worship." ("I am not disposed to argue a question which—according to the system of the *Record*—seems to involve the very familiar use of sacred names; but I may just point out that there are other things beside Festivals, which "the inhabitants of another world" would probably survey with surprise and disapprobation. What does the *Record* say to bazaars, for instance? Yet "fancy fairs," and occasional lotteries, and similar ways of getting money are not unknown to that section of the clergy which believes in the *Record*—or is believed in by the *Record*—I am scarcely able to make out which. Are picnics, or dinner parties, or archery meetings, or croquet parties, or any other of the hundred "gatherings" which clergymen freely attend—are these occupa-

tions of a purer, higher, or more elevating class than a performance of sacred music? Which is likeliest to promote devotional feeling, or to quicken and purify "the life within the brain"—a bazaar ending in a raffle, a dinner party with an hour's small talk afterwards in a drawing-room, or a perfect rendering of Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, or Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*? Those who have participated in each kind of "amusement" can easily answer the question. Ask Mr. H. F. Chorley, Mr. G. Hogarth, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Desmond Ryan, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, Mr. Campbell Clarke, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, Mr. Howard Glover, Mr. Drinkwater Hard, and Mr. C. L. Gruneisen. They have each and all attended festivals.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

The Kidney, Sept. 19.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

[Every memory is treacherous, or we have already seen something very nicely resembling the foregoing discussed in the first person plural, by the *Birmingham Daily Post*—a thoroughly fearless and impartial sheet. D. PETERS.]

A. SCHINDLER'S BIOGRAPHY OF BEETHOVEN.

(Concluded.)

OUR contemporary * continues his citations from Schieller:—"Though, a few pages back, we heard Beethoven, then just thirty years old, exclaim: 'Do not talk to me of repose!' we may be assured that, after the lapse of another twenty years, he was not of the same way of thinking, but felt that he occasionally required repose, that is active repose or quiet activity. It is to such moments that we must ascribe various trifles, some of which were written to oblige patrons or friends. Why did he not those art-philosophers who rumage about the interior of the globe, rather than come to the conclusions they do, adopt as the result of their labours the fact that Beethoven sometimes went voluntarily back to the age of youth in order to be enabled afterwards to proceed onward, refreshed, with all the power of his will and intellect? By what epithet he characterised such trifles as those of which we have been speaking we shall see in the Third Period."

"C. Under the above circumstances, Beethoven, in the third time the various works appeared. But, even with regard to this, there are some slight doubts which cannot be decided with certainty. Differences of a year, more or less, are, however, of no importance. It could not be determined with certainty whether a work was given to the world at the conclusion of one year or at the commencement of the year following. With regard to settling the chronological order, at least of the greater works, the author, assisted by the publishers Artaria and Diabelli, was engaged, during the composer's lifetime, in the task of so doing. The occasion of this was a communication with a great many notes of interrogation addressed to Beethoven by Artaria in the year 1819, and which shall be appended as a proof of the confusion characterising the catalogues in the appendix to the Second Period. Unfortunately there were no means of cutting a way out through this horrible labyrinth. The original of Artaria's communication is given."

"D. In the catalogues of the works, the first publisher should, when this is at all possible, be named, as a proof of correctness, at least as a rule. It is worth while to know that Beethoven himself corrected the Viennese editions of his works. Of works of his printed elsewhere I know of only the last Sonatas, Op. 109, 110, and 111, published by Schlesinger in Paris, as being corrected by him. That, however, all the editions corrected, or merely revised, by him should be distinguished by absolute accuracy, is something which scarcely anyone will expect, and something which is in every case still to be desired. Among the old Vienna printing-offices, there were a few too often guilty both of neglect and inaccuracy, which it was impossible for the composer to obviate. Thus, in the *Sonata Pathétique*, for instance, we have to regret the absence, in the first and the second movement, of a number of signs or marks important not merely for proper colouring, but for a correct reading. And these omissions run through all subsequent editions. I will merely refer cursorily to the other errors which mark the latest editions, as far as inaccuracy is concerned, but it must frankly be confessed that some publishing firms merit severe censure."

"A publishing firm that would apply itself to the task of finding out all the original editions of the pianoforte music, and then producing a carefully corrected edition based upon them, would be rendering a most praiseworthy service to Beethoven's literature. It is not only in the cheapness of the edition that we should seek for its merit, as people

* The *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

do, however, now-a-days, if we would not put ourselves on a level with mere cotton-spinners. Though most of the old Viennese publishing-firms have now disappeared, and their stock passed into other hands, just for instance as the large and varied stock of the Kunst- und Industrie-Comptoir, together with that of Eder, Mollo, and Co., has passed into the hands of Steiner and Co. (at present Haslinger), and, again the business of Herr Cappi into those of Herr Witensdorf, it is not credible that all the original copies can be lost."

Artaria's letter here mentioned is of the 24th July, 1819. Artaria mentions (p. 203) as numbers wanting in the catalogue of Beethoven's works, and which he had never been able to find, Op. 46, 48, 51, 65, 66, 71, 72, 87, 88, 89, and 103, and among more than twenty (published) works with no *Opus-numbers* at all, he cites, in addition to several smaller ones, *Fidelio*; the "overture to *Leonore*" (according to Schindler, No. 3, published in 1810); six songs by Gellert; "Adelaide"; quintet for two violins, etc., in E flat major; quintet for the same in C major; "Ah, Perfidio"; Sextet for Wind Instruments, etc.

Beethoven, then busy at Mödling on his grand *Missa* in D, answered directly (Schindler, I, p. 205): he had no time then to trouble himself with this confusion, and that he was generally unable to do anything in the matter; the publishers had caused all the confusion and must take measures to rectify it. He ended by referring Artaria to his colleagues Steiner and Co., for the purpose of seeing whether nothing could be done by their combined efforts towards placing things in a clear light. "That firm, however, declined to co-operate, because they were already not upon a particularly friendly footing with Beethoven. A short time previously they had produced a separate masterpiece by including in the *Opus-numbers*, two short songs, without having asked the master's permission. These songs are "Der Mann von Wort," marked as Op. 99, and "Merkstein," as Op. 100, each consisting of only two pages. To Beethoven's protestations against this arbitrary proceeding, no attention was paid. In this we perceive the confidence, on the part of publishers, of that disregard of both authors' representations and interests, which we mentioned at the commencement of the Second Period."

Under the circumstances we shall not be able to blame the author because he, in his turn, has not introduced order into the catalogue of Beethoven's works. He has endeavoured to arrange the larger works according to the correct date of their composition, and in this he has done his best. *Ultra posse nemo obligatur*. The evil is so deep, that in all probability, it will never be rooted up completely. As for any change in the *Opus-numbers*, however much such a change might be borne out by documentary authorities, it is out of the question, if only because, as Schindler says: "The public have long since rendered themselves familiar with the present *Opus-numbers*." Thus, in small things as in great, does error, when the masses have become accustomed and partial to it, defy the torch of truth.

OTTO BEARD.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—Mr. G. B. Allen's new operetta, *Castle Grim*, continues to draw crowded and fashionable audiences. Among the company who recently paid the theatre a visit were the Duc de Brabant, the Comtesse of Essex, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Bessborough, Lord Power, Viscount Torrington, Sir John Lowther, —Barings, Esq., Sir S. Scott, &c., &c.

SEABROOK.—The musical burletta of *The Loan of a Lover* has been played at the theatre; the part of Peter Spitz was personated by Mr. Mellor in his usual clever style. Emmeline, by Miss Clara Burchell, was remarkably well sustained, as was the part of Swyzel (Mr. W. Selwyn). Miss Linda—her first appearance—was admirable in the character of Gertrude, showing all the simplicity of a rustic maid. With a little painstaking, this lady will no doubt in a short time rank high in the theatrical profession; for she evidently possesses a pleasing voice, well suited for this particular line of business. Mr. (common) appeared in the character of Capt. Amesford of Scarborough Town.

BRIEF REVIEWS.

IX.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—John Ball makes the following remarks upon a recent choral meeting at Bromsgrove:—

"Nor should we omit to call attention to the hearty denunciation of Gregorian music by Sir John Pakington, who was seconded in his anathemas by Lord Lytton. How their words must have cheered Sir Frederic Ouseley, who was present; but it will bring down on the devoted baronet's head, we prognosticate, no small amount of indignant abuse from the lovers of Gregorians, who generally have very little feeling for those who venture to differ from them."

My satisfaction is great that whether at an Anglican or a Gregorian festival, the member for Droitwich should be present as a Gregorian-patron, because in it I see a convincing proof of the spread of the movement for improving the services in our parish churches, which I have always strongly supported; and also because it proves the falsity of the oft-repeated assertion that the worthy baronet of Westwood is simply an obstructive low churchman.

I am, Sir, yours,

T. DUFF SHORT.

Short Commona, Sept. 19th.

MR. ALFRED MELLOR'S CONCERTS.—The "Spohr Night" on Monday and the "Mozart and Mendelssohn Night" on Thursday were both greatly attractive; on the latter night indeed the crowd was suffocating. The feature of the Spohr concert was the "Power of Sound" Symphony, magnificently played by Mr. Mellor's band, and applauded vehemently. On Thursday Mozart supplied the Symphony in E flat, the great song of the Queen of Night, from the *Zeuberflut*, sung by Mlle. Caratti Fatti, and "Madamina," Leporello's catalogue song from *Don Giovanni*, sung by Mr. Alberto Lawrence; the Mendelssohn selection comprising the Overture to *Ray Bala*, Allegretto from the *Lobengrin* Symphony, and Capriccio in B minor, for pianoforte, played with remarkable effect by Mlle. Marie Krebs. These were attractions for the "classic-class" visitors. But Mr. Alfred Mellor has regard for all sorts of tastes, and caters for them accordingly. The Faust selection has been reproduced, and Signor Bottesini continues to astonish and delight the audiences nightly. Several novelties, too, have made their appearance in the programmes. Among these we may signify the waltz "The River Spirit," by Mr. Frank Mori, which was sung nightly; a "Mélodie Religieuse" for violin, harp, and organ, by Mr. B. Tours, remarkably well played by Messrs. Hill, Trust, and Pittman; and a very taking ballad, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," sung with extremely good taste and expression by Mr. Alberto Lawrence, who shows much improvement in his voice and singing since last year. Mr. Levey having suddenly gone to America, his place in the orchestra and as soloist is taken by Mr. Reynolds, who is an admirable performer on the cornet, and studies everybody. The theatre is crowded every night, and the vicissitudes of the weather seem to have little weight with such as love to be enchanted through the ears.

SURBEY HALL, LEADENHALL STREET.—On Saturday evening, 9th inst., a concert took place at the above hall in aid of the Sons of Charity. The programme was varied and well chosen. Among the singers deserving special attention was a Miss Kate Frankfort (pupil of Signor Schira), who volunteered her services for the evening. This young lady has a soprano voice both sweet and powerful, and promises before long to take a high position in her profession. In the first part she sang the Polaca from *I Puritani* and produced a great effect, calling forth the approbation of the audience in a most unmistakable manner. In the second part she sang a new song (MS.), "May," composed expressly for her by Mr. Alfred Cader, which was enthusiastically encored, when she substituted "Within a mile of Edinburgh town," which was also received with great favour. Miss Kate Frankfort has evidently had the benefit of excellent tuition and has not failed to profit by it. The concert was well attended and gave general satisfaction. The other parts of the concert were well sustained by Mr. S. R. Webb, violin (from the Royal Italian Opera), Mrs. Risam, Mezzos. Weige, Wase and Leybend.

C. KENNEDY.—"The season of the English opera at Covent Garden," writes the *Review of the Gazette Musicale*, "will be inaugurated on the 22nd of October by the *Africaine*, translated into English by C. Kennedy."

MR. JOHN THORNTON.—This accomplished actor and talented dramatist announces that his farewell benefit, previous to his departure for America, is to take place at the Princess's Theatre on Thursday next, the 28th September.

THE HAGUE.—The French operatic season commenced with *Halévy's Juive*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I did not send you a letter last week for two reasons:—the heat made me lazy, and the want of news made me diffident. Moreover, I was in bed for a few days. How any theatre can keep open doors this weather is astonishing. Theatrical managers must surely conspire to kill the public outright; and yet, if the public were killed outright, where would they find audiences? I have occasionally looked in—as in duty to the *Musical World* I am bound to do—but only looked in, at the Grand Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, and the Théâtre-Lyrique, on each occasion being forced to retire before I was well seated. I made an attempt the other evening to sit out the *Dame Blanche*—one of the operas of my prolixion—at the Opéra-Comique, where it has been reprised for M. Achard and Mdlle. Cico, and, though I was unable to remain to the end, contrived to stay and hear the finale to the second act, a piece of music in my opinion worthy of Mozart. The opera, as far as I heard, was well done, though I have heard singers and band do better. I left the theatre dripping from my extemporised vapour-bath and unfortunately did not take precautions against the effects from a sudden change of temperature; and so my old and attached friend neuralgia paid me a visit next day and staid with me longer than was pleasant. I made another raid at the Opéra soon after, and heard the second act of *Masaniello*—more properly *La Morte de Portici*—but was not greatly impressed by M. Villaret's fisherman, or by M. Cataux's Pietro; and, furthermore, was three-parts baked and timorous of another visit from my old and attached friend neuralgia (Rippington Pipe calls him "oldalgia"—a sad piece of wit, I thought, but am no judge). I retreated with all possible speed and took immediate refuge in strong cognac and a pipe—a perfect cure in this case. I was sorry I could not attend the Théâtre-Lyrique on the night of the reproduction of *La Reine Topaze*, not because I care greatly for the music, or for Madame Carvalho's acting or singing, but because so many of the Parisian journals have turned such lively eulogues into praise of composer and artist that it is certain I lost a sensation one way or the other. Of course the second night of a *reprise* is out of the question.

M. Victor Massé's new opera, *Fior d'Aliza*, is in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique. The difficulty which has hitherto prevented all idea of its production has been settled. An interpreter for the heroine—a part of the last importance, requiring grand singing, grand acting, grand appearance, grand everything—has been most fortunately discovered in little Madame Vandenhuevel-Duprez, who, we must suppose, by some extraordinary bequest or supernatural endowment, has suddenly become possessed of the requisite qualities.

Etc. apropos de Liszt—The *Guide Musical Belge* supplies further particulars about the new oratorio of the Pianist-Abbé, executed at Pesth, under his direction, on the 13th of August, on the occasion of the 35th Jubilee of the Conservatoire. "It was," writes that astute and omniscient sheet, "the first festival of a certain importance invested exclusively with the Hungarian character. With the exception of the hymn by Mendelssohn: *Chant de fête*, and of some few pieces of instrumental music of little consideration, all the works that figured in the programme were by Hungarian composers, the subjects and the texts Hungarian, and, excepting perhaps M. Hans de Bulow, the interpreters Hungarian. The culminating point of the festival was the oratorio of *Saint Elizabeth*, poem by O. Roquette, music by Franz Liszt. After a hymn by F. Erkel, and a prologue by Gabriel Matray, Liszt in the vestments of an abbé, mounted into the chair of the *chef d'orchestre*, and was received with an enthusiasm indescribable and untermittable. This enthusiasm changed itself into a veritable distraction (*déchainement*) when M. Matray presented to Liszt, in the name of the direction of the Conservatoire, a *bûche de rose*, made of wood of the rose-tree. At last silence was obtained and the oratorio was allowed to commence. The performance was satisfactory in spite of the hesitation of the band, which had two rehearsals only, but fortunately they were well supported by an excellent chorus. The work itself is evidently made up of those lucubrations, more or less poetical, with which Liszt has filled the musical world for the last ten years. He has chosen for each of the four parts of the oratorio a theme well characterised, which he has developed with infinite art, with a perfect knowledge of all the riches of harmony and counterpoint, at rare intervals only betraying

the discordant souvenirs of his 'inner ecclesiastical betrothment. The general impression was favourable in every way to the respectable Abbé." This is not all the news about his musical abbeism. The *Gazette des Etrangers* publishes the following epistle from Rome, dated Sept. 3:—"M. Liszt refuses the prelatore, and, by humility, he wishes to remain simple clerk. He plays every day to St. Peter; since he has become clerk, S. S. makes him try only religious *moreaux*. Sometimes, as I am told, he asks him to play fragments from operas, but operas the most grave, and which are monumental in their kind, as *Muse in Epitaph*, *Giulietta Tell*. He shows a great taste for Papa Haydn and Mozart." And further of Franz Liszt, it has been given out, and only once disputed, that he has received from His Eminence the Prince-Bishop of Breslau a silver flagellum of beautiful workmanship, and that his daughter, Madame Bulow, has, at the same time, been presented with a cup enriched with precious stones.

For any more news I must go to Vienna, where I find Mdlle. de Murka has been playing in *Diurach* with extraordinary success and is soon to appear in the *Etoile du Nord*; or to Berlin, to which place I learn that Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has returned from her visit to Vienna and back, having been welcomed by a serenade of the band of one of the Guards-Cuirassier regiments; or to Madrid, where I perceive Tamberlik has been making a *furor* in *Masaniello*. It is too true! Pauline Lucca is to be married—married at the end of November—at the end of November to M. de Rablen—to M. de Rablen, of whom I know nothing, and desire to know nothing! It is difficult to forgive an injury without at the same time being injurious. That last profound and subtle proposition was enunciated by Rippington Pipe, not by your correspondent.

Paris, Sept. 19.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

CUP AND LIP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

One of those awkward lips "twixt the cup and the lip" to which the pursuit of mundane enjoyments is proverbially liable, placed the manager of this establishment in a rather embarrassing position towards his public last night, and converted the milk of human kindness with which an expectation of success was manifestly overflowing into the sourest of curds and whey. Having lately succeeded through the "legitimate" agency of Mr. Fechter, in inducing something like a revival of public interest in the Broad Street stage, Mr. Swanborough, naturally anxious to sustain the precious stream of patronage, or as little boys say "keep the pot a boiling," had sagaciously arranged that the Prince of Comedy should tread upon the heels of the King of Tragedy, or, in other words, that Mr. Sothern should succeed Mr. Fechter, and thereby avert the anticlimax which the resumption of stock entertainments, immediately after the performances of the last mentioned artist, would certainly entail. As Mr. Fechter made his exit on Monday night, Mr. Sothern's entrance was fixed for Tuesday, and on the faith of this announcement, last night's audience took their seats. It was arranged that the performance should open at the usual hour with a fairy ballet, and that the comedy, *David Garrick*, should commence at half-past seven. The ballet was danced through, and the curtain had descended, and Mr. Sothern had not yet put in an appearance. At about twenty minutes to eight, a car—laden externally with luggage, and internally with the erratic actor—pulled up at the theatre door; the hopes of depending ticket holders, and of the almost despairing manager, rose again, and the winter of their discontent was momentarily made more glorious summer by hissing, kicking, and shouting, whose arrival spread through the house like wildfire. It is one thing, we are told, to get a horse into the water, and another to make him drink, and it soon appeared that Mr. Sothern had no intention of acting that evening, but as our neighbours naively observed had "only come to go away again." After some quarter of an hour's delay, during which the audience, which, strangely and fortunately as it happened, was by no means a large one, amused themselves by hissing, kicking, and shouting, and cat-calling, Mr. F. Morton, the stage manager, appeared before the curtain, and addressing the audience, briefly informed them that he was deputed by Mr. Swanborough to express that gentleman's regret at the disappointment he was compelled to inflict upon them, that Mr. Sothern had only arrived about twenty minutes ago, and declared his inability, owing to cold and hoarseness, to perform that evening, and that, as Mr. Swanborough was not prepared, in the emergency, with any adequate entertainment, the money could be returned to the audience at the doors. The announcement was received very good temperedly and when the business of refunding the admission money was completed, the theatre closed. With the telegraphic facilities we now possess, it appears strange that it should be reserved for Mr.

Muttoniana.

(Dr. Silent awake but absent.)

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

Sir.—A more orderly and well-conducted festival was never known in Gloucester; and materially due to the efficiency of the police under the command of Mr. Superintendent Griffin, who has never been absent from his post morning, noon, or night, and the sergeants, detectives, and constables have been stimulated by his example; they apparently made it a point of honour that not a single degradation should be committed to mar the enjoyment of a single person of the crowds attracted during the week—and they have succeeded. The stewards complimented Mr. Griffin and the police for their efficiency and the alderman in which they discharged their duty.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

INSECTICID.

Mr. Table (the level of it) strongly suspects that "Insecticide" is the wife of a concerned Inspector. But to capitulate:—

FESTIVALS, CRITICS, "LEWIS," GIUGLINI, PORTIONS, MENCKES, &c.

DEAR SILENT.—The great musical event of September is the festival of the united church, during the celebration of which it is joyously supposed that all England is dying with anxiety to hear how *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *Kijak*, and other novelties have been executed by (for the most part) inferior singers, at a second-rate country town. The principal London newspapers dispatch their musical critics to the scene of operations, and these gentlemen dash in breathless haste from the cathedral where the oratorios are performed to their hotel, and, after writing vigorously for two or three hours at a stretch, rush from their hotel to the railway station, in order that the metropolis may know, at the earliest possible moment, whether Mr. Lewis or Mr. Cummings has sung in tune. The musical critic has to attend Divine service on the first day of the festival, and to listen to a sermon at each performance of an oratorio—otherwise we do not see how his presence on these occasions can be of much benefit to anyone.

The following anecdote on the subject of poor Giuglini is told by the *Diritto*, of Florence:

"Three days ago, two Italian gentlemen, whom Giuglini had known at Milan, came to see him at the house of the doctor who has the care of him. He was sitting upon a couch, in a dressing-gown, with a portion of *Faust* in his hands."

The above anecdote has been quoted into all the musical journals of Europe. What is meant by Giuglini holding a "portion" of *Faust* in his hand we cannot quite make out. *Faust* is divided into acts, scenes, pieces (or "numbers," as they are technically called), but is not cut up into "portions," like meat at a third-rate eating-house. Probably the English version of the great Giuglini anecdote is made from the French, and "portion" is a mistranslation for "partition"—i.e., "score." It must be a strange lunatic asylum, moreover, where poor Giuglini is confined, and where operatic costumes are kept for the amusement of the patients. Unfortunately, numbers of operatic singers have gone mad, and the same bit of anecdote has always been told about them that is now being told of poor Giuglini.

A contemporary publishes some remarks on the "lovely woman" question, which is becoming one of the great theatrical questions of the day. Some months ago the public were invited to go to Astley's on the ground that "the adorable Menken" was to be seen there. When Mr. Walter Montgomery undertook the management of the Haymarket Theatre he announced a larkie in which the public was promised a sight of "the most lovely woman in London." The new idea of fixating public attention to the personal attractions of actresses has not been allowed to drop, and the managers of the Royal Theatre now advertise a place in which we are told that "Mr. George Honey will appear, supported by the most charming company of young ladies in London." If these claims to precedence in the matter of female beauty continue to be put forward by theatrical managers, what, it may well be asked, will theatrical critics be expected to say or do? "Will it" it has been asked, "be their best plan to discuss the loveliness of each young lady individually?—and, if so, how, at a distance, and without an introduction, can they possibly do so in a trustworthy manner?" One thing is quite certain; at theatres where the directors avow that they depend so much upon natural charms and little merit will not be looked for; and this may have the effect of keeping a very large portion of the public away.—Yours, dear Silent,

Red House, Redgate, Regent—Sept. 18.

In the absence of Dr. Silent, Mr. Table claims the "italics" and "caps" in foregoing (names of operas excepted). Talking of foregoing, bow, Mr. Table would ask, can an anecdote be both "the following" and "the above"? It can't go both before and after. Also Mr. Table would know who is Lewis?—also what Sir

Evelyn Blood means by a "portion of the public"? To conclude—how can orators "perform to their hotel"? But further to capitulate:—

MR. JAMES HENRY BROWN.

DEAR TABLE.—Can you give me the exact age (to a month) of Mr. James Brown of Gloucester. The King has a bet with Bismark (with whom I am still on residence). You know that, at the suggestion of Mr. Ap'Multon (who, I hear, is on his sea home, with the sieve), the King has created Bismark Count. He is now therefore Count von Bismark and may kill French cooks in the service of the English Family Royal. That's why Ap'M. did it. He wants to catch him.—Yours always, dear Table,

A. LONGEARS.

Berlin—Schloss-Est—Sept. 20.

In the absence of Dr. Silent, Mr. Table is not sure. Dr. Queen knows, as he taught Brown mathematics, which, Mr. Table thinks, is the level of it (Dr. Queen is abroad). But to capitulate:—

VOLUNTEER NIGHTS.

Sir.—Can you inform me (through the medium of *Muttoniana*) what is the distinguishing characteristic of a "Volunteer Night" at Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts. I have the honor (*inter alia*) to be a Volunteer, and as in dory boats have been to Covent Garden on each of these occasions. I volunteer "Night" for the life of me, and see anything of the Volunteer element either in the audience, the musicians, the conductor, or anything else. Pray enlighten, if you can, yours, &c.,

ONE MYSTIFIED.

In the absence of Dr. Silent, Mr. Table thinks they are called "Volunteer Nights" because they are not so good as the Regulars—the level of it.

Fish and Volume, Sept. 22.

(For Abraham Silent.)

S. Taper Table.

MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The autumn season at La Scala commenced on Tuesday, the 12th inst., with Flotow's *Maria* and the ballet *Il Diavolo in Quattro* (*Le Diable à Quatre*). The theatre was very fairly attended on the opening night, great curiosity being felt to see what had been done to this noble theatre with the miserable sum voted by the government.

I must confess I was most agreeably surprised to find that so much had been accomplished with so little money. The theatre really has changed in a white and gold, and is now a new and better place. The huge chandelier has also been rebuilt, and a new curtain painted. The ceiling, too, has been painted very tastefully, and is surrounded with twelve medallion portraits (?) of the following composers:—Rossini, Bellini, Mercadante, Donizetti, Verdi, Herold, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Cherubini, Halévy, Auber, &c. Fortunately the name of each composer is written under his portrait, otherwise I am sure it would be a puzzle to know which was Verdi, or which Donizetti. However, when we take into consideration the work that has been done for 14,000 francs (for I must tell you the sum was reduced from 20,000 to 14,000) there is little room left for grumbling, and La Scala is now, to say the least of it, clean and grateful to the eye.

I have already said that the theatre was fairly attended on the opening night; but more out of curiosity to see the house than any attraction in the opera. This is the third time during four years that *Maria* has been given at La Scala, and each time it has proved a failure—this occasion not having proved an exception to the rule. In fact, I may say that it has been less successful now than ever. I cannot imagine why such a selection should have been made, for I need hardly tell you that it is an opera in no way adapted (either for its subject or the style of its music) to a theatre so vast as La Scala. In order to give up Flotow's opera a fair chance of success, it should be performed in a moderate-sized theatre, where its many small beauties could be heard and appreciated; and it requires perfect execution at the hands of the principal singers, land, and chorus. On Tuesday night, however, I am sorry to say, that its execution was anything but perfect, or even respectable. It was, to speak truly, *disgraceful*, and the public showed its disapproval of the quality of the performance by hissing throughout the evening. The *prima donna*, La Signora Cordier, is an American, and is said to have sung with great success in transatlantic theatres; but this I am very much inclined to doubt. Middle Cordier has a most unpleasant voice—weak and uncertain in the lower part, and shrill and discordant in the upper tones. In short, it is a voice disagreeable to listen to, the upper tones resembling the shrill scream of a railway whistle. You can therefore imagine how much the music of Lady Hourietta, or Enrietta, which requires such neatness and delicacy of execution, suffered at her hands. The arrangement of the vocal quartet was entirely ruined and was hissed most lustily, as indeed was everything in which she took part, with the exception of "The

last rose of summer," which she sang less vividly than the other parts of the opera; but even here she received the slightest applause. The contralto, Signor Mazzucco, was a little less than her companion, but, being as stout as Albani, and by no means so good-looking, hardly justified the words which are applied to her by Plunkett, "Bella fanciulla;" while in the dancing lesson scene she was simply ridiculous. The tenor, Signor Guidotti, would not be a bad singer if he had a voice, but the voice he has is very limited in compass and unpleasant in quality; but he did the best he could with his part, and for this deserves praise. "The baritone, Signor Bonini, is an old, but very good, artist, and knows well what he is about. He cut out his romanza in the fourth act, also the duet with the contralto in the same act. The band and chorus were anything but perfect in their execution, and left much to be desired; and the *mise-en-scène* was very meagre and unsatisfactory. The succeeding performances of the opera have been miserably attended, and I believe they will fall back on the *Bardi di Sevilja*. The balls, although only a revival, was very successful, the "Looking-glass" dance being received with acclamations.

Five operas are to be given during the season, the three "D'Obligato" being *Maria, Gioianna d'Arco*, and the new opera *Rebecca*, written expressly for the theatre. The Carcano was to have opened on Saturday last with *Roméo* in *Maria di Rohan*, but they have been obliged to change the tenor, so that the opening is postponed until to-night. Of this performance, and also of the performances at the Teatro Santa Adegonde, I will write next week. ARDS.

Borgo di Porta Venezia, Milan.

ESTEDDFOF AT ABERYSTWYTH.—At the above great national gathering which took place on Monday and Tuesday the 11th and 12th inst., among many prizes which were awarded was that of £60 for a vocal scholarship to Miss Edmonds, the very talented pupil of Mrs. Sims Reeves, who so highly distinguished herself on her first appearance in public in Mr. Costa's oratorio *Naemen* at Exeter Hall. "The next prize," writes the *Cambrian Daily Leader* of September 16, "was the sum of £50, offered as a vocal scholarship, to the most promising female singer between the ages of 16 and 21; to be appropriated to her musical education under the direction of the Eisteddfod Council. Candidates to be natives of Wales and conversant with the Welsh language. Six young women competed, and Mr. John Thomas, on behalf of Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. J. A. Lloyd, and himself, awarded the scholarship to Miss Edmonds, of Swansea. He highly complimented Miss Walters, of Cardiff, and wished he had a scholarship to give her. The Chairman invested Miss Edmonds with the ribbon, amid loud applause. The Chairman of the council said that Mrs. Price, of Llantwrch, near Swansea, and Miss Williams, of Anglesea, collected the money for the above prize."

COBLENZ.—Herr Max Bruch has been appointed Musical Director, in the place of the late Herr Lentz.

STUTTGART.—Some short time since, it was reported that Madame von Marlow, the popular *prima donna* of the Theatre Royal here, had fallen a victim to the climate of Ravenna, while engaged in a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of Dante. It now appears that the report wanted one essential element, namely: truth. We are happy to say that Madame von Marlow is alive and in the enjoyment of excellent health.

DARMSTADT.—In obedience to a direct request from the Bey of Tunis, who is anxious to place his military bands entirely upon a European footing, Herr Schlösser, the Grand-Ducal *Capellmeister*, composed a number of pieces which he dedicated to his Highness. The Bey, in return, has conferred the Nishan Order (officer's class), accompanied by a very flattering Arabic diploma and French translation, upon Herr Schlösser.

ROTTERDAM.—The season of the German operatic company was inaugurated very brilliantly by the *Huguenots*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

THOMAS (J. Alvey).—"Ever of thee," transcribed for the pianoforte, by WILLIS PARK.

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GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The National Eisteddfod at Aberystwyth. "The concert closed with Brinley Richards' national song, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales,' the solo by Miss Edith Wynne, and the chorus by—nothing less than the vast assembly, who did honor to the song, by standing up during its delivery, and the composer, who was present seemed deeply sensible of the almost reverential reception given to his now acknowledged national air."—*Widener's Commercial Journal*, Sept. 15th. Price of the song, 3s.; ditto for 4 voices, and for the Piano, Solo, and Duet, 4s. each. All arranged by the composer.

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CHRONICLES OF SCIENCE.

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NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(RETROSPECT.)

(Times, September 9.)

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 8.

Elijah, Mendelssohn's masterpiece and the sacred masterpiece of modern music, was heard with the same rapt attention and unqualified delight as on the occasion of its first performance at Gloucester in 1847, a year after its production at Birmingham, and scarcely two months before the death of its composer. It was perhaps, indeed, even more keenly enjoyed than then, if only because its manifold beauties, become familiarized by time, are now immediately recognized and heartily welcomed, as they crowd upon each other in close succession and never-fading freshness. The music of the Prophet, *Elijah*, was exclusively assigned to Mr. Santley, who sang it superbly from end to end. The chief soprano was divided between Madame Rudersdorff and Mdlle. Titlens, the tenor between Mr. Cummings and Dr. Gunz, the contralto between Misses E. Wilkinson and J. Elton. In "Hear ye Israel" and "Holy! holy!" Mdlle. Titlens was grander than on any former occasion. Never did her splendid voice sound forth in greater majesty of tone. But the soprano of the Teutonic songstress would penetrate through any combination whatever of choral and instrumental harmony. Let the volume of sound be doubled—

"Si geminant Corymbes arbores"—

it would be all the same. Singular to relate, the vast assembly, which had risen spontaneously a day previous to the first strain of the Catholic "Sanctus," in Mozart's *Requiem*, remained seated at the commencement of the Protestant "Holy! holy!"—until, the attention of one or two of the stewards being called to the anomaly, they set an example which was immediately followed, and due respect was thus paid to the most magnificent musical setting of the "Sanctus" of our time. At the commencement of "Thanks be to God"—the great chorus at the termination of Part I—the assembly began (as while the last movement of Dr. Wesley's Anthem was proceeding on Wednesday) to disperse in eager groups. This, in more than one sense, was an exemplification of very questionable taste. No doubt the afternoon hospitalities, which have been most liberally practised this week, are powerful attractions; but as, for the most part, they are administered close at hand, it would certainly be more decorous to wait till the end of the chorus—such a chorus, too, as "Thanks be to God!"—a glorious hymn of thanksgiving, the object of which can be cited as reasons of policy, moreover, whatever is calculated to strengthen the arguments of those who hold forth against the sacred music being performed in cathedrals, as against a heathenish desecration, should be studiously avoided.

The "bumper" anticipated for the third and last miscellaneous concert was more than realised, Shire-hall being again densely thronged in every part. The concert was of the longest. Indeed, after the music that had already been listened to, it appeared almost endless. Nor were the performances, generally speaking, all that could have been wished. Every artist, singer or player, seemed more or less exhausted. The indomitable members of the orchestra forced to exception; and, though their execution of the incomparable overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, at the commencement of the first part, was good, their playing of Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), at the beginning of the second, was just the contrary. The overture of Mozart was followed by a selection from the opera, including "O cara imagine" (Dr. Gunz): "Posseme nenne"—the first air of Sarastro (Mr. Lewis Thomas, with chorus); and the quaintly humorous quintet, "Hm, hm hm," where Papageno (Mr. Santley) has to sing, or try to sing, with the padlock on his lips. Dr. Gunz then gave "Adelaide," accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Done, of Worcester, and Madame Rudersdorff "Robert, toi que j'aime." The latter piece can be cited as absolute novelties, though both are sure to charm if adequately sung. The *Scena Cantante*—or "Dramatic Concerto," as it is called in England—of Spohr, for violin, with orchestral accompaniments, was played with admirable executive skill and the utmost purity of tone and style by Mr. Henry Blagrove, a violinist whose talent was first warmly recognized by Spohr himself, and who always delights in doing honor to his distinguished master. This concerto was, perhaps, the feature of most genuine musical interest in the entire concert. The "Shadow-song" of Meyerbeer, charmingly warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne; the quaint couplets of *Urrias*, the "Bull-toucher," from Gounod's *Mireille*—sung by Mr. Santley as he has sung everything assigned to him at this Festival; with the gorgeous and superbly dramatic *finale* to Mendelssohn's unfinished *Laela*—Mdlle. Titlens as Leonora (a Leonora that pertained to rival the Leonora of Beethoven himself)—brought the first part of the concert to an end. After the symphony (in the second part) Miss Louisa Pyne introduced the scene, "Sad as my soul," from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*, which enchanted the audience. Admiration was divided between the tuneful beauty of the music and the expressive

delivery of our accomplished English soprano, whose share in the programmes of the week, morning and evening, has been anything but varied and important enough to satisfy the many amateurs of her pure and refined singing. "Lurline," however, afforded a chance of which Miss Pyne availed herself; and in obedience to an unanimous "encore," she repeated the most impressive movement of the scene. To this succeeded a selection from Spohr's *Zemire and Azor*, an opera composed for Frankfurt in 1819, and played in London, at Covent-garden Theatre, some 30 years ago, with Miss Invernizzi and the Misses Caves in the chief characters. The selection included the fine trio, "Night's lingering shades" (Miss L. Pyne, Mrs. J. K. Pyne, and Miss J. Elton); the graceful romance "Rose softly blooming" (Miss Elton), which is closely modelled on Mozart's "Vol che sapete"; the melodious chorus, "Welcome, fairest," and the grand scene for soprano (Madame Rudersdorff). The two pieces that followed were both acted for again. These were the trio for Faust and the "Merry Wives" from Otto Nicolai's well-known opera (Mdlle. Titlens, Madame Rudersdorff, and Signor Bosini), and the "Last Rose of Summer," for which, on returning to the orchestra, Mdlle. Titlens substituted Ardit's popular "Il Bacio." A pleasing ballad called "Paquita," by Mr. Henry Smart (Mr. Cummings), Bishop's glee and chorus, "The winds whistle mad" (extremely ill sung), and the National Anthem at length terminated this seemingly interminable concert.

More sunshine to-day; and good results in proportion. There were, including the stewards, upwards of 3,000 persons in the Cathedral listening devoutly to Handel's sublime *Messiah*, and after the performance no less a sum than £562 6s. 9d. found its way into the plates of those assiduous ladies who have been faithfully begging for the widows and orphans all the week. Yesterday, after *Elijah*, the collection amounted to £124—rather shabby for Gloucester. Up to this moment the contributions to the charity exceed £1,000, and more is expected. A very good dress ball is looked forward to this evening at the Shire Hall.

(Times, September 11.)

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 9.

About the performance of the *Messiah* in the Cathedral little need be said. To the credit of Dr. Wesley, however, it may be stated that all the choruses were retained, as well as the soprano air, "If God be for us," frequently omitted, though not, if we remember rightly, at the meeting of the Three Choirs. The solo recitatives and airs were so distributed that every one of the principal singers had something of more or less consequence to do. On what was wanting in the execution of these portions of the music, amid so much that was irreproachable, it would be hypocritical to dwell. Some of the choruses were taken at a quicker pace than we have hitherto been accustomed to; and though while consenting that the colossal "Hallelujah" gains in jubilant brilliancy through increased animation in the words, we are unable to allow as much for "Behold the Lamb of God," which, in a proportionate degree, loses grandeur and solemnity. In defence of his reading of "For unto us a child is born," Dr. Wesley may appeal to the example of Greatorex and the elder conductors of Handel. Still, we cannot but think that the stately character of both the leading themes in this very characteristic chorus tells rather against than for him, notwithstanding the good news conveyed by the words. Surely people may rejoice and exult without getting out of breath.

The full-dress hall in the Shire-hall was a great success. The chairman of the ball committee was Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., Chancellor of the Diocese, who, with the aid of Mr. Medland, architect, contrived to decorate the room in an unusually attractive style. The decorations could hardly be better described than in the words of the *Gloucester Chronicle*:—

"The great hall and the staircase were carpeted, and the chandeliers were adorned with evergreen. Wreaths of laurel spangled with artificial roses drooped low from the three chandeliers which held up also imitation baskets of flowers adorned with pink and white ribbons. These mirrors were fixed against the front of the orchestra, and were connected with each other by wreaths of laurel entwined with roses. Along the foot of the orchestra were placed statues and busts borrowed from the School of Art. The walls and the front of the great organ were draped with military flags, and the banner bearing the city arms hung against the centre of the wall at the lower end of the room. The walls were also bespangled with stars of bayonets, which nestled with military effect among the flags and sparkled in the gaslight."

Nothing was wanting to make the coup d'œil perfect but the removal of a cloth of questionable propriety which had hung over the front of the organ during the week, and with which Mr. Monk could not get permission to dispense. As well as we could guess there were about 300 persons at the ball, and dancing was kept up till after 4 a.m. to the music of an excellent orchestra, conducted by Mr. Stanton Jones (violinist). It was altogether a brilliant affair.

An authentic return of the week's proceedings, according to the

Gloucester Journal, gives the various attendances, morning and evening, as below:—

* Morning.—Tuesday, 1,000; Wednesday, 1,700; Thursday, 2,060; Friday, 2,960. Evening.—Tuesday, 480; Wednesday, 630; Thursday, 600.

Thus, as usual, the *Elijah* and the *Messiah* were the greatest attractions, while, contrary to all precedent, the second evening concert appears to have been even better attended than the third and last. Subjoined is a summary of the collections for the charity:—

COLLECTIONS.		£	s.	d.
Tuesday morning, after collection	112	8	3	4
Tuesday afternoon, after oratorio	84	1	8	9
Wednesday, after morning prayer	8	16	1	0
Wednesday, after oratorio	125	0	8	0
Thursday, after morning prayer	8	6	7	0
Thursday, after oratorio	144	12	0	0
Friday, after morning prayer	8	6	7	0
Friday, after oratorio	877	5	9	0
Total	856	5	7	4
By 34 absent stewards	170	0	0	0
By dividends from Gloucester Funded Surplus	22	17	4	0
By dividends from Worcester Funded Surplus	61	10	0	0
Total	£1,110	12	11	4

That the stewards furnish considerably the largest share of the above may be understood when it is stated that their donation of one each at the outset makes no less than 465*l*. But in addition to this we find that many of them have given much more than the stipulated sum. For example, Lord Ellenborough, 20*l*.; Lord Bathurst and Sir W. Lionel Darrell, 15*l*. each; Mr. J. Concher Den, of St. Paul's Castle, 50*l*.; the Mayor of Gloucester, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., the Rev. Canon Seymour, Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P., Mr. W. P. Price, M.P., Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., Mr. C. Onslow, and Mr. J. Acland, each. Such instances of liberality deserve to be made known, being in mind the goodness of the cause which they are intended to promote. The Bishop of Gloucester, too, although absent, and therefore unable to preach for the Charity, contributed 10*l*. to the fund; and it is hoped that further contributions may swell the amount to 1,200*l*. This will provide 100*l*. a month for the widows and orphans until Worcester Festival next year, which there is reason to believe will again be warmly supported by the Bishop, the Dean, and other influential personages, including Sir J. Pakington.

We understand that there is likely to be, if not a surplus, at least a deficit so insignificant as not to be worth naming. This adds another bright feature to one of the most brilliant Festivals ever held in Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford. Whatever ill influence the absence of the Bishop and the Dean was expected to exercise on the prospects of the meeting has been equalled by the spirit of its conductors. With regard to the Dean it is only fair to state what we have heard from undoubted authority. That he has full power to withhold the cathedral if he chooses is incontestable. But he has done nothing of the kind, and, what is more, never entertained any thoughts of the kind. His own convictions, added to an indifference to music, which he lays no claim to understand, have solely conduced to his absention whilst during the week. Not only did he give the cathedral on the present occasion, but his deacency in the bargain, when his relative, Lord Ellenborough, exercised the accustomed hospitalities with liberal munificence. Among others who emulated this good example may be mentioned the Rev. Mr. C. Murgave Harvey (Canon of Gloucester), one of the staunchest supporters of the Festival, and Mr. James Henry Brown, hon. secretary, whose indefatigable zeal on behalf of the interests of the meeting has been equalled by his politeness and courtesy to those who have to record its proceedings. Dr. Wesley, the new conductor, has passed with credit through this first ordeal. As a musician he had, of course, no name to make, but as a conductor he will have earned experience; and if abjection be offered to any of his programmes or general arrangements, he may fairly point to the result. There is no more convincing argument than success; and the success of this meeting has been such that the Gloucester Festival of 1866 may be looked forward to with confidence.

Crowded with visitors from all parts as the city had been during the week, the utmost order has prevailed, thanks to the excellence of the official arrangements,—not the least important among which were those of the police, under Superintendent Griffin, of Gloucester, who was deservedly complimented by the stewards.

(From "The Queen.")

"*Audi altitatem patrum.*" The charity will benefit greatly by the collections, which, if not reaching the amount contributed in 1860, or the £1914 raised at Worcester, will not be far below it, for about £1200

is the sum already obtained. With respect to the receipts, it is expected that the stewards will be relieved from any liability, although the penny wise and pound foolish system of making the engagements will tell more heavily than was anticipated, by the getting rid of Sir Henry, Mr. Sainston, and Madame Saint-Dolby. The financial success is cited by the superficial and interested as an approval on the part of the public of the musical arrangements. A greater fallacy cannot exist. If the argument of receipts be worth anything, it would be to assert that let the engagements be ever so bad, the execution ever so indifferent, success must attend these meetings from extraneous causes, such as the splendid sermon preached by the Rev. Canon Kennaway, the glorious weather, and the devotion of the county not to submit to the clerical intolerance. As regards public opinion of the week's musical doings, how is it to be gathered? If you read the local organs here, there never was such a conductor as Dr. Wesley, nor such perfect performances. If you look at the reports supplied by "manifold" copy by one single reporter to the *Morning Post*, *Daily News*, *Advertiser*, and *Star*, although not quite up to the provincial puffery, success sanctifies the musical mistakes. Indeed, the *Times*, cautious as it is with respect to Dr. Wesley's conducting and his programmes, thinks it may fairly point to the result to whitewash him. The *Morning Herald* and *Morning Advertiser*, and some of our weekly contemporaries, are more outspoken; they state, without equivocation or qualification, that the programmes, the performances, and the conductor, were altogether a complete mistake; in other words, that the festival was an artistic failure. To the impartial person, whose opinion is entitled to the smallest consideration as a critic, whether professor or amateur, will endorse the statement as perfectly accurate, that the selections were never worse conducted, that the order of their execution displayed a total want of judgment as to light and shade, and that the engagements of the chief artists were not judicious or up to the mark.

It would be an insult to common sense to dwell on the irreparable loss which the festival has sustained by the absence of Madame Sainston-Dolby and Mr. Sius Reeves. Despite Madame Jenny Lind's special recommendation of Herr Gunz, he proved totally inadequate for the position of leading tenor; and the introduction, owing to local influence, of a *di-dread* second soprano to sing as chief contralto, with an adjunct in a weak mezzo-soprano, was as disastrous in both instances as the failure of the German tenor. But, as the festival has been a success, we will not dwell on the principle of giving it without a first-class tenor and a first-class contralto to be a precedent? If so, why not extend the cheese-jar theory to the leading soprano? Why engage Tietjens on enormous terms? Why not dispense with one of the best of English sacred singers—Miss Louisa Pyne? Why not scout Santley and secure How? The future stewards will make short work of this supreme nonsense of success to cover the shortcomings and blunders of the meeting. What a festival requires is, two first-rate sopranos, two first-rate contraltos, two first-rate tenors, and two first-rate basses; but, above all, a first-rate conductor. A narrow-minded local organist without experience—a mere dreaming theorist, full of prejudice and bigotry, is not the artist to be trusted with the engagements of the execution, nor with the making up of the programmes. What musician, in his senses, would place *Spiritus Longi Judgment* after Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and the *Requiem*, and the *Mourning of Oliver* after the *Requiem* and the *Sabat Mass*? The *William Tell* music was divided in this way—the overture one night, and the introduction in the succeeding scheme. The *Seasons* to begin a concert, with the *Walmisley Night* to finish, were deadly lively in the effect. Then the allotment of the music to the principals was anything but satisfactory. With such a singer of sacred music as Miss Louisa Pyne, too much was confided to Madame Rudersdorf, who was much too demonstrative during the week, as shown in Mozart's "Patio," Meyerbeer's *death scene* of *Selim*, and Rossini's "Indiamatus," in which the *fortiter in re* was in the ascendant. The casts in *Elijah* and the *Messiah* were not a little curious. In Mendelssohn's work, the secondary artist, save Mr. Brandon, a *basso* of promise, were utter nonentities. "Lift thine eyes" and "Holy, Holy," turned to two *ad lib* by Tietjens, was a novelty in Gloucester annual. Indeed, the music of the Gloucester Festival of 1865 was a complete failure, except the fine singing of Santley in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, of Tietjens in the same works, and of Louisa Pyne in the *Last Judgment* and the *Messiah*. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas were painstaking, as at steady, and were valuable as auxiliaries.

The evening concert did not redeem the mishaps and contrarieties of the sacred selection. The band pot careless in the overture of *Jesus*, the *Walmisley Night*, and *Walmisley Eve*, but we up to the mark in *William Tell* (especially when they ran away from the conductor), and in the *Seasons*. The eighth Bethoven Symphony was very slowly; the Choral Fantasia was untuned; *en revanche* the G minor pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn so marvelously executed by Madame Arabella Goddard under the conducting and the

bowl of Blagrove, went admirably. Our great English pianist at this meeting surpassed all previous exhibitions of her wondrous playing, and the Gloucester amateurs were roused to such an Italian fervor, that they even forgot the concert; the soloist, substituting Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home." At the concluding concert, an extract from Wallace's opera, *Lurline*, evidenced what a loss the long protracted illness in Paris of this gifted musician has been to the lyric drama. Miss Louisa Fyde sang the air, "Sad is my Soul," with such profound pathos as to be enthusiastically admired. Singularly enough, this gem was preceded by Mendelssohn's *Lovely Singer*, grandly given by Tietjens, who, by the way, in the "Last Rose of Summer," which was afterwards recited that she can appreciate a simple melody. Santley's delivery of Renata's touching air from Verdi's *Un Ballo*, caused its repetition. A duet from David's *Lalla Rookh* (which is to be mounted at the next English opera season) was a novelty in the programme, but, however, caused no sensation. Ballads and simple airs were rare in the scheme, the general drawing up of which was too heavy and pretensions to suit the taste of an auditory which had had a morning of sacred music. Burgundy is not a relief to old port; but champagne is a delicious alternative.

Taxing the memory, how difficult it is to report that this meeting was up to the artistic mark of former festivals. It is to be sincerely hoped that the financial result will not lead to a repetition of the week's blunders; and if rumour speaks true, the future conduct of the performances—assuming that the debts be conciliated—is likely to go out of the hands of the local committee, to three choirs; a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interest of art advancement. Worcester's town in which the 143rd meeting will be held, if Lord Dudley's lopsidedness fails, which it assuredly will, for he has the bishop, the dean, and Sir John Pakington arrayed against him, besides a new secretary in Mr. Catley, who is expected to prove a worthy successor to the late respected Rev. A. Sergeant, and a rival to the polite, active, and indefatigable Mr. J. H. Brown. Mr. Townsend Smith, at Hereford, has proved an able administrator and secretary.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

Rousseau, an illustrious author, was born at Geneva, on the 28th June, 1712, and died on the 3rd July, 1778, at Ermenonville, near Paris, in a small house belonging to the château of the Marquis de Girardin. The life of this celebrated man has been too frequently written and has too often found a place in biographical collections to render its insertion necessary here. I think also that I am bound to refrain from speaking of those of his writings which have no connection with the object of this dictionary. In the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, Rousseau must be considered only as a composer and a writer upon music. Never having even learnt music regularly, he was always a bad reader, and a mediocre harmonist, though he possessed in an eminent degree an instinctive love of the art. What he himself says in his *Confessions* concerning his first attempt at composition, in Lausanne, when he was nineteen years old, proves that at that age he was completely ignorant not only of the art of writing music, but even of the principles of the *soffeggio*. He subsequently learned these principles by teaching them, or in studies a hundred times renewed and a hundred times abandoned, but all musicians know that when such studies are not pursued in childhood, and when long practice has not rendered the difficulties in them familiar to us, we never succeed, when we have attained a ripe age, in overcoming those difficulties.

It was, however, to music that Jean-Jacques Rousseau first looked for a means of livelihood, when, at the age of twenty-nine, he went to Paris with fifteen louis and the manuscript of a new system of musical notation in his pocket. The *Académie des Sciences* was called upon to give an opinion regarding the merit of the system. The manuscript which Rousseau read before it, on the 22nd August, 1742, was entitled: *Projet concernant de nouveaux Signes pour la Musique*. It has been printed in the various editions of his complete works, but the author did not think fit to publish it in its primitive form. He revised his production, extended it, developed its principles, and then gave his new system to the world in a pamphlet bearing the title of *A Dissertation on Modern Music; Paris, G. F. Quillan, 1743, octavo*. This also has been inserted in the complete edition of his works. Like all those persons who have a difficulty in learning music and who

are ill-acquainted with it, Rousseau had persuaded himself that, in the signs employed to write it, there was a misconception as regards their elements, and useless complications in their combinations. He protests forcibly, in the work already mentioned, against: "The number of signs, of clefs, of transpositions, of sharps, of flats, of naturals, of simple and compound measures, of semibreves, of minims, of crotchets, of quavers, of semi-quavers, of demi-semi-quavers, of semibreve-rests, of minim-rests, of crotchet-rests, of quaver-rests, of semi-quaver rests, etc., of which the notation consists," proposing to substitute signs which at first sight appear much more simple, since they are merely the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, to designate the seven degrees of the scale; but which, in consequence of the necessity of modifying them, in order to distinguish the octaves, the tonics, the accidental sharps and flats, the length or duration of the various notes, etc., and of changing their signification with every modulation, are really so multiplied that they mount up to a greater number of signs than the ordinary notation.

The reader will find in Raymond's book entitled *Des principes Systèmes de Notation musicale*, etc., a very good analysis of J. J. Rousseau's system (pp. 94 to 118) and of its radical defects. Raymond does not, however, lay sufficient stress upon an objection which may be raised against all criticisms on modern notation, and against all systems of simplification invented or to be invented, namely: that such simplifications, were they really what they profess to be, will, from their very simplicity and uniformity (supposing the systems complete and sufficient), always be liable to the drawback of not immediately portraying to the eyes the musical forms, at the same time that they impress them upon the intellect, an advantage possessed by the ordinary notation precisely on account of that very striking variety in its elements for which its detractors find fault with it. Music, when executed, is not an art of slow analysis, in which the signs are presented one by one to the eye and to the mind, as is supposed by the mediocre musicians who are the authors of those systems, but a simultaneous perception of complete phrases with all the combinations of signs expressing them; now the greater the diversity in the character of these signs, the less danger is there of our confounding them and missing their meaning. Notorp, who subsequently revised the system of notation by figures, which he modified very slightly, never pretended to do more than apply it to the simple melodies of canticles intended for children at the "Ecoles Primaires"; he never endeavored to form it into a general system, for which the signs would not do. With regard to the accusation brought against J. J. Rousseau by Laborde, by the compilers of the *Encyclopédie méthodique*, and by Roquemont, under the head of "Demotz" in the *Biographie Universelle* of the Brothers Michaud, of having borrowed his system from Father Souhaity, an accusation denied by the authors of the *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*, Raymond has proved very clearly that the two systems are identical, with regard to the designation of the notes, but that Rousseau's is incontestably superior in representing their duration.

Like all other plans of new systems for writing music, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's met with no success, and did not rescue its author from obscurity. He determined to see if he could not be more fortunate in composing an opera entitled: *Les Muses galantes*. There was a rehearsal of it in the house of the farmer-general, La Popelinière. Rameau, who was present, said that one part of the work must be by a skilful artist, but that the remainder belonged to some ignorant person who understood nothing of music. It needed no more to raise a fresh charge, which was not the last, of plagiarism against Rousseau. The Duke of Richelieu, however, who was his patron, did not withdraw his favor; he commissioned him to touch up the words and music of *La Reine de Navarre*, an interlude by Voltaire and Rameau, composed for the arrival of the Dauphiness in 1745, and not played anywhere but at Court. This new attempt was not successful; *La Reine de Navarre* proved a failure at Paris, in the month of December, the same year. Disheartened and disgusted with music and the stage, it appeared for some time that Rousseau had resolved to devote himself to other pursuits, but, having been selected, through his intimacy with Diderot and d'Alembert, to write the musical articles in the *Encyclopédie*, he commenced, in order to fit himself for the task, a serious course of reading which increased his knowledge of the art; but the time assigned him was too short,

* By M. Félix, senior, in the second edition of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*.

and, as he himself says in the preface to his *Dictionnaire de Musique*, he did his work quickly and badly. Heroupan Rameau, whose system he had criticised in some of his articles, published his pamphlet entitled: *Erreurs sur la Musique dans l'Encyclopédie*. Rousseau threw off in 1755 a reply under the title: *Examen de deux Principes avancés par M. Rameau, dans sa Brochure intitulée: Erreurs sur la Musique dans l'Encyclopédie*, but he did not publish it; it did not appear till after his death and in the complete edition of his works.

After the perturbations caused by the publication of his *Emile*, Rousseau retired to Motiers-Travers in Switzerland. It was there that he looked through his articles in the *Encyclopédie*, and, hurt at their imperfections, conceived the notion of retouching them, of augmenting their nomenclature, and of making of them a dictionary of art and science. This work was finished in 1764 but did not appear till some few years afterwards, under the simple title of *Dictionnaire de Musique*, Geneva, 1767, one volume quarto, on which were founded the following editions of Paris: V. Duchesne, 1768, quarto; Amsterdam, 1768, 2 vols., duodecimo; Paris, V. Duchesne, 1774, one volume, large octavo; Geneva, 1781, 2 vols., octavo; Zweibrücken, 1783, octavo; Paris, Loquien, 1821-1822, 2 vols., octavo. We find it, also, in all the editions of Rousseau's complete works. A Dutch translation by E. van Heyliget was published in an octavo form, at Amsterdam, in 1759, and an English translation, in octavo, was published at London, in 1771, without any author's name, but it is known to have been written by W. Waring; it is not finished. Turbri wrote an *Abrégé du Dictionnaire de Musique de J.-J. Rousseau*, for Bellegarrigue, Toulouse, 1821, 140 pages octavo. The original work achieved, at the period of its publication, the success which attended all the productions of its celebrated author; subsequently, it was the object of severe and even unjust criticisms. The least reasonable of these criticisms were decidedly those of Ginguené, Frémery, the Abbé Eytton, and the other editors of the *Dictionnaire de Musique de l'Encyclopédie méthodique* (Paris, 1791-1818, 2 vols., quarto), who, taking as their basis Rousseau's articles in his *Dictionnaire*, employ all their logic in the supplements to prove the falseness or insufficiency of these same articles. After those gentlemen comes Castil-Blaze, who, in the preface to his *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Musique moderne*, expresses himself in these terms: "If Rousseau's *Dictionnaire* has come down to us, the fact must be attributed solely to the eloquent declamation it contains. The didactic portion is vicious on nearly every point, and the developments in it obscure and slurred. At each step, the author proves that he was himself ignorant of what he pretends to explain to us. Finally, his work is incomplete, from the fact of its not containing half the words of the musical vocabulary." Despite this criticism, in some respects justifiable, Castil-Blaze has borrowed several articles from the work which is the object of it; D'Outrepont calculates that they amount to three hundred and forty-two. Notwithstanding the real imperfections in Rousseau's work, however, we must not forget that, at the period it was written, the scarcity of special books, and other materials in France, rendered the author's task a very difficult one; that it was completed in a solitude, where the author was deprived of all help, and, lastly, that a portion of his errors are the errors of his time. In all the æsthetic portion he displays, at any rate, a rare instinct for art, and very elevated views.

(To be continued.)

HAMBURG.—Herr Theodor Fornes has sailed from this port for America, where he proposes giving a series of concerts.

GIEN.—A new organ has recently been erected in St. Martin's Church by the well-known firm of Ilach Brothers of Barmen, in Germany. Herr Breuning, *Cappelmeister*, from Aix-la-Chapelle, was invited to inaugurate the instrument by a performance before a select number of persons who received special invitations for the occasion. Herr Breuning performed works by Bach, Mendelssohn and Mozart, in a most masterly manner, but the piece which produced the most profound impression was a fugue by the grand old master Bach. This is the first instrument the Messrs. Ilach ever sent to Belgium, but it will probably not be the last.

AUSTRIA.—The local branch of the Society for the Advancement of Music will give a performance of Handel's *Messiah* this winter.—Herr Joachim will shortly commence a long professional tour through Holland.

OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Mr. Simcock House, having returned from abroad and elsewhere, has much pleasure in emptying his basket of gatherings at the revered feet of Mr. D. Peters. The other day, in Paris, Mr. House called at the Hotel des Pièdes Humides, for letters. There was only one letter to his name, but this was sufficiently startling:—

DEAR HOUSE.—By many degrees the most incommensurable building to be found in this good city of Paris, both morally and physically considered, was the Debtor's Prison in the Rue de Clichy. Its kindred gaol, the Pelagie, has long been disused as a place of incarceration for debtors; but Clichy has not ceased for many years to make a conspicuous figure in every novel, and almost every vaudeville that exists in Parisian life. Its place in the great, actual, everyday drama has been far more solid. Clichy was the bourse of the ruined prodigal, the reckless student of the Quartier Latin, the exhausted writer, the gamster out of luck. The embarrassed journalist and the struggling artist were periodical inmates of this sad abode. Then the portrait of the ruthless creditor was scrawled in charcoal on the whitewashed wall: then Brissac from the Rue de Bréda came, with a cold pipe and a box of cigars, to visit her imprisoned Achilles. The place was not such a very uncomfortable one. It had not the squalor of the Fleet, the riot of the Bench, the gloom of Whitecross-street—it had a garden with shady trees, a café, and a billiard-room; but it was still a prison, and, as a prison for debt, a stupid, cruel, and useless institution. Indeed, the French—who as mathematical logicians very often surprise us—seem to have been for a long time tacitly convinced of the inherent absurdity of locking a man up between four walls because he could not pay a certain sum of money.—Yours always, dear House,

CAPT. O'CORRY.

P.S.—An off to Dunkirk, and sorry to have missed you. Could not wait longer.

Mr. House did not remain very long in Paris, but the heat having somewhat diminished, and theatre-going become a possible relaxation, although still rather a sultry one, he ventured to the Vaudeville (excuse the two *s's*) to witness the triumphant success, on the French stage, of an old English favorite. After the *Deux Seigneurs* of M. de Girardin, had enough at a first hearing, but sally wearisome upon a second, the curtain rose on *L'Homme Blanc*, with Charles Mathews as Sir Cold Cream, the French original of the English Sir Charles Colstream in *Used up*. The exertions of a score of hardheaded individuals, with physiognomies strongly suggestive of an assize court, who had supplied popular enthusiasm during M. de Girardin's drama, became unnecessary during the lively and wittily written *Vaudeville*, in which Mr. Mathews, ably supported by his French comrades, kept a full house amused from the first scene to the last. Lost Mr. House should be accused of partiality to a countryman, he will substitute, for any opinion of his own, that of Jules Janin, recorded in the weekly theatrical feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats*. "*L'Homme Blanc*," acted by Mr. Mathews," says the veteran French critic—who in his day, now growing long, has made and unmade so many reputations,—

"Has become quite a new work. Nothing can be more pleasing and intelligent than the acting of this good comedian. All is true, simple, and natural to such a degree that it requires a connoisseur to render full justice to so much grace and wit. This man is evidently a great artist; he has all the resources and all the instincts of one."

Returning to his hotel—hotel des Quatre Menus—Mr. House was glad to read, in Galignani, that his little friend, Pittman—

"Principal accompanist at the Royal English Opera, has just returned from Paris, which he visited to study the execution of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, preparatory to his training of the Covent-garden cast."

And just as sorry to have missed Pittman as Sir Capet O'Corry can possibly have been to have missed Mr. House. But Mr. House's astonishment may be readily imagined when his eye, further down the column, read the ensuing:—

"We (I^{we}) are authorized to state that a marriage has been arranged between the Earl of Dudley and Miss Georgina Moncreiffe, third daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncreiffe. The marriage will take place early in November."

Why it was, but now that another distinguished amateur, Lord Pittman Granville, to whom the Cambridge Professor of Music once stood much in the same light as Worcester Cathedral does to Earl Dudley, led (or was to lead—Mr. House was away) to the altar, Miss Castalia Campbell! Mr. House's feelings were partially allayed, however, by the receipt of a letter from an honored friend (who ought to be a Muttonian):—

DEAR SIMCOCK.—There have been great theatrical *émutes* at Lyons and Bordeaux, in consequence of the attempt of the directors to do away with the privileges of audiences to accept or refuse any new artist—a state of things which often led to gross injustice, and a very odd custom for a nation which claims to be the possessor of the police. At Lyons *Robert le Diable*, and at Bordeaux the *Huguenots*, could not be got through in consequence of the dead set against the singers. The row in the theatres extended to the streets, and the military at Lyons had to disperse the malcontents. It is a dangerous thing in France to meddle with the amusements of the people, if hissing artists off the stage be classified as an entertainment.—Yours, dear Simcock (I thought you would like to know these things)—with all good wishes from Julius and Augustus—

HORACE MATTHEW.

Horne, Sept. 20th.

Mr. House was aware that George Augustus Sala had been watering at the Bay, but unaware that he had been accompanied by Horace. To whom then is Mr. House to attribute those amusing letters in the D. T.? Why, Mr. House would also ask, does not Horace Mayhew put up for the I O U club. He is already a non-liquitator, and might there cram for a degree at the King and Beard. Clean-limbed and clear-minded, Horace; in short, is made for a Muttonian.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

Earl and Shoulder, Sept. 28th.

[Mr. D. Peters trusts this may be the last time he is called upon to admonish Mr. House. Mr. Ap'Mutton has frequently complained that several of his accredited travelling staff neglect *Muttoniana* for other conduits. He (Ap'M.) has but to say the word and not only Mr. S. House, but Messrs. C. Fish, L. Pitt, G. Roocors, Y. Last, D. Hard, even O. Beard (who, like G. Roocors, had temporary permission), &c., &c., would no longer be Muttonians, or members of the I O U. For—he (Ap'M.) argues—if they get paid for what they write, there is some danger of their eventually becoming liquitators, which would at once disable them.]

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"It is open, after all!" This is an exclamation that on Saturday evening, somewhere between the 7 and 8 o'clock, burst from the lips of many persons who, having read the report of the proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court on Friday, could hardly persuade themselves that the tragic muse would feel sufficiently comfortable in her renovated temple to throw open her doors within the space of some 36 hours after the utterance of Sir W. P. Wood's decision. The names of Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton had been so happily associated with each other, and also with the revival of the national drama in its ancient home, that the substitution of the very disjunctive preposition "*versus*" for the conjunctive conjunction "*and*" had a dismal look about it, and one began to fear that Melpomene was about to flee the scene, as Astrea did in days of yore. "Managers, Messrs. E. Falconer and F. B. Chatterton." How cheerful does this combination appear at the head of a Drury-lane playbill, especially in the eyes of those who recollect how much has been done by these two gentlemen for the restoration of the poetical drama! (On the other hand, what can be more lugubrious than "Falconer v. Chatterton," used as the title of a law report? Moreover, though the members of the legal profession are individually among the foremost patrons of the drama, law, as an institution, does not readily harmonize with poetical delights. Studious mythologists teach us that the Muses underwent various changes as to number and name before they settled down as the "seven nines" who visited Hesiod at the foot of Mount Helicon, and who may be briefly designated as Clio and Co. Originally, it seems, there were only three of these ladies. The three subsequently were augmented to four, seven, and eight, and none of the three, the four, the seven, or the eight bore any one of the nine names familiar to every schoolboy brought up with a wholesome veneration for larch or cane. But among the abundant names that did drop up under these complicated circumstances we do not find that of Themis.

In the particular case, however, of Drury-lane Theatre, Themis and the poetical drama were on the most friendly terms. Mr. Falconer, for reasons which the very "cuius" of our readers may possibly gather from the study of the legal proceedings, if he gives his whole mind to the subject, had determined to keep the doors of Old Drury shut on Saturday night, whereas Mr. Chatterton thought they might more conveniently revolve on their hinges.

Sir W. P. Wood thought with Mr. Chatterton, and the doors of Old Drury were opened accordingly on Saturday evening.

Aye, and to good purpose too. The house was so wonderfully full

that Mr. Falconer himself must have rejoiced, as gentlemen of the ring sometimes do, that he had lost the fight. The bill of fare offered good solid *Macbeth* as the *piece de resistance*. With Milton's *Comus* as a delicate *hors d'œuvre*. Substantial food this for hot weather, but what does that matter, when strong appetites are concerned? The closely packed multitude was in a state of continuous ecstasy. People were delighted to see their old favourite, Mr. Phelps, as *Macbeth*, delighted with the Lady Macbeth of Miss Atkinson, delighted with Mr. W. Beverley's scenery—delighted with everything. And this was to be expected. *Macbeth* is put on the Drury-lane stage in a very complete manner, and to a vast number of the inhabitants of London the re-opening of a time-honoured theatre for the purpose of representing the works of the national poet is an event of great importance. Fashionable playgoers, who dine late, and are only attracted to the play-house by some exceptional novelty, are the last persons to understand the feelings of the masses on dramatic subjects. The notion that *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet*, or *Othello* is heavy or "slow" is foreign to the middle and lower classes of this country. With these a certain worship of Shakespeare is almost instinctive, and it is to the detection of the Shakespearean feeling in the heart of the country that Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton owe a success the record of which sheds a lustre over even the diurnal proceedings of Friday.

This year the character of *Comus* is sustained by Mr. Henri Drayton, well known as a vocalist and a giver of musical entertainments. The part has generally been played by a leading actor unconnected with vocal art, but Mr. Henri Drayton sings many of the principal scenes, while he acts, and—with the advantage of a fine figure—looks the character in most effective style. Brought out at Easter, when the Drury-lane season is on the wane, *Comus* has not yet been appreciated to the full extent of its deserts. With Mr. Beverley's scenery and Mr. Cornack's groupings it is a most brilliant spectacle, and of an unique kind. Let us add that it has been thoroughly renovated for the winter, and that the dresses are as bright and gay as when first seen in the spring.

The following is the order of the Vice-Chancellor on the opening of the theatre:—

"Let the motion stand over, and, without prejudice to the notice, let the theatre be opened, with Mr. Koxby and Mr. Phelps as stage managers. Let the money be paid in the usual manner to Mr. Guiver, as treasurer, to be paid to the bank in the usual manner, but with liberty for Mr. Baker to attend in the treasury and to investigate, if he think proper, the accounts of the money-takers, check-takers, and bookkeepers, and other accounts of the theatre, with liberty to either party to apply on a week's notice, Mr. Falconer himself to be at liberty to concur in superintending the acting management without prejudice to his allegation that the partnership is already dissolved."

BRIGHTON.—A concert in aid of the German Protestant Service, held at the Newburgh Rooms, took place during the holding of the Grand Fancy Bazaar at the Royal Pavilion on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in last week. It was expected, remembering the support received on the former occasion, that the concert organised for Thursday evening would bring in a goodly sum to the fund. We are afraid, however, that this hope was destroyed in the result, the room not being much more than half-filled. Apart from the deserving object, the attraction of the concert itself should have ensured a large attendance. The "party" was eminent and well organised. Mdlle. Liebhart, the sweet-voiced Hungarian, was the "bright, particular star" of the evening, with Fraulein Melihorn a lesser luminary. Mr. H. Bond was the tenor; Mr. F. D'Alquen and Mr. L. Montgomery baritones. Mr. Kuhe, pianoforte, Mr. Lazarus, clarinet, and M. Paque, violoncello, were the instrumentalists, Herr Liebhart officiating as conductor. Beethoven's trio in B for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, was played to perfection by Messrs. Kuhe, Lazarus, and Paque. Mr. Frank D'Alquen sang the bass air "Fille des rois" from *L'Africain*. Mr. Herbert Bond's voice "told" well in Gounod's "Salve dimora." He was encored in Macfarren's "Wear this flower." Mdlle. Liebhart marked the occasion by singing, for the first time in England, a *cantata* composed expressly for her by Mattie. Its name—"La capricieuse"—is the index to its character, and Mdlle. Liebhart made it fulfil the intent of the composer,—that it should develop the resources of her organ. The "Liebhart Polka," another composition for her by Professor Mulder, and in which she has been delighting the Cockneys at Mr. Alfred Mellon's concerts, also served to display the brilliancy of her vocalisation. Her archness of style, in its way, as great as her facile execution, was displayed in another song which she has made her own,—Abt's "Cuckoo." Fraulein Melihorn gave Mozart's "Patio," the clarinet obligato being exquisitely given by Mr. Lazarus. We need not say any word as to Mr. Kuhe's brilliant execution of Thalberg's "Ballade" and Blumen-thal's "Les Ailes." M. Paque delighted the audience in a fantasia from *Maria* and one on Scotch airs.

NAPLES.—The violinist, Signor Gaetano Claudelli, is dead.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has the copyright of a few original Musical Lectures to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden-square, N.W.

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"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT,"

A NEW WORK

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic). CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression of musical sentiment involves, in fact, the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works. CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art. CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based. CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based. CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of ensuring sale publication. The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author earnestly solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect. Price to Subscribers, 1s.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

I LIKE the Germans well enough as a rule; they are, in their social life, a good-natured drowsy sort of people, kind and hospitable, albeit a little too fond of singing songs, writing verses, and—when the police will allow them—making speeches about that fabulous entity: a united Fatherland. When, however, I say "the Germans" I distinctly except the Prussians, at any rate the Prussians of the present age. I always looked upon the Prussians as the Yankees of Germany, though there is not the slightest doubt that they had their good points. Now a great change has come over the spirit of their dreams. They are growing the most arrogant, over-bearing, and self-sufficient race on the face of the globe. They are so inflated with their glorious (?) victories over the Danes that they fancy no other nation is fit to hold a candle to them, and the tone adopted by their papers would be sickening, if it were not ridiculous. This holds good not only of their political journals, but also, of those which treat more especially of art. For instance, a writer in the *New Berliner Musik-Zeitung* indited a paragraph touching the recent Gloucester Festival. After giving a summary of the works performed, he concludes by saying: "And then the hearers separated with the consciousness of having heard sufficient music for

three years." ("Und dann gingen die Zuhörer mit dem Bewusstsein auseinander, genug Musik für drei Jahre genossen zu haben.") Now the writer of these words has, I am sorry to inform him placed himself between the two horns of a dilemma, on one of which I will shortly have him wriggling. He either knows nothing at all of the state of musical affairs in England, and, therefore, has no right whatever to indulge in a sneering statement devoid of truth, or he does know something about them and chooses to assert the reverse of what he must be well aware is the real fact. Whether prompted, however, by ill-feeling or proceeding from ignorance, his peroration is simply an absurdity; he has no occasion, I can assure him, to exclaim with Dogberry: "Remember that I am an ass!" We shall not easily forget it. His own words are there to prove it, and seeing that, as the Italians say: "*Parole una volta volate*"—let alone "*stampate*"—"non possono esser revocate," so an ass he will remain to the end of his days. Oh! "the hearers separated," did they, "with the consciousness of having heard—or 'enjoyed,' to be very literal in the rendering of the participle "*genossen*"—"sufficient music for three years?" Does this Prussian critic mean that the public merely went to the festival for fashion sake and were glad that they had got rid of the labour for another three years? If so, I beg to say he is lamentably wrong. Or would he imply that the taste of the English for music is like the appetite of the boa-constrictor, which, after being satisfied, lies dormant for a considerable period? If such be his drift, I beg to say he is still more lamentably wrong. Of the vast numbers of persons attending the Gloucester Festival, nearly all will, most probably, and the greater portion, most certainly, be found among those attending the Monday Popular Concerts, the Exeter Hall Concerts, the Crystal Palace Concerts, and plenty of others of the same high class, long ere the three years, to which the sapient Prussian scribe alludes, are elapsed. Before the expiration of the three years in question they will have heard many more performances of as good music as that to which they listened at the Gloucester Festival, because, unmusical as we English are, according to some of our foreign friends—it is a strange fact that—the works of the mighty masters of tone, the compositions of Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, not to mention many others, are much more frequently and much more efficiently—"think of that, Master Brook"—executed in England than in Germany. Facts are stubborn things, and facts prove beyond a doubt that English audiences who attend Musical Festivals do not indulge in music only at intervals of three years. There is another fact, too, of which they can boast: they have never flirted with music; they have never deserted the true gods to worship idols; they have not abandoned Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, and I firmly believe they never will.

The Royal Operahouse re-opened for the season on the 2nd of last month, the opera selected being Weber's *Oberon*. Up to the present time the principal object of the management appears to have been to decide on the merits of a long list of singers, male and female, who would like engagements. I cannot describe the result as eminently satisfactory, or calculated to give one a very high notion of the state of vocal art in Germany generally. For instance, on the 4th of the month, that is: two days after the opening, so you see the management did not allow the grass to grow under their feet, we had Herr Schleich, from the Stadttheater, Hamburg, as Max, in *Der Freischütz*. He next appeared as Chateaufort, in Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmerman*. His third part was that of Octavio in *Don Juan*. To say that he is bad would not be true; to assert that he is good, would be going a little too far. He may be described as tolerable. He has evidently studied his art, and is not deficient in intelligence, as evidenced by his

conception of the several parts he undertook. But he has a very great obstacle to overcome, and that is the want of a pleasing voice. He was kindly received by the audience. I am not aware, however, whether he has succeeded in the object of his visit, namely: a permanent engagement as tenor. If he has, I should feel compelled to tell him—supposing he desired to know my sentiments—in the words Britannia was once represented by *Punch* as employing to Lord John Russell, when the latter was a candidate for the prime ministership, or something of the kind: "Really, I am afraid you are not strong enough for the place."

Having disposed of Herr Schleich, I now come to Herr Bähr, who tried his hand, or rather his voice, as Alfonso, in *La Muette*. So much and no more, at present for Herr Bähr for I have to chronicle the appearance of other visitors, and Herr Bähr is not of sufficient importance to be allowed more space in your columns, especially as the visitors of whom I have to speak are ladies. First comes Madlle. von Zawisz, who commenced by impersonating Orpheus in Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice*. This lady, an importation from the Bohemian Theatre in Prague, possesses a pleasing exterior and an agreeable contralto voice, but she did not produce a very particular impression on her first appearance. In her second character, that of Donna Elvira in *Don Juan*, she was even less successful; and in her third, Lucrezia Borgia, in Donizetti's opera of the same name, she was simply like a fish out of water. She ought never to have attempted the part. The music is far too high for her, though much of it was, of course, transposed to suit her voice. I should hardly suppose she will be considered equal to the task of replacing poor Mdlle. de Ahna, who was so prematurely carried off, and this opinion of mine is not shaken by the fact that her Fides in *Le Prophte* was not at all bad.

The second lady on my list is Madlle. Hutary who made a successful debut as Zerlina in Mozart's great work, and followed it up by a pleasing representation of the Page in *Le Nozze*, and of Gemmy in *Wilhelm Tell*. She is, however, anything but a first-rate artist, such as we should expect to hear at an establishment like the Royal Berlin Operahouse, but the fact is that, with a few, a very few brilliant exceptions, there are no really first-class vocalists in Germany. When I have named Madlle. de Murska, Madlle. Luca, Madame Harries-Wippen and one or two more, I have exhausted the catalogue, which forms the very opposite in length to that exhibited so unctuously by Leporello. But to go back to my muttons, that is to my *débütantes*. A Madlle. Bähr make her first appearance as the Countess in *Le Nozze*. Whether she is any relative of the Herr Bähr whom I have already mentioned, and whom I did not think I should mention again in my present letter, is more than I know. All the information I can give you concerning her personally is that she comes from the Stadttheater in Cologne. Regarding her artistically, I do not consider her ripe to appear in the first theatre of a large capital. She is a mere novice, both historically and vocally. She requires much more practice than she has hitherto had before she can hope to feel at home on the stage, or to do justice to her natural gifts which, from what I have seen and heard of her, are well worth careful cultivation. Her personal appearance is prepossessing, and her voice a mezzo-soprano distinguished for considerable power combined with great sweetness. The second part selected by her was that of Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, in which she confirmed, and, indeed, increased, the favorable impression she had produced in *Le Nozze*. By the way, I must not conclude my list of fair "guests" without according a word of praise to Madame Eiswald for the efficient fashion in which she acquitted herself of the difficult part of the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*. Madlle. de Ahna, as I have recorded in former letters, used to play the part, but she

always omitted the airs, on account of their lying too high for her voice. It is to be hoped that the management will not let Madame Eiswald slip through their fingers, for though her voice cannot boast of all the freshness of youth, it is well trained; there is nothing crude about it, and the lady who owns it knows her profession, and does not require to learn it, as so many other fair aspirants for Berlin favor do, on the boards of our Royal Operahouse.

I think—indeed, I am certain—I informed you, some time back, that Herr Wachtel was engaged here with a *congé* of six months every year. He commenced his engagement at the beginning of the month by appearing as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. Of course, he was vociferously applauded, and, equally of course, called on. His style of singing is not unknown to you and, therefore, I will not attempt to describe the performance. Suffice it for me to observe that, like all this popular singer does, it could not be charged with want of energy. The next part chosen by Herr Wachtel was that of Johan van Leyden, in *Le Prophete*, and he certainly did not make any very great hit, not even in the estimation of the Berliners themselves, though they may never have heard Mario in the character. In the first place, Herr Wachtel could not play the part; in the second, he does not look the part; and, in the third, he was not music-perfect in the part. At the conclusion of the opera, too, his voice gave unmistakable signs of fatigue. Take care! take care! Herr Wachtel. There is such a thing as riding a willing horse to death, and there is also such a thing as ruining a naturally strong voice. Perhaps it is superfluous for me to mention that Herr Wachtel has appeared in Adam's *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, revived expressly for him, because in the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* he always does and always will appear, if by hook or by crook he can do so. Consequently, as he is, figuratively speaking, "monarch of all he surveys" here, he has treated us to his favorite character. The Madeleine on the occasion was Mdlle. Gericke. I only hope that this young lady may be as fortunate as the former representative of the part. I allude to Sophia Löwe, who left the stage to appear before the world as Princess Lichtenstein.

Great preparations are being made for the production of *L'Africaine*, which is expected to be ready somewhere in the early part of October. Madlle. Luca will, as a matter of course, be Selika; Herr Wachtel sustains the part of Vasco di Gama; Herr Krüger, that of Don Alvaro; Mad. Harries-Wippen, that of Inez; and Herr Betz, that of Neluako. If report is to be trusted, the *misc-en-scène* will be magnificent, and nothing that money can command will be wanting to ensure the complete and triumphant success of the work.

Considerable activity has been displayed, of late, at the other theatres where opera is given. Thus we have had a very creditable revival of Donizetti's *Belshazzar* at Kroll's Theatre, and a good performance of Félicien David's *Lalla Rookh* at Meysser's Theatre. At the latter, too, the enterprising manager Herr Woltersdorff, produced a novelty in the shape of Andreas Hofer der Sandrithen vom Pussery, a rather dreary trifle in five acts by the late Herr W. Kirchhoff, who has now been dead some years. It strikes me that this opera, like the monarch of a neighbouring country who once

" . . . with fifty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again,"

has been produced simply to be withdrawn. I sincerely trust that Herr Woltersdorff, who is both enterprising and intelligent, may recomp himself by the engagement he has concluded with the celebrated tragedian, Herr Dawson, for any loss he may have incurred in producing *Andreas Hofer*. Herr Woltersdorff gives Herr Dawson 10,000 thalers to play two months (October and November) here in Berlin, and one month (December) at Königsberg,

the theatre of which town is under his (Herr Wolterdorff's) management. These are liberal terms, but they are not all, for Herr Dawson is to receive also a share of the house. Fortunate Herr Dawson!

Anton Rubinstein and W. Wieniawski have both been here lately, but merely as birds of passage. They made no stay, and with the statement of this not exceedingly exciting item of intelligence I conclude for to-day. VALE.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that Mlle. Mario Taglioni has definitively made up her mind to quit the stage, which she has graced by her talent for at least twenty years.

EARL DUDLEY AND THE FESTIVALS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Lord Dudley is determined that Bishops and Deans shall not have a monopoly in talking nonsense about oratorios. He is resolved to do all he can to prevent the usual triennial festival at Worcester next year, and has already broken ground as an earnest of the serious campaign he meditates. A musical drama, he says, even when the words are sacred, is not a fit thing to be performed in a cathedral. If we know what Lord Dudley means, he dislikes musical dramas in churches because he thinks they are not acts of religious worship. If this is his reason, it is clear that nature has unkindly denied him the gift of musical sensibility, and he is therefore no more capable of judging of the effect of oratorios than a deaf man would be of judging of the effect of sermons preached from a pulpit, or of the reading of the narrative parts of the Bible at a reading desk. An oratorio is nothing more than an impressive singing of sacred words, and its performance is every whit as much a religious act as the preaching a sermon, or the reading aloud of the history of Elijah or St. Paul. If the histories of Elijah and St. Paul, as they stand in the Old and New Testaments, are not dramatic narratives, we know not what the word dramatic means. Lord Dudley, being, as we presume, destitute of a musical ear, cannot understand the reproduction of the sacred words in the measured cadence of song, and with the accompaniment of horns and violins, though he would see no objection to the singing of King David's impassioned and dramatic psalms, provided they are turned into bad English verse, and sung to the accompaniment of an organ. Like so many other people who are deaf to the voice of music, his only notion of a religious act is the listening to a preacher, or the repeating of the words of a prayer, or the singing of psalms and hymns. Yet, in reality, a good performance of the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is a far more effectual method of impressing religious truths upon the mind as living realities than ninety-nine out of every hundred sermons that are preached. And if any man has ever heard the history of the Israelitic Exodus or the Psalms of David read in church in such a manner as to produce the same profound sense of the majesty, the holiness, and the goodness of the Most High as we feel when listening to the wonderful *Israel in Egypt*, we can only say, in reply, that his experience of clerical reading must have been exceptional indeed.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I am glad to find that my remarks a few weeks ago on Worcester and Gloucester have led to a practical effort being made to resist any opposition to the next Worcester Festival. In order that no issue might be lost in mere discussion, and that the expression of angry feelings might be forestalled by a calm demonstration of public opinion, Dr. Williams took up the subject, and proceeded to obtain the views of the citizens upon it. A large body of influential residents in the city and country have already signed a declaration of their approval of the Festival; and, as I have said before, I am satisfied that any attempt to close the Cathedral against it would be met with a vigorous opposition on the part of the citizens. The city is much indebted to Dr. Williams for the part he has taken in the matter, and I hope the Festival Committee will now speedily get to work and prepare to make the next Worcester meeting a greater success than ever. This the more especially, hearing (as I do) that the sleepless James Henry Brown,

"Brown of Gloucester," threatens to whip in a round hundred of stewards for 1868. After all Drinkwater Hard, if no fool, is no prophet, though if no prophet he must be a fool.—Yours,
Pear Gardens, Sept. 25. PERRY OF WORCESTER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Your readers will be happy to learn that I have received the pleasing intelligence from Gloucester that there will be a surplus of receipts over expenditure available for the charity, and that the stewards are so well pleased with the result that 50 of them have already signified their acceptance of the renewal of their office for the Gloucester Festival of 1865. It is also believed on substantial grounds that the Dean of Gloucester will not oppose the holding of the festivals in the Cathedral.

I now beg your attention to two letters connected with the Worcester Festival of next year which have appeared in the *Worcester Herald*. The first is from the Earl of Dudley, who has so munificently contributed towards the restoration of our Cathedral, that whatever view his Lordship supports will be sure to meet with due consideration. Lord Dudley objects to the meeting being held in the Cathedral, without, however, assigning any reason beyond an expression of his opinion that the latter is not the place "for musical dramas, even on sacred subjects." He admits however that the existing practice has received the sanction of "serious men and women," and as he does not tell us why cathedrals are not fitting places for sacred dramas I shall put that sanction as at least equal in weight to his Lordship's opinion. I have not space to set down all that occurs to me as supporting the belief that cathedrals are the most fitting places for sacred dramas, but I insist that they are the fittest, chiefly because they are the best adapted for giving the most glorious effect to the sublimest works of our sacred composers. Sacred dramas themselves are as thoroughly religious as anthems; they are not performed, in the usual meaning of the word, but sung, the effect being deepened and intensified by the combination of instruments and voices. Are the performers more sinful and less acceptable in the sight of Heaven than so many average men and women assembled in a church as its usual congregation? Is the bass viol less religious than the organ? Are the words of Scripture less inspired when employed in oratorio than when read or uttered in plain song. Oratorios are not religion; they may however create religious feelings, and they certainly heighten those which are connected with religion. But neither are cathedrals religion; they are only instruments and means; so that I am unable to conjecture what his Lordship's objection can possibly be, nor have the faintest notion why "now more than ever the restored cathedral" should not be the place for sacred dramas, which are at once religious and sublime. Here is Lord Dudley's letter in *extenso*—

To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."

SIR,—As I see from the perusal of the Worcester papers that the question of no longer holding the triennial festival in the cathedral is exciting much attention, and calling forth in some cases, I am sorry to say, hard and angry expressions, will you let me have a few lines of your valuable space, as, from not being on the spot, I have no opportunity of personally discussing the one question, "Is the cathedral the place for holding these meetings?" I admit most fully the claims of the charity; the heightening of the effect of the performance of sacred music in a cathedral; the beauty of the compositions themselves; the prescription of time, and the countenance for long years of serious men and women; as well as the advantage to the town and trade of Worcester. But, notwithstanding this, I venture to say—as I feel that the Cathedral—and now more than ever the restored cathedral—is not the place for musical dramas, even on sacred themes. That this will be generally admitted—perhaps not this year, or next, but very shortly—I cannot doubt; and the restoration of the original idea of a service by the united choir, or the removing of the festival from the precincts of the cathedral, will be the result.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,
Forest Lodge, Balmally, Sept. 18th. DEVLIN.

The other letter on this subject is from Dr. Philip Williams, advocating an expression of public opinion on the retention of the music meetings. The Worcester people, I think, had better regard the matter in this way—the festivals must be held in the cathedral or abandoned altogether. I do not believe that there is any middle course practicable, to say nothing about the utter absence of its necessity, and shall not look to the destruction of these time-

honored meetings as possible, unless under an unhappy conjunction of conditions, of which I have not heard and of which I can see no trace. Here, *in extenso*, is the letter of Dr. Philip Williams:—

To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."

Sir,—Kindly allow me space for a few lines concerning the musical festivals held in the cathedrals of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, during the last 140 years. It may be known to many of your readers that an early opposition to these glorious celebrations has been suggested. I have therefore undertaken to ascertain the general feeling on the subject, and I respectfully request those residents in the city and county who advocate the continuance of the oratorios for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen to sign, as soon as convenient, a statement to that effect at the library of Mr. Deighton, in High Street.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, M.D.
Worcester, Sept. 18, 1865.

There is a letter in the same paper on the existing want of harmony among a body of the musical men of the city, which I hope will receive attention. Why cannot the parties to this unhappy strife submit their case to arbitration, and, having fought it out on the fair field of disputation, whichever is in the wrong give in, shake hands, and be done with it like men? *In extenso*, here is the letter to the same paper:—

To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."

MR. EDITOR,—I was glad to read some observations with reference to the Worcester Glee Club in a late number of the *Worcester Herald*. It was not long ago that this city was looked upon as one of the best nurseries for musical talent in the kingdom, and you, sir, must yourself recollect the many promotions which took place from our Cathedral choir to lucrative situations in the metropolis and elsewhere. Our concerts were the most frequent, best conducted, and well attended, out of London; and the Festivals of the Three Choirs were largely helped by the accession of Worcester men; while the fame of our Glee Club was spread so far and wide that it was said only one place in the provinces (Canterbury) could rival it, and visitors and commercial men would hasten or retard their journeys through Worcester in order to enjoy a Tuesday night at the quarters of the club.

Alas, how are things now changed! The Glee Club and the Festival Choral Society are languishing even unto death; the Music-Hall still remains unfinished, and its noble organ is totally spoilt by rain dripping through the roof, till the pipes either have been or will be sold to pay certain debts. Those who would know the retrogression we have made in music practically should attend the Cathedral services. Yesterday (Sunday) as I was present, and heard Boyce's anthem "O where shall wisdom" and Aldrich's service so badly done as to be painful. Fully admitting the objectionable position of the organ and the inefficiency of so small an instrument, there really was no excuse and no accounting for the shocking slovenliness of the musical services. I trust therefore these remarks will meet the eye of the precentor, or whoever it is who has to superintend the proper expression of praise to God in our public worship.

And what is the cause of all this falling off in the musical ability of Worcester? Petty dissensions, jealousies, and pride, among the profession itself. Nothing more or less, Mr. Editor, I assure you. There is the same public to appreciate and patronise good music as ever, but there is not that union, good feeling, and *esprit de corps*, among musical men which till within the last few years rendered Worcester famous. Public singers of however inferior accomplishments have at the same of great men and women who will not condescend to sing at charity festivals except at prices absolutely ruinous; and these little people must be furnished with frys (very few people have the proper use of their legs now-a-days), lavender gloves, scented handkerchiefs, and the other trippery of orchestral tomfoolery. Then if Mr. Tweedledum's name is printed on the handbill before Mr. Tweedledee's, Mr. Tweedledee retires in great indignation and disgust; or if Mr. Snooks's claims as a conductor are admitted by those of Mr. Snooks, Mr. Snooks not only withdraws his professional assistance from the concert, but takes away with him Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson, whose help either in fiddling or singing was indispensable to its success. The inconsiderate and overbearing manner in which the members of the Glee Club have been treated by the local professional element is such as I will not trust myself to enter upon, for fear of making matters worse, in hastening the decay of an institution so highly approved of, and which has been of such eminent service in its day; but if such result comes to pass I cannot avoid denouncing the conduct of one or two of its musical members as having been the sole cause, during the three or four years, of discord, inefficiency, disruption, and death.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,
CYRUS HAWTHORNE SMITH.

Worcester, Sept. 27, 1865.

It strikes me that Mr. Shrub makes out a good case, and trust-

ing the excellent Mr. Done, cathedral organist, may see it in that light, I am, Sir, your constant reader,

The Hazel, Mansbury, Wyeand, Sept. 26.

ATTEFFORD OF HEREFORD.

SIR,—Your information astounded me, as it has no doubt some others. The Worcester Festival in danger! Feeling a deep interest not only in the great musical meeting itself, for its own sake, but in the noble charity with which it is connected, I thank you for letting the public know thus early of the effort which is about for terminating the meeting. I am glad to learn, however, that the opposition is lay and not clerical; that it is not a collective but an individual opposition; because we shall the sooner get over it. We must begin to work early. You have given us plenty of time, and I am sure Worcester will do her duty, and show her strength in a great body of stewards. If the Worcester Festival goes, down must come Hereford and Gloucester, and what is to become of the widows and orphans who are partly dependant on the fund, which is £1,000 a-year? If Earl Dudley were to provide the £300 a-year for the Worcester diocese, what is to be done for Gloucester and Hereford? Yours obediently,
Dean Forest.—Sept. 28.

DEAN OF THE FOREST.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—As it is understood that an effort will be made this year to induce the Dean and Chapter to refuse the use of the Cathedral for the festival which in due course is to be held in this city next year it behoves the citizens—those of them, a vast majority we are quite sure, who see in that purpose and nature of the annual meeting of the three choirs nothing out of harmony with the character of the edifice in which it has been ordinarily held—to take care that whatever may be the decision of the authorities, and we have few apprehensions as to that, there should be no misunderstanding as to what is the popular sentiment on the subject. Dr. Williams as he informs us in a letter which appears in another column, has furnished the opportunity for laying before the Dean and Chapter an expression of the opinion of the public of Worcester, and we hope it will not fall of being a foregone conclusion, any default on the part of the citizens. Numerous signatures have already been appended to the statement, among which we are glad to notice those of the members for the city (R. Padmore and A. C. Sherill, Esqrs.), the Mayor (J. D. Perrins, Esq.), the Sherill (T. Southall, Esq.), Sir Charles Hastings, M.D., Sir John S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., Sir E. A. H. Leechman, Bart., the High Sheriff (A. H. Hoyle, Esq.), Mr. H. D. Carden, &c.—*Brevetees' Worcester Journal*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Have a care, Mr. Bagier! have a care! You are treading on dangerous ground! You have been broaching a ticklish subject! You have been badly advised, or you have foolishly resolved! You must not attempt to play fast and loose with the public, above all with the Parisian public, who, in their private estimation, are the wisest and best of publics, and consider theatrical managers as animals permitted to exist only by the radiance of their (the public) countenance. Mr. Bagier, in short, has published a letter in certain journals explaining his future intentions with respect to the Théâtre-Italien, one of which is that "To cover the extraordinary expenses of certain representations, he will be obliged, in the course of the season, to augment frequently the price of places taken *en location* or *en bureau*." A more hazardous act on the part of a theatrical manager, in my opinion, was never contemplated. There is, however, a "but" attached to Mr. Bagier's resolution. "*Mais en aucun cas, cette augmentation n'atteindra le prix d'abonnement*," he urges, no doubt desirous to conciliate the subscribers at the expense of the general public. If he the director of the Italians, by this injudicious determination, will injure himself greatly. Moreover, the exceptional rule in favour of the subscription was not needed. The subscribers either pay before hand, or agree to pay a fixed sum for boxes or stalls. In either case it would be impossible to increase the prices, so that his declaration was absolutely useless, and could have no other effect than to irritate those who would be casual visitors only. Besides, the augmentation of prices is an old "dodge" on the part of operatic managers; they do it, however, *sub rosa* and continue to throw the onus on the music-publishers, and in the regular "location" or "bureau" pretend to adhere to the ordinary tariff of

THE OPERA AT MANCHESTER.

SUN.—Mozart's *Don Juan* was performed at the Theatre-Royal-Manchester, on Thursday, September 14th, by a most excellent array of talent, chiefly from Her Majesty's Theatre. In fact, it is the most complete opera company I have yet witnessed in these districts. The cast was indeed splendid, including Signors Bosni, Foil, Mario and Santley, Madlles. Sarolta, Sinico and Tietjens as Leporello, Il Commendatore, Don Ottavio, Don Juan, Zerlina, Donna Elvira and Donna Anna respectively. The land consisted of thirty instrumentalists, besides a small, yet efficient orchestra. It was a judicious arrangement on the part of the director in engaging so efficient an orchestra, with Signor Arditi to wield the baton. The land was indeed worthy to be associated with this illustrious company of artists; the strings were excellent; the brass instruments extra good; and the whole orchestra was superlative compared to previous opera-lands at this theatre. Mr. Santley is in an eminent degree superior to all the Don Juans of the present day; he may fall to place the festivities in all his bearings, but, without a shadow of doubt, he is unapproachable in this peculiar character. Of the Leporello, as personated by Signor Bosni, I need not speak. Signor Foil is grand as the marble statue. When the statue entered the banquetting-room, he did so with so peculiar and striking a manner that he at once impressed the mind with the awful solemnity of the scene; whilst the terror of Leporello and the undaunted courage of Don Juan create a most impressive picture. This part, and indeed the whole of the banquetting scene, was never rendered with finer effect. The statue music was declaimed by Signor Foil with sepulchral tones, which made an indelible impression on most present. Madlle. Tietjens is the queen of Donna Anna; how natural are the feelings she illustrates when she discovers the dead body of the Commendatore; and here she was ably seconded by the great lyric artist, Signor Mario, as Don Ottavio, who rendered good service in the concerted movements, especially in the marked trio with Donna Anna and Elvira. Here the three lyric singers sang with such pure taste and exquisite feeling that the effect produced was truly sublime. Madlle. Sinico's Elvira was excellent. A better performance of Mozart's great masterpiece was never given by a provincial opera company.

Friday, Sept. 15th was the last performance, which was for the benefit of the prima donna, Madlle. Tietjens, and consisted of a selection from three operas: the first act of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the second act of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the last act of Cherubini's *Medea*. The character of Fidelio, as personated by Madlle. Tietjens, is an event that stamps itself indelibly upon the mind, and where it afterwards rises up in our imaginations with endearing charms. What a depth of pure affection seems to dwell in her heart for Don Florestan; her masculine garb cannot conceal the heart of the devoted wife, every feature, every motion of her body, speaks to the mind in stronger accents than human language can utter; see the expressions of hope that rests upon her countenance as she faithfully obeys the goaler of the prison in which her loving husband is concealed; see the languid expression that beams from her countenance as she listens to Marcelina's apostrophe of love, who supposes Leonora to be the handsome youth she assumes; see her earnest love express its devotion as she solicits the goaler to let the prisoners enjoy the pure air; see how she gazes in each prisoner's face as they assemble in the courtyard, how eager she is to recognise the features of her beloved husband; what bitter remorse settles on her visage when she returns from the cells with her hopes disappointed; see how fervently she prays, what sweet consolation seems to inspire her heart, her face beams again with hope, while she resolves to overcome all obstacles that separate her from her fond husband; mark her emotions how they quiver as she gazes upon the tyrannical monster, Don Pizarro; why she seems to read his dark thoughts as he resolves to carry his vituperous revenge into effect upon the innocent Don Florestan. Never was Beethoven's heroine illustrated with a more powerful and thrilling pathos; Madlle. Tietjens appears to embody Beethoven's music in her emotions, as though her soul dissolved itself in harmony. She was ably supported by Madlle. Sinico, Messrs. Stagno, Bosni, and Santley. In the second act of Verdi's *Un Ballo*, Madame Labache and Signor Mario appeared to great advantage, the former in showing the features of her rich, full, mellow soprano voice, and the latter in reviving the echoes of his once glorious voice, which roused the audience with enthusiastic applause.

The last act of Cherubini's *Medea* was given with Madlle. Tietjens as the terrible Medea; the tender affection of the mother towards her offspring, and the heartburning revenge that germinates within her bosom by the cruel wrongs inflicted upon her by her husband Jason, seemed two passions which were in the most perfect harmony, and they existed together long in the human heart, therefore the struggle which Medea passes through is terrific and heartrending to witness; alas! the feeling of cruel revenge triumphs over her motherly love, and she and her children fall a sacrifice to its Satanic power. The language of human

emotions which Cherubini's music illustrates is eminently pathetic and thrills the heart with its intense feelings. Madlle. Tietjens rises to the sublimity of the situation, and her grand declamation of this dramatic music strikes the mind with bewildered astonishment.

Sept. 18.

BOOTH BUNCH OF EGGLES.

MESSRS. ADLSON AND LUCAS, the well known music publishers, having dissolved partnership, have just sold their copyrights at the request of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leamington Spa. The songs seem to have been attended with extraordinary success, as the following quotations will show—some of them suggesting curious comparisons. Amongst the pianoforte works were many pieces of Dr. W. S. Bennett, which ranged between 10s. and 60s. (Cock). Callcott's *Pianoforte Half Hours* made prices from 10s. to 106s., the latter being the sum obtained for the "Mendelssohn" Half Hours (Hutchings). Benedict's edition of Beethoven, 69s. (Cock). Amongst songs were Barker's "Dublin Bay," 67s. (Blockley)—Barnett's "Little Fay," 49s. 10s. (J. Williams)—Dr. W. S. Bennett's Six Songs, 32s. (Cock).—Berge's "Broken Vows," 21s. (Lucas)—Callcott's "Last Man," 89s. (Cock)—Glover's "Bashful Man," 104s. (Brewer)—Hutton's "Kit the Cobbler," 8s. (B. Williams)—Hutton's "Tom the Tinker," 36s. (B. Williams)—Hutton's "Philly," 88s. (Cock)—Land's "When sorrow sleepeth," 16s. (Ditto)—Lind's "I cannot marry you," 82s. (Ditto)—Williams—Hobbs' "Thou art gone from my gaze," 94s. (Campbell)—Loder's "Path by the river," 57s. (Cock)—Nelson's "Madeline," 118s. (Ditto)—H. Smart's "Singing through the rain," 113s. (J. Williams)—Spore's "Wishing gate," 66s. (Ditto)—Wrighton's "Sing me an English song," 82s. (Cock)—F. Abbott's Ten Duets, 110s. (Olliphant). The concerted music comprised in Callcott's *Glee*, 25s. (Cock)—Hutton's Four-Part Songs, 146s. (Ditto)—Hear's Four-Part Songs, 149s. (Ditto)—H. Smart's Four-Part Songs, 91s. (Ditto).—Thomas's Welsh Melodies, 27s. (Ditto)—Pratt's Anthems, sold for 88s. (Novello). Amongst the operas were Balfe's *Blanche de Navarra*, 66s. *Furiant's Daughter*, 159s. *Armourer of Nantes*, 124s. *Letty*, 39s., all purchased by Messrs. Cock and Co. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 157s. (Cock)—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the words, of course, only copyright. 104s.—Wallace's *Lucia's* *Lucia*, 250s. (Cock).—Messrs. M. Costa's oratorios, *Eli*, produced 412s. and *Naaman*, 667s., both purchased by Messrs. Cock. Total, 13,389s.

OXFORD.—During the week the Brothers Webb have sustained several characters new to an Oxford audience, and fully demonstrated that it is not alone as the two Dromios that they are seen to advantage. On Monday and Tuesday they appeared in Mr. Craven's drama *A Bird in the Hand*, in which they were the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Lyons was produced, with the Brothers Webb as Duboso and Joseph Lesurques. Mr. Williams made his first appearance in Oxford as Jerome Lesurques, and appeared to do full justice to it. On Thursday, Miss Hudspeth took her benefit, when Tobin's comedy, *The Houseman*, was given, Mr. E. Phelps sustaining the part of Duke Aranza, Mr. Arnott, Count Montalban, and Mr. C. Cooper, Rolando, in which he made every point felt. Mr. Marshall was Balthazar, and the Mock Duke of Mr. Maxwell told immensely. Miss F. Haydon's Juliana was a graceful conception, and Miss Hudspeth's Volante was as charming as ever. We are glad to see that the spirited managers, Mrs. Hooper, has secured the services of an old Oxford favourite, Mr. Fred. Robinson. On Wednesday, those versatile and talented performers, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper take their benefit, when we sincerely hope the public will not be ungrateful for how much they have contributed to their enjoyment.

OXFORD JOURNAL.—"The season of the English Opera at Covent Garden," writes the *France Musicale*, "will be inaugurated on the 22nd of October by the *Africaine*, translated into English by M. C. Kenroy."

ROCHESTER.—The Theatre Royal will be opened on Friday next by Mr. C. A. Clarke, who for several seasons has conducted the entertainments with considerable success. The position of leading lady is occupied by Mrs. C. A. Clarke, who is favorably known to her able exponent of the higher branches of tragedy and gaudy comedy, for which her fine personal appearance, lady-like manner, and intensity of style, are eminently suited. The company also includes the names of the following performers:—Mr. C. A. Clarke, Messrs. H. Windley, A. Clifton, F. Perry, Bolton, F. Cooke, Nicholson, Osborn, Fitzgerald, Burton, Mrs. A. Clifton, Mesdames H. Windley, Durand and F. Clare

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VOL. 43.—No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Short Series of Operatic Representations.
PRODUCTION OF DER FREISCHUTZ.

THIS EVENING, (SATURDAY), October 28, will be produced (for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre), Wagner's Grand Romantic Opera,
DER FREISCHUTZ.
(See special Advertisement for particulars.)

MONDAY next, October 30, Gounod's Celebrated Opera,
FAUST.

Faust, Signor Girdel, Valentin, Mr. Santley, Mephistopheles, Signor Rossi, Wagner, Signor Canabini; Gretchen, Madlle. Barville, Martha, Madlle. Kall, and Margherita, Madlle. Tiffens.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

TUESDAY next, October 31,
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Commences at 8 o'clock. Prices—Dress Circle, 7s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Pit, 4s.; Pit Stalls, 1s. Private Boxes, One Guinea and upwards.
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GALLERY AFRICAINE.

MR. GERMAN REID begs to announce that a New Opera di Camera, entitled "LOVE WINS THE WAY," composed by F. Riccaioni, Libretto by J. F. de la Motte, will be produced for the first time on Monday next, October 30th, at 8 o'clock, commencing with CHING-CHOW-HI! Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent Street.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Warm, dry, and agreeable.
Madlle. Barville, Madlle. Solence; Signor Foll, and Solo Pianist, Signor Li Calci.

Conductor, MR. MAXIN.

Programme includes Symphony, G minor, Mozart; Overture, "Meerestille," Mendelssohn.

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MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Fourth Evening at the Pianoforte, in the Lecture Hall, Wellington-street, Kingston, on Thursday, 2nd November. Pianist—Mrs. John Macfarren; Vocalist—Miss Berry. Part I.—Andante and Rondo Capriccioso—Mendelssohn; Air, "Batti, batti"—Mozart; Invitation to the Waltz—Wagner; Selection from the Kinderstimmen—Schumann; "Foreign Countries and Strange People." "A game of Touch." "The Coasting Child."

"The Rejected Grant." "The Knight of the Hockingshoe." "Bo-peep." "Hunting Song from the Wolf"—Schumann; Harp Solo, "Oh, you're even after"—Gounod; Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "Bonnie Scotland"—Lizst; Part II.—Minuet and Prelude on Piano, from Sonata in E-flat—Beethoven; Song, "I never knew my heart"—G. A. Macfarren; Madrigal Venetian, "The sun's last ray"—Briston; Caprice Etude, "The Butterfly"—Lizst; Scotch Ballad, "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"; Fantasia, "Le Carnaval de Venise"—Schubert.

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MR. BENEDICT'S CHORAL SOCIETY.—THE
FIRST MEETING will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 9th November. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming members can obtain the necessary information and prospectus on application to E. L. PARLIS, the Honorary Secretary, 441, Oxford Street.

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MADAME BERGER LASCELLES requests all letters, respecting engagements for Grand Opera, Concerts and Lectures, in town or country, to be addressed to her residence, 3, York Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. SIMMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," at Cheltenham, October 31.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART begs to announce that she has returned from PARIS. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MISS BERRY.

MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 24, Regent Street, London, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEY will sing BENEDICT's Variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at Islington, Nov. 3rd; Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 1-th, and Leicester, Dec. 12th.

WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 8, Soho-square, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town for the season. Terms, for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., as well as for instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 54, Maddox-street, New Bond-street, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEY will sing BOYTON SMITH's popular song, "O'ER THE MEADOWS THE YOUNG SWEET KITTY." (Gipsies and Rovers) at Myddleton Hall, Nov. 3; the Saturday concert at Liverpool, Nov. 4; St. James's Hall, Nov. 9; Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 14; and at Leicester, Dec. 11.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs respectfully to announce that his theatrical engagement having terminated October 27th, he is now free to accept for Oratorios and concerts.—6, Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing his new song, "There's none so fair as she," at Huddersfield, Oct. 27th; Glasgow, 28th; Greenock, 30th; Inverness, 31st; Paisley, Nov. 1st; Kinloch, 2nd; Perth, 3rd; Aberdeen, 4th; Dundee, 5th; Darnley, 7th; and Newcastle-on-Tyne, 8th.—8, Barrington Road, Brighton, S.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "The song of May," (composed by Vincent Wallace) at Canterbury, Nov. 12th.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.

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BY
JULES BRISSAC.

"The following beautiful and highly suggestive lines from Byron read the first page of this aptly styled "Musical Vignette," and would appear to have given rise to the elegant musical lines which follow:—

"When the last sunbeam of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?"

"The piece, an air in F major, consists of a very sweet and expressive melody, and in the *veur* part of the instrument, the left hand crossing the right with a light accompaniment, which, after an easy, natural progression into the key of A minor, is repeated, this time an octave higher, with an accompaniment of semiquavers. The same melody then again appears in the lower register, and is now accompanied by a delicate triplet in the right hand, and the third verse, as it were, of the song is supplemented by an effective coda, which is in perfect keeping with the rest. Thus, simple as this little piece is in its construction, it is nevertheless extremely telling in its effect, and will, or we are much mistaken, prove quite a drawing-room success."—*The Times*, Sept. 26th.

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PALMERSTON.

BORN: OCTOBER 20, 1784. DIED: OCTOBER 18, 1866.

He is down, and for ever! The good fight is ended.
In deep-tinted harness our Champion died,
But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

He falls, but unvanquished. He falls in his glory,
A noble old King on the last of his fields:
And with death-song we come, like the Northmen of story,
And haughtily bear him away on our shields.

Nor yet are we mourners. Let proud words be spoken
By those who stand, pale, on the marge of his grave,
As we lay in the rest never more to be broken
The noble, the gentle, the wise, and the brave.

His courage undaunted, his purpose unaltered,
His long patient labor, his exquisite skill,
The tones of command from a tongue that ne'er faltered
When bidding the Nations to list to our will:

Let those be remembered; but higher and better
The tribute that tells how he dealt with his trust,
In curbing the tyrant, in breaking the fetter,
Lay the pleasure of him we commit to the dust.

But his heart was his England's, his idol her honor,
Her friend was his friend, and his foe was her foe,
Were her mandate despised, or a scowl cast upon her,
How stern his rebuke, or how vigorous his blow!

Her armies were sad, and her banners were tattered,
And lethargy wrought on her strength like a spell,
He came to the front, the enchantment was scattered—
The rest left a reconciled enemy tell.

As true to our welfare, he did his own mission
When Progress approached him with Wisdom for guide;
He cleared her a path, and with equal decision
Bade quack and fanatic alike stand aside.

The choice of his country, low faction despising,
He marched as a leader all true men could claim!
They came to their fellows, and held it sufficing
To give, as a creed, the great Minister's name.

So, heir to traditions of Him, long departed,
"Who called the New World up to balance the Old,"
We lay thee in earth,—gallant-natured, true-hearted!
Break, herald, thy wand, for his honors are told.

No, let Pride say her story and cease, for Affection
Stands near with a wealth of wild tears in her eyes,
And claims to be heard with more soft recollection
Of one who was ever as kindly as wise.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
For never was statesman to Englishmen dearer
Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

The frank merry laugh, and the honest eye filling
With mirth, and the jests that so rapidly fell,
Told out the State-secret that made us right willing
To follow his leading—he *loved* us all well.

Our brave English Chief!—lay him down for the sleeping
That naught may disturb till the trumpet of doom:
Honor claims the proud vigil—but Love will come weeping,
And hang many garlands on PALMERSTON's tomb!

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY
J. Gilman.

In the year 1848, I gave, with the *Parisian virtuoso*, Henri Herz, some concerts in Mexico. A young violinist of the name of Cœmens accompanied us to support Herz. We made an excellent thing of it in the city of Mexico, and then set off for the provinces.

As usual I went on first to make all the arrangements, and thus I reached Guanajuato. In Mexico, travellers stop at the so-called *Casa de Diligencia*, usually a wretched hole peopled with certain highly offensive but unmentionable insects, and here the wayfarer finds, at a pretty stiff price, a shelter, such as it is, for a few days.

Immediately after my arrival, I took a walk through the town to look about me a little, and, in this manner, found my way to the market-place or *Plaza*. Who can, however, describe my surprise on beholding the market-place filled with at least twenty thousand human beings belonging to the lower classes, all, on their knees, listening, with pious reverence and loud sobs, to three monks in grey gowns, who were evidently preaching to them, and who, while so engaged, smote their breasts, gesticulated violently with their hands, and howled so loudly as to be audible all over the market-place.

I was struck dumb with amazement. The exhibition was, from the mass of heads of the kneeling tatterdemalons, men, women, and children, something so unusual, so monstrous; and the howling of the monks something so deafening that I was, at first, perfectly bewildered.

At last, however, I plucked up courage and enquired what it all meant. It was the "Missions," I was informed. But what were the Missions? I had lived for thirty years in Protestant lands, and never had an idea of religion of this sort. But on this head, also, I received information. They were three monks from the *Franciscan* monastery, who had come, as it were, on a starring engagement.

When their sermon was over, and everyone had risen from his or her kneeling posture, I felt as if a mountain had been taken off my breast. The monks sold large numbers of rosaries, and magnanimously allowed the people to pay at the rate of half a dollar each, the real value being only a few pence. They took the profits accruing from this highly profitable business to the monastery, which was supported by it.

I did not stop to see the end of this shameful traffic, but returned to my *casa*.

The next day, I went out for the purpose of calling upon the Governor and the principal people of the town, that is: to push our speculation. Henri Herz had already rendered himself celebrated in the city of Mexico by his concerts, and his name was known even where I was; my puffs had long preceded us, and the inhabitants were looking forward with delight to the arrival of the famous *virtuoso*. But—there was a but after all—the Governor explained to me that I could not give any concerta then, as the place was *en miseria*, and that this sacred epoch was observed even more strictly than the fasts of the Church.

The news came upon me like a clap of thunder. Travelling in this country is a laborious affair, attended with all kinds of dangers; no one can form a notion what the traveller has to go through, unless he knows, from experience, the wretched conveyance by means of mules, and the insecurity of the roads. You at length reach a *Casa*, but you must stop only four days, after which period you have to look out for some other refuge. I, who had been accustomed to lie in bed till twelve o'clock in the day, had been compelled to submit to get into the diligence at two in the morning, and allow myself to be tortured over the most impossible roads, until far into the next night, and all to hear, on my arrival at this place, that I had come for nothing! I felt in a wretched frame of mind, and wished the Monks, together with the Missions, at —

The next day, Herz arrived. I took him to see the Governor, but the latter said once more, and in the most decided tone, it was impossible, on account of the Missions, to give any concerta for the next three weeks. All our arguments were of no avail; the whole thing struck the Governor as utterly preposterous.

In low spirits, I went away with Herz. What was to be done? A sudden thought struck me,

"I say, Herz," I began, "The people here appear to be all good Christians, but in reality they really believe in nothing, and are merely kept in subjection by the clergy. The governor does not dare to give us permission because he is afraid of the church. Let us go to the priest of the Cathedral, and have a sensible word or two with him."

Herz agreed to what I said.

We went to the Priest. He received us very politely. We told him we had heard so much that was good and honourable of him that we felt impelled to make his acquaintance. He fell into the snare. He treated us to some very excellent chocolate, which was brought up by his housekeeper. Our conversation with him lasted a long time, but the only advice which he, too, could give us was to wait for the termination of the Missions. We replied that we were still resolved on giving our concert the following week. The Priest stated politely but firmly that he should protest against any such act on our part.

"But just reflect one moment," I exclaimed, "even in Rome concerts are given during Passion-Week itself, and a concert is not a play. We do not want to give a theatrical performance."

"That is all very well," replied the Priest, "but even at a concert young people are brought together; here sits a young man, and yonder a young woman; this circumstance sets both thinking about love, and such must not be the case during the Missions!"

It was useless to say anything more. We took our leave. Herz reproached me with having effectually ruined all our prospects, by having set the Priest against us. We should now, he observed, lose three weeks' time, which we should be compelled to spend in the wretched inn.

I perceived that such was the case. In the evening I felt very wretched and sat down to—play patience.

The next morning, I went to Herz's room. He was still in bed. "Things are not favorable, are they, my dear Herz?" I observed.

"No, *grace à vous*," he answered, with a groan.

"That may be," I replied assentingly. "But come, I have a proposal to make. We cannot lose anything, because we have already mismanaged the whole matter. Let us go to-day and call upon the Missionaries!"

Herz agreed to the proposal, though he did not fancy anything would be gained by it. However, the visit would help to pass away the time.

We reached the Market-Place, where the twenty-thousand human beings were again howling and purchasing rosaries.

"Good gracious me," I exclaimed, "if the people here continue purchasing rosaries for three weeks more, they will have no money left for our concerts."

Herz looked very gloomily, for our speculation did not promise very well.

We waited patiently until the preaching was over. We then proceeded to see the missionaries in the monastery. As Herz did not speak Spanish, I was spokesman for both, and informed the holy brothers that my companion had been so affected by their sermon that I was obliged to translate it to him.

"They, also, were of course charmed with us, these three ragged mendicant monks, who, however, were entitled *santos misionarios*. We told them about the concert which we intended giving after the Missions, and expressed a hope that they, also, would attend them."

"Ah!" exclaimed one "we should indeed like to hear *este celebre compositor*, but our gown does not permit us to enjoy such public and worldly amusements."

"Well then, respected father," I observed, "you know that when Mahomet saw the mountain could not go to him, he went to the mountain! As you cannot come to us, we will come to you, and arrange a concert in the monastery. We will be here to-morrow at eight o'clock in the evening; but you must pledge us your word of honor, however, to keep it a secret; for the Governor himself begged Herz to play at his house; but the celebrated *virtuoso* plays only in public, and the Governor would feel offended were he to hear of such inconsistency."

The monks gave the required promise and took leave of us in high spirits.

Hardly had it begun to grow dark the next evening, before we set off on our way to the monastery. But what a sensation was created at the sight of our Erard's grand being carried through

the town! A large crowd of ragged wretches followed at our heels; they were all lost in astonishment and accompanied us as far as the monastery.

All the Monks, some thirty in number, were awaiting us with the greatest impatience. The piano was brought in and set up. Herz played them his favorite pieces, and then some national Mexican dances, the Jarabes. Cenen, the violinist, gave them the "Carnaval de Venise."

The Monks were beside themselves with enthusiasm; the *furor* we created was enormous. At ten o'clock, when the concert was over, we were regaled with the most expensive champagne (in a monastery of mendicant monks! The rosaries must produce a good profit!) When we left, they gave us their blessing and the *moneda de caridad*, a piece of money consecrated by the Holy Father.

As we were returning home, Herz enquired: "Well, and what good has all this been?"

I said nothing. We reached home, and in our usual bad spirits sought our couches. No sleep visited my eyes during the night; contrary to my custom, I got up as early as eight o'clock in the morning. In the interim, however, I had definitely arranged my plans. Having dressed, I went to the printing office, where I ordered them to strike off the largest poster the establishment could produce, that is to say: a small sheet of about two square feet. This was to be posted up at the corners of the streets, and contained the following announcement:

"The day after to-morrow, Sunday, first concert of the celebrated pianist and composer, Henri Herz, from Paris, chevalier of the Legion of Honour, etc., At this concert those pieces will be played which M. Henri Herz had the honor of playing, the day before yesterday, in the presence of the santissimos padres at the monastery of San Diego."

This poster could not, however, in consequence of its small size, produce any effect upon the masses; it was necessary to hit upon some additional mode of getting up a sensation. For the purpose of attracting the public to any particular play, it is the custom in Mexico for the scene-painter to paint a large picture, representing at least fifty persons being murdered, another twenty lying already dead upon the ground, and, generally, scenes of all sorts of horror, outrage, and bloodshed. The peasants and towns-people gaze at these pictures with open mouths and flock in crowds to the theatre.

But how could a concert be represented pictorially so as to produce the necessary impression upon their minds? The question was a difficult one, but it was to be solved. We could not exhibit murder and manslaughter, so we must manage to do without. I went with Cenen to the painter, and requested that he would look very carefully at Cenen, and then paint him life-size upon a large piece of canvas. This was done. Cenen was represented, as large as life, in the picture, standing with his fiddle in his hand.

But, however wild the fancy which had guided the artist's brush, the picture was deficient in awe-inspiring effect. What was a mere fiddler compared to the scenes of blood to which the people had been accustomed in the paintings sent forth from the theatre! How could a picture of this description exercise any power of attraction. Suddenly, a bright idea flashed across my mind. I took the picture and had it exhibited upside-down. I was right. It did not fail to produce the effect desired. The towns-people came and stared with eyes like saucers at the big thing.

"*Santissima Madre!*" they exclaimed. "What! does the fellow play the fiddle standing upon his head! *Hombre! Hombre!* We must go and see him!"

The whole town flocked to the concert. My plan was successful beyond all my expectations. Our receipts were enormous.

And the Governor? He was compelled to be silent, because he dared not take any proceedings against the priests, who had themselves got up a concert in the monastery during the Missions. It was the government itself which sent these missionaries every year, for the purpose of rendering the people even more brutalized than they were before.

And the Priests? They also were compelled to hold their tongue, because they were not able to refute my public announcement. The people, though completely in the hands of the Priests, were still pleased that the latter had been played a good trick, and, perhaps, this was a better advertisement for us than ought else.

Nevertheless, however, I wisely went out of the way of the Monks

DER FREISCHUTZ IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent).

The announcement that Weber's glorious *Der Freischütz*—always an immense favorite with the Dublin public—interpreted by Titiens, Mdle. Sinico, Mr. Santley, Signors Stagno and Bossi, created an unusual stir in musical circles here, and the result was on its first performance last night an enormous crowd. The audience redemanded the overture, which received its due meed of justice from the band and from Signor Aditi, than whom there is no better conductor. In the trial scene the chorus sang well, and the business of the stage did not misfire any more than the rifles of Kilian and Rodolph. The latter character was in the hands of Signor Stagno, whose voice, a light Italian tenor, is less suited to Weber's music than to Italian lyric works. The impersonation of Kuno by Signor Bossi was careful. Mr. Santley's Caspar was a genuine sinner, alike in the recitatives, songs, and concerted music. His drinking song, "Quaggin in questa," was called for twice; and his singing of the bass bravura, "Taci, onde nonio l'avverta!" was remarkably telling. Few singers, except they are, like Mr. Santley, gifted with an organ which descends below the bass staff, and as readily mounts up into the tenor register, could do anything like justice to this torrent of vocalization, heavily scored too as it is for the orchestra. Even until Caspar met his fate by the "free shot" fired from the barrel of his intended dupe, Rodolph, he continued to do good service in the cause of Weber and his opera.

In *Der Freischütz* the heroine, Agnes (Mdle. Tietjens) and the second soprano, Anne (Mdle. Sinico), do not appear until the second act; however, they make up for their long absence by joining in the charming duo, "Io lieta son," known in England as "Come, be gay!" This was warmly applauded. Mdle. Sinico sang with noise expression the pretty polka with oboe obbligato, "Vien un glorio." Mdle. Tietjens was in glorious voice, her noble organ ringing out like, one might say, a clarion of gold, displaying its beauty of compass and quality conjointly. The world-famous scena in E major was, of course, a series of grandly realized vocal pictures, winding up with a torrent of florid passages, and culminating in a gush of joy. Yet I almost preferred Mdle. Tietjens in the exquisite cavatina in A flat, with its wailing, yearning violoncello tender music, now and then silvered over with the tones of the clarinet, like a cloud bordered by moonlight. This divine song in Weber's happiest manner, must surely have suggested to Mendelssohn his "Then shall the righteous shine." We hear the same beautiful synepic harmonies in the accompaniment, and also the high note in the vocal part long sustained. Everybody was delighted with Mdle. Tietjens' interpretation of those two glorious songs, in opposite styles; and also with her share in the duet before alluded to with Mdle. Sinico: truly the two ladies covered themselves with glory throughout the opera.

The Bridemaid was Mdle. Redi, who got through her little *chanson* very bravely. The incantation scene went off well. The manner of lighting up the spectres, the owls, &c., display a vast improvement on what I can recall a few years back. The chorus of huntsmen was very well sung until the second trial, when all was brought up with a flowing sheet. The only other part of the music which failed to satisfy was that most difficult, and, indeed, nearly impossible chorus, in F major, with the horns, which winds up the first act. Of this the chorus part should be re-written, the orchestra remaining in *stato*, and, in my humble opinion, a great effect would be produced, instead of, as at present, resulting in a quasi failure. The last finale, too, the only weak part of the work, might be compressed, and the fugues excised. The original form of *Der Freischütz* differed but little from that of *Oberon* by the same composer—both were "dramas with songs"; and, in order to bring them *en rapport* with the drama according to the Italians, the spoken recitative has been turned into musical recitative, accompanied by the orchestra. In the case of *Oberon* this has been effected by Mr. Benedict: the grander work of *Der Freischütz* was assimilated to the Italian form by M. Hector Berlioz, known as the musical critic for the *Journal des Débats*, renowned as an orchestral colorist.

LEZARIE.—*L'Africaine* will, it is expected, be the first novelty at the commencement of next year. This month, *La Reine*, by Herr Gustav Schmidt, will be produced, and, in November, *Der Sängers Fluch*, by Herr Langert.—The program of the Great Gaiety concert, given by Herr Beethoven, "Fest-Ouverture," Op. 121; Schubert's Symphony in C major; David's D minor Violin Concerto, executed by the composer himself, and two songs, sung by Madame Alexander von Kotschettoff, a Russian lady, who was much applauded. The programme of the second concert included, in the way of more considerable works, the overture to *Die Zuehrerfote*, and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Madame Kotschettoff sang an air from *Euryanthe*, and one from *Die Zuehrerfote*, as well as songs by Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Abtstet. Mdle. Zimmermann performed Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, and solo pieces by Schumann and Liszt.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF GEORGE II.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Many directors of concert-rooms, music-halls, and public gardens are probably unaware, and certainly will not be pleased to learn, that they hold their licenses under an Act entitled "An Act for the better preventing Thefts and Robberies, and for regulating Places of Public Entertainment and punishing Persons keeping Disorderly Houses." The first clause in the Act deals directly with the question of theft, and forbids persons to offer "a reward with no questions asked" for the restoration of stolen property. This system of offering rewards for stolen property restored is looked upon as the chief incentive to robbery; but another great cause is said to be "the multitude of places of entertainment for the lower sort of people," whereby they are "tempted to spend their small substance in riotous pleasures, and in consequence are put on unlawful methods of supplying their wants and renewing their pleasures." It was in order to check this dissipation, and "to correct as far as may be the habit of idleness which is become too general over the whole kingdom, and is productive of much mischief and inconvenience," that the plan of granting licenses under certain conditions was introduced.

The second clause provides that a license shall be obtained for every "house, room, garden, or any other place kept for public dancing, music, or other entertainment of the like kind;" and it is enacted by the third clause that no such "house, room, garden, or other place kept for any of the said purposes, although licensed as aforesaid, shall be open for any of the said purposes before the hour of five in the afternoon." The limitation in point of time is to be made a condition of every license; and in case of any breach of the condition, the license "shall be forfeited, and shall be revoked by the justices of the peace in their general or quarter sessions, and shall not be renewed, nor shall any new license be granted to the same person or persons."

Throughout the Act it is set forth that the object of the Legislature in introducing the system of licenses is "for the better discovering and bringing to justice thieves, robbers, and other persons maintaining themselves by pilfering and defrauding mankind;" and the police are empowered to enter all unlicensed places where public entertainments are given, either upon "a general privy search" or by virtue of a special warrant, and to charge those whom they may apprehend with being "rogues and vagabonds," or "idle and disorderly persons," or "with suspicion of felony (although no direct proof be then made thereof)." If the persons arrested cannot, on being brought before the justices, prove that they have a lawful way of getting their livelihood, they may be "committed to prison for any time not exceeding six days."

The provisions of this Act have only to be strictly enforced to ensure its abolition or amendment. When it became law in 1761 morning concerts did not happen to be in fashion; but they are very harmless, and the inferior singers and musicians who frequently furnish the entertainment are the only persons connected with them who can be said to maintain themselves by "defrauding mankind." At present, not only is the law constantly broken at the licensed concert-rooms, but many concerts are given at places which have no license at all. Without mentioning public places of resort where licenses ought to be obtained, we may safely assume that the houses of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Dudley are not authorized places of amusement within the meaning of the Act; yet these noblemen and many others place their rooms and galleries from time to time at the service of distinguished artists who wish to give concerts, and who naturally do not admit their visitors without payment. Then there is at least one public concert-room at the West-end which has carried on business for years without a license, and where, whenever a concert is given, the greater part of the fashionable audience might legally be arrested by a really vigilant police.

If the law of licenses for music and dancing should be entirely changed, the managers who undertook a few months ago to shut up the Alhambra will have to be thankful for that result, for it is they who first called attention to it, without reflecting that it would not bear serious examination. It seems to us that the music-halls are the only places at which performances of music and dancing take place where the stipulations of the Licensing Act are really observed. At the Hanover-square Rooms, Willis's Rooms, St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and even at Exeter Hall, performances are sometimes given early in the afternoon in direct violation of the law, and to the manifest encouragement of that "habit of idleness" which was considered so mischievous in George II.'s time, and which the Licensing Act, passed in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, expressly condemns. At the music-halls on the other hand, the mid-day or afternoon longer finds no entertainment provided for him; their doors are not open until eight in the evening.

As for the question whether the performances at the Alhambra are in themselves illegal, that has not yet been settled, though if the li-

tory of the question (which is by no means a new one) were at all known, the point would doubtless be decided against the theatrical managers. Neither counsel nor magistrate can, by pondering over the words, come to the conclusion as to what the expression "stage-play" really means. We find, however, that when licenses for music and dancing were first granted, stage-dancing was understood to be included in the permission. In 1735 the "Music House," established at Sadler's Wells, where now stands the theatre, was used, according to the description of its manager, Mr. Forcer, for "music, rope-dancing, ground dancing, a short pantomime, and the sale of liquor." Mr. Haxley, in his "History of Music," tells us that Forcer was "a very gentlemanly man;" and another authority declares that his language was "softer than his ale," although that was "healing to the lungs as balm of Gilead." Nevertheless the Music House was indicted in 1744 as illegal, and it was only established as a legitimate place of entertainment in 1751, by the very Act under which it is now proposed to close the Alhambra. After it had obtained its license for music and dancing, burlettas were added to the previous performance, and every description of drama was performed except drama with spoken dialogue—the "regular drama," as it used to be called, and which included neither burlettas, melodramas, pantomimes, ballets, nor historical spectacles.

Let us turn, then, to the history of the King's Theatre, which, after the Italian Opera had been transferred to the Pantheon, was refused a theatrical license. It was thereupon opened under a license for music and dancing on the 26th of March, 1791. The advertisements stated that nothing contrary to law would be performed, and the entertainments consisted of "a concert; one act serious, in Italian; a divertissement; a concert; one act comic in Italian; and 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' a ballet dance." Although the directors of the rival Italian Opera would gladly have crushed the King's Theatre, they had nothing to say against these performances taking place. They were no doubt better than those now given at the Alhambra, but it is also quite certain that they were more theatrical.

At present it is difficult to say which is the most absurd, the Licensing Act itself, or the manner in which our magistrates interpret it. The other day, at the Middlesex sessions, it was decided that a certain publican was a fit person to have a license because he had won a foot-race and had gained the name of "the Thunder Bolt." The proprietor of a music-hall took out a license for music and dancing (the Act says nothing about licenses for music alone) on the understanding that no one at his establishment should dance. The director of the Hanover-square Rooms, who apparently has never won a foot-race, was only allowed to receive a license on promising that he would give no morning concerts next season. It is true that a special complaint had been lodged against him, and the greater the number of such complaints the better. Whatever may be decided in the disputed case of the music-hall, it is clear that the law has been violated at every place in or near London where music is occasionally performed before five in the afternoon, from the Hanover-square Rooms to the Crystal Palace, and from Exeter Hall to Cremorne Gardens. There must be something wrong about an Act when of its two most important clauses one is unintelligible and the other inapplicable.

RHYME AND ROBBERY.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em," saith the "Fortunate-Unhappy" to the cruelly-hearted Malvolio. Those who "achieve greatness" on the music-hall platform can testify that envy (like the blacksmith's wife in *Great Expectations*) is continually "on the rampage" and ready to attack celebrities who work hard to promote refinement of taste, and advance the cause of art. Malice lately required a victim and found one in Vamp, the "great" king of "comique," who has been boldly accused of putting his name to another poet's rhymes. From a depot for doggerel in genteel Bond Street, an adorning crowd learned, some time ago, that a song called "The Perambulator" was written by Vamp. In that belief Britain was happy until a less famous droll named Charles Crayon wrote to a contemporary, and, mildly complaining of the "liberty" taken by his factious brother, claimed "The Perambulator" as his own. The Crayonic declaration was emphatically supported by "Joe Hainton," another music-hall vocalist, who assisted in pushing the new poet's invention along the road to popularity. There two friends—Pegasus and his groom—were bold men to attack the integrity of a "Howling Swell" who dates his farwells to the public from "Slap Bang Villa," but Mr. Crayon probably considered the "great" one a kind of poetical burglar, deserving of vengeance and impeachment. The explanation of Vamp's predatory tendencies was followed by what may be called corroborative

evidence from a Mr. Fred Haxley, who designated himself "a victim of the great (?) songster's deception." Mr. Haxley gave "The Valet de Chambre, or, Adolphe Simpkins" to Vamp and the world, on express condition that the letters F. H. were to represent the writer on the title page. Vamp, however, took the "liberty" of totally ignoring this arrangement, and on the frontispiece of "Adolphe Simpkins," published by Messrs. Poppy and Screw, New Bond Street, W., Mr. Haxley looked in vain for his initials. He was a "sold" man, and Vamp the great revelled in his little triumph until publicly accused of "meanness to my self least" by the deluded F. H. "Timid spirits whom Fate had placed in the gentle warbler's equivocal position would have become, as Falstaff observes, 'crestfallen as a dried pear.'" Not so Vamp, who begged to deny "in toto each and every assertion contained in" Mr. Crayon's epistle. To the ingrate Haxley the proprietor of "Slap Bang Villa" is more severe and crushing in his answer. Frederick Haxley is called a "person" and threatened with utter extinction at an early period. The sword of the law and of Damocles is declared to be hanging over him, for Mr. Vamp's solicitor is much obliged to Mr. F. H. for his considerate kindness in publishing the address of his *present lodgings*, as for a considerable period he had vainly sought it. Upon this elegant passage, and upon the hard fate which allows a man who lives in "lodgings" to be publicly told of it by one who vegetates in a "villa," the public are left to ruminate. Vamp has an eye to vengeance but another to business, for he subsequently remarks that his "grand benefit comes off," &c., &c.

The pertinacious Crayon "sticks to his text," and, as the bold sword-hilt persecutes the voracious shark, makes a final assault upon that jolliest of emancipated puppies who barks only to the "very genteelset of tunes." Crayon wonders Vamp "should attempt to back up an unblushing meanness by such an audacious falsehood," and thus the little comic star that twinkles at Haxley in Staffordshire, gives the lie (not "nine times removed," but unpleasantly direct), to the comet whose rays illumine the Strand and Slap Bang Villa. The editorial extinguisher was then put upon the true and false poets. The "great" one could not return to the charge, as it was definitely announced that nothing further would be inserted in reference to the "uninteresting dispute." Thus summarily ended "a very pretty quarrel as it stands." The British poets are at liberty to pat Charles Crayon, Fred Haxley, and bold Joe Bainton on their respective backs as good men and true, who have striven to uphold the rights of authorship, and the British public are at liberty to decide whether the sign of "The Tuncful Lyre" should appear outside the Vampian Villa or the Haxleyan "lodgings." A jury of the combatants' intelligent countrymen would not, perhaps, require to be locked up all night before agreeing to a verdict on this momentous question.

The persecuted Vamp had hardly recovered from the fruitless labour of defending his literary honesty when he was called upon to meet certain charges from outspoken Manchester, impugning the delicacy of his imperishable lyrics delivered in the Free Trade Hall. He was gently rebuffed, firmly told by the correspondent of a Metropolitan Journal, of having "made one very great mistake," and that "however well coarse allusions and double entendres may be received in bibulous and fumi-gant Concert Halls, persons who visit the Free Trade Hall cannot, and do not, appreciate them." Vamp, as quickly as possible, complains of the Cottonopolitans' "acrimony which almost displays an animus of personal hostility towards me on what he calls my coarseness." Vamp proceeds to justify himself in the eyes of the world and the Manchester censor, affirming that "anything" (and, we presume everything), "and in his impersonation at the time he (the Manchester critic) alludes to has been said before by,"—other public darlings. This admission is unworldly candid, as it seems to relinquish, in some measure, any claim for originality in the offending "impersonation" or impersonations. The peerless Vamp would surely not consent to make use of stock jokes,—come or fine. It is possible that the force of habit can have led him to momentarily mistake the Manchester platform for that of the Hall of Mirrors at the top of the Haymarket? Furthermore, it is possible that any "lively sally" born and cradled in the above temple of purity can have shocked the sensibilities of fastidious Manchester? If so, then is the calico-making community to be pitted as a race of

gloomy ascetics who reject true wit even as very inferior animals traditionally hold cabbage stumps more precious than pearls. Vamp, the malignant minstrel who is perambulating the benighted Provinces with his "wild harp slung behind him," may at all events comfort himself with the reflection that Londoners can comprehend and enjoy the dainty wit of the song of the "bun" and "Master Greedy," if the straight-laced cotton spinners refuse to follow the fashion. Let him ponder on the words of the Duke in *Measure for Measure*—

"Back-wondering calumny
The whitest virtue strikes."

Again, he is better off than poor Ophelia, who sang anything but comic songs, and who was told "be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." After all, Vamp, the king of this comical island, cannot do better than make himself a foolcap crown, and stud it with a few more gems of wit, such as the patrons of "bibulant and fumigant" Halls appreciate. May must be made while the sun shines, and the British public may, at some future time, seek its relaxation in more wholesome pastures than can be found anywhere near Music Halls. In the meantime Vamp and his comic (?) compatriots cannot do better than they always have done, namely, put money in their own purses, and leave the refinement of the masses to take care of itself.

In Memory of WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

[The remains of this distinguished composer were interred at Kensal Green Cemetery, Monday, Oct. 23rd, and during the reading of the burial service over the grave the birds in the surrounding trees never ceased to sing.]

Yes! the chords are rent and shivered!
Ceased the mystic lyre to play!
For whose life is delivered
From its narrow bonds of clay.—
His, whose half-divine conception,
Gave vitality to song,
That shall live when recollection
Of his form hath faded long;
Though the cunning hand is lying
Useless, nerveless, by his side,
Music, boom of him, undying,
Shall for ages still abide.
For a true song is immortal,
And he cannot call it back,
But must leave it at the portal
Of the mansion he will track.—
Leave it there, but not to linger,
For it may to Heaven ascend,
Wafted by some kindred spirit,
Who was proud to call him friend:
And he once again may hear it
In a brighter, purer state,
Where no earthly stain comes near it,
And the angel harps vibrate.
Will it be so? Like a token,
That to us seemed heaven-sent,
In a strain of joy unbroken,
With the burial-service blent,
Sang God's singers—sweet bird-voices,
With a loud seraphic hymn;
Lively nature thus rejoiced,
When a spirit goes to Him,
Goes to join the loud harmonies,
Join the music of the spheres,
Join the starry host whose banners
Trail the sky through countless years:
Thus it seemed to us as slowly
Gazed we on the coffin-lid,
Mourning him who lay so lowly,
Who in life so bravely died,
"Dust to dust"—the words were spoken,
Sang the words so loud and shrill,
And the spell it is unbroken,
We shall hear his sweet songs still.

Oct. 23rd, 1865.

J. E. CARPENTER.

STUTTGART.—Herr Miika HAUSER, who was attacked this summer by paralysis of the left hand, having completely recovered, thanks to the baths of Baden and Vöslau, is about to undertake a long concert tour through Holland, Sweden, and Norway.

MÜNCHEN.—A short time since Herr Schreiber got up a very interesting sacred concert in aid of the building fund for St. Peter's Church. The pieces performed were *Prelude and Fugue*, A minor, for the organ, Seb. Bach; *Fragments from the Johann-Passion*, Seb. Bach; *Sacred Motets* of the seventeenth century, M. Frank; *Motet: "Sehet, welch, eine Liebe,"* Homilius; *Prelude for Organ and Trumpet on the choral: "Jerusalem, du Nothgebaute Stadt!"* Gust. Schreiber; 3 *Psalms* for Female Chorus, Gustav Schreiber; Soprano Air: "Israel," from *Eljah*; *Motet: "Ehre sei Dir, Christe!"* H. Schütz; *"Passacaglia"* for Organ, Seb. Bach. All the pieces were executed in a masterly manner, and the concert went off most satisfactorily.

COLOGNE.—The first Subscription Concert, this year, took place, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the great room of the Gürzenicht, on the 17th inst. The following was the programme:—First Part.—1. *Symphony in C major*, Mozart; 2. *"Das Mädchen von Cola,"* *Elgry* for Chorus and Orchestra, founded on Oskau's *Derthula*, Karl Rheinthal (first time); 3. *Violin Concerto*, No. 3, composed and played by Herr Joseph Joachim (first time). Second Part.—1. *King's Symphony*, written by A. von Kotschewski and set by L. van Beethoven, for the opening of the Pesth Theatre, in 1812 (first time); *Overture*, Nos. 1 and 2, Chorus of Hungarian Nobles; No. 3, *Triumphal March*; No. 4, Chorus of Women; No. 5, "Melodrama"; No. 6, General Chorus; No. 7, "Melodram"; No. 8, Sacred March and Chorus, "Melodram"; No. 9, Concluding Chorus.—According to general report, Mdle. Adeline Patti was to appear once more on the 24th inst., the character selected by her being that of Margaret in M. Gounod's *Faust*.—The new academical term has commenced at the Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The number of new pupils is very satisfactory. Herr Ernst Rudorff, from Berlin, has been appointed in the place of Herr Bargiel.

BREMEN.—Herr's Solomon will shortly be performed under the direction of Herr Karl Rheinthal, Mdle. Francisca Schreck singing the contralto, and Herr Guntz the tenor solos. On the occasion of the performance an attempt will be made, for the first time, to use as concert-hall the Exchange, a splendid building, capable of containing 2000 persons.—The occasional Organ Concerts, with singing by the Cathedral choir a *capella* are exceedingly well attended. At the last, the programme included, among other things, vocal compositions by Schröter, Eccard, Mendelssohn, and an "Angustian Hymn" by Herr Rheinthal, who, performed, by the way, on the organ G. S. Bach's "Passacaglia and Toccata in F," and a Fantasia of his own.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Russian Operatic season opened on the 31st August, with *Gaillaume Tell*. Every place was taken in advance, and the audience applauded Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* as though it had been a perfect novelty. A new opera entitled *Rogneda* will shortly be produced. It is by one of the first Russian composers, M. Seroff, who has, also, achieved a certain reputation as a literary man.—The Italian operatic company commenced its season on the 23rd September, with M. Gounod's *Faust*.—The officials and professors connected with the Conservatory of Music, celebrated, on the 3rd inst., the foundation of that institution, by a grand dinner, to which the Directors of the Russian Musical Society were invited.

DONKERT.—The eighth National Festival of the Netherlands will be celebrated here in 1867. The committee has just been appointed, and will shortly issue its programme, in which the members of all the musical societies of Holland will co-operate.

THE PATTI CONCERTS.—The first of the series of concerts which Herr Ullmann has announced his intention of giving in Berlin, with Mdle. Carlotta Patti as the leading star, came off on the 16th inst., with great éclat, at the Singacademie, which was filled to suffocation on the occasion. The audience were ecstatic in their applause, and the critics equally so. One of the latter says: "It is precisely in a region which for others is covered with eternal snows that this fair artist's voice sends forth its most luxuriant shoots and blossoms. Its power goes on constantly increasing from about the two-lined C upwards, the purity and pleasing character of its tone being perfectly irreproachable, through all the various degrees of strength, and all the nice delicacies of light and shade. The fair artist's virtuosity resembles the compass of her voice. Her greatest triumphs are those she achieves, as though in mere play, over difficulties, which for other artists would be invincible." Mdle. Carlotta Patti's colleagues in the concert were MM. Vieuxtemps, Jaell, and Piatti, all of whom afforded the highest possible satisfaction, and fully justified the reputation they enjoy.

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(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment
(instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and
rhythmic). CHAP. II.—The urgency in expression which mental sentiment involves,
its basis in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works. CHAP. III.—
A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart,
Beethoven and Mendelssohn. CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.
CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan
of Opera should be based. CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and
musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Chœurs, should be based. CHAP. VII.—The
influence of musical progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his
time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate
the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say,
such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music calculated to
prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit
musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental
analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of
ensuring safe publication. The value of one hundred musically to purchase a copy
when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary
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GRAND RONATA, in A flat, Op. 26, (with Funeral March)—Madame
ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.
CANZONETTO, "My Mother bids me bind my hair"—Mrs. GEORGE
DOLBY Chopin.
1. ROMANCE, "The Mill-wheel," in F major Chopin.
2. STUDY, in A flat (Book I, No. 9) Mrs. ARABELLA GODDARD.
3. GRIEG'S ETUDE in G flat (No. 4, Book I) Grieg.
4. AVE MARIA,—"Mrs. GEORGE DOLBY Schubert.
ANDANTE AND RONDO CAPRICcioso, in E—Madame
ARABELLA GODDARD Mendelssohn.

PART II.

GRAND RONATA, in F minor, Op. 17, "L'Invention,"—Madame
ARABELLA GODDARD Chopin.
SONG, "May Dew,"—Mrs. GEORGE DOLBY W. S. Bennett.
FANTASIA (Lucerna Berge)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Thalberg.
Manager—Mr. GEORGE DOLBY.

NOTICES.

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ed to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.,
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ance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can
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On Sunday, the 15th inst., MADAME CARADORE ALLAN, formerly of
Her Majesty's Theatre, aged 65.

On August 16th, at Melbourne (Victoria), MISS SARA FLOWER
formerly of the Royal Academy of Music.

On August 24, at Cape Coast Castle, MR. SAMUEL TUCKWELL, Band-
master, 4th West Indian Regiment, aged 30.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If YOU PLEASE.—Almost the identical article appeared a short time
since, in *Musicaliana*, signed "Holmes of Hallow."

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

DR. LUDWIG NOHL, Professor of History and æthetics, at
the University of Munich, has collected and published a
volume of *Beethoven's Letters*. Side by side with much that is beau-
tiful and elevating we find in this volume a perfect anthology of
misers from the life of a great man, and we should end by laying
down the book with a sentiment of moral sadness, if, while we were
perusing it, the immortal Symphonies, Sonatas, and Quartets of
the Master did not continually keep running in our head. The
disagreeable things a man may suffer as a German, a composer, a
German composer: as a deaf, sick bachelor, as a teacher, as a lover,
nay, more, as a man of business, crop up, here and there, in those
letters, and crop up, too, into our very eyes, so that the latter
become wet with tears. But we much reflect that Fate is justified
when it charges as dearly as possible for such genius as that which
fell to the lot of Beethoven. The highest price is always a mere
trifle.

The Editor has divided the Letters into three sections, the first
of which (1783 to 1815) "Lebens Freud und Leid," and the last
(1823 to 1827) "Lebens Mühe und Ende" (the titles savour
rather of those given to a series of songs) include between them
the second (1815 to 1823), which bears the title of "Lebens Auf-
gaben." Why the middle section should be thus called is not
very plain; perhaps it is because Beethoven's guardianship over
his nephew agrees with the year 1815. It cannot, however, be
denied that among the "Lebens Aufgaben" (Tasks of Life) in
Beethoven's case, was certainly the task of writing the C minor
Symphony and *Fidelio*. But no matter! we can only feel thank-
ful to Herr Nohl for his industry as a collector, though the most
important pieces in his collection have long been familiar to us.

It is not difficult to give a short summary of the contents of the
Letters. A very small number indeed consist of letters of a mere
friendly nature—but there is a *love-letter* among them. The others
are nearly all on business: letters to the various publishers of his
works; letters and documents relating to the guardianship and
education of his young nephew; furthermore others of the same
kind concerning the income settled on him by certain princely
personages; and, finally, shorter letters and notes treating of every
possible subject—of the production of *Fidelio* and of his squabbles
with his domestics, of dedications and medical men, of change of
residence and concerts, and—alas!—very frequently of money,
money! A special place must be assigned to the will, which has
been so often printed. The original, in possession of the celebrated
Ernst, and written at Heiligenstadt in 1802, is a sorrowful lament,
in which the Master gives utterance to the most moving grief for
the loss of his hearing. There is nothing that ever flowed in words
from Beethoven's pen which can equal the interest this Elegy never
fails to inspire, however often it is read.

The book opens with the dedication to the Elector, Maximilian
Frederick of Cologne; it is printed before the first Pianoforte

Sonatas "verfertigt" ("made") by Beethoven in his twelfth year. The editor remarks somewhat naively "it could scarcely have been drawn up by the boy himself, but has notwithstanding been included in the work as forming a cheerful contrast to his own subsequent mode of expressing himself towards persons of rank." It is certain that never in his life was Beethoven capable of writing such correct German as in this dedication, and still less could he have ever thought of such old fashioned bombastic stuff. With regard, however, to "his mode of expressing himself towards persons of rank," his letter to the King of Prussia (381 of the collection) referring to the dedication of the Ninth Symphony, is merely couched in that altered tone naturally required by the lapse of half-a-century. His letters also to Count Hatfeldt, to Prince Lichnowsky, to the Countess Kinaky, and, moreover, his recently published letters to the Arch-Duke Rudolph, prove that Beethoven could behave to the great ones of this earth just as other mortals do, who want something from them, or owe them something. That he was as little able to restrain his violent temper in his intercourse with princes as in his dealings with domestics is quite another thing.

The letters to his youthful friends, male and female, Wegeler and von Breuning (already made known to us by Wegeler) are far from numerous—but they produce a pleasing impression when they first appear in the year 1793 and finally a few weeks previous to the master's death in 1827. As Beethoven himself confesses, he must have committed many a wrong against these two friends of his, but the deep and cordial attachment he preserves for them, despite everything, after all their separations both mental and actual, touches us the more, because we fancy we can perceive in it the love, which was never extinguished, for his Rhenish home, and his grateful reminiscences of the first years of his youth. Beethoven's relations with Ries and the letters addressed to the latter are, likewise, already known. People have sometimes felt inclined to blame Ries for the rather unfriendly tone that now and then peeps forth in his *Mittheilungen*. But it must be confessed that, if Beethoven assisted Ries at the outset in Vienna, and granted him the distinction of calling himself his pupil, Ries, up to the very last, displayed the most self-sacrificing alacrity in doing whatever lay in his power to serve his master. From the very first letter, in which Ries is ordered to correct parts (1801), up to the last which is given, of the year 1823, the pupil is always employed on the master's business, procuring commissions for work, obtaining payment, as well as undertaking performances with restless obligingness and assiduity. For this, a few friendly observations concerning his compositions are now and then graciously vouchsafed him, but the Master never gets as far as to dedicate, as he frequently hinted that he would, a work to Ries's wife. It is quite right, but still a fact to which we must direct particular attention, that Beethoven required a very great deal from his friends—there appears to be a certain heroic and also domineering egotism in the disposition of great, and, also, sometimes, of little, geniuses.

There is, moreover, a series of notes to a first-rate *dilettante*, Zmeskal von Donauwex, running through the whole time of Beethoven's stay in Vienna. The good man has to do all sorts of things, and is always humorously treated. The humor in the Master's letters, and in some musical jokes of his, affords, however, no idea of that which gushes forth in his compositions. They are exceedingly cheap specimens of wit, which may have been pleasant enough at the moment they were thought of and uttered, but which are ill-calculated to bear immortality. It is for this very reason, probably, that they are the more characteristic.

This is, perhaps, the place to mention the numerous notes addressed to Schindler. It is true that Schindler was, *ex professo* "l'ami de Beethoven," but, in reality, nothing more than a factotum

graciously patronised by the latter. The most varied commissions of every kind are condescendingly entrusted to him, while now and then he is read a lesson to the tune of: "Where is your judgment? Where it always is," etc. That Beethoven in the course of years exhibited a kind of thankful partiality towards this indefatigable man, though he sometimes speaks in Heaven knows what terms of him, is a fact which we will as little deny as that the immortal "ami" enjoyed the privilege of gaining a deep insight into Beethoven's material circumstances and condition. Did he do any more? In a letter to the Rev. Herr Amenda, whom Beethoven appears really to have loved, we read the following words, which, though it is true they are not applied to Schindler, are highly characteristic: "I look upon him and — as mere instruments, on which, when it pleases me, I play; I value them according to what they do for me." This is, at least, very frank.

From friendship to love is but one step—*les extrêmes se touchent*. The letter written on two successive days to the Countess Guicciardi is here given, we are informed by the Editor, "with diplomatic exactness"—with extreme exactness let us hope. It concludes with the words: "Ever time, ever mine, ever each others!," * as a postscript, and contains the everlasting "joy Heaven-loud, but sorrowful as death" of all lovers, though, it is true, not couched in German that Goethe would have written. A year after all these "evens," the said Countess Guicciardi was the wife of Count Gallenberg. Beethoven dedicated to her the celebrated C sharp minor Sonata—"quasi fantasia."

"God, how I love you" are the words, also, at the conclusion of the last of the three letters communicated by Bettina herself, to whom they were addressed. Their genuineness has been greatly doubted—Herr Nohl is of opinion that, after the publication of Beethoven's other letters, such doubts are no longer possible. I confess, with all humility, that their linguistic form is a complete riddle for me. His short intercourse with Bettina must have exerted an extraordinary effect upon Beethoven, as far as language was concerned, and that effect must have been at work while he was writing to her, but for those few moments only. As regards the contents, that is often queer enough. "Your approbation is dearer to me than ought else on earth," says Beethoven to Bettina. Further on we read: "when two such persons as I and Goethe come together." It might at least be: Goethe and I! The oft-cited story, however, to the effect that Beethoven, as he was taking a walk with Goethe in Toplitz, frayed himself a passage "with his arms folded and his hat upon his head through the thickest throng of the Imperial family" and, "to his great amusement, sees Goethe, with his hat off, standing and bowing deeply on one side"—this rhodomontade, I say, has enjoyed too much honour, when people wanted to regard it as a proof of Beethoven's republican feeling and Goethe's servile nature,† for, at the same moment, Beethoven boasts that: "Duke Rudolph took his hat off to me, the Empress bowed first—these high personages know me;" a fact to which he evidently, therefore, attaches no small value. Can we now believe it true that he afterwards: "rapped Goethe (the great Goethe, his Excellency Herr von Goethe, Minister of State, and then sixty-two) over the knuckles, and reproached him with his sins, especially those against Bettina!" Perhaps we can, worse luck. But what do we not pardon in a Beethoven—and a Bettina? Cologne. FERDINAND HILLER.

(To be continued.)

* "*ewig uns"* (*sic*.) in the original.

† On its being subsequently proved in court that, despite the *Vua* in his name, Beethoven did not belong to a noble family, he said: "The burgher should be separated from the higher man, and have fallen beneath him."

MILLY ILMA DE MURKA made her first appearance at the Opera in Vienna as Gilda in *Eugénie* with triumphant success.

ST. DALMALLY v. THE FESTIVAL.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ.

MY DEAR BROOKS.—Earl Dalmally, whose artistic proclivities have long been a matter of notoriety, and who, I believe, once was and still is either proprietor or lessee of the Italian Opera-house in the Haymarket, has suddenly been smitten with a holy horror of musical festivals in English cathedrals. In a rather slipshod letter which the noble Earl published on the subject, he wrote:—

"When a better religious feeling banished the festival from the choir—from the holy of holies—where it had degenerated from a service by the united choirs to a performance of works on sacred subjects by English and foreign artists of indifferent reputation, greedy of pay then as now, and the latter barely able to pronounce the English language they were paid to sing in—when this took place, the nave—the neglected, dusty, broken-floored, never-used nave, a mere ante-chapel to the choir—was suggested as a convenient place, and has been so used ever since; is this any reason that it should go on?"

Claiming a high character for open-handed charity, Earl Dalmally pronounces himself the champion of Worcester and all other cathedrals, and calls upon the faithful to co-operate with him in overturning and expelling the tables of the money-changers. "We are bound," continued his Lordship, "not to forget the cause of the poor, nor will I, for one; but let me say it with reverence, we are bound, one and all, to be jealous of the house of the Lord." This is all very creditable to Earl Dalmally; but it would have been in better taste, and quite as effective, had he omitted his sneers at the greed, the cracked reputations, and the indifferent English of the artists hitherto hired to sing at the festivals which he seeks to abolish. The value of a thing is what it will bring, and I really cannot see why singers should not ask and accept whatever deans and chapters are willing to pay for their services. As to their private characters, probably the less said the better. Earl Dalmally may be an excellent authority on such a delicate point, but why introduce it all?

Now, my dear Brooks, at the preliminary meeting held in the Guildhall, to take the necessary steps to inaugurate the arrangements for the next of these festivals, which, in the ordinary course of events, is to be held at Worcester next autumn,—the chair was taken by the Bishop of the diocese, who was supported by an influential attendance. The Bishop having warmly espoused the cause of the festival, two resolutions were passed, one to the effect that the Dean and Chapter be applied to for the usual permission to use the Cathedral and the College Hall for the purposes of the festival; and the other asking that, in the event of permission being obtained, the Rev. R. Cattle be requested to act as honorary secretary, and to take the necessary steps to get a committee, &c. I understand that both the learned Diocesan and the Dean are warmly attached to the festivals, but it was generally acknowledged that the Dean and Chapter had been placed in a position of considerable difficulty by the munificent offers of the Earl Dalmally on condition that the triennial festivals were expelled the diocesan buildings. A strong expression of opinion in opposition to the wish expressed by Earl Dalmally had taken place. Both the county and city had all but unanimously memorialised the Dean and Chapter in favour of the festival being carried out as of yore. The memorial—signed by some 400 of the leading nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the city and county—had been presented to the Dean and Chapter during the week. The signatures of the High Sheriff of the County (Mr. A. H. Royle), the Earl of Coventry, and nearly, if not all, the county names of any importance, were appended, except those of the Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Lyttelton) and the Earl Dalmally; and a memorial of such rare influence, spread over all classes of the community, could not fail to strengthen the hands of the Dean

and Chapter should they resolve, as was most devoutly and unanimously wished, to allow the festivals to continue on as they have during so many years.

You know, my dear Brooks, the result. At a subsequent meeting, although Earl Dalmally made an eloquent protest in *propria persona* and *viva voce*, the Dean and Chapter voted the use of the Cathedral without a dissentient voice.

You will be glad to hear that through your hearty co-operation something is likely to be done for Bath of Ledbury. Would you care to run down to Ledbury and touch the organ?—Always yours, my dear Brooks,

THOMAS NOON (not MOON) GADD.

Ledbury Feathers, Oct. 23.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It is a great advantage to the singers in the *Africaine* that Mr. C. L. Kenney, who has made the English version of the libretto, has studied the musical phrases to which the words are set, even at the risk of damaging his work in a literary point of view. The English book, however, as it stands, is the best adaptation of a foreign libretto that I have seen. To understand its merits, however, it is necessary not to read it as if it were an ordinary translation, and without reference to the music, but to listen to it as it is being sung. To translate French verse into English verse is easy enough, but to translate French verse, to which music has been written, so that it shall not only be good English verse, but shall also suit the French music, is a very different and a very difficult thing indeed. The author of an original libretto need not, in matters of detail, trouble himself very much about the composer. The composer will take his accent from that of the verse he is about to "set." But spoken language is far less flexible than the language of song; and the adapter of a libretto, with the music to which his words are to be sung already composed, has a most awkward task before him; and he deserves great credit when, like Mr. Kenney, he succeeds in accomplishing it without any sacrifice of literary form.

OTTO BEARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gives her first "Pianoforte Recital" at Brighton on Tuesday afternoon. On Wednesday she plays at Reigate at a concert given by the enterprising Mr. Thurham, the musical king of that thriving and busy town.

NEW ROYALTY.—In consequence of the indisposition of Miss Susan Galton, on Saturday last, Madame d'Ete Finlayson sustained the part of Flora Skipley, in "*Castle Grim*." The lady's charming acting and singing gained her the heartiest applause; she was encored in each of her songs, and at the termination of the piece enthusiastically called before the curtain.

CHELTEMHAM.—A Grand Evening Concert is announced at the Assembly Rooms on the 31st by Mr. Willy of London. Mr. Sims Reeves is the chief attraction. Mrs. Ricardo Linton, vocalist, and Mr. Ricardo Linton, pianist. All the places are taken, and the concert promises to be a great success.

FLORENCE.—Mlle. Adelina Patti will inaugurate the season at the Pagliano Theatre in the first week of November. The interior of the theatre has been repainted and redecorated. Mlle. Patti's engagement extends to the 10th of December.

WINDSOR.—Mrs. H. Barnby's concert at St. Mark's School on Friday last was fully and fashionably attended. The artists were Madame Rudersdorf, who sang two songs by Signor Randegger ("Beneath the blue transparent sky" and "Ben e ridicolo") (encored), in her very best manner, Miss Dradil, Mr. George Perren, (encored in all his ballads), Messrs H. Barnby, S. Smith, Gommie, Bridge, and the fair concert giver, who was very successful, although labouring under a severe cold. In all she undertook Signor Randegger was the accompanist at the pianoforte, and performed his responsible duties with considerable ability.

UNBRIDGE.—The New Philharmonic Society commenced proceedings last week, when the choruses from *Elizah* were sung very creditably. The meeting was held at the Belmont Hall, High Street.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

XI.

To HARMONY SILVER, Esq.

SIR,—I have read an animated article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, headed *The Twenty-Fifth of George II.* It struck me on and re-struck me after perusal that its animated author (Mr. Coventry Fish?) had overlooked the subjoined:—

Excerpt from the Act (25 Geo. II. cap. 36) for the licensing places for Music and Dancing, in and 20 miles round London.

"In case of any breach of either of the said conditions (not having notice of being licensed over the door or entrance, and not to be opened before 6 p. m.), such license shall be forfeited and shall be revoked by the justices, and shall be renewed; nor shall any licences be granted to the same person or persons, or any other in his or their, or any of their behalf, or for their use or benefit, directly or indirectly."

If he did not overlook it, after looking over it, he probably found it inconvenient to his epigram.—I am, dear Silver, yours truly,

T. DUFF STOUT.

Short Commons, Oct. 24.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The brief winter season has commenced with remarkable celerity. On Monday *Faust* was given with Mdlle. Titiena, Mdlle. Sarolta (Siebel), Mdlle. Edi (Marta), Signora Gardoni and Bossi and Mr. Santley. The house was crowded in every part and the audience enraptured, more particularly with Mdlle. Titiena and Mr. Santley. Signor Gardoni was suffering from hoarseness.

On Tuesday *Fidelio* with nearly the same cast as last season; namely Mdlle. Titiena, Leonora, Mdlle. Sinico, Marcelina, Signor Gardoni (who replaced Dr. Gnuiz), Florentina and Mr. Santley. Pizarro. The exceptions were Signor Bossi as Rocco, in place of Signor Marcello Jmeca, and Signor Casaboni as the Minister in the stead of Signor Bossi. The performance was received throughout with loud and frequent acclamations.

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was given with Mdlle. Titiena as Donna Anna, Mdlle. Sinico as Elvira, Mdlle. Sarolta as Zerlina, Signor Gardoni, Don Ottavio, Signor Foli, the Commendatore, Signor Bossi, Leporello, and Mr. Santley, Don Giovanni. The performance in many respects was most admirable. Mr. Santley essayed the part of Don Giovanni for the first time in London, having performed it on two or three occasions in the provinces. He sang the music splendidly throughout and created a very great sensation. He obtained encores in the duet with Zerlina, in "Fin che dal vino" and in the serenade "Deh, vieni alla finestra." We shall watch Mr. Santley's future performances of Don Giovanni with much interest. Mdlle. Titiena sang and acted in her grandest manner in Donna Anna; Mdlle. Sinico made one of the best Elvira parts on the Italian stage; and Mdlle. Sarolta put forth all her talents and graces in Zerlina. Signor Gardoni sang the music of Don Ottavio to perfection; Signor Foli exhibited his fine and powerful voice in the Commendatore; Signor Bossi tried to be humorous in Leporello; and Signor Casaboni in Maeceto tried to imitate Signor Bossi in Leporello. The band, under Signor Arditi's direction, was without a flaw; but the chorus might have been better. In addition to Mr. Santley's encore, "Vedrai carino" (Mdlle. Sarolta) and the trio of Maeks (Mdlle. Titiena and Sarolta and Signor Gardoni) were redemanded.

To-night *Der Freischütz* with Mdlle. Titiena and Sinico and Signor Stagno and Mr. Santley in the principal character.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The second of Mr. Aguilar's performances of Pianoforte Music took place at his residence, 17 Westbourne Square, on Wednesday last, when his rooms were fully and fashionably attended. The following was the programme:—Sonata (Op. 7).—Beethoven: Le Désir (Transcription)—Aguilar; 17 Variations Sérénade—Mendelssohn; Consolation (No. 3)—Liszt; Improviser—Chopin; Schumann—Schumann; Sonata in G—Aguilar; Lieder Ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Weber's last Waltz—Aguilar; Sunset glow—Aguilar; "L'Adoration" (Morceaux caractéristiques, No. 2)—Alfred Holmes; Danse des Lutins—Aguilar. Two compositions by Mr. Aguilar (Sonata in G, and the arrangement of Weber's last waltz) were much admired by the audience, who testified their approbation by warm applause.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Saturday last a very excellent performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was given, with Miss Edmonds as Galatea, Mr. George Perren as Acis, Mr. Montem Smith as Damon and Mr. Welles as Polyphemus. Miss Edmonds made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace and created a marked sensation by her admirable and thoroughly artistic singing of the exquisite music which Handel has given to Galatea. Moreover, Miss Edmonds's voice is of undeniably good quality, and would please under any circumstances. The first air of Galatea, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," was sung, with perfect taste and a charm of tone which immediately won the favor of the entire audience, who applauded the young lady most warmly, and listened to her with earnest attention throughout. Miss Edmonds made so decided a hit that Mr. Manns complimented her in no measured terms after the performance and offered her a second engagement for Saturday, November 3. Mr. George Perren gave the music of *Acis* most skillfully and came in for his share of the applause. Mr. Welles had a great reception in "O ruddier than the cherry," which he delivered with stentorian power of voice and telling effect. The band and chorus were irreproachable from first to last, and the success of the cantata was so great that we may look forward to its reputation at an early date.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Guillaume Tell and *Roland à Roncevaux*—two operas of entirely different merit—have this past week alternated in their performances at the *Africain* at the "Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra," without, however, in the least interfering with its success. M. Naudin, entirely recovered from his indisposition, has resumed the part of Vasco di Gama, in my humble opinion without any special advantage to the performance. On Monday Meyerbeer's opera was played for the seventieth time. I am delighted to find that the director has resolved to revive *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, one of the most sparkling and melodious of Auber's works; and indeed it is being rehearsed at this moment. The singers will be Mdlle. Hamackers, M.M. Warot and Obin; the dancers Mdlles. Salvioni, Fioretti, Fonta, &c., &c. The music of the *Dieu et la Bayadère* cannot have passed away from the memory of the London public. I am ill at dates, like Lord Byron, but I remember vividly the *Maid of Cashmere* at Drury Lane many years ago; and, after the music, Templeton as "Le Dieu"—I cannot conveniently translate the term—sliding backwards and upwards to heaven, made the deepest impression on me. The *Bayadère* was once a favorite ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre and served to exercise the brilliant talents of Tagliani and the two Elmlers.

At the Italiens they have given the *Troratore* and *Rigoletto*, the former with much success; the latter with little or none. Madame Penco has always won high praise in Leonora—decidedly one of her best parts—and the performance the first night, when I heard her, would have been as admirable as ever but for a slight tendency to hoarseness, which, however, wore itself-out before the termination of the second act. Signor Nicolini played Manrico, some of the music of which suits him well; Mdlle. Grossi was Azucena, and Signor Sterbini, Count di Luna. All the critics praise Mdlle. Grossi exuberantly. She certainly has enviable gifts and is not devoid of talent, but she and Art might be married, so little connection is there between them. How preposterous for these ill-judging or ill-quitted censors to place Mdlle. Grossi above Madame Tregli. *Rigoletto* failed of success mainly because the Gilda, as regarded vocal means, was incompetent. Madame de la Grange was a wonderful vocalist in her day, as I need hardly acquaint the readers of the *Musical World*, who must remember her feats in Schullhoff's waltz, when she introduced into some opera at Her Majesty's Theatre that brilliant pianoforte piece as an air for the voice. In these days her execution was astonishing and her vocal means were excellent. Now her voice is like the companions of the "last rose of summer," and her attempts to eke out the deficiency by a superfluous outlay of roulades, is out of all keeping. In baroque like the *Caid*, Madame de la Grange would do amazingly well; but *Rigoletto* is very different from Ambroise Thomas's very lively and characteristic piece, and Gilda, of all heroines, is the one that will not admit of extravagance. Madame de la Grange never had any histrionic talent, so I shall say nothing

of her feeble essay now at giving life and beauty to that exquisite creation, the daughter of the court fool, Rigoleto. Signor Fraschini's Duke of Mantua is different in all respect from that of Mario. Of the three songs given to the Duke, "La donna è mobile" is least suited to his voice and style; nevertheless, so great a favorite is the air that it was accorded, and Signor Fraschini—who, like Sini Revoos, is averse to the repetition system—contrary to the usual custom, sang it a second time. Signor Delle-Sodie performed Rigoleto, Mlle. Grossi Maddalena, and Signor Selva, the new basso, Sparafucile. I cared not greatly for any one of the three, although Signor Delle-Sodie showed some powerful acting in his part.

Poor Duprez!! A kind of fatality seems to attach to his new opera *Jeanne d'Arc*. A second "first" performance was about to be announced when lo! Mlle. Brunetti again proved a stumbling-block. This time the fair cantatrice did not lose her voice; she lost her father. Poor Duprez!!!

I hear, but can scarcely believe, that M. Gounod's opera, not yet completed, of *Romeo and Juliet*, will be given at the Grand Opera with Mlle. Adeline Patti and M. Capoul in the principal characters. Negotiations are certainly pending for an engagement with Mlle. Patti at the Opera, and I can readily believe that were that most pious of prima-donnas engaged no one else would be entrusted with the role of Juliet; but I cannot fancy M. Capoul, the young and inexperienced, however clever, tenor, would be selected to play such a part as M. Gounod is certain to make Romeo. M. Capoul may do very well for the *Salle Favart*, but by no means for the Grand Opera.

The Marseilles Correspondent of the *Entr'acte* supplies the following information, most welcome, if true, to the operatic world:—"Good news for the managers of theatres, for composers and also for the public! That undiscovered thing, that *rara avis*, the tenor with the *ut de poitrine*, has been discovered by M. Halanzier, director of the Grand-Théâtre of Marseilles, in the counting-house of a soap manufactory at Rouen. His name is Roussel, and he made his debut yesterday on stage as Arnold in *Gaillarde Tell*. From his first notes the audience were struck all of a heap (*haur*) by the amplitude, neatness and vigour of his sounds. Never, in the memory of the oldest subscriber, has any voice so fresh and so powerful in the upper register been heard. The notes break forth like bombs (*éclatent comme des bombes*), and that without effort, quite naturally. His voice has a compass of more than two octaves, and is as forcible in the lowest notes of the middle register as upon the *contre-té*. He is a juggler of the *uts* *diverses*! And, with that, not unskilful at all; singing the *cantabile* as well and phrasing the recitatives as correctly. M. Roussel fails only in not having studied sufficiently, whereby his knowledge of his art is inconsiderable. It is the first time he has appeared on the stage. He is only twenty-three years of age." From the above I argue there is no hope for M. Roussel. Bringing out a novice in such a part as Arnold is sure destruction to him, no matter what his gifts may be.

The news about the great Church-pianist, Abt Liszt, is this week abundant. The virtuoso has really proved himself virtuous, that is charitable. After having presided at two performances of his oratorio, *Sainte Elizabeth*, Liszt quitted Puth to return to Rome. His visit to Hungary has been signalled by great acts of benevolence. He gave four concerts at Peth, which realised extraordinary receipts. Three of the four concerts were given with the co-operation of 500 exultants. At the last concert, which attracted upwards of two thousand auditors, Liszt was assisted by the fiddler M. Réményi and M. Hans de Bulow. The *Curé* of Schwendner, who entertained Liszt at his house with splendid hospitality, was charged with disbursing the gifts of the semi-religious *maestros*. Five thousand francs were given for the building of the church of *Leopoldstadt*; twelve hundred to the "Crèches"; twelve hundred to the "Grey Sisterhood"; one thousand to the "Franciscans"; and five hundred to the institution for Protestant Orphans. No clarity in the town had been overlooked by the generous apostle of the keyboard. Even the poor Jews—the poor of the Jews, I mean—have enjoyed the munificence of his charity, in the sum of five hundred francs. Is not this true nobleness? Benevolence, beyond all doubt, is the forte of the pianist.

MONTAGNE SINGOT.

Paris, Oct. 25.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Head again officiates, stipulating that he hopes it will be for the last time.

MORTUITY MONOTONOUS.

DEAR HEAD,—Mr. Ella, in his "Record of the Musical Union," says that "Haydn's fugues in his quartets are mostly monotonous." Yours faithfully,
T. N. GARD.

Dr. Head is of opinion that Mr. Ella's remarks on quartets in general are "mostly monotonous," stipulating that a fugue from Mr. Ella's own pen might possibly be quite *monotonous*. But,

Quem mortuis imitit gradum,
Qui fixis oculis monstra tantatis
Qui vidit mare turgidum et
Infames sepulchra, Atrocianus!!

For "mortuis" read *ridicule*, for "oculus" read *ears*, for "mare turgidum" read *Robert Schumann*, and for "Atrocianus" read Rubinstein and Laback. But this altward the argument.

MR. HORATIUS MAYHEW'S TWO LAST.

A gentleman at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?"—"Between the lars," replied the friend.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons; "It is not a very hard job. There is an inclined plane to relieve you."—"Ah," replied Ned, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

Dr. Head is sleepy, and has no time to fix an apt quotation, stipulating that if he be well-informed, the above force of *jeux d'esprit* were declined by Dr. Punch, and consequently forwarded to Mr. Table, which is no compliment, in Dr. Head's opinion, to Dr. Head.

Fish and Volume, Oct. 20.

Job Head.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

As the performances of the English Opera Company commence at half-past seven, instead of half-past eight, a chance was afforded of restoring a good deal of the music of the *Africana*, which, the Royal Italian Opera, is inevitably omitted. Of the chance Mr. Alfred Mellon has availed himself greatly to the advantage of Meyerbeer's opera, which now presents more forcibly than it has done hitherto the idea of a consistent whole. Not that the restorations made with such excellent judgment by Mr. Mellon would have entirely satisfied the careful and exacting master to whose genius the score is due; but as Meyerbeer did not live to superintend the rehearsals of his last work it would be unjust to be hypocritical. Every amateur lover of his music will be glad to hear the tuneful *terzetto* in Act 1, and the charming chorus of women, with its introductory prelude, in the scene on board that imaginary ship which caused so much perplexity abroad, and the difficulties of which were disposed of by Mr. Harris as Alexander disposed of the Gordian knot; while musicians will be more especially pleased to find the *finale* to Act 1 (the Council), as well as the opening scene and *finale* to Act 2 brought back so much more nearly to their just proportions. Elsewhere—as, for example, in the expressive address of Nelusko to Selika (Act 2)—manifest improvement has been obtained by the aid of comparatively slight restitutions. Meyerbeer's adherence to the dramatic purport of the text in his operatic music was so scrupulously close, his working up of sentiment so studiously natural, his treatment of climax so heedful and precise, that his plan can seldom be deranged, with impunity; and, as we have suggested more than once, it is better here and there to abandon whole pieces than by curtailment to obscure his meaning, and thus imperil his effect. As no dramatic composer ever laboured more conscientiously than Meyerbeer, so no music more bears indiscriminate abbreviation than his. Mr. Mellon may be complimented on having understood this, and having allowed it to guide him in his task.

In adapting the libretto of the *Africana* for the English Opera Mr. C. L. Keneby had to make more arduous labour to accomplish than when similarly engaged upon *Le Médecin malgré lui*. M. Gounod's musical comedy left the translator comparatively unfettered, the dialogue being spoken without any accompaniment, while the musical pieces are nearly all purely lyrical. The elaborately accompanied recitative, appearing exclusively to what is termed "grand opera," makes all the difference in such an undertaking. Not only must the score die words, but the accentuation of the music be preserved; and though, in rejecting the decasyllabic line of French heroic verse, which Scribner everywhere employs in the declamatory passages, for the decasyllabic line of English blank verse, he imposed upon himself a labour of super-

floos difficulty, Mr. Kenney has cleverly contrived to meet both exigencies. This of itself is no small merit; but it should be added that the translation bears a genuine literary stamp, and is totally free from the conventional, commonplace and inharmonious doggerl by which such performances are too frequently distinguished.

The general execution of the *Africaine* by the English Opera Company, if in some instances far from reaching the desired perfection, offers very much that is satisfactory, and on the whole may be looked upon as a fair average specimen of what can reasonably be expected from the means at disposal of the management. It would not be easy to name two English singers to whom the parts of Selika and Inez could have been more safely intrusted than Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. Both are accomplished vocalists, and both have stage experience. True, the dramatic talent of Miss Louisa Pyne leans rather to the comic and the sentimental than to the uniformly serious; but intelligence appears in all she does, and if she rarely gives way to enthusiasm she never misconceives the character she is impersonating. Her Selika, though wanting in those impassioned accents to which *Mlle. Pauline-Luca* accustomed us in the duet with Vasco di Gama (Act 4), and in the scene where Selika dies under the machined tree, is everywhere graceful, gentle, and submissive, neither Vasco's occasional ebullitions of feeling nor Vasco's more constant indifference seeming to agitate her in an unusual degree. Her consummate vocal facility has helped Miss Pyne to master the music of Selika with the ease that was to be anticipated; and, to name only a single instance, her delivery of the exquisite slumber-song ("Ilush'd on this lap thy tawny head") is in every respect perfect. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington invests the part of Inez with a significance which it was hardly supposed could belong to it. By the side of the secondary female characters in the other grand kaleidoscopic-musical dramas of Meyerbeer—Isabelle, Marguerite, even Berthe—Inez is but a pale abstraction. The whole interest is absorbed by the loving, self-sacrificing Selika, and the more we despise Vasco di Gama, the contemptible object of both their affections, the less do we care for the fortunate lady who is ultimately destined to triumph over her rival. Were Madame Lemmens endowed with the histrionic talent of a Rachel she could scarcely make a dramatically striking figure out of Inez. To the music, however, she gives unwonted effect, her bright soprano tones, facile execution, and spirited delivery imparting full significance to every phase of melody as well as to every word passage. She has only one air, the quaint and pretty romance at the opening of the first act ("Farewell, calm flowing river"); and this could not be better sung. The value of two such practical artists in conjunction as Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is emphatically shown in the duet of the last act ("Ere soon to death they bear thee"). This duet, which, though not the most successful, carefully worked out, and thoroughly Meyerbeerian piece, has hitherto—owing in some measure to its unfavourable position in the opera—passed almost unnoticed, is now among the most brilliant and effective displays. Mr. Charles Adams, who made so good an impression and encouraged such flattering hopes last year, appears somewhat overweighted in the part of Vasco. That in composing the music for this personage Meyerbeer was thinking of the ideal tenor—with physical stamina, dramatic power, and artistic acquirements to match—whom he did not find even when, in 1849, he lured M. Roger from the Opera Comique to figure as the hero of *Le Prophète* on the boards of the great French national opera, and the want of whom, tormenting him until his last weary moments, long delayed the production of the *Africaine*, may be taken for granted. Nor was the "ideal" in question found 16 years later, either in M. Naudin or in Herr Wachtel. To assert that in Mr. Charles Adams we have the realization of Meyerbeer's aspiration would be to assert that which is not true. Mr. Adams may be consoled, however, with the assurance that such a character as Vasco would have taxed the energy of M. Duprez himself, when M. Duprez was in full possession of his exceptional resources. The part, moreover, besides being excessively fatiguing, does not always lie readily within the means of the new tenor. Declaration cannot as yet be accepted as his forte, and the music of Vasco contains almost as much of declamation as of level singing. There are, nevertheless, many highly commendable points in the performance of Mr. Adams, and his most entirely satisfactory effort comes just perhaps where most is looked for. We allude to the very fine duet (Act IV.) when, consoling Selika's sunless devotion, the fickle Vasco throws himself at her feet—

"Ah crush me not with scorn!
Oh, Queen, behold me at thy feet,
Thy pardon, as a husband, I entreat,"

to rise again immediately and forget all he has sworn, on hearing the voice of Inez in the distance, warbling, as for the last time, the unforgotten strain of the "calm flowing river." In this duet Mr. Adams exhibits qualities both as singer and actor to warrant a hope that still in him may be found that *rosa eor*, a new stage tenor, if not precisely the tenor extraordinary who troubled Meyerbeer in his

dreams. The part of Nelusko, Selika's devoted follower, and next to Selika the most interesting and well marked character in the opera, is not very fortunate in its present representative. Mr. Alberto Laurence has a good voice and declaims with a certain amount of vigour, that occasionally—as for example in the unaccompanied recitative foreboding the approaching storm, "All hands to the yards, &c." (Act III.)—is telling; but he has not grasped the dramatic meaning of this very original creation, nor does he give the intended effect to the most striking passages of the music. Mr. Laurence is most successful in the appeal to Selika, "Ever my queen these lips shall call thee" (Act II.), which he delivers from first to last with real expression.

The leading personages, Don Alvar the well disposed, and the High Priest of Brahma, are much more efficiently sustained than in the Italian performance—the former by Mr. C. Lyall, the latter by Mr. J. G. Patey, whose enunciation of the grave and measured wedding invocation (Act IV.) is characteristically sonorous and imposing. Mr. H. Corri exhibits his never-failing care and intelligence in the ungrateful but not unimportant character of Don Pedro, Vasco's unprincipled enemy, while the small parts of Don Diego (member of the Council), the Grand Inquisitor, and Anna (confidante of Inez) are creditably filled by Mr. E. Dusek and Mr. and Mrs. Asudey Cook. All that was written at the close of the Italian Opera season about the *mise en scene* of the *Africaine* applies equally to the performance by the English Opera Company. The gorgeous magnificence of the fourth act, which excited so much admiration in the summer, with its characteristic march and procession, its picturesque series of Indian dances, a happy medley of the grotesque with the beautiful, and the epithalamium upon which the curtain falls—illustrated by some of the most bright and beautiful paganant music ever composed, even by Meyerbeer, "King of Pageant"—is, if possible, still more remarkable for varied and animated movement. To conclude, the care and ability with which Mr. Alfred Mellon has prepared the opera for performance, and the admirable manner in which every lar of the instrumental music is played by the splendid orchestra under his control, are deserving unqualified praise. The much lauded union prelude was probably never before so thoroughly well executed; but this, after all, is one of the most unessential passages in a score abounding with elaborate combinations. Why so simple a contrivance should create so singular an impression is perhaps hardly worth inquiring.

On Monday night the *Mock Doctor* was performed for the first time this season, followed by a new ballet called *La Ballerina*. Of these we must speak on another occasion.

NEW ROYALTY.—(From an Occasional Contributor).—On Monday last a new opera, entitled *Felix, or the Festival of the Roses*, was produced by the company under the management of Miss Fanny Reeves. The music is by Herr Meyer Lutz, and the libretto from the pen of Mr. Oxenford. The story of the piece is light and elegant, and presents many charming situations; of these Mr. Lutz, with unobtrusive tact, has readily availed himself. Both instruments and voices are skillfully treated, and the music throughout is of a pleasing character. Among the representatives of the *dramatis personæ* are Mr. E. Connell—a new member of the company—with a lustrous voice, who sings the music allotted with considerable taste; Mr. Elliott Gaier, who throws into the character of Count Felix an appropriate dash of *bon-homme* and sings with great sweetness; Mr. Gaston Smith, who makes the best of the *balli*; and Messrs. Bentley and Hayes, whose services are turned to good account in the characters of Lucas and Bertrand. Miss Susan Dalton, as the Countess of Martigne, looks the part well and sings delightfully, her execution of the *aria* in the *scena*, "All thoughts of love," being well nigh perfect. Miss Blanche Galton is an agreeable *Amelia*, while Miss Fanny Reeves, who assumes the part of Jeannette, leaves nothing to desire, looking to the life and playing the coquettish village-maiden to perfection. Her singing—especially in "Queen of the Roses" solo, with chorus—deserves high commendation. The piece is well mounted, and the scenery (by Mr. Cuthbert) admirably painted. The opera is undoubtedly a success, and bids fair to have a long run. The burlesque of *Prince Arnel* still holds its place, as indeed might be expected while Mr. Honey (a host in himself, Miss Winstford, the Misses Borne, Mr. Bentley, and all the members of this very efficient company, play with such genuine animation and humour.—DARR.

MADRID.—The first representation of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* took place at the theatre *De l'Orient* on Saturday, the 14th current. The leading parts were thus disposed:—Selika, *Mlle. Rey-Halla*; Inez, *Mlle. Martelli*; Vasco di Gama, M. Steger; and Nelusko, M. Bonnehue. The performance was received with great acclamations, and the principal singers recalled at the end of the first, second, fourth, and fifth acts. Mr. Augustus Harris, from the Royal Italian Opera, was engaged expressly to superintend the *mise-en-scene*, which was magnificent in every respect.

DEATH OF SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—Antonio Giuglini, one of the most accomplished tenors of modern times, died on the 12th instant, at an asylum in Pesaro, where his friends had placed him soon after his arrival in Italy. Such a result of his attack at St. Petersburg last winter was not unexpected, and indeed for some time before his death all his medical attendants held out little hopes of his surviving, while no hope whatsoever was given of his ultimate recovery. Under those circumstances his release from the pitiable state in which the fearful malady with which he was afflicted had placed him must be considered a mercy. The loss of Giuglini to the operatic world is hardly yet understood. He was one of the greatest favourites known for many years at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the vacancy left by his death, as far as we are now enabled to judge, it is impossible to fill. Signor Giuglini was in his fortieth year. He was a kind and gentle creature, and much beloved by all who knew him.

MARGATE.—(From a correspondent.)—A concert was given on Monday evening at the Assembly Rooms in aid of the Home for Motherless Girls, which, I am pleased to inform you, was a decided success, there being upwards of 800 persons present, notwithstanding that Margate just now is comparatively deserted. The singers and instrumentalists—all of whom gave their services gratuitously—were Mrs. Francis Talford, Miss Lindo, Miss Swaby, Miss A. Glennie, Mdlle. Angele, Mr. Maddick, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Ferranti, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Lazarus, Herr Oberthur and Mr. Aguilar. The programme commenced with the Prayer for *Moe*, given by all the singers, and ended with the "Spinning-wheel" quartet from *Marta*, sung by Mrs. Talford, Mdlle. Angele, Mr. Trelawny Cobham and Signor Ferranti. The audience were more pleased with Flotow than Rossini and encored the quartet unanimously. The other vocal pieces which obtained most favor were Mr. Benedict's song, "The bird that came in spring," sung with charming voice and with delightful expression by Mrs. Talford and undeniably encored; Miss Virginia Gabriel's ballad "The Ship Boy's Letter," given by Mdlle. Angele, also redemanded; the romanza from the *Favaria*, "Angiol d'amore," by Mr. Trelawny Cobham; duet from the same opera, by same gentleman and Miss Lindo; buffo duet, sung by Signor Ciabatta and Ferranti (encored); Coene's song, "Good night," by Miss Lindo; and the comic duet, "Quanto amore," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, sung with abundant animation and humor by Mrs. Talford and Signor Ciabatta. Mr. Maddick, an amateur, was also much admired in the song, "I would I were a bird." The instrumental performances comprised Mr. Aguilar's fantasia for harp and pianoforte on *Norma*, executed with remarkable effect by the composer and Herr Oberthur; "Weber's Last Waltz," arranged by Mr. Aguilar, and played by him—an excellent show-piece admirably performed; solos on the harp by Herr Oberthur—his own "Fairy Legend" and "Cascade," given in brilliant style; and, last not least, two solos on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus—Beethoven's "Adelaide," and fantasia on Scotch melodies, both of which, marvels of style and execution, were played only as Mr. Lazarus can play them. The conductors were Messrs. Aguilar and L. Wright. The concert could not have been better managed, and its eminent success, I understand, is mainly owing to the exertions on behalf of the charity made by Mrs. Francis Talford and Mr. Aguilar. The list of patronesses was headed by the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Countess of Dartmouth, Lady Adeliza Manners, the Countess of Darnley, Lady Mary Stanley, Lady Crauworth, Lady Dering, Lady Bridges, &c. The Mayor of Margate stood at the head of the list of patrons.

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Fair Paradise from ocean rising <i>Song</i>		2 6
(Sung by Mr. CHARLES ADAMS.)		
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(Sung by Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. CHARLES ADAMS.)		
Fragrant Bowers inviting - <i>Song</i>		2 6
(Sung by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.)		
With rapid keel - <i>Trio for 3 Trebles</i>		3 0
Be free! by faith, by love, thus blest - - - <i>Song</i>		2 6
(Sung by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.)		
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Last time of IL DON GIOVANNI.—MONDAY NEXT, November 6th, will be presented (for the last time) MOZART'S Grand Opera.

IL DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tiliens; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Sinto; Zerlina, Mdlle. Sarcotta; Don Giovanni, Mr. Bentley; Leporello, Signor Boas; Massini, Signor Casaboni; II Commendatore, Signor Foli; Don Ottavio, Signor Garioni.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

TUESDAY next, November 7,

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Commence at 8 o'clock. Prices—Dress Circle, 7s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Private Boxes, One Guinea and upwards.
Box-office of the Theatre open daily.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—SIGNOR ARDITI begs to announce that he has arranged to give a SERIES of GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS, to commence on Saturday, November 11th. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—The enlarged CONCERT HALL is now completely enclosed, and free from cold or draught. Mdlle. Sinto, Mdlle. Sgarbi, Signor Filippi, and Signor Foli. Conductor—Mr. MARX. Programme includes Gade's New Symphony (No. 1), F. Major; Selection from Sullivan's Music to the Tempest; Overture to Der Freischutz—Wagner.

Admission Half-a-Crown, or free by new system Guinea Season Ticket, admitting until the 31st October, 1866.
A few Guinea Serial Stalls and a limited number of single Half-crown Stalls, at the Ticket Stands in the Nave.

"OPERAS."

MR. BUBB, Librarian, 167, New Bond Street, has the disposal of some of the best situated BOXES and STALLS, by the night or season, at

Her Majesty's Theatre

The Royal English Opera;

Also, Private Boxes and Stalls for the St. James's Theatre, Adelphi, Drury Lane, Princess's, Lyceum, Strand, Royalty, Prince of Wales's, Astley's, Haymarket, &c., &c., for every night of the season.

G. Buss's Library, 167, New Bond Street, London.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING at Clifton, November 20th. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 4, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING the "LIEBHART POLKA," (which met with such great success at Mellon's Concerts), composed expressly for her, by Prof. MELBA, at Clifton, Nov. 20th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING Proen's highly successful "MORNINGWINDS," ("At Morning's Break") at Clifton, Nov. 20th.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

(Opera Company Limited.)

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

In consequence of the great success of METTENBERG'S Grand Opera L'AFRICAIN, it will be performed Four times every week, until further notice.

ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY NEXT,

L'AFRICAIN.

Miss Louise Frye, Madame Lemmon-Sherrington, and Mrs. C. Cook; Messrs. Charles Adams, Henry Haigh, Alberto Laurence, Henry Corri, J. G. Fawcett, A. Cook, C. Lyall, and E. Dossak.

CONDUCTOR—MR. ALFRED MELLON.

On WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY Next, (first time this season) ARREA'S Grand Opera,

MASANIELLO.

With the magnificent mise en scene of the Royal Italian Opera.

Principal characters by Mdlle. Ida Gillies (pupil of the composer of Masaniello). Her first appearance in England) and Mdlle. Duchateau; Messrs. Henry Corri, A. Cook, C. Lyall, E. Dossak, and Charles Adams.

In preparation, Mr. HENRY LEBLANC'S New Opera, entitled IDA.

For prices, &c., see daily advertisements. Commence at Half-past Seven.
Acting Manager—MR. EDWARD MURRAY.
Stage Manager—MR. W. WEST.

SOUTHAMPTON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

BY PERMISSION OF THE HARTLEY COUNCIL,

HANDEL'S ORATORIO

JUDAS MACCABÆUS

WILL BE PERFORMED IN THE

HARTLEY HALL,

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1865.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:—

MISS ROSE HERBERT,

MISS JULIA ELTON,

MR. SIMS REEVES,

AND

MR. LEWIS THOMAS.

PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTALISTS:—

MR. H. BLACKVOY,

(Principal Violin),

MR. ATLYWARD,

(Violoncello),

MR. J. ZEBBINI,

MR. A. HOWELL,

(Double Bass).

MR. NICHOLSON,

(Oboe).

CONDUCTOR—MR. ALEX. ROWLAND.

In addition to the Artists named above, the band will comprise the best available talent of the town and neighbourhood, and, with the Chorus, number

100 PERFORMERS.

BRIGHTON.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a *Motée Musicale*, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday, Dec. 7th, assisted by Mrs. FRANCIS TALFOURD and Mr. TALLAWY CORHAM. Further particulars will be daily announced.
London, 11, Westbourne Square.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has returned to England for the Season. All letters, etc., to be addressed to Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, or to Herr ENGEL, 50, Grand Parade Brighton. Herr ENGEL's Grand Harmonium Recital will take place in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on Wednesday, 14th of November.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his two New Songs, "Airy, fairy Lillian" and "Were this world only made for me," at Tye-smouth, Nov. 26th; South Shields, Dec. 1st; Jarrow, Dec. 3rd.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Herr Reichardt's New Song, "My heart in the highlands," Tye-smouth, Nov. 26th; South Shields, Dec. 1st; Jarrow, Dec. 3rd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's Variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 14th, and Leicester, Dec. 12th.

WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town for the season. Terms, for Concerts, Onwards, Bedford St., as well as for instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 59, Macdox-street, New Bond-street, W.

"OPERAS."

MR. BUBB, Librarian, 167, New Bond Street, has the disposal of some of the best situated BOXES and STALLS, by the night or season, at

Herr Majesty's Theatre
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The Royal English Opera;

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G. Buss's Library, 167, New Bond Street, London.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.

F. BOWCHER, Engraver and Printer, 3, Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, begs to say that he engraves and prints works on moderate terms.

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A FEW PROFICIENT AMATEURS are WANTED for the Choir of St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly Circus. Church and Organ well adapted. Choral effects. Apply to Mr. MORTIMER SMITH, 76, Regent Street, or to Mr. HAAS (Organist), 145, New Bond Street.

New Part Song, by Mrs. MURPHY BARTHOLOMEW,

"BEFORE THINE EYELIDS CLOSE,"

FOR SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, and BASS.

Poetry by W. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq.

Price, in score, 2s. 6d.; separate vocal parts, 3d. a page

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NEW BALLAD.

"MARY OF THE ISLE,"

By WILLIAM BROCK.

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MUSICAL VIGNETTE FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

"THE SUN'S LAST RAY,"

JULES BRISSAC.

"The following beautiful and highly suggestive lines from Byron head the first page of this aptly styled 'Musical Vignette,' and would appear to have given rise to the elegant musical ideas which follow:—

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?"

"The piece, an andante in F major, consists of a very sweet and expressive melody, laid in the tenor part of the instrument, the left hand crossing the right with a light accompaniment, which, after an easy, natural progression into the key of A minor, is repeated, this time an octave higher, with an accompaniment of semiquavers. The same melody then again appears in the lower register, and is now accompanied by delicate arpeggi in triplets; and the third verse, as it were of the song is supplemented by an effective code, which is in perfect keeping with the rest. Thus, simple as this little piece is in its construction, it is nevertheless extremely telling in its effect, and will, or we are much mistaken, prove quite a drawing-room success."—The Queen, Sept. 26th.

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In 2 Vols., post 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimile, price 18s.

MOZART'S LETTERS (1769-1791), translated from the collection of LEOPOLD NOEL by Lady WALLACE.

"Every admirer of MOZART owes a debt of gratitude to LEOPOLD NOEL for the labour and assiduity with which he has collected MOZART's letters; and to Lady WALLACE for the care and sprightliness with which she has rendered them into English. It is long since a book of like interest has been given to the musical and music-loving world. These letters are essentially characteristic; and besides the glimpse they afford us with regard to the conduct and publication of his great works, they bring the man himself before us in the most vivid and official manner. The work must become as popular as it is interesting."—Notes and Queries.

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SACRED STRAINS.—The Words by the Rev. Dr. S. WOODHOUSE, of Westminster Abbey, the Music composed, and arranged for one or more voices by HENRY BOSMAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—"I think highly of your tunes. I think better of them than of almost any new ones I have seen. They show, I think, great judgment in their composition. I am really pleased with them."—Dr. Estlin.

- No. 1. Sunday Hymn.
- " 2. Wedding Hymn.
- " 3. The Lilies.
- " 4. There was of old a place."
- " 5. "Nearer to Thee."
- " 6. "Hallelujah. Amen."

Six numbers in one book, net, 2s. ANDRISON, Regent Street; or of the Company, Welshpool.

WOULD YOU GAIN A MAIDEN'S HEART.

Madrigal. By ROBERT BOSMAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Dedicated, by permission, to Mr. H. Leslie's Choir.

"To write a good madrigal is no easy task. In addition to genius and feeling, it demands a large amount of musical scholarship; and so perfect are the models of this class of composition—the Italian and English madrigals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Argentinian air of pure vocal harmony—that the production of a madrigal like those of Monteverdi or Villari, has been said to be as arduous as an attempt to rival a statue of Praxiteles or Phidias. . . . Mr. BOSMAN's music has a relief of the modern time. The separate parts are exceedingly melodious, and the effect produced by their combined is full and rich, while there is not a spot upon the transparent clearness of the harmony. Altogether this is a charming madrigal, and does honour to its author."—The Jews.

"At the present time there are many families who have musical meetings at home once or twice during the month, and to these we recommend this charming madrigal."—The Ladies' Treasury.

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HARTMAN's "Alice" Waltz, founded on ARCHA's renowned Melody "Alice, when art thou," and dedicated to

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has been the reigning favorite with the *Amateurs*, and in the *Salons* of the Aristocracy. The famous band of the 10th Hussars have performed it daily at the Dublin Exhibition, where it has become one of the established compositions of the day.

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ON

NATIONAL AIRS.

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BY

RICARDO LINTER.

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THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE,

AN IRISH BALLAD.

Written by THOMAS DAVID, the Music by WELLINGTON GURNEY.

"One of those rare and genuine specimens of Irish Minstrelsy that only require once hearing to attach itself to the memory for time everlasting."

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to us, I find,
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than his.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast,
—The Boatman of Kinsale.

DEWEAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times, Nov. 6.)

"The revival of *Der Freischütz* has proved an extraordinary attraction. Whether the inveterate enemy of all that was musically Italian, the musician who, ill-treated by the envious Sponstini and courteously received by the great and magnanimous Rossini, entertained little more genuine sympathy for one than for the other, the enthusiast who was hurt at Meyerbeer's being sufficiently captivated by Italian opera to compose Italian operas for Italy, but did not survive to witness that distinguished fellow student's after transformation into more or less of a *bond fide* Frenchman—whether Weber would have been pleased to see his most German opera arranged for the Italian stage, and hear it sung in the Italian language, may reasonably be matter of doubt. Nevertheless, we are disposed to think that in his heart he would have been far from dissatisfied, inasmuch as, with all his preachings and polemics, no one was more sensitive to blame or vain of success than the composer of *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*. He might have been startled at the outset on hearing the slow movement of Agathe's great scene uttered to such words as these:—

"Piano, piano piano
Ti muoverai al Dio, Dio!"

—her exquisite air in the last act ("Und ob die Wolke ihr verhüllt") to a text at first not less seemingly ungenial, and Caspar's drinking-song set out as beneath:—

"Quaglie", in questa val di pesc
Non sarai on solo te!"

—with the repetition of the last note of each section of the phrase, to fit the dissyllabic words, "petrels", which here stand for the original German monosyllables. But with a silent protest he would, under the spell of his own music, in all likelihood have patiently submitted to these and other even less inevitable departures from the pure text. Who repines at universal fame?

In many respects the performance of *Der Freischütz* at Her Majesty's Theatre is calculated to gratify the most uncompromising partisans of the genius of its composer. The "belle" that here stand for the original German monosyllables. But with a silent protest he would, under the spell of his own music, in all likelihood have patiently submitted to these and other even less inevitable departures from the pure text. Who repines at universal fame?

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Agathe and Anchen, the two women—both pets with Weber, the one an ideal perfection, the other vividly reproducing certain traits in the character of his own wife—are fortunate in meeting with great representatives as Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle. Sinico. The last-named lady is one of the most valuable members of the company. No part seems to come amiss to her; no part is too insignificant, none too difficult for her to undertake. A dramatic singer able to endow with equal vitality and interest such very opposite characters as Mozart's broken-spirited Donna Elvira and Weber's merry-hearted Anchen is not often found. But Mdlle. Sinico gives the two airs of Anchen just as well as the two airs of Donna Elvira. Perhaps the legend with

which, in the second act, Anchen tries to raise the spirits of the anxiously foreboding Agathe—composed expressly for a certain refractory Fraulein Johanna Eunike, who insisted upon being provided with a second air—was never sung with brighter animation, never acted with more natural earnestness. Certainly it has never created a more marked impression. In the sentimental, love-sick Agathe, Mdlle. Titiens is, of course, quite at home. Weber could have been satisfied with such a representative under any circumstances. The melancholy allying pensiveness which gives to this character its peculiar charm is sustained from first to last by Mdlle. Titiens with consummate artistic truth. It is impossible not to feel that, although unacquainted with the peril in which her lover is involved through the diabolical machinations of Caspar, a sort of mysterious sympathy, an innate consciousness that some dark cloud is hanging over her destiny, No Agathe whom we can remember has so carefully and well set forth this particular trait of the dramatic portraiture. As Weber makes us feel it by his music, so does Mdlle. Titiens everywhere make us feel it by her acting—with a force, too, all the more impressive on account of the unobtrusive manner in which it is insinuated. Frequently as this fine artist has earned plaudits and praises as hearty as they were unanimous for her delivery of the great scene ("Before mine eyes behold him!") in the second act, when Agathe is awaiting the arrival of her lover, she has never before found so legitimate an opportunity of winning and deserving both. It is only on the stage that the full meaning of this in its way unrivalled piece of dramatic coloring can be fully understood and appreciated. Not less to be admired in another style is the plaintive air which, arrayed in her bridal dress, the always moody and contemplative Agathe sings in the scene of the wedding. The melody of this air may be driven ("Und ob die Wolke")—the delicate melody of which is enriched by one of the most beautiful orchestral accompaniments ever imagined. Mdlle. Titiens finds the true expression for this just as she does for its more trying and largely developed precursor—sings it, indeed, in perfection. Then the duet with Anchen, at the commencement of the second act, and the impassioned scene with Rodolph and Rodolph's wife, in which Agathe's lover from his moonlight expedition to the Wolf's Glen, are equally worthy of remark, completing a sum of genuine beauty that makes of the character of Agathe one of the most musically engaging in the range of operatic drama. It is worth attending a performance of *Der Freischütz*, if only to hear the sprightly and charming duet in question sung by Mdlle. Titiens and Sinico.

The subordinate parts are more or less creditably supported, especially that of the Hermit—who was originally meant to appear in the first scene, but is now only heard of in the last—by Signor Foli. The melodies that used to haunt the ear of the public 40 years ago come back with undiminished freshness. The opening chorus of peasants and marksmen ("Victoria, Victoria"); the triumphant air of the victor marksmen, Kilian, with its laughing choral burden; the exquisite melody contained in the tenor scene ("Thou' the forests, thou' the meadows, I am thinking of thee"); the "Bridemaid's song" and chorus (seldom well sung by Mdlle. Edli); the Huntsman's chorus, once so universally popular and still the most vigorous and healthy thing of its kind; the tenebrous phrase which is given to the prayer and plays so conspicuous a part in the last *finale*—these and others, one and all, delight as of old. Such tunes are for all time. As poets were born, not made, so they come to the happily inspired musician without his seeking for them, so that to desire them being impossible. Lastly, the still and still unequalled music of the "Incantation," about which Weber was most apprehensive, but which proved his greatest triumph, has lost none of its ancient spell. We are almost constrained by its irresistible charm to believe implicitly in Zamiel, the demon huntsman, in the seven magic bullets, every fantastic invention, in short, that Kind has pressed into his melodrama, and upon which the music of Weber crowns life and likelihood. To Signor Arditi, who directs the orchestra, as to Mr. Telbin's picturesque scene and not less successful than original treatment of the "Incantation," we have already borne testimony.

Don Giovanni, with Mr. Santley as the hero, is announced for this evening. Tuesday and Thursday are given to *Der Freischütz*; and on Saturday the short series of operatic performances "positively" terminates. On Saturday week Signor Arditi commences a series of promenade concerts.

* The opera for Thursday has been changed. First it was to be *Faust*, now it is to be *Norma*.—D. PETERS.

MDLLE. EMILIE ARDITI, a young violinist, daughter of the celebrated conductor, aged 14, played recently at the Scala in Milan, and created an extraordinary sensation. Mdlle. Arditi will make her first appearance in England at Signor Arditi's concert at Her Majesty's Theatre.

* One of the German enemies of Weber.—D. PETERS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(Times, Nov. 6.)

The *Africaine* keeps its place in the bills, and in all probability will do so until the Christmas pantomime temporarily deposes it. There is nothing to add to what has already been said about this gorgeous opera, except that the music, as invariably happens with the music of Meyerbeer, the more familiar it becomes the more completely it charms and fascinates the ear. The melodies gradually unfold themselves, one by one, until, in spite of their striking individuality and wholly original turn, they are as easy to retain as any ordinary tunes. People who at first could make little out of many of them can now hum them with tolerable facility, and, moreover, may do so with a certain amount of complacency derived from the conviction that, an exception here and there allowed for, they are not at all likely to be gathered to the repository of street-perambulating musicians, barrel organists and otherwise. Though with commendable goodwill Mr. Henry Haigh has occasionally acted as substitute for Mr. Charles Adams, and on one occasion, we believe, Miss Thirwall has done the same kind office for Madame Lenemus Sherrington, the "cast" on ordinary occasions remains the same—with Miss Louisa Pyne, who has thoroughly mastered that difficult part, as Solika, Mr. Alberto Laurence as Nelusko, &c. Mr. Alfred Mellon and his orchestra could hardly be replaced.

Meanwhile, M. Gounod's *Mock Doctor*, to the attraction of which is added a lively and sparkling divertissement entitled *Gita la Ballerina*, has been given on the off nights. In the latter the favourite dancer of last year, Mlle. Duchateau, and two new dancers of unquestionable merit—Mlle. Farnaldi and Montero—are surrounded and supported by a corps de ballet strong both in numbers and efficiency. In the opera, Mr. H. Corvi's very humorous impersonation of Dominique, the Mock Doctor, and Mr. Haigh's delivery of the charming music of Leander, are entitled to all the praise they received before. The delicious aptrophe of Dominique to his bottle ("Soft and low"), and Leander's graceful serenade, can never fail to please; nor can the rustic finale to Act 1, nor the quaint dance and chorus of musicians in Act 2, be even creditably done without rousing the merriment of an audience, much less when executed with such spirit and animation. The parts played last season by Miss Poole and Madame Fanny Huddart are now assigned to Mrs. Aynsley Cook and Miss Leffler, Miss Thirwall, Messrs. A. Cook, C. Lyall, Naylor, and E. Dusek retaining their old characters. Though the *Mock Doctor*, even backed up by the dancing, has not drawn such large audiences as were anticipated, this must be laid to the immediate and powerful counter-attraction of the *Africaine*. M. Gounod's music is too fresh and spirited, and Mr. C. L. Kenney's adaptation of the libretto too racy and genuine, to be wholly laid aside; and doubtless, later in the season, they will be heard of again under less unfavourable circumstances. Myraville Aubor's always welcome *Mananillo* is announced for Wednesday, with Mr. Charles Adams in the character which first introduced him to the English public, and a new singer, Miss Ida Gillies ("pupil of Aubor"), of whom report speaks highly, in that of Elvira. Mr. Henry Leslie's new opera *Ida*, which is in rehearsal, will, we understand, be produced next week.

FECKENHAM.—The new organ, presented to the churchwardens and parishioners by the Rev. L. V. Hinton, has been at length opened by Master Hinton. The choral piece, "Miriam's Song," sung on the occasion, is translated from the Hebrew by the donor, and set to music by the late Mrs. Hinton. The choir performed their several parts very creditably. The organ is of the following composition:—

Three rows of keys, CC to G in alt.—Great organ: Large open diapason, 8 feet; principal, 4 feet; fifteenth, 2 feet.—Swell organ: Hautbois, 8 feet; open diapason, 8 feet; stop'd diapason, 8 feet; keraulophon, 8 feet.—Choir organ: Dulciana, 8 feet; flute, 4 feet; clarinet, 8 feet; choir, bass, 8 feet.—Pedal organ: Bourdon, 16 feet; compass, CCG to E, 23 notes.—Complers: 1. Swell the great; 2. Choir to great; 3. Pedals to great; 4. Pedals to choir; 6. Suboctave.

SCHWERN.—The operative season is now in full swing. It opened with *Le Prophète*. A lyrical tenor of the name of Luek has made a highly successful debut as Max in *Der Freischütz*.—Instrumental music and oratorio, also, are very flourishing. A performance of Handel's *Johas* is to be given shortly by the members of the Gesangverein. The eminently satisfactory state of musical matters here is due mainly to the untiring perseverance of the *Hof-Capellmeister*, Herr Schmidt, and the numerous admirers of that gentleman lately presented him with a silver goblet, as a token of the high esteem in which they hold him. On the stand are engraved the names of the oratorios produced under his direction, with the date of the presentation and a short dedication.

HERR JACQUES BLEUTHAL, who has composed an effective piano-forte piece on his own song, "The Message," beloved of Sims Reeves, is preparing another song for our great tenor.

THE NEW ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND ITS ORGAN.

(Concluded from page 688.)

Ordinarily the circumstance of the erection of such an organ as a new metropolitan P.D. parish church calls for is a matter attended with a very small amount of public musical interest. In the present case, however, there is perhaps sufficient of speciality in the composition of this instrument, having reference to its adaptation for a particular service, to render this notice worthy a column in the *Musical World*. Although it is two years since the instrument was made and set up in its place, it is only just now that it receives its completing stop and other finishing items. As before stated, prudential considerations forced on by the fear of shortcoming funds suggested the organ being at first constructed in the tubes of some of the more costly of its registers, and the publication of any account of the instrument in its heretofore incomplete state seemed objectionable. But all the wantings of the original design having now been added, gives its composition as follows, viz:—

23 Stopping Pipes and 5 Subsidiary Stops; 3 Manuals and Pedal—the compass of the three manual organs uniform, CC to F 31 notes. The Pedal CCG to G, 23 notes.

GREAT ORGAN—8 Stops.		CHOIR ORGAN—8 Stops.	
1. Open Diapason	8 feet.	1. Dulciana (tenor C)	8 ft.
2. Stopped Diapason	8 "	2. Lieblich Gedackt	8 "
3. Principal	8 "	3. Gemshorn	8 "
4. Fifteenth	3 "	4. Octave Flute	4 "
5. Mixture	2 ranks.	5. Flute	2 "
6. Trumpet	8 feet.	6. Clarinet (Tenor C)	8 "
SWELL ORGAN—8 Stops.		PEDAL ORGAN—2 Stops.	
1. Double Diapason	16 ft.	1. Open Diapason	16 ft.
2. Open Diapason	8 "	2. Stopped Diapason	16 feet last.
3. Stopped Diap. & Concert Flute	8 "		
4. Keraulophon (Tenor C)	8 "		
5. Principal	4 "		
6. Fifteenth	3 "		

CORPUS—8 Stops.		Composition Pedals for Chanting the Stairs in Paved Church.	
1. Choir Organ to Pedals.		For Great Organ	2
2. Great Organ to Pedals.		For Swell Organ	2
4. Swell Organ to Great.			
5. Swell Organ to Pedals.			

Organist—Mr. R. S. Haas.

The pipes forming the external front of the instrument are all speaking pipes, the lower rank being those of the diapason stop of the great organ. The rank seen above and rising in the rear of these is the dulciana of the choir organ, the sound-board of which is mounted above the pipage of the great organ. The respective range of these two pipes may be said to represent the two customary arrangements of pipe planting in organ construction. In the instance of the great organ, the larger pipes being at the extreme sides, each half diminishing in total succession from either side to the middle; whilst the upper range of pipes—those of the choir organ—shows that other arrangements of pipe planting, the reversal of the last, viz., the larger pipes being set in the middle and each half diminishing in total succession to their respective sides. The organ front thus formed simply of the two rows of pipes ranged in rank and file order—the ranks diminishing in opposite directions, and with their gold and colour decoration forms a very pleasing and effective church adornment.

The stopped diapason of the pedal, although in the above synopsis it appears as a substantive stop, it is but a borrow from the swell division, the side of which being cut at the E uniform with the pedal compass, and by means of a separate draw stop and conveyance from the pedal sound-board, the tubes are made to do a two-fold duty,—thus furnishing a sixteen feet soft bass for light combinations or accompaniment for playing in solo, for which the lumpy tones of the sixteen feet organ are unsuitable. This is a new contrivance, and which serves the purpose, yet moves at cost, of an expensive and bulky stop.

The three manual arrangement of organs hitherto adopted is—in respect to the instrument of this class—a return to the plan of organ construction that prevailed in England through the century ending twenty years ago. The numerous existing examples in London and elsewhere of the grander Church organs of the period referred to, show invariably three manuals although in many instances the total of stops are but some fifteen or sixteen, and rarely exceeding twenty. Of late years, however, it has been customary to build organs even up to as many as thirty stops, compressed on to two manuals. The arrangement of the manuals being resorted to only in the instance of the grandest of instruments where thirty or forty stops are embraced. This dropping of the third manual (the choir organ) would seem to have been brought about by the requirements of the time—powerful organs being asked for the large new metropolitan churches with the one ever attending condition—short funds for the provision, a saving in price to the extent, perhaps of 25 per cent. being practicable by this dispensing with the separate choir organ and distributing the stops usually appertaining to that division of the organ on to one or other of the two remaining

manuals. But the arrangement, although it thus admits of a much more powerful organ being had for the money, it materially circumscribes the loudness of the instrument under manipulation, and as a consequence the means of production of effects embracing the finer lines of light and shade. The arrangement may be said to be a gain of power at the sacrifice of variety.

Let it not however be inferred from these remarks, that the writer presumes to disparage the two manual organ, or indeed in any way to argue the question of the relative merits of the two manual or three manual plan of laying out an organ, since the prudence of choice of the one or the other plan is a matter to be directed by circumstances.

If £500 or £1000 purchase money can be available for the providing of one organ, then the advisability of the three manual arrangement admits of no question. But if £400 or £500 be the maximum available, then the advisability of the two manuals or three, does arise: and the attending circumstances of the want must determine the matter of preference. For instance, where the church music done is wholly of the congregational species, and the edifice and congregation large, the organ of full body of sound is a desideratum, these conditions considered in connection with the admission preceding, point to the two manual arrangement as the preferable.

On the other hand, where there is a choir, and the more advanced order of the church's music the use, and the edifice and congregation of moderate extent, the organ that may be short coming in force, but possessing in lieu of that feature, extended resources for the multiplication of effects, is the preferable.

The latter enumerated conditions apply exactly in respect to the Church of St. Peter, Windmill Street. And the little model organ here presented to notice was the result of careful thought to best meet these conditions.

In concluding this notice, it, perhaps, may not be out of place to remark of this church that the structural form of the chancel and the situation appropriated to the appointed singers, as also the position of the organ, are precisely in accordance with what the best received authorities on such matters concur in pronouncing the most favourable church arrangement for effect of choral service. And when to these recommendations are added the circumstances of the very striking ecclesiastical aspect of the interior of the edifice and its central position would seem to mark this the exact place where a select few accomplished amateurs, delighting in the practice of church music, might get up a superior class or volunteer choir, and give an artistic rendering of our divine liturgical service, which, whilst exemplifying advanced amateur art, would contribute to the intensifying of the glory of God's worship in this worthy addition to London's Christian fane.

ERRATUM.—In the note appended to the foot of the former part of this article, printed in the last number, read 20,000 instead of £2,000, as there set down, as the aggregate of the monies collected by the Rector of St. James's (the Rev. Jno. E. Kempe) in voluntary contributions, and expended in the promotion of church extension in his parish. The omission of the one cipher makes the statement inconsistent with what precedes.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM VIENNA.

The Imperial city is progressing in the right direction, and bids fair soon to beat Berlin in the matter of really good, sterling music. It now possesses two Quartet Societies; Berlin at present does not know what a quartet means; at any rate, it never gets the chance of hearing one played in public. As a sort of standard by which our readers may form a notion of the state of musical matters, we give the following list, taken from the Vienna *Recessionen*, of the programmes recently issued by the various Societies here:—Society of the Friends of Music, Six Concerts, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, on the 12th Nov., 17th Dec., 1865, 25th Feb., 11th and 27th March, 1866. Among the larger compositions to be performed are "Gottes Zeit," Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, Bach;—all the music to *King Stephan*; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven;—Symphony in D, Cherubini;—"Erlkönig's Töchterlein," Ballad for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, Gade;—"Suite for Orchestra" (new) Lachner;—"Legende von der heiligen Elisabeth," for Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra, Liszt;—"Elijah," Mendelssohn;—Symphony in B minor, Schubert;—"Concertstück für Pianoforte und Orchestra," Weber;—"Philharmonie. Eight Concerts, 5th, 19th, Nov., 10th, 26th Dec., 1865, 14th Jan., 18th Feb., 4th, 18th March, under Herr Dessoff, in the Operahaus. Among the larger compositions are included: *Columbus*, a Symphony, Albert;—"Pascaglia," (scored by Esser); Concerto for stringed instruments, Bach;—Symphonies, Nos. 2, 3, 4; *overture to Coriolan*; and Op. 124, Pianoforte Concerto in G major, Beethoven;—

"Marche Solennelle," Cherubini;—*overture to Iphigenia*, Gluck;—"Suite in canonischer Form," Grimm;—*overture to Sacchini*, Goldmark;—"Water Music," Handel;—Symphony in G, Haydn;—"Concert Overture," Hiller;—*overture to Uthal*, Méhul;—*overture to Ruy Blas*;—Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn;—Symphony in G minor, Mozart;—Symphony in A, Reinecke;—Duet, Op. 140, arranged by Joachim for grand Orchestra;—Symphony in D minor, Schumann;—*overture to Samori*, Vogler;—Violin Concerto in A minor, Viotti;—Helmensberger's Quartet-Evenings, 12th, 26th Nov., 3rd and 7th Dec., 1865, 14th, 21st, 28th January, 4th February; Concerto for Pianoforte, Flute, Violin, and Accompaniment, Bach;—Quartets, Op. 18, F major; Op. 59, C major; Op. 74, E flat major; Op. 127, E flat major; Op. 130, B flat major; Op. 135, F major; Quintet in C major;—Pianoforte Trio in D major, Beethoven;—Quintet, Hager;—Quartets in B flat major, G minor, Haydn;—Quartet in E minor, Mendelssohn;—Quartet in A major, Mozart;—Quartet (MS.) Preyer;—Pianoforte Quartet, Rubinstein;—Quintet in C major;—Pianoforte Trio in B flat major, Schubert;—Quartet in F major;—Pianoforte Trio in F major, Schumann;—Quartet in G major, Spohr. Laub's Quartet-Evenings, 9th, 16th, 30th November, 7th, 14th, 28th December, 1865, 4th, 11th January, 1866. Pianoforte-Violin Sonata, Bach;—Sonata in A for Pianoforte and Violin; Quartets, Op. 18, B flat major; and Op. 135; Quintet in E flat major; Septet in E flat major, Beethoven;—four Quartets, Haydn;—Quartet in D major, Mendelssohn; String Trio; Quintet in C major, Mozart;—Quartet, Richter;—Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin in A minor, Rubinstein;—Quartet in E minor; Double Quartet in D minor, Spohr;—Quartet in E minor, Volkmann.—In reference to the above, the *Recessionen* makes the following observations:—"The concert programmes for the season about to commence have not disappointed the belief we expressed, some short time since, that the managers of the various concert-enterprises would endeavour this year to present the public with something especially interesting. These gentlemen appear to be at length convinced that they can no longer get on with old compositions alone, however beautiful and however classical those compositions may be. The apathy, the indifference, manifested by the public last season, was, probably, the cause which induced them to come to this conclusion. On the present occasion, we find *scarcely* much more conspicuously represented than formerly. The Society of the Friends of Music give us *new grand modern works*, a 'Suite' by Lachner, and Liszt's *Heilige Elisabeth*, with *two grand old works*, also new for Vienna: the Symphonies by Cherubini and Schubert; if, in addition to this, we reflect that Beethoven's complete music to *King Stephan* may almost be reckoned a novelty, and that the execution of the 'great Ninth,' with the admirable chorus of the Society, is something exceedingly interesting, we see—especially as, according to report, this year the reed-instruments, hitherto the weak side of the Society's orchestra, will be in admirably force—that everything possible will be done to render the Society's concerts attractive. The Philharmonics, too, step forth, this year, from out their ultra Conservatism, and present us with *five new modern works*, three considerable ones (a 'Suite' by Grimm, and Symphonies by Abert and Reinecke, and two shorter ones (overtures by Goldmark and Hiller). To these they add two old works, *new here*: Handel's 'Water Music' and Joachim's Orchestral Arrangement of Schubert's Duet, Op. 140.—It is with pleasure, too, that we see Hellensberger's Quartet (in which Herr Hofmann takes the second, in the place of Herr Durt, who has retired) return to its former practice of introducing novelties; we find in the programme *three new works* (in eight concerts there would, by the bye, have been room for a fourth, we should say), by Rubinstein, Preyer, and Hager. We have more than ordinary pleasure in greeting the last name, after it has been so long absent from our concert bills.—That, at his eight Quartet Concerts, Herr Laub should give us only *two new works* by Richter and Volkmann, is a course of which, with our principles, we cannot by any possibility approve."

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Rheinthal's oratorio, *Jephthah's Tochter*, was announced to be performed on the 5th inst. Mlle. Julie Rubenbergs, of Cologne, was to sing the soprano part.

The manager of the London Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, wishing to pay a mark of respect to the invalid traveller, included his quartet in B flat major in the programme of the concert given on the 27th April. The work had already been very well received at the same concert the previous summer, and was now rehearsed by MM. Vioutemps, Wiener, Webb, and Piatto, at the house of a Mr. Benson, where Ernst resided. The composer, who had previously heard it played only by amateurs, was very much delighted, and thanked the performers most warmly.*

This Quartet was one of the three (the other two are in A and C) in the composition of which the artist sought consolation for his bodily sufferings, from which he was scarcely ever free during the last nine or ten years of his life. In October, 1864, he was once more in Paris, where MM. Holmes (the admirable artistic brothers), Jacquard and Ney played him two of the above Quartets. Stephen Heller wrote of these compositions, at the time, in the following terms:—

"We will not attempt, by a dry analysis, to give an idea of these works, so important from their scope as well as their inward worth. We must not expect to find in them the amiable composer of the *Otello* and *Faust* Fantasia, but we recognise in them the creator, become greater and more clear, of the 'Elégie' and of the Violin Concerto in F sharp major. All that those two works promised is here fulfilled, and we behold an artist of noble nature who has attained the summit of his powers. These Quartets can have been written only by an artist who has continuously studied and himself performed a hundred times the works of the great masters in this branch of composition. From beginning to end, the style is invariably noble, and nowhere do we find aught like cowardly complaisance for inartistic or frivolous ears. The beauty of these works is serious and severe, and of the kind which alone secures for a work a future. It must not, however, be supposed, on this account, that they are deficient in melody; the slow movements especially contain expressive, taking, and frequent passages of song. The Scherzos are genuinely humorous; the first is distinguished for, we might almost say, epigrammatic brevity; the other, on the contrary, is well worked out and contains instances of harmonic and rhythmic daring; neither of the two movements, however, reminds the hearer in the least of former creations of the kind, and that is a great merit. In one word: These Quartets announce the complete change of the great virtuoso into the composer and deserve the deepest attention on the part of all musicians and connoisseurs."

One of these Quartets was, also, performed in June, 1861, at the "Ernst Concert" given in St. James's Hall, London, the proceeds being devoted to the benefit of the sufferer. At this concert, moreover, Joachim played Ernst's "Elégie," and Wieniawski, the transcription of Schubert's "Erkling," while Mad. Dustmann and Sims Reeves were the singers.

As most persons are aware, Ernst published, during his career as a virtuoso, many compositions intended principally to exhibit his play in all its brilliancy. How could he, when his time was taken up by his never-ending professional tours throughout Europe, find leisure for the creation of large serious works? A horrible doom procured him this leisure, though in so fearful a manner. But, even among his virtuoso compositions, there are a few, some of which in parts, and others throughout (as is the case with the celebrated "Elégie") display a feeling for, and appreciation of, what is elevated and beautiful in Art. His Concerto in F sharp major, too, is a work of this class.

It was, however, as an excellent that he was greatest. He was the first since the days of Spontini to combine a truly poetic rendering of the melody with grandeur of tone, for grandeur of tone merely does not by any means constitute soulful song upon the violin. To this, as we are all aware, was added eminent technical skill, thanks to which the greatest difficulties, which he himself was often the first to create (*Otello*-Fantasia, "Carnival of Venice") were executed with ease and grace, for elegance was among the most prominent qualities of his play. If the latter was not always equal during the later years of his career as a virtuoso—not the same day for day and hour for hour, this was not exactly a matter for astonishment, if we take

into consideration his peculiarity, common to all original artists, of being able to give himself up completely to the full swing of his inspiration only in those happy moments when his natural instinct burst forth, and hence he was reproached for this defect even in his very best years. At a subsequent period, this difference in the excellence of his playing was a natural consequence of his bodily condition, which, with want of strength, naturally produced a paralysing languor of the mind. Thus as recently as the year 1854, we heard him at a morning concert (that is according to the London fashion a concert given between three and five o'clock in the afternoon) in the Hanover Square Rooms, play his *Otello*-Fantasia admirably, and the same evening we could scarcely recognise the same artist performing the same piece in Exeter Hall.

For seven or eight years, he resided at Nice, where, on the 8th October, at two o'clock, death released him from an existence that was at last simply a burden. As a man, Ernst was respected and beloved, on account of his noble character and practical sympathy for human misfortune and misery, as well as on account of his wit and agreeable manners in the social intercourse of life. In addition to the leading inhabitants of Nice, a long line of poor, who did no less honour to the deceased, followed the corpse. Yet Ernst was anything but rich; it was not from his superfluity that he gave; he denied himself a great deal in order not to withdraw from the needy whom he had once assisted the gift to which they were accustomed. The corpse has been temporarily deposited in a vault, but there can be no doubt that his friends and companions in art will take care of him as he has a resting place worthy of him. I. B.

THE Duchess Anna of Saxony (born in 1532, died in 1585, a daughter of Christian III. of Denmark and his wife, Dorothea, a Princess of the Ducal Saxe-Lauenburg family) not only, like her husband, the Elector Augustus, possessed a great taste for music, but was a very accomplished practical proficient in the art. In her writing-table, which has been preserved up to the present day, is her spinet, the steel wires of which are set in motion by quills. The tone is rather sharp but not disagreeable. Our long-haired piano-demolishers would, of a certainty, be exceedingly embarrassed, if called upon to exhibit their wonderful feats on this little instrument, which has only seven-and-twenty keys, but sufficed for the most wants of that period. Another musical instrument has not, as far as we know, been preserved. It was "a new, ingenious chamber-organ, with 12 stops, such as small regal, cornet, octava regal, krummhorns, etc.," which was ordered in the year 1569, by the instrumentalist, Julius von Elkom, surnamed Lucifer, of the instrument-maker Dominicus Breuer, of Lüneburg, then resident in Halle. Other instruments, not minutely described, were furnished by Angelino, an Italian. At the castle of Stolpen, she had "an instrument with organ-pipes;" the person sent for to tune it being George Kretschmar of Dresden: "who was well-akkil in chamber-organs and instruments" (1571). In the year 1574, Philip Stammer, in Augsburg, was commissioned "to go and examine the ingenious instruments and organs there exposed for sale," and "when he did so, to take with him persons who understood such matters, and who should test the instruments in action." There was "a self-acting instrument with pipes and strings" of which "the case and carving" alone were said to have cost two thousand thalers and which Christopher Schissler, geometrical and astronomical instrument maker at Augsburg, offered for sale. The instrument Anna was willing to purchase for a fair price, but expressly observes to the artist who boasted of the novelty of his invention: "this invention by which an instrument may be so arranged and set as to play any piece by means of weights is not new, but only so much of the said invention as may be an improvement of your own, and more cleverly and ingeniously contrived." An instrument

* *The Musical World*, No. 17, 1863.

† *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, No. 45, 1864.

"furnished with fiddle-strings, with pedal like an organ," was presented, in 1576, by the Elector to Duke Albert of Bavaria. The fame of Anna's artistic proficiency was wafted even to distant Prussia. The Margrave George Frederick von Brandenburg wrote to her from Königsberg, on the 22nd May, 1531, in these terms: "Seeing that two instruments, such as we never previously came across, were presented to us by a Netherlander, we kept one, and, because we know that your Highness has a liking for such instruments, and are yourself a good organist, we could not refrain from the pleasure of further forwarding your Highness the said instrument, to be placed in your chamber, with the idea that should your Highness ever feel the time hang heavily or be assailed by melancholy thoughts, you might amuse yourself upon it, and thus drive away the heavy thoughts." But Anna was not the only practical artist among the princes of her time. Just as her brother-in-law, the Elector Moritz, had received lessons on "the harpsichord," the Emperor Maximilian II also enjoyed a musical education. During the last illness of the Emperor Ferdinand I, Dr. Zasius wrote as follows (30th April, 1584): His Majesty now mostly keeps his bed, and has cheerful chamber-music performed every day in his ante-room on which occasion his Royal Majesty causes particular musicians to sing, and his Imperial Majesty says he remarks that such music refreshes his *spiritum*. Anna did not, however, merely play; she likewise sang. Printed and manuscript "Gesengkh," the old German form of "Gesänge," "Songs"), were, consequently, exchanged with other admirers of the musical art, and thankfully accepted from composers. Peter Joandel, of the Imperial "Cantorei," or body of Chaunters, at Vienna, received, in 1569, for "printed song books" which he forwarded the Electress, twenty florins, as did also the Brandenburg luteist, von der Haide, for "Lutenbücher" (old German for "Lautenbücher," "Lute-Books") dedicated to her. The vocal compositions presented to the Princess by George Otto of Torgau, Chanter at Salza, met with such approbation that the Elector Augustus wanted to secure him as a member of his Electoral "Cantorei," and, in consequence, commissioned his *Capellmeister* to examine him and see if he was suited for the position (1574). The Elector was especially fond of sacred music, and, consequently, the "Cantorei," or body of chaunters, for which he issued a decree on the 1st January, 1555, was the subject of his special care. He had a misunderstanding with the Landgraf Philip of Hesse concerning a Netherlandish singer, named Lorenz von Alten. The latter had been engaged by the Landgraf, but, for "trivial reasons," as he asserted, cast into prison, and the Landgraf had threatened that he should not be released unless he bound himself by oath to remain in his (the Landgraf's) service for the space of three years. The singer would not bind himself to do so, so he ran away and entered the "Cantorei" at Dresden (1559), but was claimed by the Landgraf. Augustus, however, paid no attention to the demand for the singer's extradition, contenting himself by saying that he did not "prevent his leaving." Augustus was desirous, too, of securing the services of the Bavarian bass-singer, Johann Reithart. The latter sent him, in the year 1568, "a mass composed by the Bavarian *Capellmeister* Orlando, with other printed table-songs of his," which were so much liked that Augustus ordered that, "if he could with propriety leave the service of his princely employer," he should be admitted into the "Cantorei" with a monthly salary of 12 florins and 16 florins a year for a coat. How great an interest Augustus took in his "Cantorei," thinking of it even amid the turmoils of war, is proved by a receipt issued by him from the camp at Gotha, and in which he says: "whereas it is our desire that there shall be no neglect in diligently instructing, teaching and exercising the boys of our Cantorei in singing, but seeing rather it is our pleasure that proper zeal be employed

and practised so that they may be efficiently instructed and trained more especially to sing, so as to do credit to our Cantorei, we graciously desire you to summon before you our Court-Prescher M. Christian (Schütz) and *Capellmeister*, and hear their opinion and advice as to the best course to be pursued, and, after this has been done, to inform us of the result, as well as of your own individual views, as to how you consider the boys may be most profitably and conveniently placed, for the purposes of singing, with the *Capellmeister*, with whom, supposing there were no other obstacles, they would certainly be better than anywhere else."

TO SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

DEAR LYTTON.—It is a superstition in England that representations of Italian opera cannot be given with success unless they are patronised by the aristocracy. It is also falsely believed (by operative managers) that the aristocracy, after emigrating from London *en masse* at the end of July or the beginning of August, remain in the country or abroad until the following spring. The truth, however, is that Italian opera is no longer maintained in this country exclusively through the support of the upper classes; while, even if such were the case, a sufficient number of rich pleasure-hunters are to be found in London during the autumn to perform all the functions of an aristocracy in regard to the hiring of private boxes. We have had no political operative manager since the days of Mr. E. T. Smith, who formally denounced "Lord Tom Noddy" in a speech from the stage, and explained that in giving cheap representations of Italian opera at Drury Lane his object was to popularise a kind of entertainment which previously had been thought suitable to the tastes of the aristocracy alone. The only fault of Mr. E. T. Smith's speculation was that it did not succeed—which, however, as two other Italian operas were open at the same time, was not surprising. Mr. Mapleson, in opening Her Majesty's Theatre for a series of autumnal representations, has the field entirely to himself; and hitherto his novel experiment has produced most satisfactory results. Two Saturdays ago (I write of Thursday), when an Italian version of *Der Freischütz* was produced, the house was as full as ever it was during the best days of the summer season. The prices have been reduced, which is a pity, as English people do not like cheap pleasures, and are sure to undervalue them. The *black*, too, against colored clothes has been suspended, or as the operative director words the new decree, "the ordinary restrictions as to evening dress are not enforced." You can now go to the pit in your dressing-gown, or can take your seat in the stalls attired in a complete cricketer's costume. These delightful privileges do not, however, seem to have been taken advantage of. So at evening concerts (the Philharmonic, for instance, and the concerts of the Musical Society of London) men do not make their appearance arrayed in the colors of the sunflower or the poppy, although the doorknobs are not instructed to exclude them in whatever garments they may choose to present themselves. The fact is, our operative managers have for many years past taken upon themselves to teach manners to the public, and it would be a good thing if the public would now, in its turn, give a lesson to the operative managers. Why, I should like to know, is it assumed that the frequenters of our Italian operas are more incapable than other persons, at home and abroad, of judging what clothes they ought to wear? Foreign visitors often come to our private entertainments, I will not say in unbecoming, but in what are to us unusual garbs. They make their appearance at weddings in evening clothes, and they do not make a point of dressing entirely in black clothes when they attend funerals. If they are asked to a picnic they do not know what to wear. Mr. N. P. Willis, when he was in England, went out shooting in shiny leather boots, but his gun was not taken from him for that. I have seen a foreign Ambassador go out to dinner in the summer in light-colored trousers. He was allowed to take his foot, in peace, among persons quite as important as the general run of people who frequent the pit of the opera; but Mr. Gye would not, under any consideration, have allowed him to enter Covent Garden in his light

* Yes they are.—D. PETERS.

summer pants (at 16s. 6d.), and Mr. Mapleson would have had his Excellency shown to the door if he had attempted to gain admission to the stalls of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Why is it supposed that in England alone we are incapable of observing the ordinary rules of propriety?—and in such a trivial matter, too, as dress! There are opera in other capitals as well as London. But neither in Paris, nor Vienna, nor Berlin, nor St. Petersburg, is it found necessary, nor would it be thought becoming or tolerable, to establish in connection with each opera a censorship of costume, empowered to examine and decide upon the dress of all intending visitors.

I advise every one to go and hear *Der Freischütz* at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Titiens, Santley, and Snagno (a most promising tenor) in the principal parts. Go in a shooting-jacket, or go in the gorgeous solemnity of evening dress; but go.—Yours, my dear Lytton, in all sincerity, LAVENDER PITT.

The Kid, Leominster, Nov. 9.

THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL CHAIR.

To Disley Peters, Esq.

SIR.—The authorities of the University of Edinburgh have elected to the musical chair a gentleman unknown to fame. Mr. Herbert S. Oakley may be the very best of the candidates who offered themselves for the post; but if the electors wish the world to be satisfied that their choice is not the result of favoritism, they will do well to make public the grounds of their decision. Considering that a few years ago the University of Oxford elected a comparatively obscure gentleman to the splendidly endowed Professorship of Sanscrit, and rejected the overwhelming claims of Mr. Max Müller, on the avowed ground that the latter was possibly "German" in his theology as well as his country, and that Mr. Monier Williams was patronised by the *Record*, we are curious as to the existence of any similar influences in Presbyterian Edinburgh. Mr. Oakley may be a tyro in the art of music, and able to do nothing more than repeat the dry rules of old-fashioned books on musical theory; but if he is sound on Predestination and the Sabbath, we can well imagine that he came fully up to the standard of Edinburgh criticism. Although the list of unsuccessful candidates contains many names quite as unknown to fame as Mr. Oakley's, there are a few whose rejection ought to be honestly accounted for. Mr. Hullah has done more than any living musician for the cultivation of singing among our middle and lower classes. He has well studied the history of music, and is an agreeable and instructive lecturer and writer upon its progress and development. As a theorist, if not as profound as the best German writers, he is quite up to the usual English mark. Mr. Macfarren is undoubtedly the ablest English teacher of musical theory, and, moreover, is less hampered by the cut-and-dried traditions of a polyanic past than is the case with ordinary professionals. As a composer, he writes like a competent and skilful musician, though his gift of melody is not great. Probably he would be named by his brother musicians as unquestionably the fittest man for the appointment. Mr. Stainer, the organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, has a high professional reputation as a performer, and as possessing the gift of extempore fugue-playing in a degree by no means common at the present day. Other names might be picked out from the list which at any rate possess some sort of repute. But those which we have specified are sufficiently distinguished to make outsiders wonder not a little when they learn that not one of them has found favor with the Edinburgh dispensers of a somewhat distinguished post.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants, PALL MALL GAZETTE.

14, Salisbury St., Strand.

[If Pall Mall Gazette knew Hannything about Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Hullah, Mr. Stainer, and Mr. Oakley, they might have done some allusion to Dr. Wyld.—D. PETERS.]

TO HORACE MAYHEW, ESQ.

DEAR PONY.—The Royal English Opera continues to give *L'Africain* four times a week. It is a great piece of good fortune, or, rather, I should say, of good management on the part of the directors, to have secured this admirable work, the success of which is constantly increasing. On the two other nights *The Mock*

Doctor is played, followed by a very graceful, lively ballet, called *Cette la Ballerina*, in which Milles, Duchateau, Montero, and Pancaldi appear, supported by an excellent corps de ballet, forty-eight strong. The revival of this once highly-popular species of entertainment has caused a newspaper critic to inquire how it was that it ever fell into disrepute. Very few good ballets, however, are in existence; and this, (argues newspaper critic) may to some extent be accounted for by the fact that, whereas a spoken drama is generally the work of only one author, and an opera almost invariably the work of not more than two (the librettist and the musician), a ballet is, as a rule, the joint production of three authors (the librettist, the musician, and the choreographer), each of whom must take care not to fail in his own particular department, or he will cause the failure of the entire work. What would *Giuseppe* have been without Adolphe Adam's brilliant and graceful music, or without the dances of Carlotta Grisi as arranged for her by Perrot? What would Adolphe Adam's music have been without Heine's poetical legend? At least a score of generally-interesting operas have been written during a period which has not given us half-a-dozen ballets which can be so described. The only ballets known all over Europe—as the principal works of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi are known—are *La Sylphide*, for which we are mainly indebted to Nourrit, the great tenor (wh) also, by-the-way, suggested to Meyerbeer the duet which now terminates the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*; *La Gitana*, the story of which was first told by Cervantes, in *The Gipsy of Madrid*; the aforesaid *Giuseppe*; *Emerald*, founded on Victor Hugo's novel; and I perhaps, it may be added, the *Peri*, of which the plot was sketched by Théophile Gautier, and the music written by half-a-dozen composers, under the presidency of Burgmüller, who is said to have invited them to breakfast and then set them inhospitably to work. Of these four ballets, the only two which deserve to be called celebrated, and which are really founded on poetical ideas artistically worked out, are *La Sylphide* and *Giuseppe*.

The Wick, Nov. 3. HAMPTON WICK (Bucks.) P.S.—I am glad that Shirley Brooks is using his influence for my old friend, Bathur of Lebdury. Do you think Brooks would form a committee? There could not be an abler chairfitter. I hope he will go soon to try the organ at Lebdury, or he may find it not. They say it is to be "put up."—H.W.

[This letter of Sir Hampton Wick's came just a day too late (Friday) for last week's issue.—D. PETERS.]

HOW "MARITANA" CAME ABOUT.

To Horace Mayhew, Esq.

SIR,—I think it must have been early in the month of September, 1845, for the first harvest moon rose above the horizon like a ball of gold, when my late friend (the friend of my youth in Dublin, W. V. Wallace) said to me, in the drawing-room window of 87, Piccadilly, "St. Leger, do you think I could compose an opera?" I answered immediately, "Of course you could, and I advise you to set about it immediately." "But," said Wallace, "What am I to do for a libretto?" I answered, "I will introduce you to Mr. Fitz-Ball, who wrote several successful opera books for my friend Balfe, and," added I, "the sooner the better, so, as it is a beautiful evening, and as Fitz-Ball lives in the Portland-road, let us start at once." Wallace consented, and we started for Fitz-Ball's residence.

Arrived there, I knocked at the door, and as no one came to open it I thought my poetic friend was out. I, however, knocked again rather loudly, and in half a minute the dear old poet came and opened the door himself, having a pen stuck behind his ear, as is customary with clerks and authors. I then introduced Wallace to Fitz-Ball, told him he was a compatriot of our friend the popular composer, Balfe, and that, as Wallace was about to compose an opera, I brought him to make arrangements for a libretto. "This is very extraordinary and fortunate," said Fitz-Ball, "for just as you knocked at the door I finished my libretto on the drama of *Don César de Bazan*, but I purpose calling it *Maritana*." After a few minutes conversation, Fitz-Ball asked Wallace to play some of his compositions for him, and Fitz-Ball was so enchanted with the exquisite melodies my dear friend played, that he gave him the first act of *Maritana* just before we left.

HEYWARD J. ST. LEGER.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Impute my silence last week to rigid necessity. Thou knowest my old complaint,—neuralgia. It apprehended me like an inexorable sheriff's officer in the beginning of last week and held me fast in its ceaseless-nipping fangs for five days. It retreated at last before strong remedial measures, patience and barley gruel, and allowed me, with great care, to go abroad and visit two or three theatres, although the visits no doubt were attended with danger. But I am no advocate for staying within doors when convalescence has shown itself, and think that, with precautions, change of place may have its advantages. At all events, your readers will reap advantage from my temerity—if it be so—in going to the Grand Opéra Populaire, as I am enabled to render them an accurate and faithful account of M. Duprez's new opera, which in reality has been at last performed, after such a series of mishaps as has seldom befallen the production of one work. I attended the representation of *Jeanne Darc*, and listened to the music with every desire to become familiar with its merits, and without the slightest prejudice against it, except indeed that which I could not help deriving from what I learnt through the very unsatisfactory execution of the two acts when the first attempt was made at performance. I was not deeply impressed then, as I told you; but I must confess I expected something far more artistic and interesting from a hearing of the entire opera than what I listened to when I paid my second visit. M. Duprez is not wanting in a certain tunefulness, but it is tune of a very common kind, and I find not one bar in the new opera either original or refined. His instrumentation is feeble and lacks color and character, but still it indicates some knowledge of harmony, and, if not striking, is certainly not botch-work. The execution was far from excellent, nor, indeed, was everything done that possibly could be done to accomplish a success. As, however, every Frenchman present was anxious about the first work of their quondam superlative tenor, a certain success was inevitable, and so *Jeanne Darc* has been chronicled as having made a great hit and as likely to influence the future art-inspirations of the composer. I have not the least objection that M. Duprez should enjoy his triumph—he has done his best to earn it,—and has next a glorious artist in his day; but—between ourselves—when he writes an opera, I hope I may not be present to hear it, kept away even by my trusty and never-failing friend, neuralgia. The libretto supplied by MM. Méry and Edouard Duprez, the composer's son, is one of the best I know for musical purposes, being neat and concise, clear, unelaborate and without the least complication. Nor, although the book consists of five acts and a prologue—an unusual number of divisions even at the Grand Opéra—does the representation appear too long; and, if the music were as good as the poem the four hours consumed in the performance would be spent without weariness. The prologue is a fairy episode, and represents the locality of a wooded dell, where Joan of Arc first hears the celestial voices which determine her mission. The first act is entitled *La Fête des Fleurs*. It is a country celebration in honor of Jeanne, who is about to leave her parents and the companions of her childhood for the Court. The second act, called *Le Roi de Bourges*, shows Jeanne at the Court of Charles VII., received at first with ironical smiles by the nobles, who, however, are soon fired by her enthusiasm. In the third act, *Le Sacre*, takes place the grand triumphal procession in which King Charles and his Court are led by Jeanne to the Cathedral of Reims, where she delivers her prophecy. The fourth act, *La Prison*, exhibits the devoted girl in her dungeon at Rouen; and the last, *Le Martyr*, shows her at the funeral pile. The fault of the plot is that there is no love interest, and Lionel's passion ending in anything but pure affection, is a mistake. I did not hear Mdlle. Brunetti, except at the first disastrous attempt. Mdlle. Brunetti, first from illness and then from the death of her father, was twice the cause of the performance being postponed. When, however, the opera was produced and she had sung the music some three or four times, she pleaded some other excuse besides parental demise or sanatorial depression, and resigned the part of Jeanne to Madame Lustani-Mendez, a singer who had been heard in the theatre at Strasbourg and in the concerts at Baden, and who had evidently been understudying Mdlle. Brunetti with full expectation of having to take her place. If Madame Lustani-Mendez had as good a voice as Mdlle. Brunetti in all probability she would sing the

music as well. As regards the acting, both ladies may be placed in the same category of inefficiency. It is not M. Ulysse Duvaux's fault if he cannot produce all the effects in the part of the first tenor which M. Duprez intended; and, as for the second tenor, M. Gaston Aubert, in his feeble endeavor to sing several *aria* *disce*—although he signally failed—he was entitled to the highest consideration. M. Gaspard has a fine baritone voice, and when he has gained some knowledge of his art and knows something of the production of tone, no doubt he will make a good singer. Mdlle. Arnaud, in the small rôle of Perrine, had little to do, and pleased for that reason. The band was incompetent, and the chorus not much better. No doubt they will both improve, as the conductor seems to take especial pains. From what I have said you will perhaps infer that I was not profoundly impressed by the music, or the performance. Draw no hasty conclusions, but wait for my second notice. Apropos of *Jeanne Darc*, I have read an extraordinary coincidence in one of the French papers. It appears that the manager of the Théâtre Français of Rouen is about to produce a new play in five acts entitled *Jeanne Darc*, and that he intends expending a large sum of money on the costumes, decorations, and scenery. In the scene of the abjuration will be exhibited a view of the Chateau of Philip-Augustus, exactly as it stood when the trial of Joan of Arc took place. "But," writes the *Journal de Rouen*, "what is truly most wonderful, and what beyond a doubt never occurred in any other theatre, is, that the last act—the act of the immolation—will be represented on the same place where the reality happened, for the burning of Joan of Arc was carried out in precisely the same spot where now stands the Théâtre-Français." This coincidence bears witness that of Mr. Pickwick when he found that a gentleman was travelling as an outside passenger by the same coach with himself.

Ernani has been given at the Italiens impudently; impudently might be added, as it is really imposing on the public to intrust the parts of Elvira and Ernani to Madame De la Grange and Signor Nicolini, with Mesdames Penco and Charton, and Signor Fraschini in the company. Where is this mismanagement to end? One might be led to think that M. Bagier had taken an oath to labour with might and main, soul and body, to destroy Italian opera in Paris. If so, he may congratulate himself thus far, as he is on the sure road to success. The Italian opera in Paris has become a snare, a mockery and a delusion; and the public and subscribers, so long offended and disgusted, patiently await the final blow, and look forward with anxiety and hope to the termination of the Bagier dynasty.

Everybody is talking about a new three act *opéra buffa*, called *Le Voyage en Chine*, to be brought out shortly at the Opéra-Comique. The music is by M. Bazin, whose *Maitre Pathelin* had a run of between two and three hundred nights. The cast will be supported by Mdlles Cico, Révilly and Camille Gontié, MM. Montabaty, Coudere, Ponchard, Sainte-Foy and Prilleux. *Fior d'Alizé* has been laid aside to make way for the *Voyage en Chine*. I perceive that M. Gustave Hequet, the well-known litterateur-musicien, collaborator in the *Ménestrel* and *Illustration* journals,* did a few days since in the sixty-third year of his age. He was an accomplished critic and no mean musician, having composed several operettas, which found their way into the minor theatres. His death was almost sudden.

The season for the Concerts of Popular Classical Music was inaugurated on Sunday fortnight at the old locality, the Cirque Napoléon, again under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. The programme comprised the overture to *Oberon*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 4, Beethoven's Symphony in A major, and the *Concerto* Movement from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 12. The *Cassanetta* was recommended with acclamations. At the second concert on Sunday week, the following pieces were given:—March by Meyerbeer, Symphony in G minor by Mozart, Allegretto in poco *Andante* (Op. 50) by Mendelssohn, Overture to *Fidelio*, No. 3, Beethoven, and Fragments from the Septuor of Beethoven. The programme of the third concert on Sunday last included the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven; the overture to *Genesio* of Brodski (Schumann) and *Loreley* (Wallace); the Grand "Morceau d'Union" from the *Africaine*; and Mozart's Quintet in A. *fe*

* And the famous "Léon Durocher" of the *Revue et Gazette Musicales*—D. PEREZ.

clarinet and strings. The *larghetto* of the Quintet was redemanded. In addition, a Belgian violinist, M. Jacques Dupuis, professor at the Conservatoire of Liège, played Mendelssohn's Concerto, had a good success, and was warmly applauded. Your ex-correspondent, Hippington Pipe, who was seated behind me, whispered to me that the warmth of the applause was somewhat in excess of the warmth of the player's expression—an exquisite essay of wit, which, however, I fear, few can appreciate.

The six Prussian Concerts, organized at the Cirque de l'Impératrice, and executed by the band of the Pomeranian Fusiliers, alias the 34th Regiment of Prussian Infantry, were eminently successful. The questions have been asked in several quarters, "Why a Prussian band should come to Paris to give concerts?" and "Why the 34th Regiment should have the best band in the Prussian Army?", and have been variously answered.

No news of László! Ohime!—Hélas!—Alas!!!

Paris, Nov. 8.

MONTEAGUE SHOOT.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Masaniello was performed for the first time this season on Wednesday evening, specially for the purpose of introducing to the public a new singer, Miss Ida Gillies, in the part of Elvira. This young lady is highly connected, being a daughter of the late Captain Gillies of the Guards, and granddaughter of General Sir—Barton, Bart. She has been studying in Paris under no less a teacher than Daniel Aubert, and no doubt it was to do honour to her illustrious preceptor that she made her debut in one of his operas; but surely she could have found a more grateful and sympathetic part than Elvira in *Masaniello*. Miss Gillies, we understand, had never before Wednesday appeared on any stage, a statement we can well believe from the constrained manner in which she walked the boards, and the uneasiness of her deportment. That, however, the new comer was no novice in singing was at once made evident. A brilliant and fine-toned voice—bearing some resemblance to that of Madame Parepa—with showy execution, were satisfactorily exhibited in her first air. Of extreme timidity, nevertheless, interfered greatly with her endeavours, and we had rather wait until we hear the lady when more at her ease before offering a definite opinion of her artistic merits. That she has merits is not to be contested, no more, indeed, than that she could not do herself justice on Wednesday night. As Miss Gillies plays the heroine in Mr. Henry Leslie's opera, *Ida*, to be brought out next week, we shall have a better opportunity of deciding as to her real talents. The performance of *Masaniello* by the Covent Garden English company calls for no further remark than that it was as admirable and complete as last year. Mr. Charles Adams more than compensated the good impression he created as the revolutionary fisherman. The overture and Tarantella dance in the market scene were encored.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM WINSOR.—The funeral of Mr. W. Winsor, whose death is recorded in our obituary column, took place on Wednesday last, at Highgate Cemetery, the Rev. W. Edwards, formerly of King's College, officiating. Some twenty mourners, in five coaches, followed the hearse, and a number of uninvited persons, friends and acquaintances of the deceased, attended. Mr. Winsor, who belonged to the eminent firm of Winsor and Newton, artists and colourmen, 9, Rathbone-place, took very high ground in his business, and made it something more than trade. He was for many years an active member of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and was one of the best amateur double bass players in the country. Mr. Winsor died suddenly on Wednesday week.

MR. AGUILAR'S first performance of pianoforte music took place at his residence on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3—Beethoven; Nocturne—Aguilar; 17 Variations—Schubert—Mendelssohn; Consolation, No. 5—Liszt; 2 Pieces, Op. 82, Nos. 6 and 7—Schumann; Fantaisie Impromptu, Nocturne (Il Lamento), and Polonaise, in A flat—Chopin; Ländler and Walse—Mendelssohn; Fantaisie on an air from *La Diablesse*—Aguilar; "Appel," "In a wood on a windy day," and Transcriptions—Aguilar; Serenade—Aguilar. The rooms were crowded as usual, and the audience were well pleased with Mr. Aguilar's performance of Mendelssohn's Variations—Schubert's and *Lieder* (Nos. 1 and 2 of Book 5). Mr. Aguilar's two songs, "Appel" and "In a wood on a windy day," were also highly approved of.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The Opera di Camera season will be brought to a brilliant close this day. The operas produced have not elicited more than ordinary success, and the House may congratulate itself on having established a very agreeable and useful entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Rod, with Mr. John Parry, will re-appear on Monday, at the Gallery, in *A Peculiar Family*, and Mr. Parry will resume his "Vocal and Instrumental Recollections."

WESTBOURNE HALL, HAYWATER.—The first of a series of three pianoforte Recitals, interspersed with vocal music by Mr. William Carter, took place on Wednesday evening. The pianoforte performances were restricted to Beethoven, and comprised the *Appassionata*, in F minor, Op. 57, Sonata Pathétique, in C minor, Op. 13, the Moonlight Sonata, in C sharp minor, No. 1, Op. 27, Andante-Favari, in F, Sonata, in A flat, Op. 26, and Sonata, in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux," "L'Alceste" and "Le Retour." This was a magnificent selection, and one of the most arduous perhaps ever undertaken by pianist; but Mr. Carter's stamina was equal to his courage, and the last sonata was executed with much ease and power as the first. Perhaps the "Moonlight" and "Pathétique" sonatas obtained the largest share of applause. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Marian Walsh and Mr. E. A. Plater, an amateur. The lady, who has a very agreeable and well-managed mezzo-soprano voice, sang Henry Smart's song "Hark! the bells are ringing," and a new song, by Mr. William Carter, "I am never alone." The latter, a pleasing and useful composition, and well written for the voice, met with an unanimous encore. Miss Marian Walsh strongly recommended it by her singing. Mr. Plater, too, was asked to repeat Mendelssohn's "Spring-Song." The second "Recital"—to take place Wednesday, the 22nd—will be devoted entirely, in the pianoforte pieces, to Mendelssohn.

WESTBOURNE.—The long announced concert-lecture entertainment by Mrs. John Macfarren was given last night in the Guildhall, and fully justified the expectations that had been formed of its merits. The programme, selected from the works of classical and popular composers, included matter to suit all tastes—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—while it gave full scope to the accomplished pianist for this display of her mastery of the key-board, and to Miss Florence D. Courcy for the exhibition of her agreeable and expressive vocalisation. Mrs. John Macfarren's rendering of the Governor and Mrs. Scott, and Beethoven's "Funeral March" was solemn and impressive in the highest degree. Her attractive performance of the various pieces which essayed elicited the unanimous plaudits of the numerous assembly; but more than all, her brilliant and spirited execution of Bréval's Fantasia on Scotch Melodies, and the same composer's caprice, "The babbling brook," which she was loudly called upon to repeat. Miss Florence D. Courcy's singing was greatly admired, and received its due share of applause. She was encored in Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart" and in a Scotch ballad. The spacious hall was crowded in every part.

GURNEY.—From a Correspondent.—Mr. Deacon, the eminent pianist from London, gave lately one of his "Chronological Recitals" of pianoforte music at the Assembly Rooms, when he was honored by the patronage of his Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Scott, who were both present, and evidently were highly pleased with Mr. Deacon's performances. The programme would be too long to mention in detail. Suffice it that it contained the names, in the first and second parts, of Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, the "giant" composers from 1720 to 1820, and that the third part was devoted to Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Heller, Gottschalk, Prudent and Thalberg. It would be a difficult task to select any of the compositions performed by Mr. Deacon for especial praise, for he did ample justice to all; but we may cite the remarks of the *Queensbury Mail* as doing justice, and no more than justice, to the pianist:—

"The formal progressions and complexities of the earlier composers, and the florid and impassioned productions of the musicians of the present century, unfettered by the stringent rules which are now discarded as obstacles to genius, were rendered by Mr. Deacon with that rare facility of execution which characterises his style of playing. Possessing in an eminent degree the qualifications of rapidity and distinctness of touch, refinement of taste, and exquisite taste, Mr. Deacon's greatest merit, in our estimation, consists in his thorough comprehension of the composer's meaning, which his perfect command of the instrument enables him to reproduce with conscientious fidelity. In conclusion, we may remark that the recital of last evening impressed the audience with, if possible, a still higher opinion of Mr. Deacon's talents; and the only cause for regret is, that the opportunities of hearing his brilliant performances are so few and far between."

COLOGNE.—The Brothers Müller, of Meiningen, have commenced their series of Quartet Soirées. At the first Soirée, they played Haydn's Quartet in C major, with the variations upon "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser"; Beethoven's *Sorcerer*, Op. 8, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello; and F. Schubert's D minor Quartet. The audiences were most ecstatic in their applause.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Head has received an angry reproof from Mr. ApMutton, stipulating that it was on account of his (Head's) having adventurously spelt shock with an extraneous c—"schöck."

Se non hostili animo, sed regnum tutatum, aena epiope.
(For "hostile" read *offensive*; for "kingdom" read *orthography*; for "army" read *c*;) Dr. Head only meant to make sure of one c by having two in hand; but this thwarted the argument. In the columns supervised by Mr. D. Peters himself, Dr. Head has seen Mendelssohn spelt "Mendelssohn," Haydn spelt "Haydn," Spohr spelt "Spöhr." Only last number ("ante," 693), immediately under *Muttoniana*, Dr. Head read—"J. Africaine and the Mock Doctor, &c. &c., has been played, &c.;" also two paragraphs, one immediately beneath the other, the other immediately over the one ("ante," 693), announcing that Signor Arditì was about to give concerts; also the name of the new Edinburgh Musical Professor spelt in one place ("ante," 694), "Oakley," and in another ("ante," 696), "Oakley," whereas it is neither "Oakley" nor "Oakley," but OAKLEY; also ("ante," 693), sonata spelt "sonato;" also ("ante," 696), Dithyramb spelt "Dithyramb," and dithyrambic spelt "dithyrambic," &c., &c. All this Dr. Head read in the columns supervised by Mr. D. Peters, stipulating that had not Mr. ApMutton dealt with Dr. Head, he (Head) would not have dealt with Mr. Peters.

Sed faciliis cuius rigida cœna cacinini;
and Dr. Head has no intention of laughing, even at Mr. Zaniels Owl, much less at Mr. Dibley Peters. Myro was an eminent sculptor; but this thwarted the argument. Mr. Horace Mayhew himself has been described as the Kafe Humourist, in consequence of the abundance of his "esprit de café" and milk of human nature. *Loratus interea*—but this, &c.

NORMA.

DEAR HEAD,—In Lord Mount Edgecumbe's *Musical Reminiscences* (page 192) I find the following passage:—"L'asta brought out for her benefit an opera by Bellini, called *Norma*, the scene of which is laid in Wales. It was not liked."—Yours always, SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Dr. Head was present on the occasion, stipulating that *Norma* was liked—by Dr. Head; and that Dr. Head remembers pointing out the Mount Edgecumbe passage to Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who pricked it down at the time in his commonplace. *Nonne rides?* But this thwarted the argument.

MISS CHAMBERS—CONTRALTO.

SIR,—Some months ago the Florence correspondent of the *Musical World* gave a very flattering account of the *debut* of a Miss Chambers (contralto)—late of Sydney (N.S.W.). Can you, or the Florence correspondent of the *Musical World*, give me any further tidings of her doings or whereabouts?—Yours truly, MAX.

Job Head, Esq.

Dr. Head himself heard Miss Chambers at Florence, stipulating that he was much gratified. It is not Dr. Head's province *Carmine perpetuo celebrare* &c. but this thwarted the argument.

CHARLES HALLÉ AT MANCHESTER.

DEAR HEAD,—Judas Maccabæus was announced for the second performance of Charles Hallé's Grand Concerts at Manchester, but, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Sinus Reeves, it was postponed until the beginning of December; and Haydn's *Creation* was performed instead, with Miss Banks, Mr. W. Cooper, and Mr. L. Thomas as the principal vocalists. The band and chorus was indeed excellent, and numbered 80 performers. The beautiful and descriptive instrumentation of Haydn's immortal oratorio was played by the band with a zest that did honour to the grand old master, whose geniality shines so redundantly in this, his most favorite work. His grand and noble ideas, so descriptive of *Creation* as set down in Biblical history, illuminates his mighty genius fully developed. The power of invention which he displays in this work is indeed wonderful. He opened out a new path for effects by his charming instrumentation as laid on foundation on which modern instrumentation stands. Verily, Haydn does not gain those grand and sublime effects which Handel created by simpler means. This can only be attributed to the natural qualifications of the two masters. Handel, like Shakespeare, is the grand-master of masters; Haydn is the accomplished scholar of musical art, who placed the capabilities of the orchestra in its true position, as applied to the oratorio; this is sufficiently proved by the different oratorios of Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Costa; for these composers have elaborated their works with beautiful and effective instrumentation.

Stockport, Nov. 5th, 1865.

Yours truly, BOOTH BIRCH.

Dr. Head has printed the foregoing in its integrity, stipulating that Mr. Birch's report of Charles Hallé's first concert was dropped by a P. D. in Tottenham Court Road.

HIND.

Oct. 30th, 1865.

SIR,—A presentation to J. W. Hind, Musical Director of the Royal Wallhalla Palace, last night at 6 p.m., all the company, both vocal and instrumental department, assembled to present this gentleman with a beautiful *Baton* and a silver dinner service, valued £30. Mr. J. H. Gough proposed the health of Mr. Hind, and thanked him on behalf of the Company for the kind manner in which he had treated them since the opening of the Royal Wallhalla Palace.—Yours truly, RAO.
Oct. 30th, 1865.

Dr. Head is sorry that he himself was not applied to for a mia, stipulating that though a Muttonian he is tolerably indigent.

Antonio Gugiini.

"He was a kind and gentle creature, and much beloved by all who knew him."

Alas for art! his spirit's fled!

To join the choirs above;

Gugiini's numbered with the dead;

'Tis turned into lore.

"Thy will be done"—Almighty God,

"Then gives and takes away."

His organ lies beneath the sod,

Unto'd until the judgment day.

From earthly pain! he's now set free;

We mourn! that we may rejoice,

Hoping, after death we may be,

With him; to hear his ethereal voice,

In yond kingdom of unknown bliss,

Where we may enjoy eternal happiness.

The silver echoes of his voice,

Are flying on with time;

To greet composers of our choice,

With whom our feelings chime.

Immortal strains are on the wing.

That flow'd from his mortal throat,

Still, flying with harmonies that ring,

And chime with his golden notes.

Those tones! nature will not revive;

But, (they charm the memory still.)

Other vocal organs she will give,

That may our emotions tell.

O Music! bright star of heavenly love,

Thy home is in the realms above.

Oct. 30th, Stockport.

BOOTH BIRCH.

Dr. Head has not attempted to improve the foregoing, stipulating that to retouch it would necessitate at least a Mayhew.

THREE SHORT BRIERS.

SIR,—Pretty girls appear to be at a premium in Paris just now. The following advertisement has appeared in the journals and on the walls of the French capital:—"Théâtre du Châtelet.—On demande trois ou quatre jeunes et jolies personnes pour figurer dans la prochaine revue-féerie. Ap pointements exceptionnels."

SIR,—Ever since the death of the Prince Consort military music has been prohibited in the streets of Windsor when the Queen is residing at the Castle. Application was made, however, to her Majesty's grace days since, by the colonel of the Grenadier Guards now doing garrison duty at Windsor, to allow the drums and fife to accompany the Grenadier guard on being relieved, and the request has been granted. A proviso is made that there shall be as little music as possible within hearing of the Castle, consequently the playing on Castle Hill will not be resumed.

SIR,—Mr. Alderman Wilson has offered to present a very handsome new stained-glass window for Guildhall, to be painted by English artists. The alderman offered (says the *City Press*) to place one in St. Paul's Cathedral, but his offer was not accepted unless it should be painted at Munich. Mr. Wilson, however, is determined to try English talent.

S. T. TABLE.

Dr. Head thinks that Mr. Table is here treading upon Mr. Duff Short's ground, stipulating that it is better than treading on Mr. Duff Short's corn. On Thursday Dr. Head dined with the Lord Mayor, having coached the C. of the Exchequer. Ad hoc.

Fish and Volume, Nov. 10.

'Job Job.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR.—In the interest of the public we shall be glad if you will make known the following statement. A short time since a gentleman called on us and said he wished to make an arrangement for the Sisters Van der Beek to give a concert here, in consequence of which we engaged a room and had posters, programmes, &c. issued, and up to the hour named for commencement we had no idea but that the concert would take place. The audience waited for sometime patiently, but no Sisters Van der Beek or message of any kind arrived nor has any explanation been received by us, but we have since heard that the same extraordinary conduct was pursued by the same parties in Bristol, Gloucester and other places. In Gloucester we are told a very large audience had assembled in the Theatre, many of the leading families having come a considerable distance.—Yours, &c., E. H. HALE & CO.

Promenade House, Cheltenham, Nov. 9.

P.S.—As you will see by the enclosed programme the concert was to have taken place last night.

REIGATE.—(From a Correspondent.)—What Mr. Thurnam, our indefatigable and enterprising townsman, has done for music in Reigate, I need not inform you or your readers. The concerts given annually under his direction are invariably of a high class character, and that of Monday, October the 30th, which took place at the Public Hall, was not in any way inferior to its predecessors. There was a small, but thoroughly efficient band, which played the overtures to *Egmont* and the *Italiana in Algeri*, as well as accompanying Madame Arabella Goddard in Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. This last piece, indeed, was the most brilliant feature of the concert. I never saw an audience more profoundly attentive to—or more charmed by—an instrumental performance; nor, to my thinking, did Madame Goddard ever play more chastely or more nobly, with more graceful ease, supreme command of the key-board, or deeper poetical sentiment. Madame Goddard's other piece—Thalberg's *Lucretia Borgia* fantasia—though, in a musical sense, more child's play compared with the Concerto of Mendelssohn—was given with unparalleled finish of execution, beauty of tone, and variety of expression. It was unanimously encoresd, and another fantasia by the same composer ("Home") substituted. True genius declares itself no less in cutting images out of cardboard than in hewing statues out of marble. Spohr's Grand Double Quartet in E minor, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, was admirably executed by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Zerbin, R. Blagrove, Aylward, J. D. Pawle, Clementi, Lintott, and F. Pawle, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, which was indeed of the discriminating kind. To complete the instrumental part of the programme, Mr. R. Blagrove played a fantasia of his own (*Guillaume Tell*) for the concertina with complete success. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Chaplin Henry, all of whom pleased, and were more or less applauded. There were several encores. The Hall was crowded to excess. Mr. Thurnam of course conducted. It would be difficult to find a more scrupulous and thoroughly competent accompanist.

MUSIC, &c., RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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VOL. 43.—No. 48.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS EVERY EVENING.

SIGNOR ARDITI begs to announce that his Concerts cannot possibly be prolonged beyond the Four Weeks originally stated.

(SECOND WEEK.)

TO-NIGHT (Saturday), December 2nd.

Vocalists—*Mdlle. Laura Harris, Mdlle. Scarlotta, and Mdlle. Sincio; Signor Stagno, Signor Felli, and Mr. Santley.*

(His Last Appearance in London this Winter.)

Violin—*Mdlle. Emilia Arditi.*

The Orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre.

CONDUCTOR—SIGNOR ARDITI.

"UNA NOTTE A VENEZIA."

(New Duets by Signor Arditi) will be sung by *Mdlle. Sincio and Signor Stagno.*
Signor Arditi's Vale, "ILMA," will be performed This Evening.

MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 4th, will be a GERMAN NIGHT, when will be performed for the first time in England, ROSSINI'S *Orchestral Symphony*, No. 3, in E flat and A, for the first time, this New Grand Selection from WAGNER'S *Romantic Opera*.

"TANHAUSER."

For this selection the orchestra will be composed of Sixteen First Violins, Fourteen Second Violins, Ten Violas, Ten Violoncellos, Ten Contrabassos, Three Flutes, Two Oboes, Two Clarinets, Two Bassoons, Twelve Horns, Twelve Trumpets, Six Trombones, Two Euphoniums, Two Baritone Horns, Two Harps, Drums, &c., and Full Chorus.
Promenade, &c.; *Unger Duet*, &c.; *Dress Circle*, &c.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.
Notice.—The Upper Box and Dress Circle seats are numbered and reserved, and may be secured, without extra charge, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from Ten till Six.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE GRAND BAL.

DOPERA will take place on TUESDAY, December 12. The Band will number One Hundred Performers. Conductor, Mr. D. Godfrey. Ball Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Circle, 4s.; Gallery Stalls, 6s.; Private Boxes, from Four Guineas. Tickets may be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

—CONCERT AND PROMENADE.—*Mdlle. Scarlotta, Signor Stagno, and Mr. Santley* (his last appearance prior to his departure for Milan). Programme includes *Symphony E flat*, Mozart; *Oratorio*, "Ray Hiss"; *Mendelssohn's Selection from Hailst*; "Die Zauberflöte," A. S. Sullivan. Concert on this occasion will commence at a Quarter to Three.—Admission Half-a-crown, or free by New System Guinea Season Ticket, admitting until 2nd November, 1865. Reserved stalls Half-a-crown, at Crystal Palace.

Notes.—Stalls are opened this day at Denmark Hill, Fencham-rye, and Honor Oak, to the High-Land Station, opposite the Central Railway.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Instituted 1822;

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His Majesty the KING of the BELGIANS.

KING'S SCHOLARSHIP.—An examination of female candidates for a King's Scholarship (available for one year) will take place at the Academy, on Tuesday, the 19th December next, at 11 o'clock.

This Scholarship is open to public competition, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy. Candidates, whose age is not to exceed under 18, nor exceed 18 years, will send in their names and addresses to the Secretary for the recommendation of a subscriber to the Institution, on or before the 16th December.

The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the Scholarship.

By order of the Committee of Management.

J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.
November 26th, 1865.

ROYAL PAVILLION.

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Professor at the Royal Academy, and the London Academy of Music, begs to announce that he will give

A SECOND GRAND HARMONIUM RECITAL,
ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1865.

At Three o'clock.

Under the following Distinguished Patronage.

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None.—Continental reputation preferred, and references required.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.

—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—On FRIDAY next, December 8, Handel's ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Principal vocalists: Madame Louisa Leumann-Sherrington, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Dolby; Mr. Sims Beers, Mr. Rowland, and Mr. Weiss.

On the following Friday, December 15, the Thirty-fourth Annual Christmas performance of the MESSIAH. Principal vocalists: Miss Edmonds, Madame Walston-Dolby, Mr. Sims Beers, and Mr. Weiss.

The Band and Chorus, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of, as usual, nearly 100 performers.

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WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.—Royal Academy

of Music.—A SCHOLARSHIP for VOCALISTS, called the Westmorland Scholarship (in compliance to the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be continued for annually, to December. It is open for competition to female candidates between the ages of 18 and 24 years, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy.

The amount of the scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

Candidates recommended by the recommendation of a subscriber to the Academy) will be received by the Secretary up to the 16th December, 1865.

Certificates of birth must be forwarded.

The examination will take place at the Academy, on Monday, the 13th December, at 10 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management.

J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.

November 26th, 1865.

Further subscriptions towards the fund of this Scholarship will be applied to the increase of its annual value.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition, for students of the Royal Academy of Music of two or more years' standing, will also take place on the 13th December.

BRIGHTON.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a

MATINEE MUSICALE at the PAVILLION, Brighton, on Thursday, Dec. 15, assisted by Mrs. FRANCIS TALBOT and Mr. TALLANTYRE. Further particulars will be duly announced.
London, 17, Westbourne Square.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing every evening, at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, or, until the 15th December to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

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MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing the "LIEBHART POLKA," which met with such great success at Mellon's Concerts (composed expressly for her by Prof. MULLER), every evening, at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

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MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing, for the first time in England, GRIERSON'S "Bravura Polka" (composed expressly for her) at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, next week.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing BEVIGNANI'S *Rondo*, (composed expressly for her) "La Piana del mio Guibio," at JULLIEN'S Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, every evening next week.

MADAME PAREPA.

MADAME PAREPA will be in London next February, 1866, having concluded other arrangements in America, and accepted a re-engagement for next year.—10, Warwick Crescent, Malia Hill.

MISS BERRY.

MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES requests all letters, respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts and Lessons, in town or country, to be addressed to her residence, 3, York Street, Portman Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "Farewell, my simple stanzas," "Aphasia," and "Hear my prayer," Mendelssohn; at the Horse, Kensington, Dec. 4th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce that she is at liberty to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, private parties, &c. She will sing at the Horse, Kensington, Dec. 4th; the Sacred Harmonic Society, Dec. 8th; Chichester, Jan. 9th; Hull, Feb. 12th and 14th; Swindon, April 2nd. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON & MR. WHIFFIN will sing, at the Horse, Kensington, the *Deo Auctore*, (from Offenbach's *Laksh and Fritchen*) on Monday Evening, Dec. 4th.

MISS EMILY PITT will sing "O rest in the Lord," at the Horse, Kensington, Dec. 4th.

MADAME EMMA HEYWOOD, of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts or Oratorios.—Address, 1, Oval Road, Regent's Park, S.W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing BENEDICT'S "Rock me to Sleep" at the Windsor Choral Society's Concert, Dec. 8th, 1, Southampton Place, Haymarket.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his two New Songs, "Avery Fairy Lullaby" and "Were this world only made for me," at West Hartlepool, Dec. 4th; Dumfries, Dec. 11th; Maidstone, Dec. 14th; Ashford, Dec. 15th; Frounce, Dec. 19th; Ashby de la Zouch, Dec. 22nd. London: 125, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Herr Reichardt's New Song, "My heart's in the highlands." West Hartlepool, Dec. 4th; Dumfries, Dec. 9th; Dundee, Dec. 11th; Maidstone, Dec. 14th; Ashford, Dec. 15th; Frounce, Dec. 19th; Ashby de la Zouch, Dec. 22nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEY will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at Leicester, Dec. 12th.

MR. GEORGE FERREN will sing at Belfast, 8th Dec.; Donaghadee, 11th; Blackburn, 12th; Edinburgh, 14th; Dundee, 14th; Dumfries, 19th; Newcastle, 22nd; Glasgow, 23rd; Leicester, 26th; Edinburgh, 27th; Frounce, 28th; South Shields, 29th; Jersey, 30th. Address, care of, to 5, Harrington Road, Nelson.

MADAME W. VINCENT WALLACE,

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MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town for the season. Terms for Concerts, Oratorios, Solécres, &c., as well as for instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 68, Maddox-street, New Bond-street, W.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to announce that her next meetings for the practice of Vocal Concert Music will take place on Thursdays, Dec. 14th and 21st, at her residence, 56, Bedford Square.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that his BENEFIT, consisting of a variety of **DRAMATIC and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS**, will take place at **DRURY LANE THEATRE**, on **FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 15th.**

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE is now at liberty to make arrangements for Oratorios, Concerts, or Popia. Letters to be addressed to 15, Park Crescent, Stockwell, S.

THE NEW SONG, "WARBLINGS AT EVE."

Poetry by H. FARRANT; Music by BENJAMIN HARRISON. 2s.; 3s. free for 16 stamps. "In this new production the weird whistlings of the much-admired melody find an adequate interpretation in Mr. H. Farrant's beautiful words. Here 'blends the thrill of love, with woman's song,' and 'the nightingale still seeks the thorn, and warbles on the lily spray.' The song in its present shape must meet with a ready welcome every where, and will continue to hold its own with the choicest of drawings, room and composition. The melody has been constantly praised for a special kind of elegance, and in its own style, is every way worthy of the composer of the new national anthem, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.'—*Vide The Globe*, Nov. 2nd.

HAPPY BE THY DREAMS. Ballad, made so popular by Mr. RAWLINSON's exquisite singing at the Christy Minstrels. Free for 16 stamps.

WHY FORSAKEN. Sung continuously by Mr. RAWLINSON, of the Christy Minstrels. Poetry by G. H. FARRANT; Music by CHARLES BLANCHET. 2s. 6d. Free for 16 stamps.

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ADELINA PATTI AT FLORENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—There are in life certain moments which it is impossible to describe. At such moments a man fancies that all the illusions of his youthful years have vanished; for he feels as though there were a large void around him; the emotions of his heart appear for ever exhausted, and the fibres of his mind weakened, when, as though by magic, something arises which suddenly carries him back to all the freshness of youth, and causes him to experience joyous sensations, as if he had never before loved nought that was beautiful in the world. Such a sensation of joy, such a return of youth, in a word, did I experience on Saturday evening, at the performance of *La Sonnambula*, in which Adelina Patti made her first appearance on the Italian stage. Seated in the stalls, with half-closed eyes, my thoughts wandered years back, to the glorious performances of Malibran, Tosi, Tacconi, and Frezzolini, when those artists first unfolded to the eager public the treasures of Bellini's melodies and their own strains. At the period in question, a performance of *La Sonnambula*, with one of these, was a real solemnity. The multitude, worked up to enthusiasm, raised altars, and confounded in the same applause the creator of the melody and its interpreter. Years have elapsed, but there remained a distant—though sweet—recollection of those days, rendered, perhaps, most bitter by the consciousness of a state of musical decadence which has frequently caused a doubt as to whether Italy once excelled the whole world in lyrical music. Last Saturday I awoke from this lethargy, once again heard the same old miracles of songs, and witnessed the same popular enthusiasm. It was a genuine electrical spark. Adelina Patti has received from nature all those gifts which render a fair artist immortal in the representation of certain lyrical dramas. *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Il Barbiere di Siceglia*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, are operas which demand, in addition to musical qualities, special physical conditions, to enable any one to extract from them all their beauty and gentle perfume. *La Sonnambula* more particularly requires such a combination in the artist who would render in all its truth the character of Amina. This music of Bellini's is a perfect lythian; such a fragrance of wild flowers; such poetry; such simplicity, pervades the whole opera. Amina is an innocent country-girl, who, when anything happens to sadden her, grieves like a poor dove wounded by a hawk, and, when her heart overflows with joy, abandons herself completely, with all the candour of her nature, to her feelings, imitating the nightingale, which, in the thick foliage, gaily salutes the bright sun, and unites its silvery voice to the thousand mysterious sounds of Nature. Bellini has produced two immortal types, as opposed to each other as the antipodes: *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*. Adelina Patti possesses all the extraordinary qualities necessary for being truly grand in the last opera, as very few possess them for interpreting Madlle. Patti is endowed with graceful manners, light and easy bearing, and a pleasing and characteristic face; everything about her corresponds with the character of Amina, as the author Roussier conceived it, and as Bellini so melodiously arranged it. Listen to her when, with ingenuous equitry, she dispels the clouds from the brow of her jealous lover, and takes her leave, promising him with a smile, and in the tenderest words, a treasure of future joys! How impassioned, and yet, at the same time, how modest, is she in this scene! What *abundant*, yet what nobleness in her action, and what infinite sweetness of expression! To pass to the scene of somnambulism in the last act. In a philosophical light, it is impossible to be more true, more artistic. There is not an accent, there is not a phrase, that is not stamped with really æsthetic beauty. It is the musical language of a being whose mind is wandering in her sleep. It is not the lip which speaks, but the mind which remembers, in the girl's sleep of anguish, the sorrows of her life. Of more accent than the force of her voice, of more account than her impassioned accents, is the *breath*, the sigh, which involuntarily escapes from the innermost recesses of the sleeper's bosom, and reveals all the moral martyrdom the poor thing is suffering. Lastly, listen to her, also, when, on waking up, she beholds once more Elvino at her feet, and once more hears from his lips his first vows of love! She is absolutely transfused! She is a nightingale, once more

spreading out its wings on the sunshine, and filling the air once more with its brilliant and joyous notes, as if to call upon Heaven and the whole world to witness its triumph!

At this point, the enthusiasm of the audience reached its highest pitch, and Adelina Patti's triumph could not have been more splendid!

Mdlle. Patti's voice is a soprano of the kind denominated in theatrical parlance: *sforzato*. It goes up, with extraordinary ease, to the highest compass of the human voice, and descends with equal clearness of sound and facile execution to the fine *contralto* notes—a precious gift, bestowed only on the favoured daughters of Heaven. This voice (We cannot find room for our enthusiastic correspondent's description of an organ so familiar to English ears as the voice of Adelina Patti.—D. PETERS.) on the other hand, observe her when, calm and joyous, she advances to meet her friends shortly before her betrothal to Elvino! Listen to the gay, capricious, and, at the same time, affectionate warbling which pours in torrents from her lips! She is the nightingale of the fields and of the river, smiling at the light, and playfully looking at itself in the limpid waves.

I subjoin two critiques from the principal papers here:—

1.
**LA SONNAMBULA al teatro Pisanò. Prima comparsa di ADELINA PATTI.*—Ieri sera (11) al teatro Paganini, di recente rinnovato, fu una di quelle feste che mostrano il carattere eminentemente musicale del popolo italiano, di quel popolo donde emersero Dante e Michelangelo e Rosini « maestri di coloro che sanno » in fatto d'arti e di scienze. La Patti dopo gli splendidi, anzi unici trionfi ottenuti sulle rive del Tainigi e della Senna, presentavasi stante nel modesto personaggio di Amina, in quella idillio musicale che quelle anime grandi del Rossini e del Bellini crearonno che sarà sempre un capolavoro, inaino a che l'arte musicale non sarà un nome vano nel mondo. Che dire di Adelina Patti? È un miracolo d'arte, è il complemento della triade, è cole che comprese i due grandi ingegni italiani e seppe svolgerli, commentarli e presentare ad una massa immensa di spettatori viva e vera quella poetica creatura che è la sonnambula.

Nella Patti è istintivo il sentimento dell'arte e quindi ella, anziché usare dei doni di cui le fu largito, non li ha largiti a caso, ma li ha usati, espresse mirabilmente la parte drammatica, e cantò la *Sonnambula* senza tanti pigliori come fanno molti artisti, rovinando quei canti sublimi ed eminentemente drammatici.

A noi vennero per tradizione i nomi della Malibran, della Persiani, della Tacchinardi e fin della Frezzolini, allorchando era in fiore, ma osremmo dire che nuna di queste ha potuto raggiungere l'eccellenza della Patti, perchè dessa s'innalza sino all'ideale dell'arte che è tutto dire: e del nostro avviso fuorveramente le migliaia di spettatori rivati nel teatro Paganini che ad ogni nota della Patti andavano in visibilio! Il pubblico s'era identificato con l'artista ed ogni suo gesto, ogni accento, ogni nuover di palpato passava nell'animo di ogni spettatore per forza magnetica.

Nell'aria l'Adelina è una semplice contadina e quindi col suo canto, col suo atteggiarsi ella sciolpe il carattere: poi nel duetto col tenore ella fa comprendere l'amore non come si usa nelle città ed o tutto è finzione, ma come si sente nella campagna: nel finale il suo canto strazia il cuore, è il grido disperato dell'amante che vede discacciarsi dall'uomo amato; ed infine nel 3° atto ella è immobile come una sonnambula, e poi ritorna all'amore, alla gioia e quindi è nuovamente la gaia, la semplice contadina del primo atto. Queste diverse passioni o meglio gradazioni di passioni sono espresse mirabilmente dalla Patti col canto, col gesto e fin con gli occhi. Nel canto ella, poi, è sì unita che la sua gola si presta alle più astruse difficoltà, ed ella quasi si piace di passare da una in un'altra, e quel che meraviglia con tale noncuranza quasi diremmo che è il più bel segno della stupenda anzi unica esecuzione: a ciò aggiungi un timbro di voce che non è umano, ma celestiale (ammesso che vi sia il paradiso e che vi sia canti), un'intonazione perfetta, e tutto ciò è la Adelina Patti che ben a ragione può dirsi la regina del canto italiano.

II.

Sabato sera con la *Sonnambula* di Bellini si produceva sulle scene del teatro Paganini la sig. Adelina Patti; la canarica celebre nei due mondi. Gli spettatori affollatisi nei palchi e nella vasta platea aspettarono impazienti il momento da tanto tempo bramato: alla perine l'opera incominciò, e quando i primi applausi annunziarono l'entrata in scena dell'eminentissima artista, si fece dappertutto un religioso silenzio. Quell'istante fu insieme maestoso e terribile; maestoso per il pubblico che sapendo di avere a che fare con una celebrità voleva intendere la bene, per giudicarla severa, ma giusto; terribile per l'artista che per la prima volta presentandosi ad un pubblico italiano, non poteva certo pensare di rimanere schiacciata dal peso della propria fama. Ma non appena la

sig. Adolina ebbe fatta risuonare la sala delle sue magiche note che ognuno rimase commosso da una voce, per freschezza gradita, per omogeneità di timbro, inaspettata, per estensione, superba. E senza quasi darle tempo di finire la cavatina, le irrompenti voci di brava si erano a poco a poco convertite in battimanti, e non vi volle che il forte desiderio di ascoltarla nella cadenza, per far riprimere a mala pena quegli applausi che all'ultima nota dovevano riuscire entusiastici, universali. Il trionfo era assicurato: l'artista aveva vinto l'uditorio, e questo scordata la parte del giudice, si era lasciato trascurare a quella di ammiratore dalla potenza di quei gorreggi, di quei trilli, di quella audacia insomma di cui tenore è capace.

Valerosa nel duo col seniore e nella scena del sonnambullismo, doveva poi sorprendere nello stupendo rondo finale, con il quale rivelossi in tutta la sua grandezza in tutto il suo magisterio, unica e insuperabile. A sentire quell'onda sonora di melodie avremmo titillare le orecchie ora come nota di violoncello, ora come scherzo di dolcissimo flauto la gioia e la meraviglia impadronivasi degli animi degli ascoltanti, facendoli prorompere in manifestazioni clamorose e straordinarie. Tornata sei volte alla scena dopo calata la tela essa può contare di aver ricevuto in Firenze il più bel successo che ricordino i fasti teatrali. Ed invero la comparsa della sig. Patti è stata un avvenimento, le impressioni non svanirono all'uscire del teatro; la voce di lei risuona tuttora arcaica, misteriosa nelle nostre orecchie, di lei ovunque si parla, e si scrive.

Favoleggiò a loro posta gli antichi, rimpingano pure i nostri vecchi le celebrità del loro tempo; noi abbiamo udita la Patti, e ci basta: essa è il genio del canto, ed il genio non si supera.

Proseguendo a parlare degli altri diremo che il tenore Corsi, già applaudito altra volta nello stesso teatro quando cantò il *Barbier* con la rinomata Borghi-Mamo, è tornato fra noi gradito artista ed il pubblico lo ha applaudito, tanto solo, quanto insieme alla celebrata sig. Patti: questo torna a suo grande elogio. Il basso fa del suo meglio ma...

You will thus have a pretty fair notion of the sensation produced here by Adolina Patti. I hope soon to go to London I long to hear a Monday Popular Concert, a Costa oratorio, a Crystal Palace symphony, and—yes, to see a pantomime.

Florence, Nov. 20.

AN ITALIAN IN ITALY.

(From another Correspondent.)

FLORENCE.—The inauguration of the fifth year of the Quartet Society took place recently. I am glad to perceive the great progress the love and study of good music are making in Florence. The room in which the concert took place was overflowing, and among the audience were seen many artists and composers applauding most heartily, thus proving how erroneous was the report, spread abroad, that the obstacles with which classical music has to contend in Italy, and especially in Florence, are caused by members of the very profession which should be first to encourage such music. The violinist Becker is an artist in the fullest acceptance of the word. This is true of him not only as an executant, but also as a leader. The Quartet (Op. 74) of Beethoven proved clearly that there exists in Italy all the genus of superior musical intelligence, requiring nothing but the hand of an expert cultivator to flourish luxuriantly under its beautiful sky. Two very youthful artists belonging to the orchestra, Signor Chiostrini and Masi, engaged but recently, performed yesterday, under the direction of Becker, and produced an excellent impression. All who heard the quartet in question performed yesterday must be convinced that art has no limits, and that the truly beautiful, wrongly interpreted, persuades even the most ignorant and obstinate. Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1) pleased greatly. The execution by Signora Rita Montani, Becker, and Landelli, the violinist, could hardly be surpassed. Mendelssohn's Capriccio, also (Op. 22) for Piano, with quintet accompaniment, and performed by Signora Montani, was most warmly applauded. The audience made the acquaintance, on this occasion, of Herr Hilpert, who came from Germany with Becker. He is an artist excited by few in rendering the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The Quartet Society has made a valuable acquisition.—A society here, consisting chiefly of foreigners, and which has already rendered itself famous by its execution of classical choruses, has lately assumed the title of Società Cherulini, and elected Herr Becker an honorary member. It is under the direction of Professor Scholz.

GIORNONOVICHI GIARDINI.

BOLIGNA.—The *Africaine* has been most successfully produced under the direction of Signor Mariani.

L'AFRICAIN EN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—With *L'Africaine*—alas for "native talent!"—the English Opera Company has begun its second season. To attempt the most elaborate work of the most ambitious of composers was no slight venture, and I am bound to say the Company has come well through it. They have given us a more complete, on the whole, a more efficient, and certainly a more pleasant rendering of this opera, than has yet been produced in London or Paris. Some people may be surprised that in a work demanding such vast resources, the company should have succeeded better than in smaller things; but the fact is only an instance of the rule that the more complicated a work is, the more depends upon organization, and the less, in proportion, upon the powers of individual singers. Now, in the "star" element the English enterprise is awfully weak. Two vocalists of the first rank are the most that it can count. But the organization of the company—the company as seen before and below the footlights—is admirable. Better discipline than that exercised by Mr. Mellon and his lieutenant I never saw. To compare his vigorous heat with the nervous misadventure of Mr. Hainl, would be absurd; it has all the decision, though not quite the lordly sweep, of Mr. Costa's conducting. The result is a credit to our English music, the executive department, at least, being "native;" for the amount of preparation, even reckoning that which preceded the Italian performance, must have been very far short of the infinite rehearsing which was found necessary at the "Grand Opera." Mr. Mellon and the "Company" (limited) have given us English public, for the first time, a reasonably complete performance of the piece. What, and how much, M. Fétis cut out of the original score has not been stated, but it may be presumed that his desire for shortening the work was not to mutilate particular movements. This, unluckily, is what Mr. Gye did. *L'Africaine* is too long, every one admits, but the saving of twenty minutes is a sorry compensation for the inferior rehearsing which was found necessary at the "Grand Opera." The English performance has about this time longer than the Italian; but the gain is immense, in the making of both music and action more intelligible and so more enjoyable. The opening, for instance, of the third act, the *réveil* on ship-board, how entirely one missed, under Mr. Gye, the sense of gradual expansion, the effect of a slowly-raised climax—to say nothing of the loss of lovely music—by the omission of the picturesque instrumental prelude and the three-part chorus of women's voices. Now the "Début! matelots!" the rough lull of the sailors comes in with twice the effect after the soft endearment of the clearing trio, and when the tempo is again raised, the singing being incidentally in the hymn to Saint Dominic, the breath of the chorus comes upon the ear with a power which was before almost wholly lost. Then, as an example of how these mutilations confuse the action of the piece, take the great solo of Vasco, "Paradise sprung from the cave" in the fourth act. * * * * * Mr. Gye's version turned this soliloquy into an address to the Indians. Vasco, instead of being alone, wrapped, as the dramatist and composer intended it, in ecstasy of delight at the glories of the tropical life, was made to sing his raptures in the midst of a crowd of savages, taking no account, apparently, of their hatches and their war-paint. The English version brings out the neat bit of dramatic contrast intended by the composer. The hero is lost in a dream about the glories which await him (*Monde nouveau tu m'apparais*), and is presently awakened out of it by a rush of savages howling for his blood.

The excellence of the *ensemble*, as I have said, is the best feature of this performance; but the singing of some of the artists engaged is such as it would be unfair to pass without notice. Miss Price is a Selika, and the best Selika, beyond all comparison, who has yet appeared in London or Paris. The music is really written for her voice, though it may be feared that the excessive quantity of it will fatigue her voice. Madame Sherrington sings no less admirably as Inez, and the great scene between the two ladies in the last act produces a piece of soprano duet singing the like of which for united beauty of tone can rarely have been equalled. In the concerted pieces, especially in the finale to the second act—one is tempted to call it the "Mimosa Bay finale"—the brilliance, purity, and decision of Madame Sherrington's singing are beyond all praise. Mr. Charles Adams is a competent representative of Vasco, but I cannot say his singing is remarkable for refinement. The part has too much of the "robust" element to be well suited to him; and in striving to be forcible, he is apt to be coarse. Still, to say to him who recollects the last Vasco heard here, his singing may well seem celestial. Mr. Lawrence does very well as Nelusko; his correct delivery of the curial unaccompanied passage, "Turn to the North," is a sufficient test of the accuracy of his singing; but he, too, has to learn to write refinement to vigour. Mr. Patey's singing is deficient in the small, but highly important, part of the High Priest, in a lack of the volume of voice necessary to make his declamation tell in such a vast space. His singing is otherwise irreproachable.

With a performance so good as this, the last great work of Meyerbeer

is certain to make its way with the English public. There may be dull parts in it; if the composer had lived to hear it, it can scarcely be doubted that he would have cut down or altered the second and third acts; but there is also in it some of the noblest music ever inspired by man. The fourth and fifth acts especially win upon one every time they are heard. It would be a waste of epithets to attempt to describe in words their subtle beauties, or the total of the effect produced by the continued stream of gorgeous music. Stream, perhaps, is hardly the word for it; but even if you look at it (or listen to it) as music, its many-hued loveliness is scarcely the less enchanting.

I am, Sir,
 ["A Reader" might have said something about the occasional substitutes of the Pyne, the Sherrington, and the Adama. Mr. Patey's voice, too, has surely volume and to spare.—D. PETERS.]

WORCESTER PEAL, &c.

TO DISNEY PETERS, Esq.

DEAR MR. PETERS.—The work of restoration of Worcester Cathedral is now in full progress. It will be remembered that at a recent county meeting it was stated that a sum of £32,000 was required to complete the restoration, and about half that sum was raised at the meeting. The principal work now in hand is the restoration of the tower, and visitors to Worcester can readily see how much of that work has been begun. The four pinnacles and altogether between 20 ft. and 30 ft. of masonry (sandstone) have been removed, so that the tower now presents a very dilapidated appearance. The work of removing the stone is a tedious operation, owing to the height of the tower; but the new stone is nearly ready to replace the old. The walls of the tower will be displaced down to a line above the bellify windows. The bells have been removed, and will be replaced by a new peal, intended to equal those of York Minster. For this a special fund has been raised by the Rev. H. Cattle, Minor Canon of the cathedral, this work being undertaken as a testimonial to the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester (Dy. Peal). Five of the bells are now lying in the nave of the cathedral, and will be sold. One has already been sold, and negotiations for the sale of three others are being carried on. Some of these bells are of very ancient date, and have upon them inscriptions which the local historiographers have strangely misread. Their removal from the belfry has afforded facilities for deciphering these inscriptions. The peal was originally one of eight bells. No. 1, inscribed in Latin as *Trinity Church, Worcester*, has upon it the local inscription, "God save our King." No. 2 was stolen during the progress of the restoration works, two years ago. No. 3 is removed to one of the transepts, and is used for the daily service. It is named after Bishop Wulstan, the founder of the cathedral, and bears the following inscription:—"In honore sancti Wulstani episcopi." No. 4 had evidently an inscription at some time, which has been cut off. This is believed to have been "Honi soit qui mal y pense." No. 5 was recast by Rudhall, of Gloucester, in 1830. No. 6 has the following inscribed on it:—"Hic opus impleto, Jesu virtute faveto." No. 7 has the following upon it:—"Habeo nomen Gabrielis, miseri de colitis." No. 8 was also recast by Rudhall, of Gloucester, having been cracked when tolled on the death of William IV. This bell originally bore the following inscription, according to the old authorities:—

I sweetly tolled, men do call.

To taste on meat that feeds the soul.

All the bells are remarkably musical. The new door at the west entrance of the nave is completed, and the restoration of the north porch, the principal entrance to the cathedral, with the exception of the statuary and the decorative part of the work, is nearly finished.—Yours faithfully,
 FERRY OF WORCESTER.

For Gardens, Nov. 21.

[Timotheus, the musician, compelled Alexander to skip up and down and leave his dinner. *Musica depellitur*—according to Censorinus. Is there music in bells? Theophrastus has it that diseases were either urged or mitigated by music. Epictetus called a table without music a manger. Shirley Brooks says (somewhere), "pillow'd in melody." Horace Mayhew (paralyzing the thought), "night-capt'd in symphony." But does this apply to Church bells? Earl Dalmaine affects music, though he would fain have upset the festival.—D. PETERS.]

MATYCE.—Madame Frezzolini, so long a favorite at the Italian Operas in Milan, Paris, St. Petersburg, and other European capitals, has been singing in *La Sonnambula*. Though, the local papers observe, her voice is naturally no longer what it was, her style might be advantageously taken as a model by most *prime donne* at the present day.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—A short time since, Madlle. Grossi, who was to have appeared as *Arcuina* in *Il Trovatore*, at the Italian Opera, Paris, was suddenly prevented by indisposition from singing. In this emergency, a young artist of the name of Zeiss undertook the part, almost literally at a moment's notice, and got through her arduous task very successfully. Of a certainty, Madlle. Zeiss is another proof of the truth of the proverb cited above, or, if she prefers it, of the French equivalent: *Une quelque chose malheur est bon*.—F. P. P.

LETTER.—The annual concert dedicated to the memory of Mendelssohn took place at the Conservatoire (Nov. 4) in presence of a vast crowd. The posthumous quartet, in F minor, Op. 81; the pianoforte *fantasia* in F sharp minor (dedicated to Moscheles); Sonata for piano and violoncello in D. Op. 68, No. 2; and the *Otello*, Op. 20, executed by artists of eminent talent, constituted the programme. At the sixteenth concert of the Gewandhaus two new compositions were received with great favour, viz., a concert overture by Gutzmaier, and chorus "Le Retour du Chasseur" by Reinecke. Parts 20 and 21 of the edition of *Handel's Works*, published by the German Handel Society, have just been issued. Part 20 contains the oratorio here called *Sarg der Zeit und Wahrheit*; and Part 21, Instrumental Concertos, namely: 6 Concerti grossi, Concerto grosso, 4 Concerti, and a Sonata.—The literary Society lately got up a concert in the large hall of the Schützenhaus, in which the members of the Orlean Local Association, assisted by various professional artists, took part. The programme included, among other things, Mendelssohn's *Waldpaganen*; the Romance from Hector Berlioz's *Bienvenue d'Orléans*, and a Double Concerto, in D minor, for two pianos and a full band, by Herr Carl Tharm.

CROMOLA.—A certain Signor Gamla has invented a violin which resembles an upright piano, the foot of the performer moving three bows. The various notes are produced by striking the keys exactly as on the pianoforte.

HANOVER.—A touring party consisting of Signora Rita Sonieri, M. Chauvier, from Paris, Madlle. Deckner, a *fiat virtuosus* on the violin, and Ernest Ronay, "an infant phenomenon on the Xylophordion," lately paid this town a visit. They were under the guidance of a certain Herr Hermann, formerly secretary to Herr Ullmann. At one time they announced, in immense posters, their intention of giving "Concerta contemporains," for which the tickets were issued at one thaler and ten silver groschens a head. One ticket—one—having been sold for the first concert and several given away, the concert came off at the appointed time, and the artists proved themselves really worth hearing. For the second concert, however, though the price of the tickets was reduced, only five tickets were sold. In consequence of this, the concert did not take place. In order to render the position of the artists still more unpleasant, the *impresario* stole off secretly during the night, leaving them to pay the hotel bill.

DIEMTARD.—The first performance of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* took place here on the 19th inst, with extraordinary success.

MUNICH.—According to the German papers, a new tenor is secured for the world of music—in Germany. Herr Vogel, whose approaching appearance has been the theme of conversation for some time past, has made his debut as Max in *Der Freischütz*, and created an immense sensation. Only a few months since, this *rara avis*, or Vogel (for the sake of the mild joke, it may be mentioned that "Vogel" is the German for "Bird") was employed as an assistant master in a government school at an out-of-the-way place near Ebersberg, cut off from all intercourse with the civilised world, and completely ignorant of the comforts of this life. But he was well aware of the treasure slumbering in his larynx, so he wended his way to Munich, where Herr Lachner, the *General Music Director* immediately took him under his special protection. Herr Vogel is not yet twenty. He possesses a pleasing exterior, is highly musical, and possesses a voice rich, beautifully sweet and at the same time exceedingly powerful, excites the enthusiasm of the audience, directly they have heard the first few notes. It appears, by the way, that Herr Vogel, who, as a teacher in a government school, is subject to the discipline exercised over all officials in the service of the State, recently received a summons to return to his pedagogical duties, unless he could adduce sufficiently valid reasons to excuse him from doing so. According to a decree, long and anxiously looked forward to, and published on the 9th Nov., the salaries of all the members of the Royal Band have been raised.

BLUDENFELD.—The first of a series of orchestral concerts has been given by Mr. Garner in Philological Hall. The band, which consisted of about forty performers, was well drilled, and played several pieces remarkably well. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Helen Kink, Mr. George Fern, and Mr. Lawford Huxtable, a new law singer. Mr. R. S. Burton and Signor Rindegger were the conductors.

adopted towards "this Vale," it is very evident it was not affection which restrained him. The reason of his not so exposing me lay in the fact that the English version *was* a correct one, and could bear only one interpretation. Again, however, and at the eleventh hour, I exclaim: If I am wrong, let the Berlin Editor set me right. Till he does, and *can*, I maintain that I was quite justified in founding upon the paragraph in question the charge which I did found.

Having disposed of so much, let me next show how the Berlin Editor meets the charge, which was: that the writer of the aforesaid German notice of the Gloucester Festival had placed himself between the horns of a dilemma; that either he knew nothing at all about the state of musical affairs in England, and, therefore, had no right whatever to indulge in a sneering statement devoid of truth, or he *did* know something of them and chose to assert the reverse of what he must be well aware is the real fact. The Berlin Editor does not answer the charge at all. On reference to his article, the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD will see that he merely observes: "This sentence Vale regards as an attack upon the national honour of musical England, &c." A remarkably easy mode of getting over a nasty difficulty, and shirking the fact that some one on his journal had penned a notice that certainly was no credit to its columns. Such conduct is, to my mind, proof positive that the step popularly known as the "double-shuffle" is not always confined to the hornpipe.

With regard to the paragraph commencing: "There is in Germany no musician," &c., I am not prepared to defend long-winded programmes any more than the Berlin Editor himself. On the contrary, I strongly object to them. But the fact that both he and I cordially agree on this point is no reason why he should allow his underlings to indulge in covert sneers at England generally,—sneers which they dare not openly defend, as we now see—when they happen to speak of an English concert "with from twelve to fifteen different numbers."

Allow me at present to proceed to that portion of the Berlin reply, which, leaving for a while the "gentle art," devotes itself to topics of a personal, though I cannot truthfully add, complimentary character. After informing the readers of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* that "this Vale" commences his correspondence with political allusions that do not concern him, i.e., the Berlin Editor, that gentleman immediately follows my example and becomes as great a politician as myself. My remark about the Prussians being the Yankees of Germany, and having recently become particularly overbearing and arrogant appears to have displeased him. Why? In utter simplicity of heart I repeat: Why? Is he offended at my comparing the Prussians to a people whom he evidently admires, and who among their other great deeds actually elevated Yankee Doodle to the dignity of being their national song, a fact at which he as a musician must of course feel excessively gratified? If this be not the reason of his anger, I really cannot imagine what is. It would be rather too cool even in me to fancy he can quarrel with the truth, and I suppose he will not deny that I speak the truth in saying that the Prussians *have* recently become particularly overbearing and arrogant. If I am mistaken I beg to apologize, and shall feel great pleasure in asking the opinion of some of the members of the German Bund, such as Saxony, Bavaria, or Hanover, as well as in consulting the National-Verein, as to what they think on the subject. By the way, I may hint to the Berlin Editor that the Yankees, who did so much *with* and so much *without* England, were not the sole persons engaged, as he would seem to suppose, in the American Revolution, which was brought about by the Americans generally, of which the Yankees formed only one section. With regard to the Prussians doing what they did against the Danes *without* the

English, I beg to suggest in all humility that this was the very reason they did it. Had England interfered, the Prussian heroes would not have achieved so easy a victory. But England had more regard than Prussia for the peace of Europe. This is another "Falschaffade" of the same kind as those "wafted across the Channel," and the Berlin Editor is perfectly welcome to it.

As for my not being an *educated* man, that is my misfortune, not my fault, for I have striven to the utmost of my wretched ability to improve my mind. But, if I *were* an educated person, I know one thing I should do: I should endeavour to write intelligibly and correctly. If I could not succeed unaided, I should get somebody to revise whatever productions of my pen were intended for the eye of the public. I should try to avoid what we call "floundering" and what the French designate by the equally expressive verb "patager." I should, in short, eschew more carefully than the Berlin editor the slipshod element. Shoddy is bad enough in social life, but Slipshoddy in the world of letters is even worse.

I think, for instance, that if the Berlin editor had availed himself of the assistance of some competent friend he might have rendered grammatical as well as savage the paragraph about his disregard of "this Vale's" correspondence. As it stands, it is a *rudis indiguitate* moles of propositions without a logical conclusion; a wild labyrinth of dashes, or metal rules, as they are technically termed, in which its writer loses the thread of his ideas as completely as though he were as uneducated as myself.*

But, as I have already had occasion to remark once in the course of this letter, assertion is not fact. To assertion, therefore, I will subjoin proof. The Berlin editor commences by saying: "We should have totally disregarded, &c.," and gets on all right to the word "concerned." Here he indulges in a parenthetical and I *no* means complimentary description of how I conduct my "polemics." The description is introduced and ended with a dash. The Berlin editor then observes, "but this," and then comes another dash, expressive, I suppose, of withering scorn. If it is not, I cannot see its use, for the sentence would run on perfectly well without it up to the next dash. There, however, my praise must end, for what follows the last dash has no more connection grammatically with what precedes it, than Chili has at present, nor had a short time since, with Spain.

But, in the above instance, I can, at any rate, understand the writer's meaning, which is: that I am a Musical Clown, and that he has made up his mind to let me know what's what. When, however, he says that, had I been a man of proper feeling: "I should have blushed at rendering my own countrymen so bad a service as to boast that they never (like the Germans) had deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann," he becomes, in the first place, more obscure than I should have expected from an educated man, which he, of course, is. Instead of blushing, I think I have reason to be proud that I *can* boast of my countrymen never deserting the first two for the last two composers mentioned. In the next place, however, the Berlin editor does something I should have expected still less from an educated man, as he, of course, is. He attributes to me words I never wrote. Bad as may be my mode of carrying on "my polemics," I would not change it for his, if the above is a specimen.

* Let it be said that the faulty construction of the paragraph exists only in the translation, I append the original:

"Wir hätten die ganze Correspondenz dieses Vale, soweit sie uns betrifft, gar nicht beachtet—denn er führt seine Polemik gleich Einem, der sich eine Ecke stellt, und von dort in wüthender Entfernung Schimpfwörter herruft—aber dieser—Vale beginnt seine Auslassungen mit politischen Anspielungen, die nicht uns betreffen, denen aber der Redacteur der musical world einen Hauptplatz in seinem Blatte einräumt—hier scheint es geboten, dem oben bezeichneten Musik-Clown einige Worte zu sagen."

I did not say that the Germans had deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, as a reference to my letter in the MUSICAL WORLD of Sept. 30th will prove. Moreover, I never shall say so. But I shall often repeat, I hope, what I have said, very frequently, though not in the MUSICAL WORLD of the date just mentioned, namely, that there are some Germans who have deserted Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, and such is a well known and undeniable fact.

I am very sorry that the Berlin editor will not "descend so low as to dispute" with me, because this determination on his part will of course prevent my being favored with an answer from him. I hope he will change his mind and try the descent to which he refers. I can assure him he will find it as easy as that of Avernus, and a great deal shorter than he appears to think it. As to his confessing himself vanquished by me in vulgarity, his article proves conclusively that, like all modest men, he is too diffident of his own powers.

It was my intention to have added a small contribution in the way of news, but, as my letter has already extended to an unseasonable length, I must defer doing so till next week, and content myself with signing

VALE.

P.S.—The Berlin editor has my full permission to insert in his paper a translation of my letter. All my author's rights, as secured by international treaty, I cheerfully sacrifice.

BRIEF BRIEFS.—(Private) XIII.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The last time I was in Berlin, in 1862, *Oberon* was in the playbills of the Opera as "translated from the French of Planché." I thought of writing to the directors to correct this absurd and inexcusable, though, *prima facie*, quite natural mistake, but have, hitherto, not put my thought into action. You are at liberty to take any steps in the matter you may think fit.

Who is French Flowers? Is he any relation of Flora Fabri, the dancer, who, in spite of her foreign name, may be an Englishwoman, as M. Planché, in spite of his French name, is an Englishman?

In what language does French Flowers write? As M. Planché, having a French name, writes in English, so it is possible that Mr. French Flowers, having an English name, may write in Italian.

If French Flowers, instead of writing in Italian, writes in English, how is it that Rossini, who does not understand a word of English, manages to read his work? How could Rossini express his admiration of French Flowers' work if he had not read it? Or do you think it is because he has not read it that his opinion of it is so favourable? Might not French Flowers, under the circumstances, hereafter appropriately assume the sobriquet of English Plan? Yours in consternation,

Short Canon, Nov. 29.

T. DUFF SMITH.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second performance under Mr. Costa, on Tuesday evening—when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Mozart's *Requiem* were repeated, "by special desire"—was even better than the first, excepting of course the tenor music, Mr. Sims Reeves being prevented from attending by his engagement in the provinces. Mr. W. H. Cummings, his substitute, did the utmost under the circumstances, and won general credit. Miss Edwards, who sang the soprano music (rice Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—like Mr. Sims Reeves, fore-engaged), sang extremely well—"to perfection" indeed. In the solo "The night is departing" leading up to the great chorus on the same words, Miss Edmonds made a decided hit, and we are glad to hear she is engaged to undertake the leading soprano music in the first Christmas performance of the *Missa*. The *Requiem* hardly went so well as on the first occasion, although on the whole a highly effective performance.

Israel in Egypt is to be the next Oratorio.

P. P. P.

IDA AND THE STORKS.

SIR,—Mr. Leslie's and Mr. Palgrave Simpson's opera (for the burden must not be allowed to rest on one pair of shoulders alone) was so successful on Wednesday, Nov. 13, that it was repeated on Friday, Nov. 17, and announced for performance both on Wednesday and on Friday in the present week. I do not know how *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, was received on being presented to the public for the second time; but I noticed (and, soon afterwards, the directors of the theatre published an advertisement assuring the public, in rather an earnest tone, that on Friday (Nov. 24), "owing to the great success of *L'Africain*," that opera, and not *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, as originally announced, would be performed. I am afraid that poor *Ida*, in spite of her guardian storks, is doomed. I must now have heard the last of her, or nearly so. The waters of oblivion are closing around her, and she is sinking—if she has not already sunk—to rise no more. I should have been glad to meet with her in another form. *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, would be a good title for a comedy or farce in the style of the *Barber of Seville* or of *Molière's Sicilien*. *Ida* (a nice name for an "ingénue") would, of course, be the Rosina of the piece; old Storks, her guardian, the Bartholo. It is terrible to think what short work the English public, that voracious monster, makes of our English composers. Another one has now been thrown to it, and in three nights has been what the Americans call "chawed up." What is the English Opera Company to do? Must it look out for fresh victims or must it carry on its enterprise without bringing out English opera at all? An English opera "draws" for one night because it is such fun for the gallery to have a pretext for calling the composer, the conductor, the stage-manager, the scene-painter, and the principal and inferior carpenters on to the stage. I rather thought that this sort of thing was not done in earnest, but "A Man in the Gallery" has addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter on demonstrations called forth by the first performance of *Ida*, which leaves no doubt on the subject. "It was *sc*," he writes, "who encored the piece so tremendously and irresistibly, and who called the author *sc* after every act." And he adds, "I believe there was kindly feeling enough remaining amongst us to have applauded every man in the orchestra, one at a time, and the chorus, and the solo-singers—in brief, every person, from the composer downwards, who took part in the delightful opera of *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*."

SHAYLER SILVER.

[It is suspected in more than three quarters that "A Man in the Gallery" and "Shayer Silver" are one and the same.—D. PETERS.]

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Saturday's programme contained Beethoven's *Symphony in A* (No. 7), of which we have never heard a more uniformly splendid performance in this country. In addition, there was Schumann's impassioned and deeply interesting overture to Schiller's *Brant des Neviens*; an extremely clever fantasia upon a well-known Scotch melody, for piano-forte and orchestra, composed and admirably played by Mr. E. Silas; Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," scored by M. Hector Berlioz; and some vocal pieces, sung by Mlle. Sarolta and Mr. Santley. Among these were a graceful and well-written song by Signor Pinsuti, and the Drinking Song from *Der Freischütz*, for the latter of which Mr. Santley obtained an encore. The other "vocalist," Mlle. Sarolta, gave Mendelssohn's exquisite *Zuleika* (No. 1), and joined Mr. Santley in "La ci darciu" (encored). Despite the atrocious weather, the attendance was large, and it was interesting to mark the rapt attention with which the symphony was heard, and the hearty and prolonged applause with which its fine execution was rewarded.

At to-day's concert, among other things we are promised Mozart's *Symphony in E flat*; a selection from Mr. Sullivan's ballet, *L'Étoile Enchantée*; Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, &c.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

After three performances, the new opera, *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, has been withdrawn. At the last performance Mr. Henry Leslie himself directed the orchestra.

The other nights have been devoted to the *Africain*. The English version of Auber's *Le Domino Noir* is announced for Wednesday.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The director of the Italiens is determined to prove to the world his incompetence in managing the affairs of his theatre. Mlle. Castri, the new prima donna (from America, I hear), whom, no doubt, he was desirous should be favourably received on her first appearance, has lost all chance of success for two very good reasons; first from being brought out in a character in which Adelina Patti last year achieved one of her most remarkable triumphs; secondly, from being introduced in an opera which, without some collateral and eminent attraction, has never been a favourite with the Parisian public. I have not forgotten that *Linda di Chamouni* was the special success of the past season; but does not everybody know that it was owing to the singing and acting of Mlle. Patti? I think it was cruel in the extreme to ask Mlle. Castri to make her *début* in Linda, and such a mistake it will take some time to rectify. The whole of the Parisian press are unanimous in asserting that a great wrong and a great error have been committed in the selection of Linda for Mlle. Castri's first appearance. Of the "great error" there can be no doubt; of the "great wrong" I am not so well assured, since I have my opinion that the new lady will not better her position when she comes out in a part in which Adelina Patti has not appeared at all. Mlle. Castri has a pleasing voice and is lady-like and easy on the stage; but of singing she knows little, and of acting nothing. Mlle. Grossi made a tolerable Pierrot. Would that some friend would seriously advise her to get rid of that pernicious habit she has of forcing the lower register of her voice to produce, as she fancies, tone, whereby every ear but her own is offended. Mlle. Grossi has certainly a fine voice, but the defect alluded to is fatal, and will prevent her from ever becoming a general favourite. From this wilful habit one might think that she had obtained her vocal instructions in England. I know more than one contralto in London against whom the same charge might be fairly laid. With the exception of Signor Sordani, whose Marquis in its way is inimitable, the rest of the cast was indifferent. Signor Nicolini is a very disappointing singer; now charming you by sweet notes and artistic phrasing; now forcing his voice until it becomes painful to listen to, and singing like a novice. Carlo is not a great part for a tenor, but a good artist never fails to make his mark in it. Signor Nicolini makes no mark in Carlo. The rôle of Antonio is not ill suited to Signor Delle-Solte; but somehow he did not succeed in the great scene in the second act. Signor Agnoli did not remind me of Lablache in the part of the Magistrate. The subscribers and the patrons of the Italian Opera seem to have set their faces against the introduction of ballet at the Salle Ventadour. Every night when a *divertissement* is given but few remain after the opera, and the reception accorded to the dancers is disheartening. *Il Baillou*, a ballet in one act by M. St. Léon, with music by M. Graziani, was produced a few evenings since, and I believe, had it been performed at the Opéra, would have made a genuine success. It was, however, received by the audience, or spectators, at the Italiens with the utmost indifference. I do not think with many that M. Bagier has committed a radical error in endeavouring to unite ballet and opera in one entertainment. In every Italian Opera, in every country, as far as I know, except the Italian Opera of Paris, the ballet has always been a special element of the performances. In Paris the reason why Italian Opera does not include the ballet is simply because that kind of entertainment has belonged by right to the Grand Opéra since, I believe, its foundation, and the directors have naturally been anxious to keep the monopoly to themselves. When the monopoly was destroyed, and all the theatres made patent to Terzicchio, M. Bagier naturally conceived he would join together these two kinds of entertainment, which the world had long accepted as Italian Opera. Unfortunately for M. Bagier, he took up the ballet at a time when its prestige was on the decline, and when its influence had almost entirely died out in London, where it was once supreme. I cannot find fault with the director of the Italiens for attempting to introduce the ballet at the Salle Ventadour. He has enough to answer for, but this is not one of the sins of his administration. To show at what a low ebb the Italian Opera has arrived in Paris. I may mention that the company have been "let" to M. Brin, director of the Théâtre des Arts at Rouen, and that they commence a series of performances at that theatre in the latter end of

December, and that the *Barbieri*, interpreted by Madame de la Grange, Signors Baragli, Verger, Scalone and Selva, will be the first opera given.

M. Duprez has had a misunderstanding with M. Massue, director of the Grand Théâtre Parisien, and has withdrawn his new opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, whereupon M. Massue closed his theatre, "upon compulsion." As far as I can make out it is a question of money, and M. Massue affirms that the opera was a rank failure, and has partly ruined him. M. Duprez in great indignation vows he will never allow another opera of his to be brought out at the Grand Théâtre Parisien, at least under the present management; and M. Massue retorts and refers him to M. Bagier. There is a correspondence between the manager and the tenor-composer published in the musical journals which I cannot make out, but I suppose the affair will end in a suit-at-law. Meanwhile, Mlle. Brunetti threatens an action for damages against her old master for breach of engagement, and lays the penalty at 50,000 francs.

The selection given at the Sixth Popular Concert of Classical Music on Sunday last was as follows:—Symphony in A major—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Polonaise from *Struensee* (le Bal et l'Arrastation)—Meyerbeer; Symphony in C major, No. 2—Beethoven.

The Abbé Liast, though invisible and his whereabouts kept a profound secret, has written a letter which has found its way into print. It appears some of his friends in Vienna were desirous that his new oratorio should be brought out in the Austrian capital, and signified so much to him in an epistle. The indignant Canon virtuosus, reminding of a slur thrown some time since upon his talents as a composer by the Viennese, thus made response to the applicant:—

"Whether or not the work would meet with a favorable reception in Vienna is a question that cannot be decided; but, as far as I am concerned, it is my first duty to spare my friends, and not expose them to the most disagreeable trials. Unfortunately there are mixed up in the production of my works foreign and not particularly pure elements, and I think it advisable not to encourage them. Without the slightest ill-will, I frankly confess to you that, after the unbecoming reception accorded to the *Prometheus* choruses in Vienna, I prefer renouncing any further experiments under the same circumstances. Let us, therefore, leave *Blasphém* quietly at Pesth, till she goes next year, as the probability will, to Thuringia, &c."

The abbe-composer does not evidence his usual clearness in this letter, and I cannot altogether comprehend the advisability of his not encouraging particularly pure elements. "I myself did not translate the Abbé's letter, which appeared in a Viennese journal, but I can answer for the faithfulness of the English version."

Paris, Nov. 20.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

DEATH OF SIGNOR BADIALLI.—We regret to state that this once highly popular barytone, whose serious illness we recently alluded to, died a few days since, at Bologna in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

NEWS FOR ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—According to a Boston (Massachusetts) paper, "Herr Rosa, whose face when viewed in full front reminds one slightly of Mozart's, who is evidently a young man of the first order of talent, and who at one-and-twenty holds a high official position among Continental musicians, has been chosen by Mr. Chappell (Director of the now famous Monday Popular Concerts in London) as his solo violinist for the next season." Herr Rosa is one of the Parçpa party, now with Mr. Bateman in the Reunited States.

GUILDFOOT.—(From a correspondent).—Madame Arabella Goldfarb's Pianoforte Recital here proved an extraordinary success. A crowded attendance, a splendid programme (which I need not detail, seeing that it has already more than once appeared in your columns), a series of unsurpassed and unsurpassable performances, and the warmest appreciation on the part of the audience. These were the incidents of this memorable event. Some songs by Signor Ambrosini (an agreeable singer, who replaced Mrs. George Dolly, absent on account of indisposition), divided the instrumental pieces from each other. Madame Goldfarb must not delay her second visit to Guildfoot. The impression she has created is far too genuine.—FANATICO.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The miserable weather of Wednesday last did not prevent a crowded and enthusiastic audience from assembling in Exeter Hall to listen to Haydn's ever fresh and genial *Creation* under the guidance of Mr. G. W. Martin, whose energies well deserve the success with which they appear to be crowned. A second hearing of Mr. Leigh Wilson fully confirmed the favorable impression created upon the occasion of his first appearance in *Eloëk*. The music of the *Creation* afforded Mr. Wilson more than one opportunity of distinguishing himself, and after "Now vanish before the holy beams" and "In native north," hearty applause rewarded the efforts of the singers, who had no alternative but to reject the latter air in obedience to the strongly expressed desire for a redemand. Good advice is much more frequently tendered than acted upon, and Mr. Wilson may prove no exception to the (too frequent) rule; but, no less for his own sake than for the sake of the profession he has adopted, it is to be hoped that this gentleman will listen to disinterested counsellors and diligently strive to cultivate a voice so exceptionally good that it should be a fortune to its possessor. Giving Mr. Wilson full credit for all that he has done so far, there is yet before him not only much to learn, but much to unlearn ere he can take that position to which his hopes should naturally lead. If Mr. Wilson wishes to make *Oratorio* his forte let him take pattern by the singer whose voice his own so wonderfully resembles; let him observe that Mr. Sims Reeves does not produce his great effects in *solos only*, but that his singing in recitatives and concerted pieces is no less admirable and bears evidence of quite as much thought, care, and study as the more grateful, if not more difficult, airs. At present both in recitatives and concerted pieces Mr. Wilson leaves much to be desired. He is young, however, and it only remains for himself to show what use he will make of the available means at his disposal.

The principal soprano music devolved upon Miss Tyne, the principal bass upon Mr. Santley, who leaves on Monday for a four months' engagement at Milan. With two such artists, the fullest justice was certain to be rendered to Haydn's music, and the frequent plaudits of the audience showed how thoroughly the two accomplished singers were appreciated; Mr. Santley being compelled to repeat "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," while Miss Tyne might have felt quite justified in according to an encore for "With verdure clad." Miss Susan Galton sang the soprano music in the third part, and acquitted herself very creditably. The choruses were remarkably well sung throughout, and were ably supported by the band, which comprised most of our leading instrumentalists. The *Messiah* is announced to be given on Wednesday, 20th December.

DUNKWATER HALL.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS.—The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre have maintained their prestige and their attraction throughout the week. On Saturday Miss Laura Harris made her first appearance, and achieved a brilliant success, being encored and afterwards recalled in both her songs, viz. the rondo finale from *La Sonnambula*, with the andante, and Arditi's "Tie, tie, tie." The young lady has been singing every night since with remarkable *color*. Mr. Santley appears this evening for the last time, his engagement at the Scala in Milan calling him away next week.

BATA.—A very agreeable soirée was given in the assembly Rooms, on Thursday, Nov. 23rd, by a new aspirant for fame, in the person of Mdlle. Emma Moyard, who exhibited a nice touch and brilliant finger in pieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Rosellen, Acher, &c. Mdlle. Emma Moyard was warmly encouraged by a select audience; particularly in Osborne and De Beriot's concertante duet, "Guillaume Tell," in which the violin part was played with great effect on the concertino, by Mr. R. Blagrove, who also contributed two solos. The instrumental portion of the programme was relieved by the delightful singing of Miss Banks, who executed with great finish an aria from *Mercadante's* "Giramoento," *Alto's* "Cuckoo," and Masini's "Sylvan Echo." She also gave tender and touching expression to Mrs. John Macfarren's charming ballad, "One Year" (A Village Tale). Mr. W. H. Cooke officiated as accompanist. Mr. R. Blagrove was also in one of his solos. Miss Banks in two songs. (—From a Correspondent.)

BIRMINGHAM.—In consequence of the flattering success of Herr Engel's first harmonium recital, the ever-flowing attendance thereto, and the great satisfaction felt by the audience, Herr Engel has been requested to give a second performance to take place on Wednesday next, Dec. 6. (—Birmingham Paper.)

THE LEEDS CHORAL UNION AND "YOUR LEEDS CORRESPONDENT."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—Amongst musical people in Leeds, there is a feeling of regret that so old and influential a journal as the *Musical World* should be made use of by unscrupulous writers for their own glorification, and the propagation of untruths. It is not, of course, expected that an editor of a London magazine can judge the merits of those who send them communications from the country. Every man, according to English notions, is presumably honest until the contrary be proved. It is pretty well known in Leeds who the correspondent is who sent you so fulsome and so untruthful a paragraph as that which appeared in the *Musical World* of November 25th. But what surprises us here in Leeds most is, that men professing a love for the art they practice should use every effort, good, bad, and indifferent, to prevent the performance of really good music by really good performers.

Were the principle which Dr. Spark endeavours to inculcate followed out, music would be at a standstill in Leeds, and we should be compelled to submit to the very poor concerts which he has arranged and conducted for years past. As to last season's orchestral concerts, although they were certainly an advance upon previous efforts, they were notoriously deficient in the excellence which you in London and the people of Manchester have frequent opportunities of enjoying. Those few members of Mr. Charles Hallé's band, who were engaged as "stars" well know the truth of this, and their superior playing served only to bring out in greater prominence the deficiencies of two-thirds of the band. Besides, Dr. Spark is mentally deficient, in the general opinion of musical people here, to conduct, satisfactorily a large body of instrumental music.

The Leeds Choral Union was established with the view of uniting the discordant elements which for years have been swayed by the two rival musicians here, Mr. R. S. Burton and Dr. Spark.

Both these gentlemen assisted the committee in giving a series of concerts, vocal and instrumental, and the very first rule of the Society states that its object is for "the practice and performance of vocal and other music." Now, then, it can be said that the Choral Union has departed from its functions, I leave the easy consciences of such men as your correspondent to determine.

No sooner were the two musicians "united" than they set to work like the Kilkenny cats—to annihilate each other; and for months the Committee of the Choral Union were continually engaged in trying to settle the difference of these amiable musicians. At a special meeting of the Choral Union the two men (Mr. Burton and Dr. Spark) were permitted to "explain" matters, and a very pretty little business it was. Each accused the other of "dishonourable conduct," and the meeting separated in a very divided state. Matters became worse and worse, and the Committee found that the "uniting" business had utterly failed. Dr. Spark then set to work to establish a rival vocal society, which, however, failed; and at the next general meeting of the Choral Union he was expunged from their list of members. The Union continued Mr. Burton as their conductor; and in giving to his attention generally and his frequent non-attendance at the rehearsal, the Committee determined to try another system altogether.

The society did not quarrel or have any words with Mr. Burton as your correspondent states. For many years the hot-headed opposition which the two public local musicians have waged against each other has so disgusted our townspeople that they have determined to give their support to neither; and it was only on account of the fact that many of our influential residents, that the Choral Union Committee took measures for getting up a series of first-class concerts. These concerts were not announced until within a week or two of the 8th of November, the date at which Dr. Spark's first orchestral concert was announced to be given (but which never took place), "provided 400 tickets were subscribed for." Only some 150 tickets were at this time booked, although about two months had been spent in endeavouring to obtain subscribers. It is not true, therefore, as your correspondent intimates, that the Choral Union stepped in "just at the moment of expected success" of Dr. Spark's concerts. Although only a few weeks have elapsed since active steps were taken by the Choral Union Committee to obtain subscribers, they have received the names of all the principal inhabitants, and nearly 400 tickets have already been secured.

If Dr. Spark and his friends were wise, they would at once bow to this very decisive expression of opinion. One thing is certain, there are hundreds of persons in Leeds who have good reasons for refusing to support any concert scheme to which Dr. Spark's name is attached; and there are perhaps an equal number who likewise refrain from attending Mr. Burton's concerts.—I enclose my card, and remain, yours, &c., A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Mattoniana.

Dr. Head has been honored by a communication from Sir Evelyn—or now, since his elevation to the peerage, Lord Evelyn—Blood. It is, as usual, critical.

DEAR DR. HEAD.—You may remember me at Brzenotoc. I was very pale, and you were not quick at your Humanities. They used to nickname me "Bloodless Blood," and you "Headless Head." Have you forgotten? I answer for you—"No." At the same time I own I never could have conceived the idea of your having so distinguished a literary position as that of temporary editor of *Mattoniana*. But as temporary editor you are, I will ask you two questions:—What does the *Pull Mall Gazette* (Nov. 13) mean by telling its readers (of whom I myself that Carlyle is "the greatest poet of this age")? If to posit means to make, then truly Carlyle has made a Cromwell and a Frederick of his own, just as that plodding donkey Froude has made a Henry; but I call rather Tennyson, the poet of the age—he who described Sir E. Lytton as a "land box." Tennyson made a Blitwer of his own. But besides this he has done what Carlyle has never done. What that was, my dear Head, I leave you to guess.

Still odder. What does Leicester Buckingham (*Morning Star*, Nov. 14) mean by thus describing to his readers (of whom not myself an operaetta called *The Market Girls*—? "The production from beginning to the end bristles with beauties and gains." Why should "end" have a definite article, and "beginning" none? What does L. B. mean by "bristling with beauties"? What by "bristling with gains"? *Critic's Sanguine*, Nov. 27.

Blood.

Lord Blood, while about it, might just as reasonably have asked Dr. Head what "L." means, in the same *Pull Mall Gazette*, by stating that "Mr. Fechter looked like a picture." Does he mean a portrait, or a landscape, or a water-cure (fresh or otherwise)?—might have been asked fairly and intemperately; and if either, which?—and if which, why? What is it to look "like a picture"?—might equally be asked. This was in a review of *The Watch Cry* (P. M. G., *ante*, Nov. 11). Dr. Head does remember young Evelyn being nicknamed "Bloodless Blood," but does not remember young Job being nicknamed "Headless Head." But is that thwart the argument. Dr. Head felicitates his fellow Brzenotian on elevation to the peerage, stipulating that he (Head) also looks for elevation, if not to the peerage.

CLAGUERS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Sir,—One or two recent disputes between the Parisian *clagueurs* and their employers, the actors and dramatists, would seem to indicate that the false position in which the latter are placed by this absurd system is at last beginning to be understood across the Channel. On the other hand, there is, I fear, reason to suspect that the "Romans," in one shape or another, are galling a feeling in some of our own theatres. It is apparently becoming the practice to pack the houses on the first nights of new pieces, and to organize "ovations" as a regular part of the performance. The effect of the *clague* in France is that the real audience is rarely, if ever, moved to applause. Even if disposed to bestow it by the merit of the piece or the acting, the impulse is checked by repugnance to being associated with the low hirings in the pit. French actors will tell you that they would gladly escape, if they could, from the vulgar tyranny and impudent extortions of the *clague*, but that they dread the depressing silence which would ensue if this artificial stimulus were withdrawn. In fact, like the drunk-driver or opium-eater, they are afraid to dispense with the accustomed excitement. English actors will do well to take warning in time, and not give way to the pernicious influence.—I am, Sir, yours's obediently, P. M. G.

To Dr. Job Head.

"P. M. G." must be considerably green if he imagines that the organisation of "ovations" is just "apparently becoming the practice" in England. Dr. Head sat through the first performance of *The Siege of Rochelle*, and the first performance of every English opera, and of every adaptation of a foreign opera, that has since been produced in London. Moreover, there is no organised *clague* at the Théâtre des Italiens, Place Ventadour.

ENGLISH OPERAS?

Sir,—I wish to draw attention to an anonymous article which appears in the *Pull Mall Gazette* one day last week, and which, though not remarkable for its wisdom, has sufficient of ability in its writing to render it very mischievous to that much persecuted race of men known as English composers. The burden of the essay to which I am alluding is the imity of Englishmen endeavouring to compose operas. In connection with the present opera company it is stated, with regard to the applause with which the first night of Mr. Henry Leslie's opera was received, that the writer of the article in question had assisted

"at a good many first representations of the same kind; and that the enthusiasm called forth in such abundance by Mr. Leslie's *Ada* had been equally elicited by the same composer's *Romance*, and by a multitude of operas by Mr. Frank Mort, Mr. Hatten, Mr. Alfred Morton, and Mr. Frederick Wall. And we may even add, Mr. Macfarren, of which the very names are now forgotten by every one except a few musical critics, and chroniclers who are paid to remember them."

This remark, by the way is not very complimentary to the composers or to the "chroniclers," whoever they may be. I will admit that Mr. Hatten's opera was not a good one, and that Mr. Macfarren's *Helvetia* was wearisome, in spite of the merit and learning of the composer, and the *magnum et venerabile nomen* of Mr. Osenford, who produced the libretto, and then whom the writing of no Englishman is more graceful, and scholarly. With regard to Mr. Mort and Mr. Clay, their works were one act operettas, sliced up and trimmed so as to enable the conclusion of the pantomime to take place before a quarter past eleven. The letter to enable them to effect this result their operettas were allowed to commence at seven instead of half-past. To each work was allotted a peasant little trip of three weeks, and when each had fulfilled its modest mission of playing the folks in for the pantomime, the piece was withdrawn for the admirable reason that the directors had got something else which they were pledged to bring out—*could tout*. The upshot, then, of the article in the *Pull Mall Gazette* is, that Mr. Leslie, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hatten, and Mr. Macfarren, have each of them (wonderful to relate!) written operas which have not retained possession of the stage. Are we to presume, then, that the composition of unsuccessful works is an attribute confined exclusively to English musicians? I would prefer, rather, to look at the subject from what I consider, a more just point of view.

The evil is, that the demand for operas by native writers is so small that, should an important work prove a failure, the operatic administration for the time begins to feel uncomfortable, whilst two or three such unprofitable productions would effect of shutting up the theatre. Thus, if the superficial result of the musical mine which is being worked turn out unsatisfactorily, the management has not the perseverance (perhaps not the power) to dig any deeper. Then, again, for the last six or seven years English opera has found itself housed in such a spacious home that a particular class of opera is almost dictated by the dimensions of the theatre. To write a suitable work for Covent Garden, a composer requires thorough and experienced mastery over large choral and orchestral resources: he must be fortunate in the acquisition of a libretto which shall lend itself to scenic decoration, and shall contain dramatic interest so palpable—I had almost said sensational—as to render the audience almost independent of that large portion of the piece which is necessarily narrative, and which, whether in dialogue or in recitative, is from the size of the house, well-nigh unintelligible. It will be urged that *Don Juan* and the *Barber* answer pretty well at Covent Garden, and that they only require two or three scenes each, and it does not much signify what those scenes are. I can only answer that I am not legislating for masters whose monuments will live so long as the world loves music, but I am endeavouring to point out the difficulties which beset the path of a young writer, anxious to do well, and perhaps even capable of good things. If his genius incline him towards a pastoral subject on the model of the *Sonnambula*, or a piece of light comedy such as the *Dumaine Noir*, or broad fun like *Orpheus aux Enfers*, it cannot be fairly said that he has had a chance. He must write in accordance with the exigencies of the big theatre; he must take a grand subject, lending itself to pageant and scenic decoration, or his work will not be produced with a successful result. Do not urge that English musicians are heaven-born composers, but I have no reason to think that they are so very far behind the writers of other countries, and I incline to believe that, were their works fostered with the care and attention which foreign writers receive from their nations, an opera from an English composer might be found to leave its mark in the history of music, after all.—I am, Sir, yours very solemnly, servant, GLOWWORMS ECHO.

Hedge-side, Nov. 30.

Dr. Head refers Mr. Glowworms Echo to Mr. Zamiels Owl, or rather to Mr. Shaver Silver, "than whom the writing of no Englishman is more graceful and scholar-like—stipulating that the columns of the *Pull Mall Gazette* are patulous.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

DEAR HEAD.—The clove of a recipient for the 44th hereditary reward the Sovereign can bestow would be difficult if, as the ignorant suppose, the claims of men who have served their queen and country truly in the working, fighting, healing, writing, or talking professions were considered; but such is not the case. The well-known legend of the origin of the order is to be believed by them who like, but there are other equally trustworthy stories of King Richard's warriors of the Blue thong at Acre, who tied handkerchiefs round their legs as distinctive marks, from which it is said the order derives its name. Its invocation of Saint George as patron is, of course, in honor of England's guardian saint

(who, it is to be hoped, is not the same St. George that Gibson describes as a dishonest commissary-general); but this name was displeasing to Edward VI., who was desirous of changing the title to the Order of the Garter. The ribbon was formerly lute round the neck, but when Charles II., saw the little Duke of Richmond wearing it over his shoulder, he was so pleased that he ordered all the knights to carry it in a similar manner. The color of the ribbon was cobalt, but was changed to dark blue by George I., to distinguish the loyal knights from those created by the Pretender. The order is limited to twenty-five knights, exclusive of sovereigns and princes, and though it is to be regretted that the decoration is not more frequently bestowed on those whose acts or virtues seem to deserve it, the very heavy fees attendant on an investiture would convert the reward into a punishment if it were conferred on a poor man. An instalment in the chapel is now always dispensed with, the investiture, a ceremony conducted in the Garter room, being considered sufficient. Every knight, before receiving the royal accolade, is exhorted by the Bishop of Exeter to follow the path of righteousness; and therefrom it results that the twenty-five gentlemen who form the brotherhood cause the most noble order to be as much respected for its virtue as for its nobility.

Yours, dear Head,

CATER O'CONNOR (Knt.).

If Dr. Head is not misinstructed the intended future recipient (he need hardly add "the most fitting") of the Order of the Garter is Mr. Ap'Mutton. Sir Owain Ap'Mutton will be the first commoner absolute ever invested with this distinguished badge; for, Dr. Head need scarcely suggest, Lord Castlerough and Palmerston, though sitting in the Commons, were more or less Irish lords. Mr. Ap'Mutton was at the palace when the Black Prince picked up the garter. He (Ap'M.) had been dancing with the Countess of Salisbury, who dropped it, and seeing the Prince hesitating what decent to say at the pinch, whispered in his ear, "*Honour not qui mal y pense.*" The Prince, taking the hint with great quickness, and evidently pleased, repeated the phrase in loud and measured tones, dwelling emphatically upon each syllable. The Countess blushed and Mr. Ap'Mutton smiled. He (Ap'M.) was also at Ascalon, with Constantine. The theatre can expect no concession at the certain white hamkerchief and his leg. All this Dr. Head had from Mr. Ap'Mutton himself, who requires no exhortation from a Bishop before the accolade; but this thwart the argument.

HAYDN NOT HAYDN.

DR. HEAD.—Why will your compositor persist in spelling Haydn Haydn? See Deal, ante page 744, concert of Mr. Harrison—"Haydn's canzonets,"—yours,

AARON BOWK.

Dr. Head cannot say, stipulating he does not know.

THEATRE versus MUSIC-HALLS.

Sir,—The *Morning Post* says that the late decision in the Court of Common Pleas has advanced free trade in popular amusements more or less nearer to that absolute concession at which it inevitably must sooner or later arrive. Why "monopoly" or "protection" should be extended to theatres when free trade is the successful characteristic of the kingdom in everything else, it is impossible to conceive. If there be a class of persons who can honestly enjoy "Hamlet" and devilled kidneys in combination, and can find that light clouds of tobacco smoke legal enchantment to a ballet, why should they be denied the possibility of procuring that undisturbed pleasure? The theatre can expect no concession on the score of superior quality, for a glance at the music-hall of the present day is sufficient to demonstrate that the capital invested and expended on them equals that of themselves. Nor can they object to the music-halls that their real business is that of a tavern, for there is not a theatre now which does not include a "bar" doing quite as much business as that of the neighbouring gin-palace, whose remonstrances on that head would not be likely to prove very effective. There is not, in short, one single reason why the nature and extent of public entertainments should be subjected to any other restriction than that required out of public respect for good order and decency.

The *Daily Telegraph* remarks that this case suggests that it is very hard to say what is a stage play. The Lord Chamberlain's licence is not required where the entertainment does not present "a consecutive train of ideas." Such, after months of elaborate legal discussion and investigation, seems to be the nearest approach to an exact rule in this forensic and judicial accumen can suggest. Might it not be worth the while of the litigant to toby their heads together, and to see whether they cannot obtain some amendment of the law on the subject, with a more precise statutory definition of the word "play"? It is quite clear that persons having the mere dancing license will not be allowed to invade the province of the acted and spoken drama, and therefore, as respects the principal and most legitimate source of stage attractions, the

theatrical managers need not fear unauthorized competition. But they themselves would derive an obvious advantage from knowing precisely the extent of their exclusive privileges. Both parties have a common interest in closing the controversy between them, just as adjacent land-owners have a common interest in settling the boundary of their estates. In the present case, the representative of the theatres has been defeated; but the true interests of the drama may in the end be advanced by its separation from merely spectacular entertainments; and possibly the very fact that theatrical licensees can no longer claim a monopoly of these attractions may provoke increased attention to the more intellectual branch of the dramatic profession.—Your obedient servant.

14 Buckingham St. W.—Nov. 4.

FALL BLADE GAZETTE.

Dr. Head, in reply to the *Morning Post*, would court an explanation of the phrase "the capital invested and expended on them equals that of themselves." In reply to the *Daily Telegraph*, Dr. Head would ask the meaning of "both parties have a common interest," and the meaning of "the controversy between them." The "both" and "between them" are superfluous. Unless both have the interest the interest cannot be "common," and a controversy would not be a controversy unless it was between certain parties. *Nonne vides?*

Fish and Volume, Dec. 1.

Job Prd.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS are to be resumed in the third week of January.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN has completed the first two movements of an orchestral symphony, about which report says flattering things.

MR. COSTA has gone, for a brief interval of repose, to Dover.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—After playing *Arrah-na-Pogue* with the greatest success in the largest towns in the provinces for more than 200 nights, Miss Milly Palmer this evening brings her present engagement with Mr. Boucault to a most satisfactory termination.

HASTINGS.—(From a Correspondent).—So great and refined a musical treat has not for some time been experienced at Hastings as the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Arabella Goddard some short time since. The programme contained most of the pieces which, according to your correspondence, have—under the magic spell of those richly endowed fingers, to which nothing comes amiss—created so deep and lasting an impression. Mozart's Turkish Sonata, or rather Sonata with the Turkish march for finale; Kalkbrenner's *Femme du Marin*; Studies by Moscheles and Chopin; Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*; Beethoven's Sonata, with the Funeral March; and Thalberg's *Fantasia on Lucia Borgia*, made a rich and varied programme. How perfectly Madame Goddard plays one and all of these pieces your readers need not be informed. Enough that she enchanted her hearers beyond measure, and that the "Recital" was in every respect a brilliant success. The room was crowded with "fashion"; and, though the audience showed a large preponderance of the fairer sex, the applause was hearty, genuine and frequent. Every one was pleased with the expressive and unaffected singing of Miss George. Be sure that the announcement of another "Recital" at Hastings by Madame Arabella Goddard would be hailed with general enthusiasm. A LOCAL PROTESTOR.

CROTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Last week Madame Arabella Goddard delighted the amateurs of this very musical town with one of her charming and highly intellectual "Pianoforte Recitals." There was a very large and distinguished audience, and every piece in the programme (the same described in your last number by a correspondent from another place) afforded heartfelt and unanimous gratification. Madame Goddard played from first to last in her most perfect style, to lavish praises on which would be now-a-days supererogatory. I shall not attempt either criticism or eulogy, but be content with adding that, as an amateur of the pianoforte, I derived both delight and instruction from our truly great artist's unrivalled performance.—H. L. M.

MR. JOHN MORGAN, who made so favorable a debut on the Italian stage at the beginning of the present year, as *primo tenore* in the operas of *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *I falsi monetari*, and *I Lombardi*, is still at Milan. He has resided his engagements at Pavia, Venice, and other towns in Italy, preferring to continue his studies another year.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.—Professor Wyld delivered three lectures at this time-honoured college last week before an audience that filled every seat in the Theatre. The thesis of the lectures was "Musical Taste." We purpose commencing next week a condensed report of the professor's remarks on this subject, believing from the interest manifested in their delivery that the subject of these artistic lectures will prove interesting to our readers.

BRIGHTON.—Messrs. R. Potts and Co., the eminent and enterprising music publishers, gave a morning concert on Wednesday last, at the Royal Pavilion. The artists were Mesdames Sherrington and Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Wilby Cooper, C. Oberthur (harp), Blagrove (violin), and E. de Paris (piano). The concert commenced with Mr. Henry Leslie's trio "O Memory," most artistically rendered by Madame Sherrington, Madame Dolby, and Mr. Wilby Cooper. Mr. Blagrove executed the *Andante* and *Andante* from Mendelssohn's concerto, arranged as a violin solo by himself. Madame Sainton Dolby gave with admirable voice and style M. Gounod's romance "Le Vallon." Mr. Wilby Cooper sang Handel's "It is I, serene," after which Madame Sherrington gave Wrighton's song, "Shyde Bawn," and won for it an enthusiastic encore, when she substituted the song "Sweet Nightingale," composed by M. Ilseovitch. M. E. de Paris, as a pianoforte solo, played a transcription of the Austrian Hymn, Egghart, and "Les Clochettes," by Wollenhaupt. Madame Sainton Dolby, in Herr Blumenthal's romance "The Children's Kingdom," received a well-merited encore. Verdi's duetto, "E il sol dell'anima" (*Epigote*) by Madame Sherrington and Mr. Wilby Cooper, was followed by an arrangement of Scotch airs, for the harp, by Mr. C. Oberthur. Madame Sainton Dolby, in her unaffected and good old English school of singing, gave Claribel's simple ballad, "I cannot sing the old songs," with charming effect. Beethoven's duo (piano and violin), "Tema con variazioni," from sonata Op. 47, was rendered by M. E. de Paris and H. Blagrove with great brilliancy of execution. Mr. Wilby Cooper sang Hutton's ballad, "The Return," with considerable taste, and M. Gounod's aria, "La messagère d'anore," was given by Madame Sherrington with so much expression as to elicit an encore, for which she substituted "The Young Girl to her Dove." Mr. H. Blagrove's violin fantasia on *Loisa Miller*, was a masterpiece of violin playing. The prayer from Rossini's *Mot* terminated this long but successful concert, which reflects great credit on the worthy entrepreneurs for affording the visitors and inhabitants of Brighton such a treat. Madame Arabella Goddard gave her "Third Re-ral" yesterday (Thursday). It was the most brilliantly successful of the three. Next week a full account.—(From a Correspondent—Brighton, Dec. 2.)

VICTORIA HALL, BAYSWATER.—A dramatic performance was given at the Bijou Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, on Friday, November the 24th, by the members of the Railway Dramatic Society, which attracted a very large number of the friends of the amateurs, the hall, indeed, being crowded in every part. The selection comprised the farce, *Turn Him Out*, the drama, *A Bird in the Hand worth Two in the Bush*, and the farce, *Joys at the Seaside*. In addition, Mr. H. Tinson recited a "Whimsical Prologue," written for the occasion, and the band of the Grenadier Guards performed a number of popular pieces. The performances were unusually good, a few of the amateurs displaying genuine dramatic talent, among whom we may mention Mr. Grainger, who played Nicodemus Nobis in *Turn Him Out*, and Capias Sharke in *A Bird in the Hand*; Mr. Osborne, who played Eglantine Halloway in the first piece, and Mr. Walter Melville and Mr. W. Thomas, who performed respectively Roderick Frailworth and Major Stormont in the second. Indeed, it was generally admitted that Mr. Grainger, by his easy learning and finished manner, had put himself altogether beyond the pale of amateurship. In *Joys at the Seaside*, Mr. Suter was very humorous as Jacob Earwig, but the acting was a little overdone. The ladies who officiated were Mrs. Charles Harcourt, the Misses Emily Claremont and Clara Ellar, who played with admirable effect. Mr. H. Tinson, in his whimsical recital, showed real comic powers, and was one of the special hits of the evening. The band of the Grenadier Guards performed the overture to *Mennello*, the *Mabel Waltz*, a selection from *Matilda*, a quadrille, and a fantasia all of which pieces were received with loud applause, and helped to vary and relieve the dramatic performances. Altogether there were some successful amateur essays has seldom been given in our part of a theatre.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Choral Union and Tonic Sol-Fa Association gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation* in the Music Hall, on the 21st inst. The soloists were Mr. Rose Brown, Mr. George Burton and Mr. David Eschbert. Miss Hiers was also successful in "With voice so glad," Mr. P. Fern old sang *passion*. "In native worth," and "In splendour bright," Mr. Lambert, in the recitative, "Strained opening her fertile womb," showed both judgment and executive ability.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I shall feel extremely obliged by your allowing me a little space in your valuable paper to correct a mistaken statement that occurred in your number of the 18th inst. The "Bravura Polka" is an entirely new song composed by me expressly for Madlle. Liebhart and not one "arranged" for her.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Nov. 30. P. D. GUGLIELMO.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Jullien has commenced a series of Promenade Concerts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with remarkable success. A capital programme, an enthusiastic reception to the conductor, and an immense attendance the first night are recorded in the Birmingham papers. Mr. Jullien has taken with him from London a staff of some thirty efficient instrumentalists, which, aided by about twenty of the best local professors, makes a highly efficient orchestra some fifty in number. The solo vocalists are Madame Liebhart, an especial favorite in and out of the Metropolis, and Mr. Rosenthal, the barytone; the solo instrumentalists, Madlle. Madeline Schiller (pianoforte) and Mr. Pague (violoncello). On the opening night the band played the *Andante* from Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the overtures to *Oberon* and *Fra Diavolo*, and accompanied Madlle. Schiller in Mendelssohn's pianoforte Concerto in G minor, displaying excellent qualities in all three. Madlle. Schiller had a real success in Mendelssohn's Concerto, and Madame Liebhart created enthusiasm in all her songs. There was also some sparkling *morceaux de danse*. A more promising "inauguration" could not have been desired. The concerts, we believe, are to extend over a period of three weeks.

FAVERHAM.—KENT.—On Wednesday last, Nov. 29th, Mrs. John Macfarren's Evening at the Pianoforte, or concert lecture entertainment on Music and Musicians, attracted at various places a crowded audience to the spacious hall of the Institute. Mrs. John Macfarren, who appeared for the first time in Faversham, is a pianist of rare acquisitions, with a poetical feeling that helps her to the full appreciation of her author's meaning, and a highly cultivated finger that enables her to do ample justice to her conceptions; thus she imparts a charm, a grace, a vitality, to every class of music that passes through the medium of her performance. She was assisted by two finished and attractive vocalists, Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Emily Pitt, and the well contrasted programme selected from the works of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Thalberg, &c., never once failed in its interest. The fresh young voices of Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Emily Pitt told with such charming effect in Macfarren's duet "Oh! sweet summer morn'" from the Opera *She stoops to conquer*, as to evoke a general demand for its repetition; and a like compliment was awarded to Miss Robertine Henderson, for her lively and animated rendering of the favorite Scotch ballad "Comin' thro' the rye." Mrs. John Macfarren was greatly applauded throughout the evening, and in Brissac's fantasia on Scotch airs, vociferously encored.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ANDREW and PARRY.—"The Vanquished Banner," by HENRY SMITH.
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And I sat in the English Noons,
Beside a tree, Letty Lorne."

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"When the last sunshine of expiring day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?"

"The piece, an adagio in F major, consists of a very sweet and expressive melody, laid in the tenor part of the instrument, the left hand crossing the right with a light accompaniment, which, after an easy, natural progression into the key of A minor, is repeated, this time an octave higher, with an accompaniment of semiquavers. The same melody then again appears in the lower register, and is now accompanied by delicate arpeggi in triplets; and the third verse, as it were, of the song is supplemented by an effective coda, which is in perfect keeping with the rest. Thus, simple as this little piece is in its construction, it is nevertheless extremely telling in its effect, and will, or we are much mistaken, prove quite a drawing-room success."—*The Queen*, Sept. 30th.

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"At the present time there are many families who have maiden meetings at home one or twice during the month, and to those we recommend this charming madrigal."—*The Ladies' Treasury*.

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PART II.

Sonata, with the "Funeral March," Op. 26—Beethoven; Duet, "Oh Sweet Summer Morn" (After Songs to Camper)—Macfarren; Musical Village, "The Sun's Last Ray," and Caprice d'ad., "The Bending Brook"—Briscoe; Song, "The Boating of my own Heart"—Macfarren; Scotch Ballad, "Last May's Love Woe"—Faulstich; Le Carnaval de Venise—Schubert.

Persons to each place remarks on the character and purpose of the music, written by G. A. MACFARREN.

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This Scholarship is open to public competition, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy. Candidates, whose names must be under 18, not exceeding 16 years, will send in their names and addresses to the Secretary (accompanied by the recommendation of a subscriber to the Institution), on or before the 16th December.

The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the Scholarship.

By order of the Committee of Management.

J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.
November 24th, 1865.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.—Royal Academy of Music.—A SCHOLARSHIP for VOCALISTS, called the Westmorland Scholarship (in acknowledgment to the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be continued annually, in December. It is open for competition to female candidates below the age of 18 years, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy.

The amount of the scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

Candidates' names (accompanied by the recommendation of a subscriber to the Academy) will be received by the Secretary up to the 16th December, 1865.

Certificate of birth must be forwarded.

The examination will take place at the Academy on Monday, the 18th December, at 10 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management.

J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.
November 24th, 1865.

Further subscriptions towards the fund of this Scholarship will be applied to the increase of its annual value.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition, for students of the Royal Academy of Music of two or more years' standing, will also take place on the 18th December.

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MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative

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MADAME W. VINCENT WALLACE,

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MISS ROSE HERSEY will sing BENEDICT'S Variation

on "Le Carrousel de Venise," at Leicester, Dec. 12th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing at Belfast, 8th Dec;

Bombard, 11th; Blackburn, 13th; Blackburn, 14th; Doncaster, 15th; Doncaster, 16th; Newcastle, 23rd; Glasgow, 23rd; Leicester, 24th; Edinburgh, 25th; Tyne-mouth, 26th; 8-10 Shields, 29th; Jarrow, 30th.

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MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to

announce that her next meetings for the practice of Vocal Concerts will take place on Thursdays, Dec. 14th and 21st, at her residence, 54, Bedford Row.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that

his BENEFIT, consisting of a variety of DRAMATIC and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, will take place at DRURY LANE THEATRE, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 16th.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE is now at liberty to make

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MR. W. MASON will play his Popular FANTASIA ON

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Edinburgh Musical Professorship.

(From the "Guardian.")

Having congratulated the Trustees of Edinburgh University on the election of their new Professor of Music, we had not intended again to allude to the subject. We are not surprised that the appointment of an educated amateur should be distasteful to professional candidates; but we did not anticipate that we should be called upon to answer a series of personal attacks as unjustifiable as they are ungenerous. Mr. Oakeley has written for some years musical criticisms, of which we will only say we have been gratified that they should have appeared in these columns. The notices of autumnal musical festivals, cathedral choral gatherings, classical concerts in the metropolis, new operas, and notes on music on the Continent, in Germany and Italy, have testified to his ability as a musical critic of high scientific attainments in a way familiar to our readers. Mr. Oakeley is not unknown as a composer. A list of published compositions presented with his testimonials to the Edinburgh Trustees includes fourteen songs, three duets, seven vocal quartets, a full cathedral service, and seven anthems. Of these we shall allow others to speak, his sacred compositions being fortunately well known in some of our principal cathedrals. But it has been objected that his claims as a composer are chiefly those of a writer of sacred music. What are we to say, then, of Haydn's *Creation*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Masses*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and *Masses*, Bach's *Passions*, *Musik*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, *St. Paul*, and *Elijah*, and Handel's *Messiah*, and other numerous oratorios? With music, as with painting, exclude sacred subjects, and how few of the reputations of the greatest artists but would be despoiled? It has always been allowed that the depicting of sacred subjects, whether in music or painting, belongs to the highest school of art. If we may believe the testimony laid before the Edinburgh Trustees, Mr. Oakeley has been successful in the highest branch of the art of which he is now a Professor. But it is also objected that Mr. Oakeley is a gentleman by birth and education, and has not been dependent on his profession of music for a living. The same objection

might be made, and we believe was made, at the time of the appointment of the Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Cambridge avoided the snare, and chose an artist of the highest and most undoubted reputation as a musical composer of the first class. What has been the result? Our Oxford readers could testify to constant lectures and the Professorship made a living reality, felt and utilised. Can a similar account be given of the sister University? If we mistake not, the Professorship has there been accepted as an honour conferred for work already done, and having no direct bearing on the education of the present or future generations. We should not, however, have entered upon these general objections if they had been confined to an expression of disappointment at the result of the election. The subject of them is no doubt less known to many of our contemporaries than some two or three of his rivals whose names have been longer before the world. Mr. Oakeley was late in the field as a candidate, and up to the time of his appearance the favourite candidates were Mr. Hullah and Mr. Macfarren. Of these the *Reader* did not think the claims of either overwhelming.

[The article of the Reader was copied into THE MUSICAL WORLD OF Nov. 18.—D. PETERS.]

It is, however, the observations of the *Athenæum* that compel us, more especially in his absence on the Continent, to say a word on behalf of one who has every claim upon us to protect him from false accusations. Not content with one vituperative article, which appears to have been remonstrated against by its own readers, that journal returns to the attack on Saturday last with renewed bitterness, which might, however, like the first, have passed unnoticed by us, but for the gross garbling and misrepresentations it contains. The following is the article:—

"We have received numerous communications and remonstrances respecting the recent luckless Edinburgh election, so peculiar in tone and quality, that, considering the principle involved to be one of no common importance, we return to the subject. Our severity, on the one hand, is pro-

tested against, as raising a prejudice against an untired man. We are, on the other, apprised that Mr. Oakeley's superiority in social position left the electors no choice! The epithet in the first appeal states the whole case. To nominate 'an untired man' to so important and lucrative a post, with the chance that time and experience may or may not qualify him to fulfil its duties, is a gross injustice to those who, having been tried, are proved capable. Further, there have been persons whom dignity and modesty have prevented from attempting, whatsoever the temptation, to grasp what must be felt was the legitimate due of others. It is to be inferred that the 'untired man' who thrusts himself forward has no consciousness of incompleteness and inefficiency, and therefore small chance of making such progress as assures a future ascendancy. And this (we will not call it delicacy so much as common sense) might be especially expected from those who have been gently born and well educated.

"Betwixt protest and protest, let us speak of documents furnished by Mr. Oakeley himself—his printed testimonials—showing on what grounds he merits the Chair. With the first, from Dr. Wesley, there is no need to deal. Let the testimony of this gentleman be allowed all the weight which belongs to his name, his known discretion in judgment, and his position. The second is from the 'Editor of the *Guardian*,' recommending Mr. Oakeley on the score of criticisms published in that journal. Who wrote the most elaborate of these during Mr. Oakeley's protracted and extended absences abroad? The editor could name the writer as well as ourselves. The third is from the Dean of Westminster, who 'cannot testify' to Mr. Oakeley's 'musical powers.' The fourth is from Madame Sainton-Dolby, who, though she has 'already given her adherence to the cause of another candidate,' professes herself anxious to hear how matters are progressing in Edinburgh. The fifth is from the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., late a Durham Precentor, who vouches for everything (who vouches for Mr. Dykes?). The sixth is from a man known and respected in the world of letters, the Dean of Canterbury, who admires Mr. Oakeley's 'chants, services, and anthems.' The seventh is from the Rev. W. E. Dickson, Precentor of Ely Cathedral (another godfather to 'fame unknown'), who approves of Mr. Oakeley's critiques. The eighth is from Otto Goldschmidt, Esq. (advertised as 'husband of Madame Jenny Goldschmidt'), who, among other

points of recommendation, dwells on Mr. Oakeley's 'preference on the organ, which (Herr Goldschmidt adds) / only have from others.' The ninth is praise from Dr. Buck, organist of Norwich Cathedral, which, he confesses, 'may appear somewhat exaggerated.' The tenth is from Mr. Symonds, Precentor to the same cathedral, who declares that 'if he were a Scotchman, and an Edinburgh man,' he 'should feel immensely desirous of having Mr. Oakeley as a Professor,' admires his compositions, and believes in his power as a lecturer. The Reverend Mr. E. Main, composer and pianist, &c., at Clifton (?). The twelfth is from the Prime of York, who thinks Mr. Oakeley's 'piano-playing of the first order.' The thirteenth is from the Bishop of London, 'who has always held his powers spoken of in the highest terms.'

"We leave to any jury of artists the verdict as to the value of the above-cited amount of ever-increasing ecclesiastical evidence, as deciding the claims of a Professor of Music in all its ramifications. Every testifier, however, an stress on what was willingly stated last week—the good education and gentle connection of the Professor-elect. Who in his senses could object to liberal culture and refined associations? 'The Father of Chemistry' was none the worse for being 'the Brother of the Earl of Cork,' but then he was a Father."

Fortunately we have a copy of Mr. Oakeley's testimonials, supplying all that is necessary by way of rejoinder. Dr. Samuel Wesley's position as the first English organist and composer of the present day is undisputed. We are, therefore, not surprised that his testimonial is passed by as one with which there is "no need to deal." It is as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—The application to you to be accepted as your Musical Professor, which is made to you by Mr. H. Oakeley, well deserves, I beg to submit, your favourable notice. I am requested to lay before you my opinion of Mr. Oakeley's fitness for the appointment, the nature of which is not unknown to me; and I feel convinced that you would experience uninterrupted satisfaction from Mr. Oakeley's services. His high social position and superior education, his power as a musical critic, and his perfectly liberal and most honourable course in this capacity—his practical performance as a pianist and organist, and great merit as a composer of music, combined as these qualities are with the most tasteful feeling and conduct as a gentleman,—all tend to justify me, as I think, in recom-

mending to you Mr. H. S. Oakeley as a most suitable candidate for the vacant Professorship of Music at your University, and in feeling assured that if you elect him his conduct will always be to you, as I have said, a source of satisfaction, and of nothing else—I am, your very obedient servant,

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

The next testimony was that of the Editor of this paper, to the criticisms that had been written therein. Upon this it is asked, "Who wrote the most elaborate of these during Mr. Oakeley's protracted and extended absence abroad?" If it is meant that Mr. Oakeley did not write the most elaborate of the criticisms that appeared in these columns, the suggestion is simply untrue. The writer in the occasional absence of our regular musical correspondent, is one to whom, having graduated at one of the Universities, the *Athenæum* might also make the objection that he is a man of good education. He is the personal friend of Mr. Oakeley, writing in his absence at his request, and always distinguishing his contributions, as in this week's *Guardian*, by the initials, "C. A. B." If the writer, who appears to have taken such a lively interest in the *Guardian* criticisms, will refresh his memory by turning over our file for the last four or five years, he will find his wilful insinuation—for such we fear it is—as baseless as it is dishonourable. It must be remembered that Mr. Oakeley was late in the field, and pressed for testimonial.

He had to look round and get them from those at hand. The Dean of Westminster, therefore, in a friendly letter, expressed an opinion that "the University of Edinburgh will be fortunate in possessing a gentleman and an Oxford man like yourself, so devoted to the art." The following is the passage from Madame Sainton-Dolby's letter next so unfairly summarised:—

"I wish you had been earlier in the field, for I have already given my adherence to the cause of another candidate. Should, however, anything occur to induce this one to retire from the field, there is no one whose claims I could more conscientiously support than yours, whether regarded in a literary or musical light. You are quite at liberty to make use of this letter, and failing my friend, of whom I have spoken above, there is no one on whom the choice of the council could more appropriately fall than yourself. I shall be anxious to hear how matters are progressing in

Edinburgh, and shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly let me have one line."

Dr. Dykes will be recognised by many of our readers as the able lecturer on Music at the recent Norwich Congress. He writes:—

"As a musical scholar and theorist of high order; a classical and successful composer; an accomplished performer on the organ and pianoforte; a most intelligent and practical musical critic; a devoted lover and student of music, possessing large and varied experience, English and Continental, amongst music and musicians—not as a professor, but as a distinguished amateur; University man, moreover, and by birth and education, in feeling, in everything, a gentleman—Mr. Oakeley possesses, in no ordinary degree, the qualifications necessary for the efficient discharge of the duties of the honourable position which he is seeking."

The Dean of Canterbury, who has some claims to be heard in the world of music as well as in that of letters, says—

"I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of Mr. Herbert Oakeley's musical compositions, which we frequently use in this cathedral. His chants, services, and anthems, are all highly prized by our musical body, and are ranked by us among the very few which stand prominently out at the head of modern compositions."

It is unfortunate, though we are not surprised, that the writer in the *Athenæum* should be ignorant of authorities on cathedral music. That paper has not been credited with too much reverence or care for things sacred. At Cambridge and throughout the Eastern counties Mr. Dickson is "not unknown to fame" as one ably filling a musical office in the Church. The precursor of Ely thus commences his testimonial:—

"I hear with great satisfaction of your candidature for the Edinburgh Chair, because I have long felt that the very marked ability which you have shown as a writer of musical articles for the press affords abundant evidence of those very powers which a Professor should possess—viz., nice discrimination, clear reasoning, and forcible expression, as to every part of the science which he professed to treat."

And remarking on Mr. Oakeley's compositions, he thus concludes—

"I am quite sure that our organist, and the intelligent members of our choral body, would readily join me in expressing most cordial

admiration of those which are adapted for the cathedral, and which are constantly sung in our daily service."

It is difficult in London to represent as unknown to the musical world Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and therefore his testimony is slurred over. We give it in full:—

From Otto Goldschmidt, Esq. (husband of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt), Professor of Music in the Royal Academy of Music, London; Honorary Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, London and Musical Examiner in Empty School, &c.

"My Dear Sir,—I have learnt with pleasure that you have decided to become a candidate for the vacant Professorship of Music at Edinburgh, though my fear would be that you were rather late in the field. Among the names of the candidates which I hear mentioned, I can think but very few equally qualified for the post—none better. For besides your practical knowledge of the science and art of music as a composer (and your proficiency on the organ, which I only know from others), your prolonged connection with the *Guardian* newspaper as a musical critic has taught you to analyse the art, in any way, and from the tone and purpose of the *Guardian*, fortunately from as high a point of view as you could wish. I could not think of a much better preparation for the chair than this."

Whether your University education will be taken into account I cannot say, but were it to be one of the electors, I would certainly do so; for, apart from all social reasons, and the greater facility to deal with students, the training at one of the English Universities, and the tone of useful arising therefrom, must have taught you, in a greater degree than others, in the study and cultivation of music, to look back and not to lose sight of that which has been both the mother and the cradle of our art—the Church. This appears to me no small item in the proper consideration of your claim to the vacant chair.—Believe me, with every wish for your success, yours very truly, OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT."

Dr. Buck, the well-known organist of Norwich Cathedral, says of Mr. Oakeley's "service," long in use in that cathedral, that it is—

"In some parts equal to the best productions of Mendelssohn. It is elaborate, melodious, and effective. The secular works of Mr. Oakeley are original, and show real genius, chastened by a classical and enlarged education, which, apart from musical study, adds a refinement to all his productions."

The Precursor of Norwich, in a long laudatory testimonial,

mentions a fact that speaks for itself:—

"Your name was among the first of those gentlemen who were selected to be invited to give the lecture on Church Music at the late Church Congress in Norwich, and I much regretted that your engagements did not permit you to accept the invitation we forwarded to you. I think you know how much I like your compositions—how highly I think of them, both for their learning and their originality, and still more for their beauty and attractiveness."

Monieur Ezain asserts that Mr. Oakeley's "attainments in counterpoint, composition, and other branches of the art, are of a first-rate order." We may here mention that Mr. Oakeley stated that, had there been time, he could have procured testimonials from the two eminent foreign musicians—the composer Moscheles, and the great pianist, Liszt. The Archbishop of York writes as having been "for many years president of the Oxford Amateur Musical Society," in whose affairs "Mr. Oakeley took an active part." The Bishop of London, speaking of his "former pupil," says that "from his earliest boyhood he has been a devoted musician." Such is a full and fair account of the testimonials, which, we think, will supply a sufficient answer to the disingenuous parody of an ill-natured critic; and a complete justification of the choice of a Musical Professor by the Edinburgh Trustees. Looking to his future, they may safely leave to any "jury of artists" to vindicate their appointment of a Professor.

[The first article of the *Athenæum* will be found in another column—if not this issue, next. Meanwhile it were well had *The Guardian* refrained from any allusion to the Cambridge Musical Professor and Doctor in Music, a musician and a gentleman who confers more lustre on both dignities than the majority of professors and doctors at home or abroad, whom the divine art claims as its own. *The Guardian* is evidently misinformed; for it would be hard to accuse it of wilful misrepresentation.—D. PETERS.]

Mr. CHARLES ADAMS has accepted an engagement for the Carnival at the Royal Italian Opera, Madrid. The engagement is for three months, to sing in the *Africano*. Mr. Adams leaves London on the 19th.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

L'AFRICAINÉ.*

WE think we need not have any hesitation in assuring our readers that, in the following lines, we shall present the entire world of music with some highly interesting data, nay more: that we shall authentically prove a circumstance which no one ever suspected. There prevailed, as we are all aware, a deeply-rooted conviction throughout Europe that Meyerbeer worked in an extraordinarily slow manner; that he composed every one of his pieces bar by bar, as it were, and that this is the only possible explanation of the many years which elapsed between the production of any two of his operas. We will show how long it really took to complete one of Meyerbeer's operas, how SHORT A TIME was required to write the separate portions, and how the delay did not commence till after the work was finished.

L'Africainé was composed previously to *Le Prophète*. It was long before 1848 that Scribe handed the *libretto* to the deceased composer. This *libretto* contained the fundamental ideas which then swayed Meyerbeer: a picture of life at sea and on the Indian island, as well as many scenes introduced entire in the book as it now stands; the historical personages, however, did not figure in it at all. It was, therefore, a purely imaginative plot which the author intended to present to his audience. Meyerbeer could not make up his mind to put the opera in this shape on the stage; he laid it on one side and composed *Le Prophète*. But Scribe, though a true friend of the deceased master, was not the man to allow a

libretto set to music by Meyerbeer to lie long fallow, and he was continually urging its production. Meyerbeer could never resolve to give way; twice did he pay forfeit money and retain the score in his desk. At last, longer delay was out of the question, and he expressed to Scribe his willingness that the piece should be brought out, but dwelt on the necessity of remodelling the book. Scribe admitted, though, perhaps, not very readily, that the plot required another foundation, and, if possible, an historical one, to gain a certain importance and strike the spectator as founded in some degree upon sufficient and intelligible motives. He hit, too, upon the episode in the life of Vasco di Gama, and likewise on the historical foundation of the *libretto*, the title, also, of which he altered. It had previously been called *L'Africainé*; it was now named *Vasco de Gama*. It was under this title that Meyerbeer composed the music of the opera at present everywhere performed with the first-named title, and yet, in his will, he mentions it as "*Vasco de Gama*;" we will presently explain why, notwithstanding this, the opera underwent a change. When the deceased master set about the task of fitting to the words of the second *libretto* the music which he had completed for the first, he filed and altered, and filed and altered again, until at last he determined to compose the whole opera afresh, and throw aside the music named above. The first *Africainé* is still in existence as a complete work—among the papers left by Meyerbeer there is a large heap of musical manuscript, tied round with string, and bearing the supercription: "*Vecchia Af.*" ("the old *Africainé*.")

When the work was to be produced, the management of the Grand Opera declared that they dared not present it with its new title to the public; that the latter had been expecting the *Africainé* for years, and that, if a *Vasco de Gama* were thus suddenly offered them, they would assert it was merely a makeshift, something or other botched up of a number of sketches, or perhaps of older pieces, and that the *Africainé* was a myth, with which the world had been befooled. This argument was considered so forcible, that the old title was resumed—and thus the *Africainé* is, properly speaking, *Vasco de Gama*, and not the *Africainé* people once thought a myth.

As to the mode in which Meyerbeer composed the later opera, we give the dates as the master himself wrote them, under each separate piece. The reader will find, also, various explanations.

ACT I.

- a.—*Adieux révisés du Tugé.*
"Written down Berlin the 16. February 1853, scored the 12. February, 1853."
"This is the first piece which I composed and wrote down of the opera."
- b.—*Ritournelle* and following scene up to the Romance (which I wrote at once in the score). Composed and scored Berlin the 12. April 1853.—The following Recitative and Terzetto composed and written down the 15. April 1853, scored the 19. April 1853.
- c.—*La Sœur du Conseil. Chœur des Écuyers.*
"The first chorus written down Paris 30. August 1857. After this first chorus work suspended and not resumed till January 1858 at Nice, and entire *Sœur du Conseil* written out complete at Nice the 25th January 1858, scored at Nice the 27th February, 1858."
- d.—*New Scene for the Conseil d'Etat (Introduction de Selah et Yvonne)*
—"Un mot encore."
"Written down Schwabach, 18. January 1863."
- e.—*La Vierge des Éclaireurs.*
"Written down Berlin 16. March 1853."
- f.—*Air de Selah, "Loin de lui." (Sœur du Marché d'Enfermés)*
Berlin 10. April 1853.

ACT II.

- a.—*Entr'acte, Recitative et Air du sommeil.*
"The Entr'acte, Recitative and air du sommeil up to the Coda after the 2nd Couplet written down and scored Berlin 12. March 1853."

* An account of the Origin and Progress of *L'Africainé*, together with Meyerbeer's mode of working. From Meyerbeer's Diary.—From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

* Of course the reader will perceive that by "Yvonne" the "Selah" of the present book is meant.

1862.—The Coda after the 2nd Couplet the 31. March written down and scored.*

b.—Autheur Bercoue.

Written down Berlin 5. April 1863, scored 8. April 1863.

c.—Un feuillet: "Du sommeil il goute les charmes."

Written down Baden the 23. September 1868.

d.—Recitatif, Scène d'air de Yoriko.

Written down Nice 11. March 1858, scored the 16. March 1858.

e.—Duo: Vasco et Selma.

Written down Nice 8. December 1857, scored at Ems the 6. July 1862.

Finale du Second acte (Septuor).

Entirely written down the 30. January 1862, scored the 13. February 1862.

ACTE III.

a.—Chœur des femmes.

The *Entr'acte* as well as the *Chœur des femmes* scored Berlin the 24. March 1863.

b.—Complète de Yoriko.

Written down Nice the 4. April 1858 on the day of Minna's return to Nice, scored Nice the 8. April Minna's birthday.*

c.—Duo: Vasco et Pedro.

Written down Schwalbach 16. July 1860, scored 24. July 1860.

d.—Scène après le duo.

This Scene and the Septet written down Berlin the 29. December 1863, scored 5. January 1863.

e.—Finale of the 3rd Act.

The entire *Finale* written down Berlin the 5. March 1861, scored the 23. March 1861.

ACTE IV.

a.—Ent'acte and Indian March written down Berlin, Thursday 12. February 1863, scored Berlin Thursday the 26. February 1863.

b.—Scène des Prêtres-sacrificateurs (selon qui nous se lève).

Written down Berlin the 16. September 1860, scored Berlin 20. September 1860.

c.—Air de Vasco.

Written down Berlin the 3. Oct. 1860, scored Berlin the 9. Oct. 1860.

d.—Scène et Morceau d'Ensemble ("Arrêta" avec la Cavatine de Yoriko. "L'avez tant aimé").

Composition finished Berlin the 31. Dec. 1860, scored the 10. January 1861.

New conclusion to the Morceau d'Ensemble et Cavatine de Yoriko ("Ecrase moi, tonnerre").

Written down Schwalbach 30. July 1863, scored the 2. August 1863.

e.—Finale of the 4th Act et le duo.

Written down as far as after "O douce providence" Berlin 22. Nov. 1862; the 2nd Cabaleta and the chorus "Remparts de Gaze" were written previously.

The Duet written down completely Berlin 25. November 1862—the Duet scored complete Berlin the 1. December 1862.

f.—Remparts de Gaze.

This chorus written down Berlin 20. October 1862, scored the 21. October 1862.

ACTE V.

a.—Cavatine d'Ines.

Berlin the 23. January 1861.—The *Entr'acte*, *Recitatif* and entire air of Ines scored.

b.—Recitatif (Vasco and Ines after the air of Ines).

Written down the 1. April 1862, scored 2. April 1863.

c.—Duo, the last part (o longue souffrance).

Written down Berlin 16. March 1863. The Duo complete scored Berlin 31. March 1863.

Overture, 2nd version.

It last 8 minutes. The entire Overture written down Paris 7. April 1861.

[Why is this overture withheld? Why at least is it not published? Why should it not be given at concerts, if in consequence of the length of the opera impossible at the theatre? There is also an elaborate overture to the *Prophète*, which no one ever hears.—D. PETERS.]

* The name of his wife.

MRS. ALFRED MELLON has, we are happy to learn, almost entirely recovered from her recent very severe illness.

AUS BERLIN.

THE production of *L'Africaine* has, of course, been the great event at the Royal Operahouse since my last letter of news. As I then told you, there were rumors that the *mise-en-scène* was to be exceedingly magnificent and to transcend aught that had ever been beheld here. Experience has shown that these rumors were based on a good substratum of truth. I have not seen the work in Paris, but I feel tolerably certain that the Parisian *Solman* cannot have "done the thing better" as far as regards the mechanism of the Ship than Herr Daubner; that the French Telbin cannot have surpassed Herr Gropius; that the gentleman who is at present the representative of Vestris at the Rue Lepelletier cannot—yet, stay; it strikes me that your Correspondent, C. L. G., posted you up in all this last week. I will, therefore, content myself with simply recording that the enthusiasm for the gifted composer's great and last work goes on steadily increasing, and that the theatre is crammed to suffocation every evening the work is performed.

Do you think it is right to turn an establishment like the Royal Operahouse here, or anywhere else, into a place for novices to try their "pretence" hand or voice? If you do, I must beg to say that I differ with you altogether—*en todo y por todo*. I do not. To my mind, the first lyrical establishment in a country is not the proper sphere for the exhibition of clever amateurism, as which I must designate the efforts of anyone who, however talented, fancies himself or herself at once capable of exchanging the Brussels carpet, or polished floor of private life for the boards of a theatre. It seems to me that aspirants for operatic honors have not the slightest idea of the difficulties of the profession in which they pant to achieve renown and—make a fortune. Of all ordinary tasks that can fall to the lot of mortals, I certainly consider that one of the most arduous, without exception, is the task of representing satisfactorily an operatic hero or heroine, because, to do so, the artist must not only be good *vocally* but *dramatically* also, otherwise the end of opera is not attained, that end being, as I take it, to combine good singing with good acting. If a person can sing well, he may boast of being one of a favored few, but the mere existence of vocal proficiency, without aught else, on his part, does not qualify him for the stage, any more than the undoubted fact of Mr. Buckstone's being execrably funny in *Box and Cox* would be a reason for putting him up as Dulcamara in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. There is no need that concert-singers should be able to act; but when a singer chooses the stage, then we certainly are entitled to expect histrionic ability in addition to vocal talent. Those singers who do not possess the former should never think of encountering the glare of the float. Even if they do possess it naturally, they ought to go through a long course of training before venturing to face a metropolitan audience. Are they aware what a difficult thing it is for a person even to avoid looking like a downright idiot, awkward, gawky and insane, when he appears on the stage for the first time, nay, until he has had long experience on it? Have they ever seen a heavy swell—one of the real, unmistakable sort; a gentleman by birth and education, and who, on horseback in Hyde Park, or at a ball at Buckingham Palace, looks the very personification of well-bred ease and elegant bearing—have they, I repeat, ever seen such a swell requested by a lecturer on some "ology" or other, or a Wizard of the North, South, East, or West, as the case may be, to leave his stall, and "step upon the stage for a minute"? If they have not, I have, and a most painful exhibition it is, I can assure them. Elegance is exchanged for awkwardness, and ease transmuted into sickly constraint, for, strange as it may sound, even walking the stage without being ridiculous is in itself an art. This is something of which operatic aspirants never seem to think for a moment, any more than they appear to have met

with the proverb: *Nissuno è mai coluto maestro dal cielo*. Equally oblivious are they of the undeniable truth that the finest voice in the world can no more be heard to advantage if its owner does not possess confidence than grapes can ripen without sun.

These reflections have been suggested by the appearance of two young ladies, pupils of Madame Viardot-Garcia, neither of whom I believe had ever trodden the stage before. This fact has been duly trumpeted forth as an excuse for shortcomings on the part of the *débütantes*, and as a proof of what they will do in future. But I object to Singers of the Future as much as to Music of the Future, and am as strongly opposed to bringing out inexperienced artists—I mean of course at first-rate theatres—as to serving up salmon underdone. It is true both the artist and the salmon may be sent down again, the former for a turn in the provinces and the latter for one in the fish-kettle, but such a course would have been unnecessary had the manager displayed more discretion and the cook evinced greater care. In both cases, too, the evil results of the mistake are painfully apparent. The salmon has inevitably a taste of *réchauffé* about it, and the artist, for want of a proper course of training at first, always retains something of the amateur.

Holding these opinions, I shall not surprise you by stating that I am not in ecstasies with either of Madame Viardot-Garcia's pupils, despite the fact that they are both permanently engaged, the one, Madlle. Aglaja Orgéni, because she pleased the general public, and the other, Madlle. Pollnitz, because, I am given to understand, she is a *protégée* of Her Majesty the Queen. For this fact, however, I will not vouch, though I consider it not improbable. Madlle. Orgéni made her *début* as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*. Her appearance is prepossessing, her voice agreeable, and her method good, as far as I can judge at present. But the novice was apparent in all she did. When she has learnt her profession she may become a fine artist, but I still say the Royal Operahouse should not be a school for talented novices. Her second part was *Lucia* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*; her third, *Agathe* in *Der Freischütz*, and her fourth the erring *Violetta*, as Verdi's *Traviata* is called here. A pretty varied repertory you will grant. I am bound, in justice, to add that Madlle. Orgéni has been most warmly welcomed by crowded houses. But the public applaud because they are pleased and astonished that one so new to the stage should do so well. I, on the other hand, cannot endorse their approbation, because in the interest of art, and, in this case, of the young lady herself, who really is possessed of no common ability, I must deprecate a system which I feel convinced is as dangerous to artists as that of running two-year-olds in to the boxes of that ago who start. The poor things may carry off all sorts of cups and tankards and purses of sovereigns for a short time, but, when they should be in their prime, you frequently find them in a street cab or a mud cart.

Madlle. von Pollnitz made her first appearance as *Iphigenia* in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Having recorded so much, I shall reserve any expression of opinion on her merits or demerits until I have heard her oftener.—I do not think I have anything else to tell you this week about the Royal Operahouse, except that the public are beginning to cool in their enthusiasm for Herr Wachtel's *ut de poutre*. "Sic trausit gloria mundi," and thus does familiarity breed—indifference.

There have been lots of concerts lately. Those of Carlotta Patti proved a tremendous hit. They were all crowded, all, that is to say, except one, at which it was announced that the attractive Carlotta would be prevented by horsemen from appearing. The last concert, which was given in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater—Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches, is a tolerably long epithet, is not it?—attracted an immense concourse, and numbers of those who were lucky enough to obtain admission and not be turned from

the doors, were, after all, unable to find accommodation in the body of the house, and had to content themselves with seats improvised upon the stage. By the way, not the least popular among the artists who accompany Madlle. Carlotta on her tour is our old friend Alfred Piatti. His thoroughly sterling, artistic playing, has made a profound impression on all competent judges, and even not been without a more than ordinary effect upon the general public. You may judge of the *faux* Madlle. Carlotta has created by the following facts:—Fact 1.—Three gentlemen, namely, one *soubor*, Drost, and two musicians, Lang and Conradt, thought it would pay them to get up a *pièce de circonstance*. They did so, and entitled it *Carlotta Patti*. Fact 2.—The manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater considered it worth his while to produce it; and Fact 3.—Events have proved he was right, for the public crowded to see it, and admire Herr Tiedtke, whose "make up" as the fair vocalist was admirable.

All the Patti Concerts, with the exception of the last, took place in the hall of the Sing-Academie. This building has undergone a thorough repair, and various alterations in its internal arrangements. Some of the alterations are for the better and some are for the worse. At any rate, the alteration which consisted in throwing the cloak room into the principal hall has not injured the fine acoustic qualities for which the latter was celebrated. That is one comfort. After having renovated the edifice, the committee determined to re-open it with something special. They accordingly announced Handel's *Messiah*, which was performed in a manner really worthy of the grand old master himself. It was performed, moreover, according to the original score, for which, say I, all honour to the director of the Sing-Academie, Professor Grell, who, not being one of those who are always so ready to—

"Gild refined gold,
And add a perfume to the violet."

or, at least, to attempt doing so—which is not quite the same thing—is content to suppose that the great composer knew what he wanted, and is sensible enough to present us with the work as the composer wrote it.

The series of Symphony Soirées given by the Royal Chapel—i.e., Royal Band—is always well attended. The execution is excellent; at least, it is a wonderful exception when such is not the case. This year the programmes of these Soirées have contained some most interesting first-class works, among which I do not include Robert Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, whatever other persons may do. The concerts of the Royal Cathedral Choir, also, are once more in full swing for the season, and as popular as ever. They deserve to be so, for they are exceedingly good. I am sorry to add that Mad. Jachmann-Wagner will still insist on singing, and that, what is more, she still finds admirers, even among those who ought to know better. Some time ago, she got up, in conjunction with Madlle. Erhardt, a concert for a charitable object. I praise her, of course, for her kindly sentiments, but I wish that she would bear in mind that she is now a *Königliche Hofchorspielerin*, and not a *Königliche Hofoperadaglerin* (more long words for you), an actress and not a singer.—Herr Hans von Bulow has been giving concerts, "all alone by himself." He might have found plenty of space, though, to accommodate a full band, chorus, and staff of vocalists, for the room was not crammed; rather the contrary. Herr von Bulow's admirers are highly select, but they are not numerous. I meant to dilate upon some other concerts, but time and tide wait, as we are aware, for no man. Neither does the post, and so I must conclude. Before doing so, however, I must inform you that Herr Blumner has established "Mittwoch-Concerts," "Monday Concerts," which are given once a fortnight. I have not had an opportunity of attend-

ing any of them yet, but presume they were suggested by the "Monday Populans" at St. James's Hall. According to report they are well and deservedly patronized. More about them in a future letter.

VALE.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

XIV.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—According to the *Signale*, a hitherto unknown composition of Carl Maria von Weber's has lately been discovered at Stuttgart by Herr F. Jähns, *Musik-Director* of Berlin. Herr Jähns, while on a visit to Stuttgart for the purpose of collecting materials for his book on Weber's collected works, found a complete and hitherto totally unknown production from the great composer's pen:—"Concerto Variations for Viola and Orchestra"—"*Variazioni per l'Alto Viola Di Carlo Maria von Weber*." It is in Weber's own hand, and is a new version of an older composition, as is evident from the remark at the end:—"Renovatum Karlsruhe the 19th Dec., 1806, C. M. von Weber." The new version is written over the first one, which, however, is plainly legible beneath. The autographic manuscript belongs to Herr Zumsteg, music-publisher of Stuttgart, who has kindly allowed Herr Jähns to use it for his book.—This composition must not be confounded with the now forgotten "*Concetto per la Viola*" as entered in the printed catalogue of Weber's works at the end of his posthumous productions. The autographic manuscript of the last composition was discovered by Herr Jähns, last year, in an almost forgotten heap of musical productions left by the celebrated tenor-player, Semler. It turned out to be a composition originally written, in the year 1809, by Carl Maria von Weber for his step-brother, Fritz von Weber, and completely metamorphosed—for the eminent bassoon-player, Brand of Munich, when he was giving concerts at Prague—into the "*Andante e Rondo Ungarese per il Fagotto*," subsequently published by Schlesinger as Op. 35. Just as with these two pieces, Herr Jähns has been very fortunate, in the course of his labours, with many other now forgotten compositions of Weber's,—thanks to which several interesting facts have already been brought to light concerning the connection existing between some of the earlier and some of the later works of this composer. Herr Jähns' book, the preliminary labours for which are nearly concluded, will, consequently, contain much new and interesting matter relating to the comparatively speaking unknown, and, therefore, not fully appreciated, creative power of the master.

Short Common, Dec.

T. DUFF SHORT.

SIGNOR VERDI has arrived in Paris, where it is his intention to pass the winter.

MILLE. PAULINE LUCCA.—On Saturday week Mdle. Lucca was married to the Baron von Ralden.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP is now in California, where, according to *Watson's Weekly Art-Journal* (New York) "her reception was most enthusiastic."

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.—There are five vacancies in the Choir of Christ Church, Oxford. The appointments are worth the attention of Cathedral vocalists (see advertisement).

MR. CHARLES ADAMS is engaged for the opera at Madrid, where he will make his *début* as Vasco de Gamma in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. Mr. Adams leaves London on the 19th inst.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTS.—An instance of the ignorance prevailing on the subject of international copyright is given this morning by Messrs. Boosey and Co., in their comments on the case of Wood v. Boosey. Some foreign publishers seem to think that by merely putting on their title pages "All rights reserved," they are entitled to the same copyright in England as they are in their own country. Yet the Act provides that in order to secure an English copyright, the foreign work must be registered at Stationers' Hall within three months after publication, and an authorised translation must be published within a year. Failing these two provisions, no copyright exists.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 6.

[For three months read twelve months, O! P.M.G.—D. PETERS.]

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The first performance of the *Domino Noir* on Wednesday evening drew one of the most crowded audiences of the season. The attraction was greatly enhanced by the fact that Miss Louisa Pyne was to sustain the part of Angela, in which she made so extraordinary a hit in 1861, when Auber's exquisite work was first produced at the Royal English Opera, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. It is a pity that the revival of the *Domino Noir* did not occur sooner to the Covent Garden directors, for we have no doubt that they might have run it successfully two or three times a week to the end of the season. Excepting that the music is somewhat too low for her in the first and second acts, Auber might have written the part of Angela expressly for Miss Louisa Pyne. It is in the last act indeed that our great English songstress proves herself to be one of the most consummate living mistresses of the vocal art, and it would be fruitless to look for more brilliant and perfect singing than that in the celebrated bravura air "Ah! quelle nuit," where the affrighted Angela rushes into the convent, having escaped the perils of the night in the streets of Madrid, and recounts her adventures. The melodious cavatina in three-four time which follows was another triumph for Miss Pyne, and the *scriz* passages with which it winds up completely damped and electrified the audience, who walked the singer with uproarious applause. The prayer behind the scenes, one of the loveliest bits in the opera, was given with wonderful charm of voice and most touching expression. Miss Louisa Pyne's acting is of the non-demonstrative kind, but she is always easy and graceful, and in the supper scene she shows a great deal of quiet humor and a sense of the ridiculous which is highly effective. By all means let us have more operas by Auber while Miss Louisa Pyne makes one of the company at Covent Garden.

The cast in other respects might have been stronger. Mr. Henry Haigh sang the music of Horace well, but we cannot compliment him on his acting. Miss Thirlwall and Miss Leffer in the parts of Brigette and Jacinta respectively entitled themselves to no inconsiderable praise both for their singing and acting, and Mrs. Anselme Cook made quite a feature as the sour nun Ursula. Above all must be given word to give word to Mr. G. Paley, Urie, his capital personation of Gil Perez and his very admirable singing of the music of the convent porter. The glorious song, "Duo Gratias," was encored with acclamations.

The *Domino Noir* was repeated last night, and will be given twice next week.

Mdile. Ida Gillies made her second appearance as Selika in the *Africaine* on Thursday and fully confirmed the impression she had made on Monday. We are inclined to think, however, that the part of Ines would be better suited to the means of this clever young lady than that of the African Queen.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE'S CONCERT.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE, one of the most promising of our young sopranos, and who has already obtained favorable notice in more than one quarter, gave her first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, November the 29th. The programme was altogether good and was fairly divided among singers and players. In selecting the grand aria, "Bel raggio," from *Semiramide*, Miss Armytage was a little over ambitious, as not yet being endowed with sufficient force or largeness of style to compass its requirements. The air, however, properly showed a lady to be thorough mistress of the *bravura*, the florid passages being all given with neatness and precision. In her other solos Miss Armytage was more successful. Mr. Henry Smart's pretty ballad, "Sing, maiden, sing," was charmingly sung, voice, style, manner and expression all combining to recommend the performance. The encore which followed was hearty and rapturous. The other vocal soloists were Miss Marian Walsh and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The latter, who is a lady, gave a mezzo soprano voice and a good method in the ballad from Mr. Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, "Ah! why do we love?" and Mr. Lewis Thomas, with the London Choral Union, won an encore in M. Gounod's solo and chorus, "Nazareth." The Choral Union sang some part-songs, best of which was Bishop's "Daughter of Erin," in which Miss Marian Walsh took the solos.

Miss Rosa Brimhead, the young and clever pianist, distinguished herself in Chopin's Scherzo in B minor, exhibiting much dexterity of finger, an excellent touch and no want of variety of style. Her performance was very warmly applauded. Messrs. J. Balch Chatterton and John Cheshire were encored in a duet for two harps; Mr. H. Blagrove gained the same honors in a solo on the violin; as did Mr. R. Blagrove in a solo on the concertina. There was a large attendance.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(Times—Dec. 4.)

One of the greatest among the many attractions of the Crystal Palace is unquestionably the music. When we remember what this used to be, under the predecessor of Herr Anguste Manns, we cannot praise too much the indefatigable zeal which has brought it to its actual state of perfection. Of the ephemeral concerts in the summer, to which singers from the Italian Opera-houses mainly contribute, we are not speaking; and indeed, compared with these magnificent entertainments originated by Mr. Gye in 1866, at which the chorus, orchestra, and all the chief artists belonging to the company of the Royal Italian Opera were wont to assemble under the direction of Mr. Costa, they scarcely deserve attention. Nor do we take into account the colossal "festivals"—still, it is hoped, to be triennially celebrated under the illustrious name of Handel. We allude exclusively to the performances given Saturday after Saturday, with rare intervals, from October of one year to April or May of the next, in the handsome, spacious, and now comfortably enclosed music-room facing the great Handel-orchestra. The Saturday Concerts have advanced by slow degrees to their present position; but though their progress was gradual it was not the less sure; and no step forward has ever been retraced. Herr Manns, doubtless, has found some trouble in wringing concessions; but once obtained he has held them fast, and to such good purpose, that he almost every formerly hard to be persuaded, are at length fully alive to the value of his services. Year after year his concerts are expected with as much anxiety as were those of the Philharmonic Society in Hanover-square, at a time when it was only the privilege of a select few to listen to a symphony, a concerto, or an overture, tolerably performed. A "*fantasia per la musica*,"—"*la musica classica*," strictly speaking,—with plenty of leisure at its disposal, might be more than taken up, quite during the winter and spring months, at a long way hence to Leipzig; and it is, moreover, a question whether—inferiority in numerical force, allowed for—the "*fantasia*" could not hear a symphony played with even greater spirit, accuracy, and finish, by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under Herr Manns, than by the famous orchestra of the Gewandhaus, once directed by Mendelssohn, now by Herr Reinecke, one of the Mendelssohn-shadows to sit or to meet with in almost every German city. At any rate, we are at least under the utterly irrefragable performances of the second and seventh symphonies of Beethoven, the symphonies in G minor and A minor of Mozart and Mendelssohn, than recently at the Crystal Palace, before audiences whose growing appreciation is satisfactory evidence of the benefit these concerts are conferring. Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7) is one of those works which too rarely go from one end to the other without some point or points open to criticism; first in the matter of the underlies remaining and execution were equally unsatisfactory. Could Marie von Weber have listened to this clear, precise, and masterly performance, he would hardly have risen from it with the persuasion that the composer of the symphony was "ripe for a mad-house"—at all events not without incurring the risk of being declared by calmer and more impartial judges than himself, fit for the very asylum to which he was condemning Beethoven. Other symphonies have been even stronger than this Haydn in B flat, No. 8, with the "*obbligato*" (not "*obbligato*," as Herr Manns spells it), violin part in the *Andante*, and the seventh (in F) of Herr Niels Gade, whose "No. 1" (in C minor) elicited such an enthusiastic panegyric from Mendelssohn, and who, even in his last and perhaps his best considered work, can scarcely be said to have realized the hopes of that generous minded patron.

On the way of overtures Herr Manns has given Weber's *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, Mendelssohn's *Meintheil*, Taubert's *Tempest*, Gounod's *Une Sganarelle*, and Schumann's *Drum von Messina*. Of the three first-named universally recognized models it is unnecessary to say a word. Herr Wilhelm Taubert, one of the two conductors at the Royal Opera, Berlin, is about as plodding and about as dry a composer as his confederate, Herr Dorn. *Arcades ambo!* Taubert, according to Herr Manns, "is a musical conservative," and, of course, Herr Dorn, too, has helped to check in the "great extravagances of the seductive Wagner-Liszt doctrine." Though unable to understand the "seductive" nature of that particular doctrine, we cannot but think that half the influence it at one time seemed to be acquiring was due to the prevalence of laborious dulness, as exhibited in the writings of composers like Herren Taubert, and Dorn, who, in their operas (*Macbeth* and *The Archangels*, for example—the names are not of many), have afforded no convincing arguments to Herr Wagner and Co. that anything new was absolutely wanting, if not exactly what Herr Wagner and Co. were ready and willing to prescribe. The overture to *The Tempest*—we are further advanced by Herr Manns—seems intended to portray the sorrowful meditations of the banished Duke of Milan and his final triumph over his enemies. Be it so. The overture to *La Venus Sincérissime*, M. Gounod's second grand opera (brought out in Paris, October, 1864), is by no means one of the most attractive works of that

eminent composer, who has seldom been less happily inspired than while setting to music the dearest libretto, in which the master-name of Schiller, probably ever allied to the name of Schumann, in all respects is the gloomy overture with which Robert Schumann has devalued to convey his impressions of the terrible play of Schiller. The overture to *The Bride of Messina* is as deeply imbued with the spirit of its composer as anything that came from his pen. It exhibits the same want of continuous developing power which adverse critics persist in laying to his charge, the same vagueness in the melodic outline of its parts, the same monotonous style of instrumentation. Nevertheless, it enchants attention by its intense earnestness from the first bar to the last, and not seldom rises to the height of impassioned expression. The subject was thoroughly congenial to the melancholy brooding mind of Schumann, whose intellectual aversion, had it been sustained by richness of invention and technical skill in proportion, would have placed him in a certain sense nearer to Beethoven than perhaps any other composer—the more liberally gifted Schumann, not excepted, is the want of plastic, or creative, power that chiefly stood in Schumann's way; and the profound self-consciousness of that want imparts to his music one of its most striking, if not most satisfying, characteristics. Yet such a work as the overture to Schiller's tragedy must always be heard with more or less absorbing interest. It exhibits an "upward-striving" that proceeds from a great soul, and an abhorrence of the commonplace which sustains the musical interest, and which that art should be degraded to any trivial or unworthy end. As such cannot be said for the purely melismatic and colorless music of Herr Franz Lachner, from whose second *Suite*, in E minor, Herr Manns has brought forward specimens in the shape of an *Intermezzo* and a *Gigue*—accompanied by the ominous threat of giving the whole "at some future concert." The *Suite* in E minor is of little more value than the *Suite* in D major (No. 1), with which it is frequently performed at the same concert, but far more forcible. Here is rowing against the stream with a vengeance. Later continue to explore the buried treasures of the past than have recourse to the feeblest "revivals" of the present. To complete the list of purely orchestral pieces it remains to name a selection from Mr. A. S. Sullivan's bright and happy music to the *Tempest*; a selection from the gorgeous *Africaine* of Meyerbeer (of course including the "*Prélude à l'acte I*"); and the arrangement, by Mr. Hector Berlioz, of the "*Marche aux Armées*."

A chorus being now at hand whenever it may chance to be in request, led to two performances of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the second with the wind instrument parts of Mozart—as the phrase is, "in their integrity." Miss Edmonds (Galatea), Messrs. G. Perren, M. Smith, and Weiss (Acis, Damon, and Polyphemus) undertook the vocal solos on each occasion. Miss Edmonds, who made so brilliant a *débüt* at Exeter-hall in the first performance of the *Acis and Galatea* of the same Society of Mr. Costa's *Naemans*, is rapidly justifying the flattering things that were said of her on that occasion. It is long since a young singer of more decided promise has appeared. At another concert the chorus was put to good use in the romantic *fantasia* of Beethoven, for pianoforte, chorus, and orchestra—Madame Arabella Goddard sustaining the pianoforte part. This pleased so much that it is likely to be repeated; and indeed, Beethoven has written more and more of the original, or full of quaint and genial fancy. Two movements from a pianoforte concerto (with orchestra)—composed and played by Signor Li Calsi, of which few would have objected to hear the rest; a very clever *fantasia*, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, built upon a familiar Scotch melody—the composition of Mr. Silas, who himself played the pianoforte part with remarkable spirit and neatness; a *volin solo* on themes from *Figaro*, composed and performed by Herr Doehler, a violinist of more than average ability; and Taubert's *fantasia* on *Luceria Borgia*, by Madame Arabella Goddard, which satisfied the audience so well that they unanimously asked for a repetition, make up the not very extensive catalogue of solo performances which up to this time have distinguished the series of concerts in progress. The vocal selections (apart from *Acis and the Choral Fantasia*) have not been marked by any striking novelties. Some pieces—from *Die Fledermaus* opera, *La Reine de Saba*, and two *cantatas* by Schumann, are all that need be singled out—the remainder consisting for the greater part of more or less hackneyed pieces.

The programme of Saturday afternoon included Mozart's Symphony in E flat—the fairest, if the least pretending, of the incomparable "Three," produced in rapid succession during that prolific year of 1788; Mendelssohn's fiery overture to *Ruy Blas*, and two other examples of his inspired and inspired style, and a wholly ungenial to the mind of the producer; and a selection from Mr. A. S. Sullivan's graceful music to the ballet entitled *L'He Eschente*. This last has now a far better chance of being appreciated than while, with curtailed proportions, accompanying the movements and gesticulations of dancers at the Royal Italian Opera. The remainder of the programme consisted of vocal pieces from *Don Giovanni*, *Rodolfo*, *Faust*, &c.—the singers being Misses. Sorella, Signor Stagno, and Mr. Santley. As it

was Mr. Santley's last appearance at the Crystal Palace previous to his departure for Milan, where he is engaged for the whole of the winter season at the Scala, his singing was listened to with more than ordinary interest. That so accomplished an artist should not be induced to remain at home, where his genius is thoroughly appreciated, where, indeed, his popularity is universal, can hardly be too much to be regretted.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Saturday Concerts are maintaining their reputation for spirit, freshness, and increasing excellence in performance. Such being the case, it is worth consideration whether the expense of a few additional to the "string" department of the orchestra might not be profitably incurred. Nothing else is wanting to strengthen Herr Manns in his position, and establish the concerts as a permanent institution no less honourable to the Crystal Palace than advantageous to its supporters.

PROFESSOR WYLD'S LECTURES AT GRESHAM COLLEGE.

FIRST LECTURE ON "MUSICAL TASTE," IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1865.

The subject of my lecture this evening will be "Taste" in Music, or "Musical Taste" words which, however rendered, convey but an imperfect idea of that attribute of the mind which, it is universally acknowledged, exists, but yet is so imperfectly understood, much less clearly defined, that I question if (were I to leave my subject without further analysis) any one would be prepared to admit that a correct standard whereby to judge of and define musical taste exists at all.

It is therefore in an attempt to prove the nature, and define something of the character, of that standard, that I shall ask your attention this evening.

In popular phraseology, many persons possess taste in music who are entirely ignorant of the practical art, or scientific facts, whilst there are others who are proficient in both these respects who are still pronounced to be totally deficient in musical taste.

It is also very evident that musical taste manifests itself in some persons not only in its apparent spontaneity, but also in its exuberance, whilst the total absence of this peculiar attribute is so remarkably others, that we attempt to classify our acquaintances by their musical development; we shall readily discover that they resolve themselves into persons richly endowed, or wholly deficient, in musical taste; whilst between these two extremes, range all the gradations of intermediate variety that separate them.

As to the source of this mental gift, it will be readily discovered by observation, that in the general acceptance of the term, taste is a natural endowment, or the result of special organization, and though a taste for music may not in all cases be strongly developed, yet, if it exist at all, though latent in the mind, the slowly refining process of musical training and familiarity with the best models of the art, will ultimately produce and shape it into that peculiar manifestation of talent which we call a fine musical taste. As an evidence that the faculty of appreciating the sublime and beautiful in music is a natural endowment, I would point to the fact that many accomplished scientists in the theory and practice of music are not only void of it, but they are absolutely unconscious of their deficiency, and cannot comprehend that they suffer any loss of enjoyment in its absence.

I will now proceed to analyze my subject, and attempt to define the nature of the remarkable gift "Taste in Music."

In absence of presence as (idiosyncrasy of certain natures I must ask you to receive as admitted facts) as a source as a natural rather than an acquired faculty you must also allow as indispensable; for the influence of musical training as a developing process can only be acknowledged as effective when nature has supplied the foundation in a musical organization to work upon.

I ask you to admit these points, because to minds of ordinary Intelligence they present no difficulties. It is only when we come to analyze the quality of good taste, when an attempt is made to show in what it consists, or prove that there is a standard by which it can be judged, that unanimity ceases, and we are told with the recklessness of despair that we can no more assign a reason for our preferences in music than we can assign reasons for the caprices of fashion, the fastidious tastes of the epicure, the prejudices which influence us in the choice of our ordinary associations, or manifest themselves in the form of antipathies and attractions. Nevertheless, when the variety of opinion on this point is expressed my belief that there is a true standard by which all the effects that music can produce upon the mind may be judged, and a perfectly reasonable analysis of the varying emotions resulting from its performance, which we call by the generic title of musical taste, may more, I think that the lack of understanding that exists on this subject proceeds from the want of a proper appreciation of the true standard of taste in other directions, and its analogical application to music.

I do not believe taste in music to be a mere caprice, or fashion of the hour; I do not deem it an emotion beyond human ken or scientific analysis. Taste in a figurative sense, has been described in its application to general subjects, and it only needs the proof that the analogy I have mentioned exists, to apply the descriptions of such writers as Burke, Allison and others, on taste in general, to convince ourselves that good taste in music is susceptible of the same definition and the subject of the same correct analysis. According to the best authorities, taste in a figurative sense can primarily be described as that faculty of the mind whereby a person who is not a poet, painter, or sculptor, can discern the nature or true nature in the works of nature or of art.

This faculty enables us to select among the objects presented to our senses those which are the most excellent, commanding some to our appreciation, and regarding others as repulsive. Taste has thus been called an "internal sense," and I think with great propriety, as its action is in contradistinction to that of the external senses, pronouncing spontaneously upon that which commends itself to the mind as the true and beautiful; and admitting, as we all must, that nature is the great original of all that is true and beautiful, so good taste is the appreciation of nature, the recognition of what is grand in science, sublime in art; and the more correctly the mind perceives the approximation of human efforts to the noble models of nature, the more surely does it manifest the discriminative faculty of taste.

The poet, Painter, Sculptor, Essayist and Historian, even the Musician and the Inventor, no less than the Sage and the Philosopher, all combine to admit that the grand archetypes of Creation are as perfect in beauty as in use, and that the highest stretch to which the human mind can attain in any given direction is that which most critically comprehends, or most faithfully imitates them; and if standards of excellence thus surely exist, in mechanics, in the sciences and all other arts than music, can this master key of the human mind, this chord, which strikes the finest and truest of the strings in the mind, can this alone be exempt from the law of excellence, which defines the perfect in every other department of nature? I think not.

May I not believe, that fairly understood, it will be found that in music as in all other works of art or nature, the power to appreciate excellence consists in the exercise of that interior sense which we deem to constitute the admirable gift of taste?

For a clearer comprehension of the nature of musical taste, it would be well to consider what is the standard upon which that faculty is to be exercised, and by which it passes judgment, namely the character and office of that which appeals to the taste in the instance of music.

Music may be said to be the embodiment of ideas in expressive sounds, the realization of images by tone, and the incarnation of thoughts in the flow of melody, or the combination of harmony, so that music aims to denote, or suggest, by sound, as truthfully as the poet, painter, or sculptor can do through the achievements of their several arts, while the faculty of mind which can interpret these so truthfully as to realize their approximation to nature is the "inner sense" we call "taste." Let us not however mistake taste in music for mere sensation.

Any person gifted with the power of hearing can be sensorially affected by music, but it is in the character of that sensation that the element of taste is discernable, even as different minds are sensorially affected by the character of the objects of their several arts, (that is through the organs of sight), all behold alike. Some there are, who, contemplating the aspects of nature, recognize in the grandeur of the heaving ocean, the giant form of the mountains, the glory of the setting sun, or the pale beauty of the moon-light scenes of beauty which fill their minds with intense admiration and stir the secret springs of emotion, while others with the same degree of sensibility regard the same objects as uninteresting, or pass them by, regardless of their very existence. Who can question that the opposite effects produced in these cases, so familiar to each one's experience, results from the quickening of an inner sense, which in the one instance links the objects presented to view in a chain of ideas, connecting the forms of creation with their divine author; while in others, the external sense of sight alone is moved, the mind is left cold, and the true secret of its charm lies in the world of its physical character. Analogically speaking, the various effects of music on various minds produce exactly similar results; sensorially, the mere sounds appeal to each alike, but to the interior sense of one class of minds ideas are perceived, pictures recognized, scenes conjured up, embodiments of thought discovered in every phrase, and it is in the faculty of thus appreciating music, and interpreting its character and meaning, that the true secret of its charm lies, and the world of almost indelible enjoyment is opened up, which constitutes the gift of musical taste; and yet, for the lack of this gift, there are others to whom this realm of delight is closed, who listen to the very music that is capable of calling forth such emotions, with scarcely any perception that it differs from the ordinary sounds of routine life; or they realize in the whole composition nothing more than a subject for criticism of its external form.

Another evidence of the fact that the appreciation of music, or musical taste, depends upon a condition of mind, is to be found in the universal popularity of national music; a class of composition which, cut off irrespective of its scientific merits, appeals invariably to the sentiments of patriotism, or association of ideas connected with it. As an illustration of this fact, take the famous Marseillaise Hymn of "Bouquet de Liane." Thrilling as the effect of this composition is to the mind of a Frenchman, imbued with the spirit of the idea which it embodies, its performance falls to elicit in anything like an equal degree the same emotion in the mind of any rival nationality; and thus even in the most familiar appeals which music makes to the mind, we discover that its charm consists in the concatenation of mental conditions favorable to the perception of ideas through sound, or the incarnation of thoughts we delight in cherishing. Thus as regards the admiration every one feels for Scotch, Irish, and Welsh music; unless we are prepared to prove that as musical compositions the national music of those countries is peculiarly excellent, upon what other grounds than those to which I have referred the merits of such works can their excellence be attributed? From a scientific analysis of the national music of various countries, I think it can be affirmed with safety that the merit which such music possesses is that of conjuring up a train of thought, of a highly emotional character; rendering every peculiarity of its rhythmic movement suggestive of ideas which find a response in the patriotic heart, and moderately imaginative mind.

I will now show how some of the great works of the classical composers appeal to the "internal sense." To be more particularly definite, I will take the introduction to Haydn's oratorio of the Creation and analyze the effect produced; for it is a work which appeals to the internal sense in a remarkable manner; for who that possesses this gift can fail to perceive that the entire epic of creation floated through the mind of the composer, and that his conception realized the stupendous idea of chaos and void, giving birth to a new system, in which order and exquisite form reigned paramount. To ordinary listeners such music has but little charm, but to those gifted with the faculty of "Taste," Haydn's sublime thoughts are portrayed in his music, and clothed with sounds which carry us through the awful gloom of primeval night into the glorious light of a newly created day, and through the splendour of the first starlight night of earth's planetary existence; makes us conversant with the whole history of man's primal state and being.

I say there are minds who can render such an interpretation of this composition, and it is to such that the inestimable gift of "True Taste" belongs, while it is only to such that the interpretation I have attempted to describe is possible.

A similar condition of mind is absolutely necessary to appreciate in its entirety a work which I am happy to say is becoming generally popular, I mean Spohr's symphony entitled "The Power of Sound." There are many parts of this work which make a direct appeal to an auditory endowed with but a small amount of musical intelligence, but there are other parts which can only be appreciated by those endowed with "Taste;" parts which appeal to the "inner sense;" for instance the opulent movement, descriptive of the awakening of nature from silence into the glorious harmonies of sound. When the internal sense of the auditor is sufficiently awakened, or cultured, so as to appreciate the true meaning of this composition, the mind of the poet floats through every phrase of the music, and the thoughts involuntarily shape themselves into the words.

In loneliness the young world lay,
Amid Spring's vernal glow;
Man unenlightened took his way
His silent picture to display;
Wild impulse still his only guide,
His heart as yet unstrung,
For him love's language was unheard,
And nature had no tongue.
Almighty goodness now the spell unbound,
And breathed into the human breast in sound!
Love found a voice, its magic to express,
And whispered in man's heart its power to bless.
The nightingale her greeting chanted sigh,
The forest murmured forth its harmony;
Zephyr first waked the sigh within his breast,
The purring fountain lulled him into rest.

Now the music of the opening movement of this symphony, although so pregnant with ideas to which the highly developed mind, is so slightly emotional in its character, that upon many persons it produces no other effect than a realization of its being a mere introductory movement, to which no special meaning is at all designed.

The last and most striking evidence I shall cite of the internal nature of "Musical Taste" is to be found in considering the deeply emotional effect of religious music, as it affects those who have had their minds

awakened to the influence of religion, and those from whom that influence has been withheld. So sensational are parts of Handel's oratorios (for instance, the choruses in the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt* and other works), that the Christian and the Pagan can alike be affected by them; but there are other parts which appeal only to a Christian sentiment and require (in order to be appreciated) that the mind be imbued with a certain religious fervor. "Take, for instance, the air, 'He was despised and rejected of men.' To the devout Christian, this simple sentence alone embodies the most profoundly touching sentiment of religious belief; indeed the whole oratorio conveys to the Christian auditor the stupendous ideas of divine love, human redemption, infinite perfection in life and infinite mercy in death; it appeals to the deepest of all human emotions, the religious element, and the finest of all perceptive faculties, viz., "musical taste." Its popularity therefore is easily accounted for, without any exercise of judgment, although the judgment is at the same time perfectly satisfied, and as its causes of popularity are defined, it is made equally apparent by the fact that many parts would fall flat and meaningless, perhaps even irksome upon the ear of a Buddhist or Mahometan.

I must now conclude my observations. I trust that you have been able to follow me in the opinion I have expressed, that experience, observation, analysis, and the analogical application of well marked definitions of taste in other directions, all prove that musical taste is a fine and exquisite endowment of nature, an awakening of an internal sense, upon whose keen or blunt sensibility depends the effect which music produces on the mind, stimulating it to painful or pleasurable emotions, and discovering the true, beautiful and sublime nature, represented in musical art.

It remains then for me to add my conviction that though no process of musical training, not even a life-long familiarity with noble and suggestive models of musical excellence, can create the faculty in the mind of "fine taste;" where nature has not originally bestowed it, but that there are legitimate and successful methods of cultivating and improving the gift, and that wherever it really exists in latent though undeveloped power, such a process cannot fail to elicit the crudest elements of musical genius into the inestimable gift of a refined and discriminating "musical taste."

SOUTHEA.—From a Correspondent.—The musical public of Southsea had a splendid treat on Wednesday evening (Nov. 29), when Madame Arabella Goddard gave a "Pianoforte Recital" at the Assembly Rooms, Portland Hotel, assisted by Mrs. George Dolby as vocalist. The concert was organised by Mr. C. J. Mew, our spirited local entrepreneur. The attendance was very large, and composed of the "élite" of the town and neighbourhood. The programme was rich and varied. The first part included Beethoven's *Andante* in F, specimens of Kalkbrenner, Moscheles and Chopin (the first a *recerrie*, called *La Femme du Maria*, the *Etude* "on the black keys" (in G flat), and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" (loudly redemanded). The second part began with J. L. Dussek's magnificent solo sonata, *L'Invocation*, which Madame Goddard has so recently introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts. A fine example of classical pianoforte-playing than Madame Goddard's performance of this very long, very interesting and very difficult work, has rarely been listened. During the impressive *adagio* a feather might have been heard to drop, so entirely was the audience absorbed by the music they were hearing. In the first *allegro*, the minuet (in "canon"), the trio, and the *finale*, "the fingers that never fall" ran over the keys with a delicacy and lightness all the more extraordinary when accompanied by such depth and artfully varied shades of tone. Then the instrument was one of those noble "grands" of Broadwood, a single sound from which is in itself, to musical ears, a luxury. The *Invocation*, in short, created an impression not to be effaced. That "Home, sweet home" (Thalberg)—the last piece in the programme—was played to perfection, and encored unanimously, I need scarcely add. The songs introduced by Mrs. Dolby (from Haydn, Schubert and Balfe), were charmingly given and much admired. The concert was altogether a brilliant success, and Madame Goddard's next visit to Southsea will be anxiously looked forward to.

THE CHORAL FANTASIA.—The performance of the "Choral Fantasia" of Beethoven, which was the feature of the concert of Saturday last, at the Crystal Palace, was as good as it could be given in all points but one—Mr. Mann's choral was too weak to give due importance to the vocal part of the *finale*. The concert-room being now larger than ever—it holds, we believe, some 3,500 people—a larger chorus is wanted. As for Madame Goddard's share in the performance, it was the perfection of pianoforte playing.—Reader, Nov. 18.

CHELTHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Madame Arabella Goddard has been delighting amateurs here with one of her most interesting and instructive "Recitals" of pianoforte music, classical and modern. A more fashionable and "distinguishing" audience never assembled in our music-room. I need not cite the programme in *extenso*, as most of the pieces it comprised have been included in other performances of which your country correspondents from here and from there have rendered you glowing accounts. Enough that Madame Goddard's playing was as refined and expressive as it was brilliant. Every piece was listened to with rapt attention, and, in spite of the great preponderance of "beauty" among the audience, heartily applauded. No less than three pieces were asked for again—viz: the *Rondo Capriccioso* in E minor of Mendelssohn, the last movement of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26 (with the Funeral March), and the difficult and wonderfully showy fantasia of Thalberg on *Lucresia Borgia*. The gifted lady, however, only acknowledged the first two encores by returning to the orchestra, and bowing to her admirers. In the last instance, indeed, they would take no denial, and so Madame Goddard sat down to the piano-forte, and enlivened them with her favorite "Home, sweet home"—her's certainly as much as Thalberg's, seeing how much she has done to make it everywhere popular. Mrs. George Dolby varied the programme most agreeably with songs between each two pianoforte pieces. L. M.

MR. W. H. HARRISON.—We are much pleased to inform our readers that this great and deserving favourite of the public has entirely recovered from his long and severe illness, and that he will sing this evening—the first time for several months—at Madam Ida Krüger's concert in Westbourne Hall, Baywater.

MR. H. CORRI, who has been so seriously indisposed as to necessitate the temporary secession from the post he zealously occupies at the Royal English Opera, is, under careful medical treatment, rapidly convalescing.

MR. AUGUSTUS MARTINEZ.—The following was the programme of Mr. Augustus's last performance of pianoforte music last Wednesday:—Sonata Pathétique—Agiar; Ophelia (Romance)—Agiar; L'Invitation pour la valse—Welter; Dans les Bois—Heller; "The stars are brightly beaming" (transcription)—Agiar; Fantasia Impromptu, Nocturne "il Lamento" and Polonaise in A—Chopin; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on Faust—Agiar; Recreation, Frolic—Alfred Holmes; Evening (Romance)—Heller de Rose? (galop brilliant)—Agiar. The rooms were quite full.

THE GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL has been engaged by a party known as the Alleghanian Vocalists and Bell performers. They have been organised for upwards of 19 years, and have gained a celebrity and reputation in almost every quarter of the globe, and are now completing a four year tour round the world. We are glad to hear our old friend Nimmo will be at his post as their *Acting Manager*, having terminated his engagement with the Great Wizard of the North.

Woolwich.—Mr. Whome's Choral Society gave a performance of "The May Queen," and "Lay of the Bell," at the Town Hall, on Monday, Nov. 27th, which passed off most successfully. The daughter of the conductor undertook the soprano part, the others being filled by Madame Helen Percy, Mr. Wilby Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The latter gentleman received an encore in "The jolly to hunt." The room was well filled.

DUNDEE.—The second of the Saturday Evening Concerts was given last week in the Ball Room, Music Hall Buildings. The audience on Saturday evening, while not less select, was more enthusiastic than on the previous occasion. The artists were Mr. Weiss, Miss M. Baxter, Mr. Harry Clifton, and Master G. S. Mackay. The accompanist was Mrs. Eraser. In the course of the evening the Secretary—Mr. John Crombie—intimated that the concert would now continue regularly every Saturday; while, should the finances permit, one or two might be held after the date given as the close of the season.—*Dundee Advertiser*, Nov. 28.

CHATHAM LECTURE HALL.—An evening concert was given on Tuesday last under the direction of Mr. Norman, being the concluding musical entertainment contained in the quarterly list of the Mechanic's Institute. The artists were Miss Jenkins (a young soprano of ability, I need scarcely add, English), Madame Suter, Mr. Richard Lansuere, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Norman, who contributed a pianoforte solo to the programme. The concert was largely attended and gave great satisfaction.—R. E. G.

DUBLIN.—Mr. J. L. Toole has been performing with great success at the Theatre Royal. His Caleb Plummer in "The Crierel" on the hearth" is pronounced by the oldest play-goers of the Irish Metropolis to be the most perfect and finished performance seen for years, fully realizing the creation of Charles Dickens.

MEMS. FROM PARIS.—The father of M. Bagier, director of the Italian Opera, died a few days since at the advanced age of ninety-two.—M. Mohr the chief *directeur* of the band of the Guides Regiment, died on the 25th of last month, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.—M. Leopold de Meyer, the "lion-pianist," has arrived in Paris, and intends to remain throughout the winter.—On Dit—Signor Verdi has just completed his new opera founded on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.—Donizetti's *Polito* has been produced at the Italiens, Madame Penco and Signor Fracchini maintaining the principal parts.—The new theatre, the Fantaisie-Parisiennes, situated in the Boulevard des Italiens, was opened on Saturday. The *salle* was greatly admired. There was a large crowd and brilliant attendance.—SHARK.

MILIE. LIEBHART AT M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS AT BIRMINGHAM.—Milie Liebhart has made great advances in her art since we last heard her in Birmingham. Her voice has sounded and strengthened amazingly, and the unpleasant *strabismus* with which it was once afflicted has virtually disappeared. A more fascinating songstress has not been heard here for many a day. Verdi's "Ah fors a lui," though well adapted to her voice, is not so well fitted to her style as other pieces we could mention, but it was executed with so much fervor and brilliancy as to elicit an enthusiastic recall. On complying with this flattering summons, Milie Liebhart substituted for her former selection, the Scotch ballad, "Within a mile of Edinboro," which she certainly sings with a grace, archness, and dramatic spirit unrivalled by any other vocalist of the day. The Liebhart polka, at a subsequent period, afforded scope for brilliant vocalization, of which our musical readers will easily imagine how she availed herself. Altogether, Milie Liebhart made such a decided "hit," that by virtue alone of her co-operation the success of the undertaking may be deemed assured.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

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VOL. 43—No. 52.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY has the honor to announce that she will give a **BALLAD CONCERT**, at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, January 2nd, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madama Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasil, Mrs. Osborne Williams, Mr. George Ferres, Mr. Lawford Huxtable, Mr. Donald Newton, and Herr Reichardt. Madam Sainton-Dolby will introduce on this occasion an entirely new song, written by J. R. Pischel, Esq., and composed expressly for her by Miss Virginia Gairdner, entitled "The Lady of Kilmart Tower." Madama Sainton-Dolby will also sing Charlie's two popular ballads, "I cannot Sing the Old Song," and "Maggie's Secret," and Blumenthal's last song, "The Children's Kingdom." Madama Rudersdorff will sing "She wore a wreath of roses," "She never told her love," and a new ballad, Herr Reichardt will sing a new song composed for the occasion, entitled, "You must guess," and "Thou art so near and yet so far." Mr. Ferres will sing "The Death of Nelson," and "Come into the garden Maud." Mr. Donald Newton will sing Charlie's new ballads song, entitled "The Lifeline." Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 2s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s., to be had of Charpent and Co.; Mr. Mitchell; Kerns, Paves and Co.; and Mr. Astor, at St. James's Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. St. James's Hall.—Conductor, Dr. W. W. W. Notice of the commencement of the 15th season.—The dates of PUBLIC REHEARSALS for the season 1866 are fixed for Saturday afternoon, April 14th, 20th, & May 12th; June 2nd, 16th. The dates of the Evening Concerts for Wednesday, April 14th; May 2nd, 16th; June 2nd, 16th. The subscription for the series is 2s. for stalls in arena or balcony, 1s. 11d. for 2nd row balcony. Persons who were unable to obtain seats last season, can, by an early application, obtain the refusal of any that may become vacant. Names received at Mr. Astor's office, St. James's Hall; K. W. Paves, and Co., 24, Chancery Lane; and by the Hon. Sec. W. GASTY NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec., 23, Argyle Street.

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PROFESSOR WYLDE'S LECTURES AT GRESHAM COLLEGE.

SECOND LECTURE ON "MUSICAL TASTE."

IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1865.

At my first lecture in this term, I endeavoured to explain what is implied by the words "musical taste" as applied to persons who manifest a special faculty for discerning a charm in some music, incomprehensible to others.

I aimed, by an analysis of such natures as are assumed to be endowed with this attribute, to show that it consists of an "internal sense" whereby music, appealing to the imagination, awakens a train of ideas which arrange themselves into emotions of pleasure, suggested to the mind through the medium of the ear.

I called your attention to the universally received opinions of popular aesthetes, whose definitions of taste in general when analogically applied to music, admirably expound the quality of the mind or "internal sense" by which certain music is appreciated by certain persons, namely, through the peculiar attribute of "musical taste." I showed that it is not alone the sound which commends itself to the ear, through the medium of sensation, but it is the connection of musical sounds with *associative ideas*, the notion of which produces effects upon the mind, which irrespective of judgment, resulting from scientific knowledge, or musical training, are so satisfactory in their impression, that emotions are awakened, and an internal sense excited, the sum of which can only be rendered in the word "taste."

I attributed to the discriminative action of this faculty, the preferences and dislikes, which so many make in their selections of music.

I defined it as the source of great mental gratification to some, whilst its absence was apparent in the total indifference or lack of appreciation in others.

I argued that musical taste can be developed by training, improved by careful study of high models of musical art, and thus changed in character and style; but I also endeavoured to show by reference to well established opinions and facts attested by observation, that "musical taste" originates in natural endowment, and owes its origin from a source hidden from research; it can neither be created by science, or imparted by art, where nature has herself withheld the gift.

I desire now to call your attention to other sources of gratification derivable from music, which do not emanate from the exercise of that "internal sense" previously described, where critical analysis defines one kind of taste in music, as that which originates only in natural endowment, appeals only to the "inner sense" and defines preference by no other criterion.

"Taste" in general, besides being an "internal sense," has been described as the *joint exercise of perception and judgment*, on the ground that many objects fail to produce their full effect unless they can actually satisfy the judgment; and yet another definition of taste declares that there are many objects which, though deficient in some qualities which satisfy the judgment, yet appeal with such force to the imagination, that they suggest to the mind all the ideas which excite the pleasurable emotions resulting in "taste."

I purpose examining primarily the first proposition, and analogically applying to music the definition which resolves "taste" into the joint exercise of perception and judgment.

In doing this, the question naturally arises, "Is there any kind of music capable of exciting mental emotion in an auditor, who may be wholly, or in part deficient in the internal sense of taste; and yet who, by the exercise of perception and judgment, can derive gratification from the composition in question?" My opinion is, that there is; and in proof thereof I would cite that form of composition called "Fugue and Canon," the order and arrangement of which is peculiarly adapted to realize the emotion I have described, as resulting solely from the exercise of perception and judgment, perception in musical science, and judgment in musical art.

Musical compositions in the form of fugue or canon consist of a phrase or idea, which, when started, is repeated in different parts, and the recurrence of which, in alternating positions of a key, and elaborated with various combinations, whilst the phrase is preserved in a direct or inverted form; this class of composition heard by the trained musician, whether he be gifted with the internal sense of taste, or no, provided he be instructed to perceive the progression of the phrase, or idea, and is capable of pronouncing judgment upon the correctness with which it has been elaborated, is capable of affording a degree of gratification equal in intensity to the most exquisite perceptions of the internal sense, but wholly incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Now, I do not mean to assert that the fugue and canon form of composition is entirely destitute of interest to the uninitiated listener, or that there are no fugues in which a sufficient amount of sensational element can be found to gratify a general auditory, but I maintain that the principal charm of that form of composition is derived from a careful study of the art of

counterpoint, and chiefly appeals to the learned musician, who, acquainted with the musical method developed in the work, is enabled to trace the phrase, and its answer, through all the intricacies of the various parts, through all the evolutions in which counterpoint reveals, and realizes the satisfaction derived from the exercise of his judgment being called into activity.

Of course it will be understood that the exercise of this faculty requires for its subject a masterpiece of art, and admits of modification, only in judging of the two classes of figures to which I have referred, viz., the sensational and the purely scientific. As illustrations of this form, I may mention the fugues of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn, and some other composers, many of whose works command admiration as much by their sensational beauty as by the wondrous ability displayed in their construction; whilst of the other class of fugue writers, I might quote with propriety the names of Luca da Marcuzzo, Fux, Hendel, Orlando de Lassus, Giovanni Urnati, Manuel Gardoso, and last but not least, Palestrina, and others of a contemporaneous period, to prove that some minds (especially such as derive intense gratification from the study of this style of music) can only be satisfied through the medium of that perception and judgment which delights in the science and forms of scholastic method wholly unrelieved by that sensational beauty which chiefly appeals to the imagination.

I have previously mentioned that there is a third definition of taste. I now propose saying a few words in reference to it. High literary authorities have defined it as the effect of the imagination, whose activity perceiving the idea intended in a design suffers its perceptions to supply deficiencies, which else offend the judgment. I can offer no better illustration of this definition of "taste" than by referring to certain works of art, which, whilst acknowledged to be *Chefs d'Œuvre* of sculpture, can only be said to be perfect in the limited sense I have attempted to describe. Take, for instance, the *Ercole*, the *Gladiators* in the Palace of Chigi, and the *Apollo Belvedere*. The very mention of these highly admired works of art suggests an excellence that, to many, seems synonymous with perfection, and yet we have the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds for asserting that none of these figures represent the human form in its full perfection; indeed to the mind, undirected by the peculiar kind of taste I am considering, these sculptures constantly inspire feelings of disappointment and surprise; but to the beholder who views them through the medium of that taste which I am describing, the imaginative perspective embodied in the statues the special attributes they were designed to represent, and their peculiar excellencies are apparent. The *Ercole* becomes the representation of muscular strength, the *Gladiators* spring into life as the embodiment of matchless activity, whilst the *Apollo* fills the mind with conceptions of grace and ideal beauty far transcending even that which the mere external image presents. It is, then, as suggestive of the attributes of strength, activity, and grace, that these images become *Chefs d'Œuvre*; but, I repeat, they can only become so, to the mind which apprehends historically the characteristics of the *Ercole*, *Gladiator*, and *Apollo*, and to the intellect capable of satisfying the judgment through the exercise of the imagination which can detect those characteristics portrayed in the statues. How many musical compositions could I mention which require an interpretation founded on precisely the same quality of taste which discovers the peculiar merits of these statues! I cannot cite the music of Meyerbeer as illustrative of an excellence equal in degree to that which has judiciously the works of sculpture I have named, nor do I think it unduly to say that the venerated antiquities of Greek art against any productions of modern times; but I find that the same "character of mind" that can, by the exercise of imagination, discover the ideal beauties of statuary only half revealed in execution, is necessary to appreciate many musical compositions of our own time, chief among which are *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Africain*, and other productions of their justly esteemed composer. Nearly all Meyerbeer's music is suggestive of ideas which fail in actual musical representation, and therefore he presents us with a species of composition only capable of satisfying the judgment through the exercise of the imagination. Admitting that judgment requires correct form, order and design, in musical composition, Meyerbeer's music cannot fully satisfy the critic. In its appeal to the action of the "internal sense," which requires an idea so obviously represented in the music, that it matters not whether the listener be instructed in the science or not, Meyerbeer's music proves unsatisfactory; but when we admit that judgment may pronounce a verdict in favour of that which the imagination fills up, and there to be the exercise of perceiving an idea, which the music even imperfectly suggests, these compositions of Meyerbeer become eminently calculated to please; and whilst they but half satisfy the judgment, except as suggestions for ideas to the mind, they are well adapted to find favour with the idealist and imaginative musical taste.

In the works of this composer, moreover, there is another remarkable feature illustrative of my subject. The passions of the human mind,

such as love, hatred, fear, anger, and revenge, are all more or less suggested by the music, though none of them are, or could be portrayed, so as to be actually manifest in its phraseology. That they can be even suggested by music, however, is an evidence of the composer's appreciation of the highest aims of genius; and though I doubt whether any work of art can ever become an impersonation of mental emotion in its completeness, the approximation to this representation constitutes a point of exceeding excellence, and the quality of taste I have been describing, compensates, by the power of imagination, for the deficiency of representative power in the art, and by mentally clarifying the facts, only partially developed in the composition, justifies the judgment, atones for some violations of the strict rules of science, and imparts a charm to a certain species of ideal music, amounting to the highest gratification that can be realized by "musical taste."

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

This oratorio, which has ever been regarded by musicians as one of the most stupendous monuments of their art, was written in the year 1738, and was the fifth work of the kind which its author produced in England. Like its great successor the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt* differs from all Handel's other oratorios in not being cast in a dramatic form, and in the words being entirely selected from the Holy Scriptures. The compiler of the texts is unknown; Handel himself has been supposed to have made the selection, but there is no evidence to warrant such an assumption; and as in no other instance has the choice of the text of his compositions ever been attributed to him (for the story of his resenting the interference of some of the bishops in respect of the words of the Coronation Anthem is too idle to merit serious notice), it may be reasonably doubted whether he departed from his usual course in the present case.

It was Handel's general practice to note upon his scores the times of the commencement and completion of the composition, as well as those at which he finished various intermediate portions of the work. The memoranda of this kind on the manuscript of *Israel in Egypt* are of a peculiarly interesting character, and furnish us with valuable evidence of the progress of the composition. They are as follows:—"On the first page is written '15th October, 1738,' and 'Act No. 2:—' and on this and the following page the author has written 'Completed the oratorio, and as often erased what had begun.' On the page on which the work as it now stands commences, is written 'Part No. 2 of Exodus.' At the end of the chorus 'And beloved the Lord' are the words 'Fine della parte 2da d'Exodus {October, 20} 1738. Over the chorus 'Moses and the children of Israel' is written 'Moses' Song, Exodus, chap. 15. Introitus,' and 'Anfangen, Oct. 1, 1738' (i.e., began, Oct. 1, 1738); and at the foot of the last page of the oratorio, 'Fine, October 11, 1738; den 1 November, völlig geendigt' (i.e., completely finished, 1 November). Hence it appears that the work was begun and ended the 1st October and 1st November; that the actual time occupied on the composition was only seventeen days, viz., from the 1st to the 11th, and from the 15th to 20th October, the remainder of the month being devoted to the filling up and revision of what I previously have written; and that it was intended to call the oratorio *Exodus*. From the composer's manuscript we also learn the names of the singers to whom the several songs, &c., were entrusted on the first performance of the oratorio; viz., Signora Francesca, Mr. Savage, Mr. Beard, Mr. Waltz, Mr. Reinhold, and Robinson's boy; these names being written by the pencil of Handel over the solo places. The young vocalist, about whose name the great composer was so indifferent, was no doubt one of the choristers of Westminster Abbey, who were at that time under the mastership of John Robinson, the organist of that church.

The first performance of *Israel in Egypt* took place at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on 4th April, 1739, being thus announced:—

HAY-MARKET.

At the KING'S THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET, this day, April 4, will be performed a New Oratorio, called

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

With Several Concertos on the Organ, and particularly a new one. Pit and Boxes to be put together.

And no Persons to be admitted without Tickets, which will be delivered this Day, at the office in the Hay-Market, at Hall's-Galley. Gallery, 5s. The Gallery will be open at Five, and Pit and Boxes at Six. To begin at Seven o'clock.

The work, there is reason to apprehend, was but coldly received, since on the following day it was announced for repetition on the 11th April, "with Alterations and Additions, and the two last Concertos on the Organ, being the last time of performing it;" but on the 10th

April there appeared another announcement, in which it was stated that "the oratorio will be abridged and intermixed with songs." What these songs were we learn from the original score, wherein Handel has pencilled their titles at the several places of their introduction. They were four in number, were all sung by Signora Francesca, and with one exception, were in the Italian language. Whether the intermixture of the songs gained for the oratorio any additional labour is uncertain: no announcement was made on the next day, but on the 18th April one of the journals published the following letter:—

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE 'LONDON DAILY POST.'"

"Sir,—Upon my arrival in town three days ago, I was not a little surprised to find that Mr. Handel's last oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, which had been performed but once, was advertised to be for the last time on Wednesday. I was almost tempted to think that his genius had failed him, but must have myself agreeably disappointed. I was not only pleased, but also amused by it; for I never yet met with any musical performance in which the words and sentiments were so thoroughly studied, and so clearly understood; and as the words are taken from the Bible, they are, perhaps, some of the most sublime parts of it. I was, indeed, concerned that so excellent a work of so great a genius was neglected; for though it was a polite and attentive audience, it was not large enough, I doubt, to encourage him in any future attempt. As I should be extremely sorry to be deprived of hearing this again, and find many of the auditors in the same disposition, yet, being afraid Mr. Handel will not undertake it without some public encouragement, because he may think himself precluded by his advertisement (that it was to be for the last time), I must beg leave, by your means, to convey, not only my own, but the desire of several others, that he will perform this again some time next week.

"I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

A. Z."

This was followed by the appearance of a paragraph on the next day, which stated that, "We are informed that Mr. Handel, at the desire of several persons of distinction, intends to perform again his last new Oratorio of *Israel in Egypt* on Tuesday next, the 17th inst." A third performance accordingly took place, and on the 18th April a fourth was announced for the 19th; but when the day arrived, the newspaper stated that *Israel in Egypt* had been advertised "by mistake," and that instead thereof *Saul would be performed*. Undisturbed by this misadventure of success, Handel again announced his great work for the following season (1740), for performance on 1st April. "For that day only is this season." On this occasion the anthem composed by Handel in 1737 for the funeral of Queen Caroline, George the Second's wife, was prefixed as a first part, under the name of the "Lamentation of the Israelites for the Death of Joseph." The two parts of the oratorio (with some omissions and additions, followed as we have said, and cited parts. This time the noble work seems to have found its better day on the previous occasions, and it was withdrawn for a period of six years, when Handel again ventured to bring it out. It was twice given during the season (on 17th and 24th March, 1756), this time with a first part made up by a selection, chiefly from *Solima*; the original work, with interpolations and omissions, forming the second and third parts. On the 4th March, 1757, and 29th February, 1758, the oratorio was again given with apparently the same arrangement, and with the exception of a performance at Oxford, these were the only times it was heard in the composer's lifetime. Thenceforward various "arrangements" were performed under the name of *Israel in Egypt*, until a century had passed since its composition; when on 16th March, 1858, the Sacred Harmonic Society ventured to perform the oratorio as originally written. But the good time had not even then arrived, and the interpolations and alterations were again resorted to, and yet more, until at length the same body, on the 23rd February, 1862, again tried the experiment of giving the work in its integrity, and this time with success, the oratorio having ever since been performed intact. It is not difficult to divine the causes of the original want of success of *Israel in Egypt*. The unusual structure of the work, consisting chiefly of choruses, the inadequacy of the executive means of Handel's day to give expression to the gigantic conception (a difficulty not yet wholly overcome, since, with all the attainments of modern choral arrangements far exceeding those of many principal vocalists of Handel's time—it is sometimes perilous to venture on a performance of some of the more complex choruses, particularly "The people shall hear"), and the less generally cultivated taste of the audience, all contributed towards it. Now that, after the lapse of 124 years, its merits are fully acknowledged, it is listened to with reverence, and the verdict of the musician is confirmed by the general public.

It may be here incidentally noticed that, in 1746, Handel adapted into his *Oceanical Oratorio*, composed to celebrate the defeat of the Pretender, several pieces from *Israel in Egypt*. In the composition of *Israel in Egypt*, Handel availed himself of some of his earlier works. Thus, his "six fugues for the Harpsichord" furnished material for the choruses, "They loathed to drink" and "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," in the first part; and a *Magnificat* with Latin words for

double choir, probably composed during his residence at Rome in 1707, was laid under contribution for seven or eight pieces in the second part. Some ideas in the first part were likewise derived from a serenata for voices and instruments, by Alessandro Stradella, whilst the chorus "Egypt was glad" is an adaptation of a canzone or organ-piece, by Johann Casper Kerl. The texts forming the first part of this oratorio are chiefly taken from the 105th and 106th Psalms, with the occasional introduction of particular passages from the 74th Psalm and also from the Book of Exodus. The words of the second part, consisting of the Song of Praise of Moses and the children of Israel on their deliverance, are wholly taken from the 15th chapter of Exodus.

W. H. H.

Trieste.—Signor Pacini's new "Dante Sinfonia" will be shortly performed here by the members of the "Circolo degli Artisti." These gentlemen inaugurated their present season by a grand concert, which was attended by the King and Queen of Portugal, the Princes Humbert and Amédée, the Princess Iolinde, the Prince of Carignano, the Duchess of Genoa, etc. Nearly all the instrumentalists and vocalists were amateurs. After the concert, the King of Portugal expressed a desire to be entered on the list of members.—According to report the Corporation intend founding a school for choral singing and stringed instruments.—It appears that Government has at length determined on granting officers' rank to the bandmasters of the army. There will be two classes, lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. It is said the new arrangement will come into force on the 1st January, 1866.

Florence.—(From an Occasional Correspondent.)—The Quartet Society of Classical German Music is in full activity. The chief patrons of its concerts, however, are foreigners, not nationally bound in prejudice against the goodness of all but Italian composition. Florence is the least backward among her sister cities, excepting, perhaps, Genoa, in that special branch of culture which consists in the admission of excellence wherever found in the melodious world. But here, also, the acknowledgment of German merit is but so-so, owing rather to the constitutional mildness of local manners towards all things and people in general—always excepting those that come from Piedmont—than to any enlightened readiness to acknowledge the genius of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and others not of Italian growth. The Società del Quartetto has, for this season, secured the co-operation of Herr Rhabarber, the acknowledged violinist of the present day. His friend and companion, Herr Hilpert, a good violoncellist. These gentlemen play sometimes at M. Pulzky's evening parties, the most cosmopolitan gatherings in Florence. At the last of these *conversazioni* I had the pleasure of meeting Vogt, who came here to induce the Government to try the wonderful invention by which the original vividness of colour in oil pictures is restored without being touched. Professor Vogt told me that in the covered gallery leading from the Uffizi to the Pitti there are at least a thousand *quadri*, many from very good masters, heaped up in nooks and corners, in a shocking state of neglect and decay. 'This is the way in which jealous Florence watches over the conservation of her art treasures. These are the people who are raising a hue and cry against the northern barbarians who try to remove dirt which has been accumulating over what may be the most precious piece of antiquity.' I heard, Saturday last, a German painter at that other villa of noble Florentine hospitality, the house of Mr. Williams, at the Tre Strada, now within extended Florence, and never too far for such as had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Williams, Mr. A. Trollope, Signor and Signora Mario, Mr. Pulzky, and a number of English and American ladies and gentlemen were there enjoying the artistic pleasures with tea and chat and supper. In the evening Herr Schulz played "The Bluebird" and some songs without words. The latter was said to possess talent as a conductor of an orchestra, but he is a German, and accordingly the *Corriere Italiano* accuses him and the foreign ladies who patronise his aspirations to be somebody in particular.

RHABARBER.

[Of course, Herr Rhabarber is not Dr. Rhabarber of the I.O.U. Club, and a Multitonian. But if he be, why has he 'teutonicised' his name?—D. PETERK.]

* Doubts have been attempted to be cast on this *Magnificat* being the composition of Handel, on the ground of a copy in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society bearing the superscription "Magnificat del Rd. Signor Erba," whence it has been argued that the work is the production of a composer of that name. It must, however, be remembered that the copy bears evident marks of having been made in England; that the only person bearing the name Erba, known in musical history, was an Italian violin-player (called by one biographer a Milanese, and by another a Roman), whose only recorded compositions were for his own instrument; and that there is a score of the *Magnificat*, in Handel's handwriting, amongst his other manuscripts at Buckingham Palace.

Darmstadt.—*L'Africaine* continues to be most attractive. The demand for places is as great as ever. As some proof of this we will quote an anecdote or two published by *Die Signale*. It appears that a rich vineyard proprietor of the Rheinstadt desired two good places for a certain night, and spent about a couple of pounds in telegraphic messages, because he thought he might obtain better seats than those offered him. But while he kept thus changing and changing, tickets kept getting scarcer and scarcer, till at length he had the satisfaction of finding that all he could command was—standing room for two. Anecdote No. 2 is to the following effect: A select company of artists residing in the city, hired an omnibus, which they dismissed on reaching town, as they meant to return home by rail. But the lumbering vehicle had been rather longer on the road than they anticipated. The opera had commenced, and not a place was to be procured for love or money. Of course they were highly indignant, and enraged. Equally of course, they adjourned to an hotel to shake their fiery passion. This required time, the more so as the wine was especially good. The result was that Meyerbeer's auditors found, on reaching the railway station, that the last train had already started. They now returned to the hotel, with the intention of sleeping there. But they were not the only visitors attracted by *L'Africaine*, and, unfortunately, some of the others had been beforehand, and secured all the beds in the house. Our friends now went to a second hotel, and, in due time, to all the hotels, taverns, wine-shops, and lodging-houses in the town. Everywhere they received, in answer to their request for accommodation, the same invariable reply: "Full! some gentlemen come to see the *Africaine* have taken all our beds." As enthusiastic admirers of Meyerbeer, they could not fail to be highly delighted with such a state of things, but as weary mortals seeking a couch it was far from cheering.

No resource was now left them save to perambulate the streets all night, and this they made up their minds to do. Even so they did. Everywhere they walked, however, for, whether they stole about too mysteriously, and resembled traitors and conspirators about to shake the rights of reigning sovereigns to the very centre by overthrowing the Grand-Ducal Throne, or, whether, *Diachni pleti*, they ran into the opposite extreme and were more than usually noisy and obstreperous, they were eventually taken care of by the police, who marched them off to prison, where they had full leisure for their nocturnal far different, and far superior, was the plan pursued by a number of Meyerbeerites residing at Offenbach. These gentlemen hired a large wagon commonly used for removing goods, and furnished it with everything calculated for use and comfort. They provided a table, a sofa, and chairs; plus, hams, tongues, bread, wine, beer, and various other things too numerous to mention. They were not going to run any risk. When they reached their destination, they left their strange conveyance drawn up before the theatre, but returned to it, every time the curtain fell, to refresh their exhausted nature. At the termination of the performance, after Selika had breathed her last, a supper was laid out in the furniture-van, and, amid the clinking of glasses, and cheers for Meyerbeer and *L'Africaine*, the cumbersome fabric moved slowly off its occupants, as they proceeded on their road, regaling with what strains they recollected from the opera the cars of the astonished Darmstadtians.

ALEXANDRIA.—The operatic season was inaugurated at the Rossini Theatre by *La Traviata*.

MILAN.—Yesterday evening, at the Teatro Carcano, took place the first representation of *Lucia di Lamermoor*, with Frizzolini as the heroine, aided by the tenor Sarti, and the baritone Gustave Garcia. The execution was not in all respects perfect, but was raised to a high degree of musical and artistic excellence by Madame Frizzolini. It might be possible to find a more ardent Lucia, but it would be impossible to find a more perfect vocalist; and no one could more admirably, or in more loving and poetic accents, reveal the delicate mysteries which are concealed in the heart of the Scottish maiden. Madame Frizzolini was admirably seconded by Signora Sarti and Garcia, who shared with her the applause. It is to be regretted that the *mise en scene* left much to be desired, and that the Scottish cavaliers presented themselves, at the wedding festivities at Ashton Castle, in the Turkish trousers worn by them at Antioch (in *La Sonnambula*). The dress of Lucia, also, although certainly elegant in itself—with its abundant crinolines, low train, and fashionable trimming—formed a singular contrast with the little Scotch petticoat ("gonnellino," *ty. kith*) and the naked legs of her brother. It would seem that the Scottish heroine must, in imagination, have foreseen the fashions of the time of Louis XV.—Mlle. Adeline Paul will appear at the Teatro Regio, Turin, Dec. 20, in *La Sonnambula*. The second revival will take place Dec. 22. On the 25th, 26th, and 29th, the unrivalled artist will appear in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.—*The Pungolo*, Milan, Dec. 14th.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Director.—Mr. S. J. B. GOSWELL.—The director begs to announce that the EIGHTH SEASON OF THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS will commence on Monday evening, January 15th, 1866, and that the performances of the series will take place as follows:—

Monday, January 15th,
Monday, January 22nd,
Monday, January 29th,
Monday, February 5th,
Monday, February 12th,
Monday, February 19th,
Monday, February 26th,
Monday, March 5th,
Monday, March 12th.

Monday, March 19th,
Monday, March 26th,
Monday, April 2nd,
Monday, April 9th,
Monday, April 16th,
Monday, April 23rd,
Monday, April 30th,
Monday, May 7th,
Monday, May 14th,
Monday, May 21st,
Monday, May 28th,
Monday, June 4th,
Monday, June 11th,
Monday, June 18th,
Monday, June 25th,
Monday, July 2nd (extra concert for the benefit of the Director).

Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays—February 10th, 17th, 24th, March 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th.
(Here Joachim will appear on February 12th, and at every succeeding concert up to Easter.)

Signor Hallé will make his first appearance on Monday, February 19th, and continue to lead the post of principal violinist till the end of the season.
Mr. C. J. J. Hallé will appear at the second and third (January 22nd and 29th), and Madame Archibald (Goddard) at the fourth and fifth (February 5th and 12th).

Subscribers names received by CROSSLAND & CO., 20, New Bond Street.
For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director proposes to issue subscription tickets at 45 (twenty-five) shillings, entitling holders to a special & 4s. 6d. stall, selected by themselves, for the whole series of 23 concerts, viz., 16 Monday Evenings, and 7 Saturday Mornings.
Subscription to the seven Monday Evenings, 4s. 6d.
Here Strauss is engaged as principal violin for the first five concerts.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT. (BEETHOVEN NIGHT.)

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 71, No. 13.—MR. STRAUSS, 1. RIER, H. WARR,
and FAGER. Beethoven.
LIEDER, Kreis.—MR. STRAUSS. Beethoven.
SONATA, in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Piano-forte.—MR. FRANKLIN TAYLOR. Beethoven.

PART II.

SERENADE, in D major, Op. 9, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.—MR.
FRANKLIN TAYLOR. Beethoven.
SONO, "A l'italienne"—MR. STRAUSS. Beethoven.
SONATA, in A, Op. 17, No. 2, Piano-forte and Violin.—MR. FRANKLIN
TAYLOR and HERR STRAUSS. Beethoven.

Conductor Mr. D'NEEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Boxes, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. to be had of ARNOLD, 25, Piccadilly; KERN, Pinner, & Co., 44, Chancery; and CHAPMAN & Co., 40, New Bond Street.

WALLACE MEMORIAL FUND.

The Committee of this Fund, intended for the benefit of the Widow and Young Children of the late eminent composer, W. Wallace Wallace, have great pleasure in announcing that the

FIRST MEMORIAL CONCERT

will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms (kindly granted for the purpose by the proprietor, ROBERT COOK, Esq.), on Thursday evening, January 4th, 1866, when a Selection from the Works of Mr. Wallace will be given. The following distinguished Artists have volunteered their services on the occasion:—

MADAME LAWRENCE, SINGING, Miss WYCKOFF, Mr. W. H. CROWE,
Mr. J. G. PATEY, Mr. H. BLAGGINS, M. LEBRON.

Programmes and Tickets of all the Musicians. Donations to the Fund may be sent to the Hon. Secy. of CHAMBER & CO., 201, Regent Street, who will also receive the names of artists desirous of assisting at the Second Concert in February.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has the copyright of a few original Musical Lectures to dispose of.—126, St. Paul's Road, Camden-square, N.W.

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A NEW WORK

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

In this work, from the analysis of the moral source and intention of music, certain principles are discovered which not only add the due appreciation of actual musical works, but are suggestive with reference to the future growth and purification of music, both in form and style. Among Subscribers are E. P. Rimond, L.L.D., J. W. Davison, Esq.; C. Stegall, Mus. Doc.; W. Chappell, F.R.S.; Miss Sabina Neville, &c.

Prior to Subscribers, &c.

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Musician's of the 18th century. Also the first edition of the "Musical Development"
by Joseph Goddard, 126, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, London, N.W.
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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LASTRA SIBOLITINA, March Fern.—Does our correspondent remember a certain passage in Sir Thomas Brown's *Hydrophobia*—beginning—"The rumour charms against droller, till the strangling weeds," &c. &c. If not, let him consult Mr. Horace Mather.

PECUS.—The 22nd Old, Book 1.—"Integer vix scelerisque puer," &c. The Ode to Musaeus. Pecus is a wag.

A. S. S.—A symphony in F minor by G. A. Macfarren, a symphony in E flat by Mr. G. Calkin (sen.), an overture in C minor by Mr. German Reed, 1855.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

THE *New Berliner Musik-Zeitung* has been publishing some very interesting papers under the heading of "*Beethoven and Marie Pächler-Kewchak*." So acceptable do we think they will prove to our readers, that we give a translation of them.

In the supplement to the *Angsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, of the 21st July, 1865, a notice of *Beethoven's Letters* as edited by Noll contains the following observations word for word:—

"The unhappy Master was again carried away in the year 1816 by a violent passion, the object of his affections on this occasion being Madlle. Marie Kewchak of Gatz, a highly accomplished *dilettante* in art, who afterwards became the wife of Dr. Pächler, an advocate, and, also, played a friendly part in Schumann's life."

Let the son of Madame Marie Pächler-Kewchak himself give as explanation that will cause the above assertion to appear extremely hezardous, if it does not entirely refute it, and which will, at any rate, add some not uninteresting touches to the portrait of the great master.

Scarcely had the third edition of Schindler's *Biography of Beethoven* been published, before Mr. Thayer, who was then collecting materials of the same nature, made enquiries of me concerning the correctness of the assertions contained in Vol. I., p. 95 of that work, it having struck him and others that, without any doubt, the lady referred to in the passage in question was my Mother. I communicated to him with the greatest pleasure what I had learnt from my Mother herself about her acquaintanceship with Beethoven, and showed him the few things she possessed written in the master's own hand, so that he might take a copy. The result of this was to convince us beyond a doubt that either the facts or the dates in Schindler's book, as far as they concern my Mother, are wrongly given or erroneously interpreted. Since then years have elapsed. Meanwhile, Mr. Thayer has published merely a chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works; but has not been able to complete the Biography. As, however, in the interim, Herr Noll has collected and published *Beethoven's Letters*, giving, in his

* Addressed to the Editor by Dr. Faust Pächler.

† Munich, 1860. 2 vols. 8vo. Auschendorf.

‡ Berlin, 1865. 8vo. Published by Schmeier.

§ Stuttgart, 1865. 8vo. Cotta.

remarks on Letters 80 and 135, my Mother's name at full length, and, after the example set by Schindler, mixing it up with a love affair of Beethoven's, which, as a natural consequence, is going the round of the papers, I consider myself justified, may more bound to make public the refutation with which I furnished Mr. A. Thayer of Schindler's, and consequently Nohl's statements.

Schindler refers to my Mother the pious contents of a fly-sheet, or page from a diary, a fac-simile of which is appended to Vol. I of his book, and, in support of his assumption, depends upon certain information supplied by Mlle. Giannatizio del Rio.

Let me now give the two extracts in question.

The first, that is to say what Beethoven himself wrote,* and which Schindler attributes to the year 1817 or 1818, runs as follows:—

"Only love—yes, only that is able to render your life happier—oh, God!—let me at least find her—yes, the one—who strengthens me in virtue—who is *allotted* to me." Baden the 27th Sept.—the M. drove by, and it appeared as though she looked at me."

Here is the second, namely Schindler's explanation:—

"The object of this autumnal love was well-known to the author, and two letters addressed by her, in the years 1825 and 1826, to Beethoven when she had been subsequently married at Graz and become Mlad. M. L. P.—r, are comprehended in the correspondence left by Beethoven and now in my possession. Beethoven cherished for many years his affection for her—and it was not a secret to her. To her and to no one else can we refer the confession made by Beethoven in September, 1816, to the principal of a *boys' school*, *Giannatizio del Rio*, and given by the latter's discharge in the notice of Beethoven, which together with twenty-eight letters from Beethoven to Giannatizio was printed in the *Grandsølle* for the second quarter of 1857. This confession was to the effect that he was unhappy in his love; that *five years previously*, he had made the acquaintance of a person with whom he should have considered it the greatest happiness of his life to have more nearly connected. Such a thing, however, was entirely out of the question; almost an impossibility, a chimera, and yet the matter was in the same state as on the very first day. This history had not yet found. The affair, however, had never been brought to a declaration, but he had not been able to get it off his mind."

Schindler says "the affair had never been brought to a declaration," and yet he asserts that Beethoven's partiality for my Mother "was not unknown to her." However possible this might have been of itself, as women generally divine a passion inspired by themselves, it appears extremely improbable in this particular instance. Though no lady, indeed, could have any reason to be ashamed of the love of a Beethoven, especially when it assumed so discreet a form, and though my Mother reposed the most flattering confidence in me, never did she, in the remotest manner, let fall a hint that, at any time, she had perceived on the Master's part an "autumnal" partiality for herself. For the present, therefore, I cannot see why Schindler should assert that, in his opinion, the Master's partiality was "not a secret to her." Schindler goes on to say "to her and to no one else," etc., adding that Beethoven's confession respecting her was made in September, 1816, and referred to some one with whom he had become acquainted "five years previously" (that is in the year 1811). But Beethoven did not make my Mother's acquaintance till the year 1817.

It appears, therefore, that it was not Marie Pachler-Koschak but some other "person" who was Beethoven's last love, and, at any rate, Nohl is wrong when he says in his remark on the Letter, of the 8th March, 1816, sent by Beethoven in Vienna to Ries in London, that the passage: "All sorts of kind things to your wife. Unfortunately, I love no one, I only found one, whom I shall probably never possess"† refers to my Mother. I am strengthened in my opinion all the more, because Schindler enounces the leaf already mentioned to have been written in the year 1817 or 1818, and, at the same time, speaks of M. L. P.—r as having been "sub-

sequently" married. But my Mother had been married since the year 1816, and spoke to Beethoven only in the years 1817 and 1823. This incorrectness of date alone renders Schindler's whole explanation liable to suspicion, especially as he was personally acquainted both with Marie's husband and brother-in-law.

I regret, therefore, that Herr Nohl, who applied to me when he was about to publish Mozart's Letters,* should have unhesitatingly repeated, without inquiry or test, these assertions of Schindler's. Had he investigated the matter more carefully, he would have found that my mother was distinguished by Beethoven for quite another reason than that assigned by himself and Schindler: not because she was a beautiful woman, but because she was an admirable pianist.

Since, however, Marie Pachler-Koschak has been mentioned so prominently in connection with Beethoven, the admirers—and biographers—of the latter may not be sorry to obtain some information respecting a lady to whom his last love is said to have been devoted. The details which follow are derived partly from the lips of my Mother herself, and partly from various papers left by her, letters, bills, and so on. For their accuracy I will vouch. To them may be added various extracts from letters addressed to her, letters treating of the latter days of Beethoven's life, and, also, correcting or completing the first statements made by Schindler. The good "ami de Beethoven," as Schindler was derisively called in Vienna,† used his materials in a very uncritical manner, and relied with far too much levity on his recollection.

FAUST PACHLER.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—The success of Meyerbeer's last great work in Germany bids fair to equal that excited by any of his previous compositions. This is especially the case at Darmstadt, but, just as there is no rose without a thorn, there is no triumph quite unalloyed. Will you permit me to bring under your notice the following letter, addressed to a German contemporary, to prove that there are some persons even in Germany who are living witnesses of the truth of the old, old, proverb: "A man is no prophet in his own country" :—

"DARMSTADT.

"The telegraphic messages and accounts in the various papers will long ere this have made known to you the extraordinary impression produced by *L'Africain* here. I have, therefore, only to state that the writers in the newspapers of our city, as well as those of the neighbouring towns, who are proud of the impartiality and correctness of their musical criticisms, display a perfect unanimity of opinion. Allow me to refer to the judgment pronounced by the most severe of all our local critics, the critic of the *Heimische Landesszeitung*, and to make a few quotations from what he says, as the best evidence of the attention paid by us to the movement going on in art-criticism: 'To shrug up one's shoulders when Meyerbeer is mentioned, is, as everyone knows, the right thing to do among "professionals." Why not? Did not Schumann, a master of the first rank, write, in the year 1837, a notice on the *Huguenots*, in terms not quite worthy of so noble a mind as his? Schumann, who, according to Hanslick, the aesthetic, was a mild, and frequently too mild a judge, set a mischievous example by his famous criticism on the *Huguenots*; for it subsequently was regarded as a mark of classical taste to perceive in Meyerbeer the scene of musical *Raffinement*, and to declare this on every possible occasion.—We know very well that there are in Germany a large number of writers upon music who entertain a contemptuous opinion of all modern opera, who possess no other critical standard than the classics, and who, with this, strike at once to the ground all the "modern abortions" produced by a striding after effect, and a lifeless tickling of the senses.' Of course in each instance, the 'villain'd' public is roundly lectured. We may boldly

* Nohl, Mozart's Letters, 1865. Rev. Published by Mayr, Salzburg.

† It is said that he actually had visiting cards on which the above words were added to his name, as "Censurleur antique," or similar ones are added to those of other persons.

* Schindler does not say, however, how or when he came across this fly-leaf, or whence he obtained it.

† Nohl, Beethoven's Letters, p. 135.

assert of any critic who sees in Meyerbeer nothing to praise and nothing to admire, simply because Meyerbeer was *speculative*, that he possesses no knowledge of opera, that is, of what renders music dramatically and theatrically effective.—We Germans write much better music, but the Italians have produced far more good operas. This avowal cannot hurt our feelings, for opera is the *only* field of music cultivated by the Italians. When a German happens to excel in operatic compositions all foreign rivals, and, for half a century, commands the admiration of all Europe—then the simplest patriotic feeling of propriety ought to render impossible the unworthy and empty tone in which German critics so often speak of Meyerbeer.—*L'Africain*—as far as abundant melody is concerned—stands next to *Robert le Diable*, while, in a dramatic light, it disputes the palm with the *Huguenots*; without entirely possessing the powerful and overpowering character of the latter, it rises, in many pieces, to that deeply-moving and mighty expression which belongs to Meyerbeer more than to any other modern composer.

The word "Raffinement" which I have left untranslated is rather a difficult one to render. The nearest approach to it, as used here, is "artificiality" or "affectedness."

I think that, after perusing this letter from Darmstadt, you will agree with me that it is a great pity that some of the "professionals" (*"Musiker vom Fach"*), who shrug up their shoulders at the very mention of Meyerbeer's name, can not write in the same "artificial" or "affected" style that Meyerbeer wrote in. I furthermore think that, like me, you will go so far as to promise you will not shrug up your shoulders at them, if they ever do.

Yours, X.

MR. BENEDICT has visited Norwich this week, on the business of the forthcoming musical festival.

THE BACH SOCIETY.—We much regret to hear that the report about the approaching "wind up" of the Bach Society is not unfounded. It deserved a longer life. Its object was most admirable, and its dissolution will be regretted by all who care for high-class music, and who look upon the great John Sebastian as the father of harmony.

BRIGHTON (From a Correspondent).—The last of Madame Arabella Goddard's "Pianoforte Recitals" (Wednesday evening, 30th ult.), was the most successful of the three. The "Favillon" was literally thronged with "fashion" and genuine connoisseurship. For this audience of elite, the fair pianist played her very best; and a richer, more varied, more refined treat was never given to amateurs of the instrument over which she supremely reigns as queen. A mere sketch of the programme will suffice to show that this "Recital" fully equalled, if it did not indeed surpass, either of its predecessors in sustained musical interest. The first piece was W. Sterndale Bennett's exquisitely graceful *Rondo Piccolo* (in F). To this succeeded a bouquet of contrapuntal flowers, from the gardens of three of the rare old masters, viz.—the melodious Fugue in B flat, from J. S. Bach's first set of *Six Fugues* for the *Harpsichord* (which have nothing to do with the five Fugues belonging to the *Suites de Pianos*); the famous "Cat Fugue" (in G minor), of Domenico Scarlatti; and the Prelude and Fugue (in G major) from the second book of the *Clavier wohl Temperirt* ("48 Preludes and Fugues"). After the intricate mazes of the *fugue* came the elegant strains of an *Andante* (in E flat), by Hummel, once universally popular, and now re-welcomed with delight as something quite as good as new. Then we had Beethoven's *Mondstein Sonata* ("Moonlight Sonata"—in C sharp minor); and, lastly, Benedict's incomparable *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks." The *Rondo* and the *fantasia* were both encored. Madame Goddard's performance was superb from first to last. I shall not take up your space in attempting a description of it; but I must add that, so far as I am able to judge, she is playing this year better than ever. True, it is difficult for such an artist to stand still. The chaste and unaffected singing of Mrs. George Dolby, in songs by Mozart, Benedict, and Wallace, was an agreeable episode in a charming entertainment. Mr. Ardley was the accompanist.

[Our correspondent is thanked for his contribution, which at the same time would have been still more welcome a month or so earlier.—D. PETERS.]

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

M. Flotow—or M. de Flotow, as he is called here—has journeyed all the way from Germany to superintend the production of his opera *Martha* at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Not merely to superintend his opera, however, since its production involved very serious changes which M. Carvalho would not take upon himself to see carried out without the sanction and even presence of the composer. M. Carvalho is prone to alteration in classic opera and prompt to undertake them—witness how he has handled *Der Freischütz*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and other works of the great masters, which more conscientious and less daring managers would have shrunk from attempting. We may naturally suppose that M. Carvalho looks upon M. Flotow, or de Flotow, as a great master, and consequently he treats the work of a great master, as is his custom, as though it stood in need of revision and amendment. Nevertheless, as M. Flotow himself approved of the alteration in *Martha* no one has a right to find fault with the manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique, nor has the public serious cause to grumble. *Martha* was a very pretty opera as it stood, and, for my own part, with all the "improvements" accomplished and the additions made, I cannot help thinking that the general effect is not so good as it was. The score is now enlarged by the introduction of three pieces from M. Flotow's opera *L'Ami en peine*, one of them being the celebrated couplet, "Dès le matin, j'ai parcé ma chaumière," with other words written by M. de St. Georges, who, by the way, was the author of the ballet *Lady Henriette*; on, the *Servante de Greenwich*, produced at the Opéra in 1844, and which was the original of *Martha*. It is strange—not, however, altogether unaccountable—that so well informed a writer as M. Gustave Bertrand of *Le Ménestrel*, in his notice of the first performance at the Théâtre-Lyrique, when narrating the origin and history of the subject tracing the various ways in which it had been employed, should have utterly overlooked Mr. Balfe's *Maid of Honour*. Was M. Bertrand ignorant of the existence of the English work? or did he willfully conceal it? In order to strengthen the earlier part of the opera, the "Boor Song," sung by Plumkett, has been transferred from the third to the first act, the effect of which, in my opinion, is only to weaken the third act. The grand soprano air from the *L'Ami en peine* has been interpolated merely to permit Mdlle. Nilsson to triumph in her high notes, where the young Swedish songstress can triumph. Altogether, I prefer the unadulterated *Martha*, which is certainly not a *chef-d'œuvre*, but is an exceedingly agreeable work, and it may be, is destined to live longer than more lordly and profounder compositions. What the changes may effect in the attraction of the opera remains to be told. What a pity that M. Carvalho is nothing if not meddling. M. Flotow, or de Flotow, remained for the second representation, and was so satisfied with the music and the performance that he started off back to Germany. The following is the distribution of the characters in *Martha* at the Théâtre-Lyrique:—*Martha*, Mdlle. Nilsson; *Nancy*, Mdlle. Dubois; *Lionel*, M. Michot; and *Plumkett*, M. Troy. Mdlle. Nilsson was encased in the "Last rose of summer," but the sentimental cantabile is evidently not her style. She gave some parts of the music with charming effect, and the brilliancy and purity of her high tones in the "Spinning-wheel" quartet told wonderfully well. Mdlle. Dubois is not an artist of the first force, but contrived to elicit an encore in the "couplets de chasse" in the third act. Nor can I say much for M. Michot, who roared lustily when the opportunity was afforded him, and who, with forbearance, would do something. M. Troy was more to my taste in Plumkett, singing and acting like an artist, and always without a seeming endeavour to do too much. He was called on to repeat the "couplets de chasse" in the third act and the air borrowed from *L'Ami en peine*. The band and chorus were excellent, and the performance a decided success.

Poor M. Bagier has put his foot in it again at the Italiens. What could have induced him, with such a company, to produce Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, one of his very weakest works, and which nothing short of the genius of Ronconi could have rendered tolerable in representation? Signor Delle-Sedie is an admirable artist, but his grasp is feeble with a part that necessitates the highest tragic powers. Moreover, why, with Signor Fraschini in the theatre, assign the tenor part to Signor Nicolini, who is entirely

out of his line in anything that requires force and passion. Mdlle. Calderon is fit only to undertake characters like Adalgisa, which belong to the repertory of the *comprimaria*. In a theatre like the Italiens, the assignment of *prima donna* parts to Mdlle. Calderon is "out of all else." I liked much better Mdlle. Zeiss, who made her *debut* in Gondt. This young lady—German I should think from her accent—has a fine, powerful, well-rounded contralto voice, which she uses like a well-skilled singer. She has, moreover, a good appearance, and treads the boards as though she had been born on them. A want of finish in her vocalisation, and a little ruggedness in her style, may surely be amended. Mdlle. Zeiss was loudly and unanimously encored in the *romanza* in the second act. I may fairly add that the fair *debutante's* success was decided. The audience at the Italiens have recently been more numerous and brilliant than since the commencement of the season. Your ex-correspondent, Rippington Pipe, accounts for this by supposing that even the expected coming of Adeline Patti attracts the subscribers and the public to the Salle Ventador. I confess the supposition is too subtle for my poor comprehension; but *entre nous* our friend R. P. is profoundly smitten with the young diva. As R. P. never condenses now to read the *Musical World*, I may safely entrust this secret to your columns.

Madame Marie Cabot has reappeared at the Opéra-Comique in the *Amazons* of Aubert. She was received the first night with the most enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the theatre. Until next week your readers must be content with my telling them that the fair and accomplished songstress sang most delightfully, and that her voice seemed to have lost nothing of its peculiar charm.

The second performance of the second series of Popular Concerts of Classical Music was given on Sunday last. The following was the selection:—Overture to *Struensee*—Meyerbeer; Symphony, No. 51—Haydn; Adagio from the Clarinet Quartet (clarinet, M. Grisee)—Mozart; Music to *Le Comte d'Egmont*—Beethoven.

The rumors about the Abbé Liszt, alluded to in my last, was, as I supposed, a perfect canard. The Pope never asks any one beneath a Cardinal, or a Prince of the Blood, to dine with him on great festival days; and, as for the new King of the Belgians, he cannot bear plum-pudding, showing a decided preference for chocolate-cakes. It is strange how these reports get abroad.

Paris, Dec. 26.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN has been elected a member of the Philharmonic Society.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has arrived in London.

VIENNA.—Mr. T. Dubez, harpist to the Countess Esterhazy, lately performed in one of our concerts a brilliant fantasia on Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," by C. Oberthür, with so much success, that he was enthusiastically recalled, when he gave the same composer's graceful harp solo, "Cacale."

MR. AGUSTUS HARRIS has left London for Vienna, *rid Paris*. His employment during his absence will be courting—new singers for the Royal Italian Opera.

MADRID.—Signor Mario has appeared in *Faust* with extraordinary success. He was seconded by Madame Rey-Bella (*Marguerite*) and Signor Merly (*Mephistopheles*). Madame Rosa Caillaud, the celebrated *centriste*, who, it is generally supposed, had retired from the stage, is engaged by M. Caballero del Sur, director of the Madrid theatre. Mr. Charles Adams, the English tenor, will shortly make his first appearance as Vasco di Gama in the *Africaine*. The Queen of Spain has just named as director, without remuneration, of the Imperial Conservatory of Music and of Declamation, Don Adelario Lopez de Arala, member of the Spanish Academy of Madrid.

MR. GEORGE LAKE, the well-known composer, organist, and critic, died on Christmas day after a lengthened indisposition, during the progress of which but little hope was ever entertained of his recovery. Mr. George Lake was the composer of an oratorio called *Daniel*, which was performed at St. Martin's Hall with success, and was subsequently published. He was also editor of a weekly journal, since defunct, called *The Musical Gazette*. A more amiable man was never regretted by a large circle of friends.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Perhaps the most perfect achievement of the Crystal Palace Band, since Herr Auguste Manns "created" it, was its execution of Schumann's second (not second-best but first-best) symphony—the symphony in C major. This was at the last concert but one, another admirable feature in which was Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture. The remainder of the programme consisted, among other things, of Viectemps' *Fantaisie Caprice* in A, played by Mr. H. Blagrove, with a number of vocal pieces, contributed by Mdlles. Sinico and Eli, and Signor Stagno, the best of which was Amner's second air from *Der Freischütz* (by Mdlle. Sinico), violin, Mr. Stelling. There was also the new *Hymn* which M. Gounod has composed, as *offertorium*, in his Mass for St. Cecilia—for solo violin (Mr. Blagrove), with orchestra, and which we conscientiously advise M. Gounod to suppress.

At the last concert, Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* was given entire. As far as the orchestra was concerned, it was the best performance we have yet heard of this romantic and beautiful *Cantata*; the solo singers, too—Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas—were all that could be wished; but the chorus was by no means up to the mark. *The Bride of Dunkerron* has yet to be afforded a chance of appreciation through the medium of an unexceptionally good performance. Luckily it can keep. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*; a romance from *La Reine de Saba* (Mr. Cummings); a *Valse*, by Ruediger (Madame Rudersdorff); M. Gounod's "Naxos" (Mr. Thomas, with chorus); and the third and greatest overture to Beethoven's *Leonora*, completed the programme.

During the Christmas festivities, the Saturday Concerts will enjoy an interval of repose. The briefer that interval, the better for all true lovers of music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Holding the level as a place of popular resort, the Crystal Palace will this year outdo itself in attractions. The splendour of the decorations in the Centre Transept has never been approached in this country. Banners, shields, golden eagles, silver plumes, masks, flags, mottoes, garlands, and wreaths clustering around the girders and columns, and depending from the arched roofs, present a *coup d'œil* of surpassing effect. In the centre, the proscenium of the new Theatre covers up eighty feet high. On the opposite side, in front of the orchestra, backed by the Handel Festival Organ, is reared the ascending platform of the new gymnast Signor Etlardo. The great Christmas Tree, fully ornamented and decorated, nearly fills up the northern end of the Nave. The statuary and hanging baskets, the camellias in bloom, and other plants, combine to present a scene of great beauty. Popular amusements are also provided, such as can scarcely fail to draw all the metropolis to Sydenham. A Pantomime by Mr. Nelson Lee, aided by the imperturbably ludicrous Stead as clown, cannot fail to prove a source of great amusement. We have, too, the Wooden-howl Family, and a comic opening scene personated by Randall and others; the Bologna Family; a comic scene of the Giant and Dwarf; Little Huline and his Sons; the Edouards; Durand and Davies; and Prescott, the Danish athlete. In addition, Fullen's Hippodrome, with little Blondin, &c., and a complete set of equestrian actors; Thiodon's Mechanical Theatre, interesting to young persons;—a scene exhibiting with vivid reality a storm at sea, with ships in distress firing signal guns; Skating Hall; Gymnasium; Carousels; Swings; Invigorators; Target-shooting; Cosmorama; and every other amusement will all be open.

The Great Prize Ox, the champion at the Cattle Shows of the season, will also be on view. The visitors may depend upon it that they will not find this animal "ox et preterea nihil." The attractions thus enumerated might have been thought sufficient to satisfy the most voracious; but ever alive to novelty, it is the policy of the Palace authorities to secure every extraordinary exhibition. Thus Signor Etlardo is introduced at the last moment. He has made himself famous throughout Italy and Germany by his extraordinary performance of the "Själ Mountain," and having only just arrived in England, has been secured. On the occasion of the Dante Festival in Florence, in presence of his Majesty King Victor Emanuel, so exciting was the performance that during Etlardo's ascent, the music was stopped, lest its

vibration should cause him to make a false step. This performance has been given at the Teatro Andrea Doria, Genoa; Politeama, Florence; Arena la Brionia, Leghorn; Great Roman Amphitheatre, Verona; Grand Theatre, Venice; Teatro Marconi, Trieste; Meyer's Gardens, Leghorn; Arena, La Spezia; Teatro Alfieri, Turin. The globe on which the gymnast works his way up and down is thirty inches in diameter, and ninety inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is twelve inches, flat, without groove or protection to assist the ascent or descent. The feat is marvellous, at the same time perfectly free from danger. The height of the incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upwards of 180 feet. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without india rubber, gutta percha, or other adhesive material to assist the performer in his difficult task. The performance indeed is most unique, and may he sail to inaugurate a new era in the gymnastic art of the age.

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To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—“Why Carlotta Patti?” I ask, and Echo, always on the alert, answers “Why?” The reason of the two interrogatives I will now proceed to explain.

There is certainly no disputing about taste. Some time ago, Herr Langert composed an opera called *Des Sängers Fluch*, which has lately been pursuing a triumphal course through many of the principal cities of Germany. At length it was produced in Vienna. That the result did not prove as favorable as the composer and his friends doubtless anticipated will be seen from the subjoined letter, addressed to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, by Dr. Rudolph Hirsch, a gentleman who enjoys a high reputation as an impartial and able critic:—

“The greatest of all horrors to my mind has always been what is called a ‘Capellmeister’s Opera.’ Every musical-director in a little German town considers himself authorised to take the score piled up on the shelves in the library of the theatre, to knock the dust out of them, and to coin it into noise, as though it were so much pure metal from out the mine of his genius. It is true that this dust is seldom carried far. I must confess that when I went to hear Herr Langert’s opera I was not free from the dread of finding that, like so many others, it was a specimen of the ‘Capellmeister’s music.’ I have described, but I was agreeably surprised, the sharply characterising power of his figures, the warm pulsations of his melodic invention, and the elegant, rich, and perhaps superabundant harmony and instrumentation, based entirely upon modern views, afforded me genuine pleasure. That Robert Schumann is the god of Herr Langert’s musical idolatry, and that Herr Langert, all the time he was engaged upon *Des Sängers Fluch*, treasured in his heart Schumann’s *Paradies und Peri*, like some first love to which a man is always recurring in his words and in his work, strikes me as an indubitable fact. This work of Schumann’s is, by the way, a work of more than earthly beauty, which, however, will not be completely appreciated till some future period. If a person wanders among strange trees and jessamine bushes, he is sure to take some of their perfume home with him, though he may not have plucked any of the blossoms. We do not blame Langert for this. That, moreover, the echoes of Wagner’s instrumentation have not failed to reach him is also something which does not astonish me; musical beginners can at first never entirely escape the influence of such minds. Besides, Langert possesses plenty of originality notwithstanding all this.—If, my dear friend, I would not hunt myself to-day entirely within the bounds of a letter, I would, with pleasure, examine analytically the thirty-seven numbers of the opera. But I will touch only upon a few separate points. A most charming love motive of Elfried (B first) runs through the entire opera, which, according to the good old custom, is distributed in the regular forms and has nothing in common with what is called Wagner’s ‘endless melody.’ I consider the finest numbers in the opera to be those marked as 4, 5, 9, 10, and 11 in the first act; the introductory duet in the second; the charming female chorus (in F sharp, No. 21; the original ‘Festmarsch’ in the third act, and the entire finale. This opera contains great difficulties. The composer has an especial passion for five or six sharps, with which, however, some excellent effects are obtained. The singers have to contend with some really perilous passages, and the violin sometimes, in No. 16, for instance, to overcome certain great caprices on the part of the composer. The elements which fail the opera generally is light, which ought to predominate between the separate numbers, most of which are, as it were, cased in coat of mail; a composer should sometimes pause, even in the matter of ideas, if he would be intelligible to the great masses. Now for a few words on the performance. With all the intensity she has always infused into German music, Madame

Dustmann sang the Queen, up to the end of the first act, with magic softness; the finale to the third act, also, was admirably executed. Madlle. Krauss, Gisela, was especially well disposed, while her personal appearance produced a very favorable impression. Herr Schmidt exerted himself conscientiously to make the best of the old minstrel, and presented a picturesque realisation of a genuine Bard. Herr von Biquin, on the contrary, was too spruce and smiling for any one to believe him a bloodthirsty king. The principal part in the work, Elfried, the young minstrel, striving enthusiastically after the highest aims of humanity, was unfortunately confided to Herr Ferer, and this decided the fate of the opera, which is almost hyper-period. The Minstrel’s real Curse was this mere naturalist. —Herr Desoff, the Capellmeister, did all he could for his brother German, and conducted with unwonted energy. The opera, on the whole, went well, especially the difficult second finale. It was, also, well mounted, as regards the scenery and dresses. I am firmly convinced that, despite the coolness with which the first performance was received, it would have been eventually successful, had we not happened to have at the present time far higher attractions than those of an unknown composer. “Have you heard Patti laugh? She is really divine!” Such was the gossip, in the theatre, of gentle and lowly, upstarts and down. Such was the preparation for *Des Sängers Fluch*. When the curtain rose, the audience were already in an unfavorable frame of mind—it will be long ere the Patti’s laughing couplet is forgotten, and ere people find time once more to listen attentively to anything serious.”

Now, in the above letter, there are two things. I should say, which will at once strike every reader, namely, that Herr Langert’s opera is precisely one of those “Capellmeister operas” of which Dr. Rudolph Hirsch entertains such a lively dread, and that it is not quite fair to sneer at Madlle. Carlotta Patti because Herr Langert’s muse failed to find favor in the eyes, or rather ears, of the Viennese. As far as I myself am concerned, Mr. Editor, I have no hesitation in stating that I am not at all reticent as to the behaviour of the latter. I have never heard the *Sängers Fluch* myself, but I know some persons who have heard it, and from what they told me I concluded in my own mind it was not exhilarating. Even Dr. Rudolph Hirsch gives us to understand that it is written with Robert Schumann as model No. 1, and Richard Wagner as model No. 2, so I think we can form a pretty good opinion as to its merits, and account for its *faux* without accusing poor Madlle. Carlotta Patti of it. I frankly confess that I, individually, would a hundred times rather hear Madlle. Carlotta Patti than listen to “serious” music of the mere “Capellmeister” pattern, as described by Dr. Rudolph Hirsch. A work may be very “serious,” unfortunately, and at the same time, execrably bad. The fact of the matter, it strikes me, is this: Dr. Rudolph Hirsch, being, as I before stated, a conscientious critic, was obliged to say that *Des Sängers Fluch* was not a success. Not wishing, however, to hurt Herr Langert’s feelings, he attributes that gentleman’s failure to Madlle. Carlotta Patti. What does that prove? It proves that Madlle. Carlotta Patti must have indeed made a great hit in Vienna, but it also proves, secondly, that the worthy critic has not a keen eye or ear, for cause and effect. But could he not have hit upon some one else on whom to throw the blame? I once more ask, “Why Carlotta Patti?”—Yours, NEMELLS.

MISS ANNA HILTS.—The *South-Eastern Gazette*, noticing a concert in which Miss Hilts and Mr. George Pyren were the principal vocalists, writes as follows:—“Miss Anna Hilts was the prima donna of the evening. She has a voice of great compass and flexibility, thoroughly cultivated and perfectly under control. Her first piece, Walker’s prayer from *Laraine*—‘Sad as my soul,’ a composition so full of deep pathos and thrilling anguish—secured for her at once the cordial regard of her delighted auditors. To a hearty encore she repeated the prayer. In all her other pieces she was equally successful. ‘Come,’ through the eye,’ being exquisitely rendered, and on each occasion was encored. Mr. George Pyren sang with great feeling a very rare song, thoroughly characteristic and expressive. His ‘Goodbye, sweetheart, good-bye,’ was sweetly and feelingly sung, and called forth an encore; and his last piece, ‘Sound an alarm,’ was, with the organ accompaniment, delivered evidently to the delight of the audience.”

COLUMB.—*L’Africaine* has been produced with great splendour and immense success.

* For the benefit of those who do not understand German, I may mention that the title of the opera, *Des Sängers Fluch*, means, in English, *The Minstrel’s Curse*.—NEMELLS.

CARPET DANCING.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—In an age of revivals and societies for the promotion of benevolent aims, it is surprising that nothing has been done to revive the almost extinct domestic dance. How it was that dancing went out of fashion it is easy enough to remember. The chief culprits were the Evangelical clergy and their followers. They had their own favourite forms of dissipation, and would endure no rivals in the field. It was obvious that if society were to be put on its feet, the supremacy of the preachers of the new school could not be established. Amusements that tended to promote the growth of feelings hostile to the Puritanical view of human life and of the hopeless future fate of the immense majority of mankind were a nuisance, and must be abated. So a very odd and original notion was started. Playgoing, cards, and dancing were ticketed as "worldly." If you asked what made these three things worldly, you were told that they were in vogue with worldly people. If you asked how you were to know what people were worldly, you were informed that worldly people were those who went to the theatre, played at whist, and danced; while the outward and visible sign of the non-worldly was their preference for missionary meetings, tracts, and hymns. If you objected that this kind of reasoning was a mere arguing in a circle, you were informed that you had a worldly mind, to which statement there was plainly nothing to be said in reply. If you looked into Evangelical books to discover why it was worldly to meet with a young lady, but not worldly to hand her in to dinner, you met with the same style of discourse that you heard in *clerk* rose discussions; unless, indeed, you took up such a book as Adam Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament, in which the beheading of John the Baptist at the request of a young lady who has just been dancing is adduced as a proof of the crime which young gentlemen as well as young ladies are led to commit through the indulgence of frivolity.

However, at any rate, so. The life of English dancing died out while its form survived in the still existing balls and other such gatherings. The Puritanical antipathy extended its influence beyond the range of theological Puritanism, and, aided by other changes in modern life, created certain habits and ideas which are still vigorous, though Puritanism is very rarely steadily though slowly dying away. As for those elaborate and costly balls, they are only connected with that genuine love of dancing that was killed by "the Clapham sect." People go to them for various reasons, of which the holiest, heartiest wish for a good dance constitutes a small portion. Many of the women, some of the girls, more than half of the young men, and all the old men, care not two straws for waltz, galop, or mazurka. They go for the sake of going, to please others, to forward matrimonial schemes, to exhibit their dresses, to keep up or to extend a position in society. They go just as unmusical dandies go to the opera, but as boys go to the cricket-field, or as sportsmen follow the hounds. When George the Third was King, dancing was real dancing, for dancing's sake. The waltz was hardly known, and in fact was regarded with the profoundest aversion by the thorough-going, energetic dancers of the old school, when dancing was a really amusement. Did any one of the young men who now dwindle dimly through quadrilles or the young women who would round a reel in ten-line skirts twenty yards in circumference, ever see an old lady or an old gentleman dance in whom the traditions of a better age still survived? If so, they will have seen the strange sight of a man dancing, and not only not looking like a fool, but certainly not feeling like one. See his shapely leg, concealed in no looping trousers and ankle-hugging boots; see his ever-ready hand, as he is extended to his partner for a touch very different from the embrace of the waltz and the galop. He executes the needful figures with an easy but scrupulous conscientiousness. His countenance is as much alive with pleasure as that of the schoolboy, cricket-lad in hand, before the wicket, or as that of the eager maiden now plotting some specially ingenious feat at croquet. He smiles to his partner and frowns as nobody now can bow; and together they move on, while he, the almost invisible partner, till they are healthily and innocently tired out, and not, as now, giddy and ready to fall with half-intoxicated brain after whirling round in a mob of couples engaged like themselves in interminable gyrations. In a word, men once danced without the smallest loss of self respect, because their dancing was not a sham, but a thing undertaken for its own sake as a source of real amusement. The quadrille, the cotillon, the country-dance, the reel, and even the subject dress, the gigue, were studied and danced with just the same unadvised zest as this new croquet, which is played every summer's afternoon on thousands of lawns throughout the kingdom.

Will no reformers, then, arise and teach the lads and ladies in gentlemen's homes that we have not yet revived all the good things that environs time has consigned to an undeserved oblivion? Is there a cause? Are we to be doomed to the present dreary "evening party," or the still drearier "musical evening," through another gen-

eration? Can nineteenth-century humanity rise to no higher level of cheap enjoyment than bull-dog-play had music, duets in which it is difficult to see whether singers or listeners are most, and geographical or verse-making ingenuities cruelly called games? We to ask all of us rich, so as to afford large establishments and good dinners. Besides, many women and all girls think a dinner party the most melancholy of inventions. Balls are scarce; they are beyond the reach of thousands; they require an unpleasant outlay on dress and other matters; and they involve late hours and other undesirable consequences, as whether sober, reeling, going fathers and mothers do not much approve. What rational young men and women would attend to the simple, old-fashioned carpet dances; when if one or two dozen people were assembled together, and the older fogies were set down to whist, somebody sat down to the pianoforte and played quadrilles and country dances, and nearly everybody else danced, and nobody was bored. It is a lamentable fact that delightful as is pleasant talk, it is a rare thing to find in domestic society. Nature, very unkindly, has created many of us with mediocre abilities; and when we meet for a few hours we must of us want something to do. Why, then, should we convert ourselves for the nonce into serious hypocrites, and gravely pretend to enjoy a set of nominal pastimes which are "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good nor horning"? Why not, if we want to do something, do that which will give real pleasure, at any rate to a large number of the people present, and which will not painfully tolling through a hollow routine which certainly is distasteful or dismal to nearly every rational being? The new croquet mania shows what a terrible craving for some sort of real amusement has been silently preying on the hearts of the gentle youth of England. What, it may be asked, are all these pretty enthusiasts doing with themselves these long winter evenings? Are the hearts that palpitated at the blue or the rose, or the great hall shot through with the "hoop" now satisfied with "Conquerors" or "The American woman" for their weekly Gounod travesties? Are they not longing for summer days and smooth-shaven luns, or else inventing idiotic devices, like drawing room croquet, whereby to still the craving within them?

Let them take the advice of sensible men, and resolutely resolve to play the hypocrite no longer. When they find evening parties or the home-circle dull, let them say as we writers of this music a bore, let them say so. When they don't care for reading, let them say so. Let them say so; only don't let them read too many exciting novels, although the Puritanism which forbids cards permits an unlimited allowance of questionable fiction. But let them say honestly, "We should like to dance," and if their brothers or cousins, or young gentlemen in general, respond rather coldly, and think it a bore, let them tell their fathers, uncles, and, if the widest-age, race generally; and if those last are unwilling, let them turn to the generation of grandfathers, and they may rest assured that they have but to ask in order to be gratified. Christmas is come again, and it is the very season for schemes for the benefit of the suffering of all classes. It is a proper time for putting an end to cant of all kinds; and the cant of pretending to enjoy what is intensely unenjoyable is real cant, and ought to be diminished by all possible means.

Only, if we may venture a hint—if the simple, manly, unaffected amusement of our grandfathers is to be revived—it must be with the dances they themselves studied and bred in their day. They had, and still have, a weakness in favour of dances of the non-waltzing kind. To put it plainly, they like to see their wives and daughters at a more respectful distance from their partners than is the custom in these new-fangled styles of whirling. And the prejudice, if prejudice it is, is not confined to the survivors of a bygone generation. Strange as it may seem, the prejudice is shared by many a hearty and jovial youth, who is not in the smallest degree tainted with prudery and priggishness, but who, whatever his own practices may be, does not quite like to see his sisters clasped round the waist by the very miscellaneous men who are met with even in the most "select" and proper of private ball-rooms. If the "madden of blushing sixteen" is to promote the reform of social customs, she must—if she would avoid making unnecessary opponents—slur at the revival of the old-fashioned dances, and none others. Nor need she apprehend any loss of gratification. If she thinks that the pleasures of a *raite à deux temps* or an intoxicating polka are equal to those of a "Sir Roger de Coverley," she is as mistaken as those more elderly quilters who regard a combination of the multiplication table and *regatta-not* as at once the most innocent and the most exhilarating of human enjoyments.—W. A. S. SIR FAIRFAX WREATH.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

11, Beetham Street, Strand, Dec. 27.

M. EMILE PERIN, director of the Académie Impériale de Musique, has permitted to the Minister of the Interior the sum of 8741 francs, the profits of the performance of the Mass recently executed at Saint-Basile, by the artists and chorists of the opera, in aid of the orphans of the victims to the cholera.

THE CONCORDIA MUSICAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF UNFURNISHED ON UNFURNISHED. This society, already flourishing in its profession of faith, on Thursday evening, 28th instant, through the medium of its conductor, Mr. Volkmann, who read a paper in the lower room Exeter Hall at a special rehearsal and meeting convened for the occasion. The salient points of this address were received throughout with acclamation. Amongst the most noticeable of these were the assurances that the Concordia was not in any way antagonistic to existing institutions, that it sought to widen the knowledge of great works, which the mere commercial spirit of concert-giving could never achieve, seeing that popularity, sometimes irrespective of intrinsic merit, was what the public would pay for the most readily; that the Concordia sought to be independent, self-supporting, and therefore unshackled by the slavish bonds of prejudice, that by its efforts all real lovers of music would be enabled to hear, and perform such compositions as they themselves approved, that it would ultimately occupy a paramount position in musical history, and that the names of its original members would be honoured as those of amateurs of the amateurs. With views such as these, against which no dissentient voice was raised, we are bound to augur well for the future of this Society, and hail with satisfaction the fact that a large audience—visitors as well as members, testified by reiterated plaudits how heartily each and all sympathised with the liberal objects and advanced principles of the Concordia.

ROCHESTER THEATRE ROYAL.—This theatre will be opened on Boxing-night, and remain so during Christmas. Mr. German Reed having taken for his Opera Di Camera Company, which includes the following "artists":—Miss Holgerline, Henderson and Madame D'Eate Finlayson, Miss Emily Pitt, Messrs. Whiffin, Gaynor, Wilkinson, Conway Cox, Howard, Herring, and J. A. Shaw. Pianoforte, Mr. Sidney Naylor; Tomline, Mr. harmonium. The repertoire of the company will consist of those Operas "Di Camera" performed at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, viz.: *The Soldier's Legacy*, *Jerry Lee*, *Widows Bewitched*, *Too Many Cooks*, *Love Wins the Way*, *A Fair Exchange*, and Offenbach's opera extravaganza, *Ching-Choo-III*. At the Rochester Corn Exchange the Orpheus Glee Union gave a grand evening concert here on Wednesday last, under the immediate presence and patronage of the Earl and Countess of Darley. The performance was excellent, and the room well filled.

MAIDSTONE.—On Monday evening Dr. White, the popular illustrator of Irish minstrelsy and poetry, delivered his entertainment entitled "An Evening with Moore and Byron," at the Literary Institution Maidstone, with songs and readings from the respective works of the two poets, proving the humanizing and social enjoyment of music. In illustration of his subject he also read passages from the works of Milton and Keats, which were received with great applause by the audience. During the progress of the lecture, when speaking of Mr. Dr. White quoted passages from Earl Russell's Memoir of the Irish Bard, and passed a gloomy eulogy on the genius and noble character of the premier, whom he states was one of the earliest friends and admirers of the "poet of all circles." Dr. White's personal reminiscences of Moore were most novel and interesting; he also illustrated, with great effect, some of the songs of "his own green Isle," infusing into them the deepest pathos and feeling. He was loudly cheered in a ballad "Beauty and the Bard," when he gave a new ballad of his own, "Nora's Bower," which was received with loud applause. The second portion of the entertainment consisted of readings and songs from Moore's "Evenings in Greece." The talented lecturer concluded his interesting discourse with remarks on Byron's death and devotion to the cause of liberty and Greece. The illustrations were most eloquently delivered, being new to the audience, and were keenly relished by the crowded and fashionable company which completely overflowed the spacious hall of the Corn Exchange.

P. P. P.
FEARFILL, DURHAM.—The Mount Pleasant Harmonic Society gave a concert lately in the National School-room, granted for the occasion by the Rev. H. F. Long. The attraction was Mr. David Lambert, of the Durham Cathedral Choir, whose name was in the programme for five songs. These were "The Holy Filar," "The Bellsinger," "I'm not myself at all," "My father's apple tree," and "Katty Moyle." Mr. Lambert was cheered in all his songs. Mr. R. H. Runciman, an amateur from Mount Pleasant, sang "Scotland Yet," and the old nautical ballad, "Arcturion." Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, a clever amateur fiddler, played a solo, and well merited the applause he received. He also played with Mr. Boothroyd a violin duet on airs from *Norma*. Messrs. Hutchinson and Scholz sang the duet, "Hark! 'tis the Moorish Evening Drum," very creditably. Mr. Wm. Crawford, of Bishop Auckland, presided at the piano. The band, conducted by this gentleman, performed two overtures and several pieces of dance music with much effect. "The whole arrangements of the concert," writes the *Durham Chronicle*, "gave general satisfaction, and we hope that the Mount Pleasant Society will go on and prosper."

CROYDON.—(From a correspondent).—On Tuesday evening, Mr. George Russell gave his annual evening concert at the Festival Hall to a numerous and fashionable audience. Vocalists, Mdlle. Liebhare, Miss Whytock, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. J. G. Pater, instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; second violin, Mr. Thom; violin, Mr. Edward Woolley; violoncello, M. Pague; contrabass, Herr Biehl—Conductor, Mr. J. G. Calcott. Mr. Russell presided at the piano. Haydn's trio in G major, by Mr. G. Russell, Mr. H. Blagrove, and M. Pague was well performed, and deservedly applauded. Gounod's "Un jour plus pur," was sung by Mr. W. H. Cummings with excellent effect. Miss Whytock was also loudly applauded in a bravura aria by Rossini. Three musical sketches, "An incident in 'Mty,' 'Grief,' and 'Joy,'" composed by Mr. G. Russell, and performed for the first time, was executed with much taste, and if we may judge from a first hearing, we should say it will be received with favour, as the music is pretty, and in good keeping with the subject. Verdi's "fora è lui," sung by Mdlle. Liebhare, was a brilliant performance. Meyerbeer's air, "Ever my Queen," was next sung by Mr. J. G. Pater, followed by Blagrove's fantasia (violin) on airs from *Don Giovanni*, by Mr. H. Blagrove. A new song, entitled "Solitude," composed by Mr. G. Russell, and performed for the first time, was sung by Miss Whytock, and loudly cheered. Mr. G. Russell's trio (MS. No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, performed by the author, Mr. H. Blagrove, and M. Pague, found many admirers. Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor (with quartet accompaniments), Mr. Russell pianist, was the gem of the evening. A song, "Meetings and Partings," composed by Mr. G. Russell, and sung by Mr. W. H. Cummings, passed off satisfactorily; and Mulder's Liebhare's polka, "Vieni oggi fedel," sung by Mdlle. Liebhare, was rewarded, the fair cantatrice substituting "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." Other pieces were performed during the evening, which I need not specify. Mr. Russell has to be congratulated on the success of his entertainment. Mr. J. G. Calcott acted as conductor.

MR. H. C. DEACON has been given his "Chronological Recitals" of pianoforte music at Derby and Leamington, and was favourably received at both places. Among the composers whose works were brought forward were Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Heller, and Sterndale Bennett. Specimens of each master were given with remarkable ability by the pianist, who played all the pieces from memory, an extraordinary feat considering the number of compositions involved. Mr. Deacon also introduced some of his own compositions, which were greatly admired and warmly applauded. The *Derby Reporter* newspaper, in noticing the recital, says, "Mr. Deacon stands in the highest rank among the pianists of the day, and we heartily congratulate him upon his reputation, which is not only cordially but enthusiastically. The sooner Mr. Deacon visits Derby again the better."

VICTORIA HALL, BAYWATER.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert took place in the above hall on Thursday evening in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on the organ of All Saints' Church, Kensington Park. The principal singers were Miss Florence de Courcy, Mad. Helen Percy, Miss Lucy Egerton (pupil of the Baywater Academy of Music—her first appearance), and Mr. Frank Elmore. Mr. George B. Allen acted as conductor. Miss Lucy Egerton possesses a good voice, and gave the song, "The legend of the mill," composed by G. B. Allen, in a very pleasing manner, and altogether made a very successful début. Miss Florence de Courcy sang the aria, "Regina nel silenzio," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with much brilliancy. Madame Helen Percy was highly successful in Rameau's Italian aria, "Ben è ridicolo," and the English ballad, "Where is the rose?" Mr. Frank Elmore obtained the first encore of the evening in a song of his own composition, called "Airy fairy Lilian." It is very pleasing and is written well, and, moreover, it suits Mr. Elmore's voice admirably. A selection was given from Mr. G. B. Allen's recital, *Gull Grim*, and every piece met with a hearty reception. The concert was well attended by the elite of Baywater and the neighbourhood, and must have proved a success for the purpose for which it was given.

ETOX.—St. John's Schoolroom was well attended at the last "Evening for Reading and Music." The managers were Mr. Suden and Mr. Adams. Several of the "Readings" were much liked, especially "Travels in the Arctic Regions," and Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean." The musical part of the evening was entrusted to Miss Webster, Miss Peunore, Mr. Blackman and Miss Borgia, as vocalists, and the Misses Sanders as pianists. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the Rev. Mr. S. Aldham thanked the performers for their kind assistance and wished them all "A Merry Christmas."

A LETTER WEIGHT TO MADAME LUCCA.—The King of Prussia presented to Madame Pauline Lucca on the day of her marriage a *precious paper*, surmounted by a golden hand, the index finger of which bears a ring set in brilliants.

VITORIA.—Senor Yradier, the celebrated composer of Spanish songs and ballads, is dead.

TYNEMOUTH, SOUTH SHIELDS, AND JARROW FORTNIGHTLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—Until this last winter the inhabitants on the north and south sides of the Tyne have had few opportunities of hearing good music performed by first-class artists. This winter, however, North and South Shields bids fair to rival any town in the north in that respect, as a number of music-loving gentlemen have come forth nobly to the rescue, and formed a guarantee-committee and, with the help of their intelligent Secretary, Mr. Shields, have already given two concerts at each place, and intend keeping up the performances fortnightly. The concerts have been well attended by all classes, and bid fair to make the canny Northerners as enthusiastic in the art as some of their Southern neighbours. The first concert was given in Tynemouth on Thursday evening, 30th of November; South Shields, Friday, 1st Dec.; and Jarrow, Saturday, 2nd Dec., when the following artists appeared:—Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Newbould (Leeds), Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. Jerry (Sunderland), and Mr. W. Falkin. The second concert was given in Tynemouth, Dec. 14th; South Shields, Dec. 15th; and Jarrow, Dec. 16th.—Artists, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Annie Ferry (Sunderland), Mr. D. Whitehead (Durham), Mr. D. Lambert (York), and Mr. W. Falkin. The third concert will take place this week.—Artists, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Hargreaves, Mr. George Bennett, Signor Fontari, and Mr. Milburn. Mr. W. Mason is the pianist on the north side of the water, and Mr. T. A. Alderson on the south. Engagements have also been made with Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Price, Mr. W. Mason (Lincoln), Miss Helen Kirke, and others.

BIRKBY HALL.—The announcement of an evening at the pianoforte by Mrs. John Macfarren, on Monday, Dec. 18th, attracted the music lovers of the surrounding district to the lecture hall, in the new park road. The accomplished singer delighted the audience by her interpretation of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," her brilliant execution of the final rondo from Weber's *Sonata in C*, her graceful and expressive phrasing of some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and her spirited performance of a fantasia on Scotch airs. Madame Gilardoni was the vocalist of the evening, eliciting for two of her songs a demand.—Liszt's exquisite setting of Goethe's lovely little poem, "Die Vögel," sung with sentiment, and voice expressing feeling, and the favorite "Comin' thro' the rye," given with arch simplicity. Mrs. John Macfarren preceded each piece with remarks on the character and purport of the music, which were most cordially received by the numerous audience who thronged the lecture-hall in every part, and her masterly and brilliant pianoforte playing was constantly greeted with still more vehement applause.

MANCHESTER.—From the following account of the *Messiah*, which was performed at the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday week, under the direction of W. Charles Hallé, we are indebted to the *Manchester Guardian*:—"The performance of Handel's masterpiece attracted an immense audience, and was one of great excellence. It could hardly have been otherwise, considering the resources at Mr. Hallé's disposal, viz., a powerful chorus, a superb band, strengthened by the organ in the experienced hands of Mr. H. Walker, and a quartet of principals (Madame Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas) whose names are guarantees for success. Madame Sherrington is a remarkable instance of an artist trained in the florid French school adopting the severe style of oratorio, and singing the music with as much purity, breadth and expression, as if it had been made her exclusive study. Her execution of the soprano music of the *Messiah* is a confirmation of this. In refined expression nothing can exceed 'Come unto Him'; and, in fervor, 'Rejoice greatly' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' may be cited as models. 'How beautiful are the feet' is also a finished and expressive performance, the proper simplicity of feeling marking it throughout. Mr. Reeves's performance of the tenor music of the oratorio is too well known to need any special remarks. In two of the airs, viz., 'Behold and see' and 'Thou shalt be great thy day,' he is without a rival. As an expression of poignant sorrow we know nothing more true to nature than the first, and as the utterance of fiery indignation nothing more effective than the second. 'Comfort ye' is another fine example of expression of a softer character. In the mouth of Mr. Reeves it is really and truly 'comfort.' Excellent too is 'But Thou didst not leave.' This air is very generally given to a soprano voice, and perhaps it is not effective when so sung; but in the hands of Miss Palmer the contralto music was quite safe. Of the three airs, 'O Thou that tellest,' 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He was despised,' the second was the best. Mr. Thomas gave the two principal bass airs, 'But who may abide,' and 'Why do the nations,' with admirable effect, especially the latter. The choruses were executed with remarkable precision, and with force where it was required. This was especially the case with 'For unto us,' which was re-declared with 'Lift up your heads,' 'Hallelujah,' and 'Worthy is the Lamb.' Altogether the performance was one that the accomplished conductor may take a just pride in."

CHLITENHAM.—The Concert of Messrs. Hale and Co. came off on Thursday night. The rooms were crowded with the *élite* of our town and county. Indeed, never before do we remember seeing such a brilliant gathering of our county families in Chlitenham. Of such well-known artists as Miss Banks, Madame Sainton Dolly, Mr. Sainton, and Mr. Lister we need say no more than that they all executed the portion of the programme allotted to them with their accustomed success. On the *début* of Mr. Tom Holter we must be permitted to dwell more at length. It might naturally be expected that as audience composed in great measure of his personal friends would warmly receive this gentleman on his making his first appearance in this country, and, doubtless, anxious friends had formed favourable opinions of his powers, wishing for his success rather than really knowing anything of the advancement he had made during the last few years. Be this as it may, we have no hesitation in saying that so person who was present on last Thursday night—not even the most ardent well-wisher—could have anticipated a more decided and triumphant success. We would by no means wish to convey the idea that Mr. Holter is the highly-finished artist a little experience will doubtless enable him to become; but we say, without fear or favour, that he sang last Thursday night as no English artist now on the stage can sing. He has a magnificent voice of great power and compass, and his notes are particularly clear and musical, and his style of singing is irreproachable. We may well be excused if we take pride in having for a neighbour a gentleman who, by birth, education and unquestionable talent, is so eminently qualified to take a high rank in his profession. We congratulate Messrs. Hale and Co., not only on the success of their speculation, but on having had the honour of introducing to the public so powerful an artist. MM. Luber and M. Von Holst presided at the pianoforte.—*Chlitenham Times.*

MANCHESTER.—The Free-trade Hall was crowded on Christmas night by persons eager to hear the *Messiah*, which was produced under the direction of Mr. D. W. Banks, with a competent staff of vocal and instrumental executants. The band and chorus numbered 200 performers, with Mr. C. A. Seymour as leader, and Mr. H. Walker at the organ. A principal vocalist was Miss M. Rudersdorf, Madlle. Adèle Dradil, Mr. H. Cunningham, and Mr. W. Lewis. Madlle. Rudersdorf was in excellent voice, and sang with great effect. Madlle. Dradil, a pupil of Madlle. Rudersdorf, possesses a full-toned, round contralto, of rich quality and considerable range. In the *solo*, "He was despised," she was rapturously applauded; and the finished style of her execution, combined with the tenderness with which the sentiments were expressed, widely induced the applause which Miss M. Rudersdorf had won. Madlle. Dradil has evidently received the most careful and judicious training from her accomplished instructor; and the young lady gives promise of future success in her professional career. Most of the other solos were greatly admired, and each of the principals came in for a due share of applause. The performance throughout received almost unqualified approval.—*Manchester Courier.*

JESSA.—The concerts of the Academic Union are increasing more and more in public favor, the natural consequence of the spirit and cleverness with which they are managed. The following are the last three programmes:—Nov. 21st: Overture to *Ferruccio*, Schubert; Violin Concerto (No. IX, D minor), with orchestral accompaniment, Spohr (performed by Herr Kömpel of Weimar); "Furianten und Reigen seliger Geister," from *Clara's Orpheus*; Overture to the tragedy of *Loreley*, Emil Naumann; "Elegy for the Violin with orchestral accompaniment," Ernst (played by Herr Kömpel); "Suite for Orchestra," Op. 101, C major, 1st. Nov. 28th: Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Schumann; "Pianoforte Concerto, C minor, Op. 37 (with cadences by Moscheles), Beethoven; Three Songs, "Am Meer," "Der Lindenbaum," and "Die Post," Schubert (arranged for male chorus and orchestra by Herr W. Tschirch of the Académie Gewandhaus); Pieces for the Pianoforte, namely: Fugue in sharp minor, Schumann; "Notturmo," F minor, Chopin (pianist, Madlle. Mellig); "Auferstehung zum Tanz," C. M. v. Weber, scored by Hector Berlioz; "Don Juan Fantasia," Liszt. Dec. 5th.—Symphony, D minor, Op. 44, R. Volekman; Overture and Act 1. of *Alceste*, Gluck; Concerto for string-instruments, flutes, oboes, bassoons, and horns, F major, No. 11, composed in 1776, Ph. E. Bach; Songs at the Piano: "Wer sich der Elmswelt nicht ergebt," "Des Menschen Klage," and "Mein," Schubert (vocalist, Madame Köster).

Herrn Cosman, Kömpel, and Lusen have given the first of a series of *Sérées* for Chamber Music, when the following works were performed: *Sonata* in B flat major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte, Mendelssohn; *Sonata* for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 23 (Kreutzer *Sonata*), Beethoven; *Adagio* for Violoncello (from the *Pianoforte Sonata*, Op. 35), Chopin; *Trío* for Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte, B flat major, Schubert.

BIRKBY.—A highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's great work, *St. Paul*, was given here lately, under the direction of Herr Albert Hahn.

EMBATLUM.—It was Herr Oberthur who had the honor of playing some harp compositions before Queen Emma, and not Mr. Chestnut, as was stated in our last week's impression. Among the pieces that pleased her Majesty most were Parish Alvar's Fantasia on *Oberon*; the same composer's "Serenade," Herr Oberthur's "Bonnie Scotland," "La Cascade," "La Sylphide," and "Fairy Tale." Queen Emma, who is fond of playing the pianoforte, particularly wished "La Sylphide" to be repeated, that she might accompany it.

Mrs. AGUIAR'S MATINEES.—The last of Mrs. Aguiar's recitals of pianoforte music took place on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—Sonata Pastorale—Beethoven; Funeral March—Chopin; Polacca Brillante—Weber; "Appel" and "In a wood on a windy day" (transcriptions)—Aguiar; Evening (romance)—Aguiar; Sonata in A minor—Aguiar; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Fantaisie on Lucia—Aguiar; Sérénade, Chant des Moissonneurs—Alfred Holmes; Dream Dance, March—Aguiar. Mrs. Aguiar will commence a new series after Christmas at his new residence, 47, Gloucester Crescent.

ERFENN.—(From a Correspondent.)—The forty-third concert of the Fyning Harmonic Society was given on Monday, 27th ult., in the Town Hall. The land gave the overture to *Rosina*, composed by the conductor, Mr. Heruan; the overture to *Le Choral le Bonnet* was also performed, as well as some lighter music. Miss Annie Cox, the vocal soloist of the "Star" of the "Star," sang "So oft as thro' the Valley," a charming *ad libito* by Mr. Hill; this gentleman also introduced a solo. Miss L. Viola Ficat played some *fantasies* on the harp, besides accompanying a glee and a song. Mr. Philbridge conducted the vocal music, which comprised several glee. "When the Toll of Day is o'er," Stevens; "Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre," Bishop, &c. The old society, under the direction of Mr. Lawrence, holds its own. The Choral Society, thinking no doubt, cannot have too much of a good thing, gave its first concert of the present season on Dec. 1st. Mr. G. W. Martin was advertised to conduct, but did not put in an appearance. However, Mr. Dunstan (schoolmaster), nothing loth, mounted the platform, and hit away right and left. The first part of the programme was a selection from *Judas Macabeanus*. The choruses were fairly done, and in "See the Conquering Hero comes," the brothers Slapton, the vocal accompaniment was very good, and, left Mr. Dinelli (local organist) to play the march on the piano, Mr. Dunstan kindly beating time; but as Mr. Dinelli got through his task with credit in the various accompaniments I really think he was equal to being left *ad libito* in the march. Mr. Leigh Wilson came out strong in "Sound an Alarm." The latter part of the programme was made up of pieces by the Brothers Slapton on the short tonic part songs by the choir, songs by Miss Falls, Mr. Hooden, and Mr. Wilson.

LAWRENCE.—The *Messiah* was performed at the Philharmonic concert of Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th, with Madame Rudersdorff, Mlle Drosdill, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lewis Thomas, in the principal parts. The *Liberty Mercury* speaks well of Mlle Drosdill, a new contralto who made her first appearance, and highly praises the entire performance. Mr. Alfred Mellon conducted, and Mr. T. Harper (from London) was first trumpet.

GLASGOW.—The Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. Lambert, gave a performance of the *Messiah*, at the Union Hall, on the 29th ult. The soloists were Miss Banks, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Willies Cooper, and Mr Weiss. The excellent manner in which the choruses were given is pronounced by the Glasgow Journals as, in a great measure, due to the untiring exertions and zeal of Mr. Lambert, the conductor and founder of the Union.

CHELTENHAM.—Perhaps, (says the *Cheltenham Times*, Dec. 9th,) the prosperity of a town can be in some measure estimated by the extent of its catering for the public enjoyment. Seldom in the past history of Cheltenham has there been such a programme as has been gone through during the past week. Not only has each evening of the week had either a lecture or a concert, allotted to it, but on two occasions daytime has been devoted to these objects. On Tuesday there was a morning pianoforte recital by Madame Anabella Goddard, at the Rotunda, when a large audience were drawn together, and testified to the brilliant execution of the difficult *nocturns* of eminent composers, by their enthusiastic plaudits. Last evening, the concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Assembly Rooms. There was a large and fashionable attendance, and the concert was of an excellent character; but we are unable, from its taking place so near the time of our publication, to do more than briefly notice it. We cannot, however, omit to mention the very able manner in which Mr. Von Holst conducted the difficult music entrusted to his care. A concert is announced by the Messrs. Hale at the Assembly Rooms, for Thursday evening, Dec. 21st, at which Miss Banks, Madame Sainton Dooly, and Mr. Von Holst (vocally), M. Salomon, and Mr. Ricardo Litter (instrumentally) will appear.

[The remainder of the article relates to entertainments strictly non-musical.—D. PETERS.]

RAMSGATE.—(From a Correspondent.)—The members of the Ramsgate Amateur Musical Society gave their third concert at St. George's Hall, which was filled. The funds of the Seamen's Infirmary, Toulgar-road, will be greatly benefitted by the proceeds. Miss Anna Hill, late of the Royal English Opera, and such a favourite last season at the Assembly Rooms, Ramsgate, sang "Tell me my heart," and the *Serenade* from *Lurline*, "Sad as my Soul," in both of which she was encored. Miss Hiles also gave Farmer's song, "Follow, follow me." The other vocal music was Wood's "Curfew," Glee, and Bishop's Trio, "Blow, gentle Gales," by Miss Hiles, Messrs. Pettman and Powell. A number of instrumental pieces were also performed. Miss Sturges was the accompanist at the pianoforte. A duet concertante played by Miss Sturges (pianist) and Mr. B. Twyman (flute) was encored.

SHEFFIELD.—The following account of the performance of the *Messiah* is condensed from the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of the 20th instant.—"The Alexandra Hall, placed at the service of the Choral Union, was not large enough notwithstanding the high price of admission, and if three thousand people were present, a building capable of accommodating six thousand would have been filled at a lower rate of admission. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice. All who are familiar with the oratorio, know Mr. Reeves' great songs. In all of them he displays the most exquisite and perfect taste. With him, (more than any other vocalist who has sung the *Messiah* in the present generation) Handel's melody and the words of the music, are feelingly blended. What, for instance, could be more grand and impressive than the recitative 'Thy Keturah,' and the air 'Behold and see,' or the manner in which he gave the declamatory song, 'Thou shalt break them?' This song called forth thunders of applause, but Mr. Reeves very properly declined the encore. The opening recitative and air, 'Comfort ye my people,' claim the same amount of praise. BOWEN, a Londoner, writing of one of Mr. Hag's subscription concerts, thus speaks of Herr Lehmeyer's performance.—"The pianist for the evening was Mr. Sigismund Lehmeyer, from the Hanover-square Rooms, London,—an artist of the highest reputation, and a performer at the principal classical concerts in the metropolis. We cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of this gentleman's playing, which made quite a sensation, and secured for him a perfect storm of applause when he had concluded his discourse. He played the whole of Beethoven's 'Moonlight' Sonata, without the aid of book; and the pathos, the light and shade which he threw into his performance, were beyond praise."

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